



St Andrew's Magazine



September 2011

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Didn't We Have Fun...?

From your response, I gather that you really enjoyed the variety of entertaining events. There were capacity attendances at many of them. It was an opportunity to show off our buildings and our hospitality.

We thank all who organised, cooked, set up, cleaned up, dressed up, or just plain enjoyed. If you overspent or overstocked from our Trading Table, rest assured we'll be having another one at some stage—and recycling is in!

Barbara Colbert



Left to right, top to bottom: Libby Doepke, Sue Brennan, Molly Radakovitch, Frances Wilson, Jill Berry, Elizabeth Ellison; Vivien Schulz, Jane Martin; Yvonne Facy, Janet Martin; June Hania & Betty Wilson whooping it up at the St Andrew's History Festival Soirée May 19.

From the Editor



'Good workmen are seldom rich'

(17th century proverb)

I have been thinking about moving house, altering an existing house and work in all its forms.

A good friend was living in the family home at Prospect. She was born there over 80 years ago. For some years she lived in the mid-north with her husband on his family farm. Eventually retirement brought them back to her lovely old home, comfortable for them and with convenient access to all amenities. It took some planning I know but almost in the blink of an eye they are now ensconced in a new house more suited to their current needs. I thought they were fixed in Prospect but time moves on and so did they.

I never thought St Andrew's Church would move and, of course, it hasn't. The people have just gone next door. It's been an interesting exercise facilitated by the efforts of the wonderful unseen workers who each week set up the altar, the credence table, the lectern and microphone and all those chairs. They have got it off to a fine art and we thank them all.

The clergy have been flexible too with the smaller spaces but roughly the same number of **people to minister to. I'm sure the sides-persons will be pleased when they can get back to prayer and hymn books as well as pew sheets; or perhaps not..... The complete service print-out has saved the difficulties with books (such as where to put them when not needed during the sermon/hymns/prayers) but it isn't very green, is it? We knew that, but it's been a really practical solution.**

So we come to work. Anyone who has moved house, renovated or just moved furniture around knows what an effort it is. Imagine the work needed to empty a whole church. Think of the height of our building – the scaffolding needed to get access for the re-plastering and painting has been impressive. All that moving about, all those ladders, all that stretching and lifting and so on. Possibly our workers are used to it or maybe they have helpful physiotherapists to fix the aching muscles.

For me, it isn't just the work, it is the skills. Medieval cathedrals, churches and large homes used to take ages to build. We were only (dare I say 'only?') renovating but we have needed plasterers, painters, electricians, carpenters and many other trades. We know there is a shortage of skilled tradespeople in Australia so we have been very lucky to find all these people. Not only have we found them but we needed them to demonstrate their skills in a large space, in a logical sequence, in a short time-frame and within our budget.

With good weather, good fortune, good **workers and God's blessings, we shall see the new interior in the next few weeks. It's very exciting.** In the meantime there will be much cleaning up, much polishing of wood, brass and glass and many workers involved.

It will really be like coming home, won't it?

Barbara Colbert



Restoration Begins

Dear friends,

After many years and much planning, the restoration of the fabric of St Andrew's Church has now begun.

The restoration work will re-render over 50% of the interior walls, repaint the whole of the interior, restore all cracking and upgrade the interior heating and cooling. Outside they will replace and restore exterior cement mortar and clean and restore the exterior walls.

Naturally, there has been disruption and, clearly, we have not been able to use the building while work was underway which has meant that:

First, no services could be held in the Church building after Sunday July 3rd. While the anticipated finish date was at the end of August, of course, if the work progressed faster (or more slowly) than expected, the date could be changed. What was crucial was that the work be completed prior to a wedding booked for Saturday September 10. Similarly, work could not begin until after a wedding here at the end of June. The builders were aware of our timeframes and they expected to achieve the timetable. Some exterior work might take longer, but that should not affect the use of the building.

Secondly, the fact that the Church could not be used has not meant we would not hold services. Our Sunday services have been held at the usual times every Sunday in the Parish Centre. While I apologise for any inconvenience, I am heartened by the attendances holding so well when compared with this time of year previously.

A good thing has been that the worship has been more comfortable! It has meant some disruption on the last Sunday of the month when we hold our Andy's Open Door services. Your patience and your understanding have been appreciated. Volunteers have been needed to help set up the Parish Centre each Saturday ready for worship the next morning and I thank them for their work and efficiency.

Thirdly, funerals could not be held in the Church during that time. Fortunately we have had only one funeral, and that was held, at the request of the family, in the Parish Centre.

Fourthly, school services have had to be held in the School Hall and Parish Centre during this time.

I hope that, despite the disruption, you will be pleased with the result when the restoration is complete. Your help has been greatly appreciated, especially with the moving of furniture and with the dusting and cleaning. I thank you all for your support.

Archdeacon Chris Chataway



The Rector, Heather Wray, the Rev'd Rachel Chapman and Aaron Arnold at the Soirée held in May 2011

Where have all the Horses, Dogs and Children Gone?

In the 1950s and 60s there were many horses in the Church Terrace vicinity. The Fishers had a pony in Burlington Street. Miss Uphill and Miss Doman had horses in a paddock in Wilsden Street and the Willis family had a number of horses at The Almonds.

Miss Uphill led the Pony Club on Saturday afternoons. Smartly dressed in jodhpurs and black helmets, the riders clip-clopped down the Terrace bound for the parklands. After their passing, Church Terrace gardeners would sneak out onto the road to scoop up droppings to nourish their rose bushes.

At the northern end of Landsdowne Terrace the Webster family once operated a dairy. The paddocks and cow stalls were later occupied by their trotting horses. In the afternoons Mr Webster and his son would exercise the trotters, harnessed to jinkers, around the streets of Walkerville, stirring up the dogs as they passed.

Nearly every household had a dog. In the good old days they went about their business unrestrained by gates or pesky dog catchers. Basil Cudmore, a beagle, made daily visits to the local butchers. After announcing his arrival he would receive an off-cut or a bit of fritz and be on his way to the next address. One Christmas he arrived home with a leg of ham found in the kitchen of a nearby nursing home. Because of his peregrinations and local reputation, the owners wisely had their phone number on his collar. One morning they had a call from the Highways Department to say that Basil was on the third floor having followed people up in the lift and was causing some distraction to employees.

In Church Terrace, Lucy Hayman was a maiden lady of unknown heritage. Of a retiring nature, she was sometimes heard but seldom seen. **She lived near the Russells' dog, a large black Labrador with a notorious reputation as a fighter to be avoided at all costs. Bruno Wood was a noble back and white Collie, the oldest and biggest dog in Church Terrace and respected by all.**

Our Polly was a Daschund-Australian Terrier cross and quite beautiful. **At the St Andrew's School Pet Show she won a prize for the dog with the loveliest smile!**

Because there were no gates to our property, it was very tiresome when Polly came on heat. Dogs came from far and wide. She had to be shut in the laundry or she accompanied me in the car when I would be followed by a train of baying dogs until I managed to give them the slip. One morning I was awakened by a panting sound and there beside the bed was Basil with a gleam in his eye saying "Where is she?" **Polly had seven puppies. It broke the children's hearts when all but one left us to go to good homes. We kept the biggest and greediest whom we called Puggles. He bore a strong resemblance to Basil.**

For our children there was no television nor any of the technical diversions which occupy the young today. Our wonderful Linear Park had not



Peter & Henry Rischbleth admire some of the new arrivals

Instant History

A memories piece

In June, out of the blue, I received an envelope containing a Parish Magazine from February 1962. The accompanying letter, from Megan Lefourneur, said her parents had been ‘**sorting through years of papers, cards and old memorabilia.**’ Megan suggested it might be of interest.

I recognised many names on the Rosters or in the list of positions held. They included Forwood, Facy, Legoe, Edgar, Clift and Zimmerman. Naturally there were others who are long gone to their rest, some who have moved away and, of course, the women who later changed their names when they married. As I am a (comparative) Johnny-come-lately in this Parish

– after all, ten years is such a small piece of time – I ran off a few photo-copies and shared them around with the Guild members, the wardens and some others.

Several responses to the old magazine came back, mostly verbal, but **Judy Rischbieth’s** memories are here for you all to sit back and **enjoy those times again...back to the Sixties!**

Should anyone else want to have a look at the original 1962 magazine, or, even better, put pen to paper with a remembrance or comment, **then I’d be thrilled to hear from you.**

Barbara Colbert, Editor

then been developed. The Torrens River and the main roads were out of bounds but otherwise the children ranged far and wide on their bikes. They walked or rode their bikes to school.

Before the Department of Transport got to work streamlining our road, Burlington Street had very deep gutters. On rainy days water rushed down in a torrent going under the Church Terrace intersection in a tunnel. Boat racing was a favourite diversion. Teams worked in pairs. One member launched a vessel at the top of the street while the other waited at the exit of the tunnel for his boat to shoot out. One hot day during a summer storm our phone rang. It was the opposite **neighbour who shrilled down the phone “Judith, your boys are in the gutter with nothing on!”**

During the holidays a minor war would break out between the Rischbieth and Cudmore

boys versus the Rymill and Gray gang. The former’s weapons were **cumquats and green walnuts**; the latter chose acorns and mandarins. Rubbish bin lids disappeared temporarily for shields. Younger sisters and dogs were in the rear guard to give encouragement and first aid. Devonshire Street, still a dirt road, was the chosen war zone for its topography and rustic appearance.

Today, apart from certified areas in the parklands, councils have banned horses in the municipal areas. Dogs found on the streets without an owner and not on a leash are arrested. Children, except for the occasional skate-boarder, can be seen in motor cars or with an accompanying adult. Ah, Me! I must be getting old as I dream of the good old days, the fun and games.

Judy Rischbieth

A Wandering Worshipper

In my recent, brief overseas trip I had the privilege of experiencing a variety of venues for Christian worship, from the splendour of **St Paul's Cathedral in London** to the humble tranquillity of a small English village church in the heart of Sussex.

Florence dazzled and amazed with its chequered marble choirs of stone in the Duomo, Santa Croce and other Renaissance architectural masterpieces.

For Sunday worship my English travel companion and I decided to attend the Sung Mass at **St Mark's Church, an Anglican Church** belonging to the Diocese of Europe.

The Church is built in Renaissance style but decorated and furnished with contributions from leading artists of the Victorian period including members of the Pre-Raphaelites and the Arts and Craft movement. The Church is located across the River Arno in the Via Maggio at the site of a small old Palazzo. On arrival there were only a few people present, but as 10.30am approached the congregation swelled to about 80 people. We were intrigued with the Anglo-Catholic nature of the Service with copious use of incense and the entire liturgy being sung. Fortunately the presiding priest, Fr Lawrence MacLean, had a lovely voice and it was a rare pleasure to experience this version of the Eucharist. A pertinent and moving sermon was given and the service ended with a **spirited singing of the hymn, 'Thine Be the Glory'**.

Further reading has revealed that St Mark's was established in Florence in 1881 to provide an

Anglo-Catholic alternative to the established Church of the Holy Trinity at the time when Anglo-Catholicism was fiercely resisted in England. The Rev Charles Tooth was instrumental in its establishment. His brother, also a priest, was arrested and imprisoned in England for leading Anglo-Catholic rites in defiance of the Public Worship Act of 1864.

On my return to England I had the joy of visiting a number of tiny, ancient churches in Sussex. Within walking distance of where I was staying with my friend was a beautiful little Church in a field of wildflowers. Services have been held here since the 14th Century. We visited other examples, including **St Agatha's** where the list of Rectors in the church went back to the mid 1300's.

Another hidden gem was a small Church at Tudely which has a complete set of stained glass windows designed by the artist Marc Chagall. The daughter of a friend of the artist was drowned and Chagall was asked to design the windows as a me-

(Continued on page 7)



Wiggonholt Parish Church

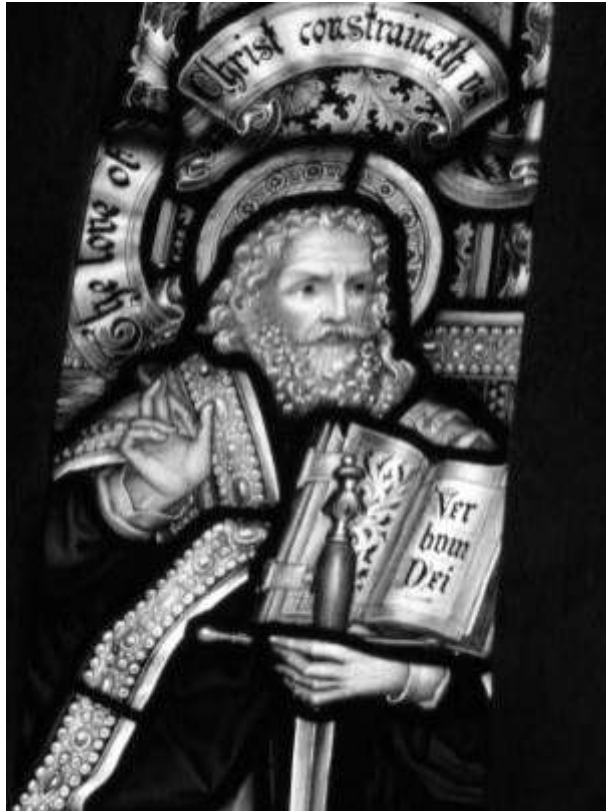
(continued from page 6)

morial to her. The central window above the nave is particularly stunning in its dramatic use of reds and blues.

I was also privileged to be a guest of the Abbot and community of Worth Abbey to attend the celebration of the reopening of the Abbey Church with solemn Vespers on Pentecost Sunday.

Worth Abbey Church was designed by Catholic architect Francis Pollon and is considered

to be one of the finest examples of 1960's church architecture. Noted for its striking circular design, the Abbey church is one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in Southern England. It has been in daily use by the 23 Benedictine monks of Worth Abbey and pupils and staff of the 550-strong Worth School on the site and a sizeable local Parish. Over 2000 people visit the monastery's guest house on retreat every year.



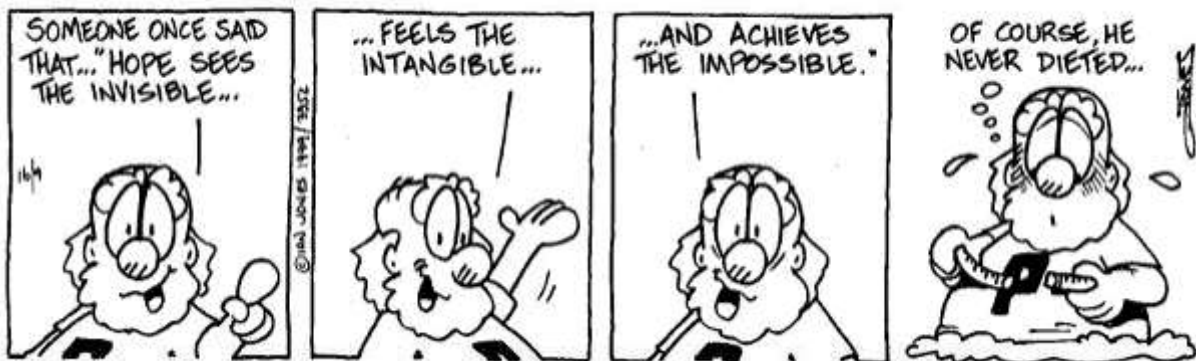
Stained Glass from St Agatha's Church

The Church is very simple with the circular dome being the focal point. Magnificent new pews and choir stalls have been installed and the building has a wonderful silence about it which encourages contemplation and prayer. It was also very moving to hear the chanting of the monks.

Finally on my return to London I attended Sung Eucharist on Trinity Sunday at St Paul's. The BBC had just announced that the 15 years of renovation and restoration of the Church was finally completed.

The interior was looking splendid with the mosaics literally glowing in the morning light. A worshipping congregation of about 400 people was present from all parts of the world and the Cathedral Choir made heavenly music which filled the huge dome with joyful sounds. A fitting finale for this wandering worshipper!

Sally Zimmerman



The Much Wenlock Olympics

Whilst on holiday with my sister Sylvia and her husband Ken last year in the UK we were fortunate to visit Much Wenlock near Bridgenorth in Shropshire. Ken and Sylvia had discovered this town and knew we would be very interested. Well, we were!

Much Wenlock is one of the oldest settlements in Shropshire and has been a market town for at least 700 years. It proudly boasts its association with the Modern Olympics. Dr William Penny Brooks, a resident, campaigned internationally for the revival of the ancient Greek Games. This is a surprise to visitors as this sedate and peaceful town does not conjure up images of athleticism! However the first Wenlock Olympic Games were held in 1850 for “every grade of man”. The 1867 programme shows a range of events including fun contests to amuse the crowds – for example a Wheelbarrow Race as well as a Foot Race, Running, High Leap, Tilting

at the Ring on Horses, Putting the Stone, Glee Singing, Writing, Arithmetic and Knitting!

Baron Pierre de Coubertin visited the town to see the games and wrote in the December 1890 edition of *La Review Athletique*, “If the Olympic Games which Modern Greece did not know how to establish again is revived today, it is not to a Greek that one is indebted but to Dr W.P. Brooks.”

Historically, the town grew around the Abbey of St Milburga – the ruins are open to visitors. Wenlock Edge is an impressive landmark in Shropshire. Stretching 15 miles, the limestone escarpment dates back over 400 million years providing glorious views and varied flora.

Much Wenlock is well worth a visit and will be of great interest with the 2012 Olympic Games in London.

Anne Marsh

MUCH WENLOCK
THE OLYMPIAN TRAIL
SHROPSHIRE

WILLIAM PENNY BROOKES AND THE OLYMPIC CONNECTION

The winner of the 150 yard Ashbury race in 1871.

The winner of the 100 yard Ashbury race in 1871.

The fact that there is an Olympic connection with the town of Much Wenlock will come as a surprise to many. A walk around the sedate and peaceful town does not exactly conjure up images of athleticism. However, the connection is through William Penny Brooks, a local doctor born in the town in 1829. His family home can be seen opposite the church at 4, Wilmore Street - about 850 metres along the Trail.

THE PROGRAMME

EVENT	WENLOCK	WENLOCK	WENLOCK	WENLOCK
100 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
150 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
200 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
300 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
400 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
500 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
600 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
700 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
800 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
900 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
1000 Yards	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
1 Mile	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
1 1/2 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
2 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
3 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
4 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
5 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
6 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
7 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
8 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
9 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
10 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
11 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
12 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
13 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
14 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks
15 Miles	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks	W. P. Brooks

1867 Olympic Day (Not in Athens) - moves on other pages

Following Baron Pierre de Coubertin's visit he wrote in the December 1890 edition of *La Review Athletique*, "If the Olympic Games which Modern Greece did not know how to establish again is revived today it is not to a Greek that one is indebted but to Dr W.P. Brooks."

A booklet, *History, Penny Brooks and the Olympic Connection* is on sale in the Tourist Information Centre.

Belinda Butcher & St Andrew's



Belinda has had contact with St Andrew's Church from her birth. She was baptised as a baby here and during her toddler years attended Sunday School in what is now the School Hall. She was supposed to be in Diana Allen's

kindy class, which was held on the stage, but much to Diana's chagrin, after starting there, always went to her father's class with the bigger children. This was held in one of the rooms by the front door, where she often demanded that everyone sang the songs she liked to sing, some of which were demanded every week.

During her early years at the church her mother took great pride in dressing her. This was recognised by Joyce Moulden, who called her 'Miss Muffet' and waited eagerly each week to see what she was wearing. The Sunday School was disbanded and the hall sold to the School and eventually she came in to take part in what is the format for Sunday School now.

Belinda went to St Andrew's School for her primary school years where she achieved well and had the benefits of the excellent education that School offered. She played tennis and netball. She was part of the orchestra and played violin; these skills were taken to her next school, St Peter's

Girls, where eventually she was the principal violinist.

She was confirmed at St Andrew's and continued her attendance at the church. At one stage there were a few parishioners who were interested in the mouth organ and she willingly participated in this activity.

She enjoyed her years at St Peter's Girls and went on to Uni SA where she took two degrees – one in Marketing and the other in International Studies. During this time she spent a year in Purdue University in Indiana in the United States. She seemed to have no trouble in making her grades and on graduating became the marketing manager



for 'Life-Style' bread. Prior to this she had part-time jobs with K-Mart, where she was highly valued.

She likes the computer and is very efficient in using it, a skill picked up from St Andrew's School. Recently she used her musical skills in leading our hand-bell choir; her skills in leading the choir and her experience in playing the bells will be missed. She participated in the youth movements of the church which she enjoyed.

She is now in Melbourne working in marketing with Coles. She has only been there for a



Left: Belinda Butcher with a work colleague and Master Chef contestant, Michael Weldon. Above right: Belinda with two St Andrew's servers.

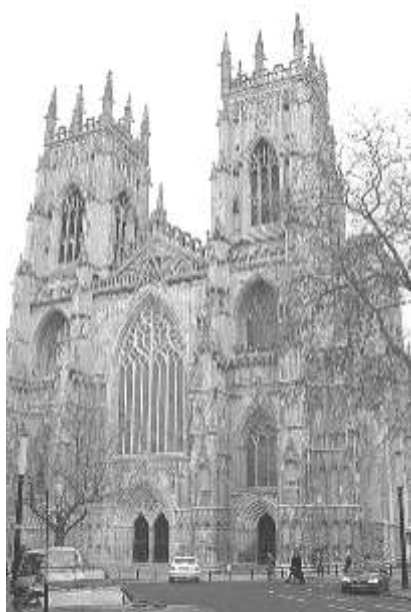
Comparisons

If I were ever asked to name my two most beloved churches, I would, undoubtedly, say St Andrew's Church, Walkerville, and York Minster. Knowing quite a bit about both these churches, and also being a Yorkshire Lass from way back, it was, therefore, a thrill to have a recent email letter from my brother, David, and sister-in-law, Cheryl, who visited York Minster for the umpteenth time, not long ago.

As a family living in Yorkshire, we visited York and the Minster on many occasions, and John and I have visited friends there on all our overseas trips since I came to Australia. The Minster, especially, never ceases to amaze me – with its history, beauty, treasures, and huge dimensions. There have been many 'upheavals' over the years – mainly, as far as I'm aware, to do with the actual structure of the building. It seems to be constantly cloaked in scaffolding over at least one part of the building.

Its history goes back to the original wooden church, which was built in 627AD for the baptism of King Oswald of Northumbria. The vast Norman church was completed around 1100AD, and

the base of some of its distinctive columns can be seen today in the Undercroft. Evidence of the fact that Constantine the Great was proclaimed Em-



York Minster, UK

peror in 306AD was also revealed during the Undercroft excavations beneath the Minster.

The Minster as we essentially see it today was consecrated in 1472. The Undercroft was exposed between 1967 and 1972 during archaeological work to prevent collapsing of the central tower. Visitors can now examine this area together with all sorts of other relevant treasures relating to its intriguing and extensive history.

There have been many fires in the Minster over the years, but who could forget the bolt of lightning, in July 1984, which led to the massive fire which badly burnt the roof of the South Transept and almost destroyed the Rose Window (*was it anything to do with the Bishop of Durham's interpretation regarding the Resurrection and/or Virgin Birth...?*) The repair bill was colossal - the Heritage Lottery Fund coming to the fore in no uncertain way – and it took 4 years to fully repair and restore all the damage. (*Why don't we in Australia have a National Heritage Lottery Fund?...*)

As we are in the throes of restoration of our lovely church building here at St Andrew's, it therefore seems quite opportune for me to quote some of David's letter to you, with his full agreement:–

“You may know from your media, that the East End of the Minster is shrouded in scaffolding while the whole of the eastern retaining wall is rebuilt. Apparently, much of the York stone is crumbling and the Minster Architects have been murmuring about risks to the East Window. Everyone seems to know this is the largest single expanse of medieval stained glass window in the world...

Anyway, the whole of the window – all the metre-square panels – has been removed for res-

I Will Do More

I will do more than belong—
I will participate.
I will do more than care—
I will help.
I will do more than believe—
I will practise.
I will do more than be fair—
I will be kind.
I will do more than forgive—
I will love.

I will do more than earn—
I will enrich.
I will do more than teach—
I will serve.
I will do more than live—
I will grow.
I will do more than be friendly—
I will be a friend.

Think and pray on this—and then act.

(From 'The Anglican Digest', Winter 2009)

toration and the window has been replaced by a gigantic digital photograph on special coated material – an exact copy in size and detail. The way they have done it means you have to look fairly closely to realise the original glass is missing. We went on a tour of the renovation project, which was fascinating. All the panels are being completely dismantled, the old lead removed, and pieces of the stained glass jigsaw are being put back into what the 'experts' believe are their rightful places. The Minster windows were all removed during the early years of the war and apparently some of the pieces finished up in maybe the wrong panels



in the late 1940's when it was all re-assembled. We saw the stained glass restorers at work close up, talked to them, and heard how they were do-

St Andrew's

ing what they are doing etc. All very interesting and, of course, not the sort of tour which will be possible again for a long time, after everything is completed - 8 years in all, during which time the stonemasons will have replaced all the faulty and defective stone work in the surrounding structures. We also watched them at work in the open-air stonemasons' area—beautiful carving to replace and renew what the years have rotted away.”

The Dean of York launched the Restoration Appeal for the East End/East Window in March 2010, for £10m—\$14,925,206.04, makes \$400,000 for St Andrew's Stage 2 Restoration and Conservation Appeal seem quite reasonable!

As St Andrew's was not consecrated until 1848AD, I assume there will be no archaeological 'dig' nor, I trust, will there be any fires. Despite the differences between these two buildings—mainly geographical, historical, dimensional (York Minster is 158m long), and costing of repairs, the significant comparisons are that they are both personal and positive places of Christian worship.

Janet Martin

About Time History Festival



See 'About Time' Article on page 17.

Top Left: Hand bell display.

Top Right: Sanctuary setup for 1928 Book of Common Prayer service.

Centre Left: Guest Organist John Hall.



Centre Right: CCTV of the Bellringers, Philippa Lampe as guide.

Bottom Left: The Rev'd Rachel, Anthony Chataway and Jimi!

Bottom Right: Guided Tour in progress.



Church Restoration



Top Left: The bare bones, heaters and fans gone.

Centre Left: Scaffolding, ladders, dust-proofed pews.

Bottom Left: Our ever-present and diligent Project Manager David Lane.



Top Right: Pews back, carpet cleaned, almost there.

Bottom Right: To return the organ pipes from safe storage took Sharon and Ian Gray, Lyall von Einem, David Lane and the Rector.

Thanks to all our willing volunteers!



Snippets from my Great Grand-Mother's Diaries— 1869-1875

A brief background of my great-grandmother Mary-Jane Reid (née Mayo)

In 1811, Maria Gandy, my great-great-grandmother, was born in the village of Twyford in Hampshire, England. She was the eldest of eight children of William Gandy, a labourer, and Mary Anne Gandy (née Pearce). Around 1834-1835 Colonel William Light was also living in the same village, and he employed Maria, who was a seamstress, as a housekeeper. Colonel Light must have known the family for some time as there is a record of him paying a £40 debt to William Gandy whilst he was on his Egyptian Campaign in 1830-1832.

When in May 1836 Light sailed on the



Great-Grandmother Mary-Jane Reid (née Mayo) aged in her nineties. Taken at Blackwood c. 1935.

‘Rapid’ for South Australia, he invited Maria and two of her brothers, Edward and William, to accompany him. Sadly, Light died of TB in 1839, and in 1840 Maria married Dr George Mayo who had been a friend and one of the medical attendants of Colonel Light.

Dr Mayo and Maria had four children. The first, Mary-Jane, was born in 1841.

Next was Kate, born in 1843. Kate Mayo married Dr Alexander Stewart Patterson, Superintendent of (as it was then known) the Lunatic Asylum, near the Adelaide Hospital. They lived at ‘Yarrabee,’ the house still standing on the corner of Hackney Road and North Terrace. The third child, George Mayo, married Henrietta Donaldson. He was a civil engineer and he accompanied McKinley on his expedition to the Northern Territory. The fourth, Maria, was born and died in 1847, a few months old.

Mary-Jane, my great-grandmother, married the Reverend Richardson Reid, incumbent of Holy Trinity Church on North Terrace. They had three children—Nora Richardson (my grandmother), Charles, and Gertrude.

In Mary-Jane’s diaries, Dr Mayo is always referred to as Papa and Richardson Reid as Mr Reid or husband.

Life with Dr George Mayo
before Mary-Jane's marriage.

At this time Dr Mayo must have had a substantial property in Morphett St, where he had a large orchard and (I am told) he kept a couple of kangaroos and emus. Mary-Jane regularly accompanied Papa on his visits to patients, both in their homes and in hospital, and acted as his hostess when entertaining. In 1870 Mary-Jane writes in her diary of walking with Papa from Morphett St to see the new Asylum building and climbing to the top of the tower at Parkside; later this was renamed Glenside Hospital.

The medical use of leeches was popular for many complaints and Mary-Jane on one occasion applied 17 leeches to Papa's back when it was very bad, and later Dr Mayo applied 4 to her face as treatment for a very painful abscess in her cheek, following the removal of an abscessed tooth. In both cases Mary-Jane reports success with this treatment.

On 14th November 1870 Mary-Jane's diary entry reads –'A memorable day in my life took place. Mr Reid (the Reverend Richardson Reid) came to see Papa. He proposed and our engagement was announced.' They were married on 4th January 1871 at Holy Trinity, and their honeymoon was spent at Port Elliott, taking two days to travel there with a night spent at Strathalbyn.

Life at the Rectory.

Life at Holy Trinity was always busy—cleaning, cooking, sewing, (remember this was all done by hand) entertaining, and parish visiting. Church services were held twice on Sundays with one mid-week on a Wednesday, plus Sunday School, monthly children's services on a Sunday afternoon, confirmation classes (boys and girls separately), and many visits to West Terrace cemetery. Mary-Jane and Richardson walked weekly

to Hindmarsh or Thebarton to take Bible Study classes.

Mary-Jane also regularly visited the Ragged School and the Women's Shelter at Norwood, and attended meetings for fund-raising for Melanesian missions, which on occasions included whist drives and concerts and sewing garments.

Funeral services

Funeral services were in abundance, especially in the summer. One hot January and into February there were over 30. There were government funerals and private funerals and I presume many of the former were for paupers.

I wondered why burials usually took place on the day of death or the next day, and the funeral sermon was preached at the following Wednesday or Sunday service. Then I realised that there would have been no means of preserving the body, especially in the heat. Of course many children died in the early months of their lives or from infectious diseases which were rife.

There is an entry in 1873 when, instead of the monthly Children's Service, a Mrs Soames brought the body of her little boy to church, and the children and teachers followed his coffin to the grave. He had drowned in a vat of beer. He was 7 years old. It is interesting to note that for notable funeral services the church was draped inside with black crepe—a 'bolt' of 30 yards.

Hot summer days.

In those days they wore heavy clothing, there was no insulation in the houses, nor fans, nor air-conditioning, and the Torrens, not so far from the Rectory, was a breeding ground for mosquitoes (regularly complained about) and many other nasties. In one diary entry that caught my eye—at the end of a very hot day and Mary-Jane had been out visiting - I can hear her commenting

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15)

after she arrived home ‘It was a relief to take my corsets off!’

There is no mention in the diaries of servants, but there is mention on several occasions of a village girl called Amelia who used to be of help, especially in the summer when jam was made in large quantities—quince, quince jelly, damson plum, apricot, pear, raspberry, gooseberry and mulberry—all from fruit from Papa’s orchard. Other girls from the village were employed over 5 days to carry all the mattresses outside, unpick the covers and to tease out the horse-hair. I’m sure it would have made their fingers very sore. Then they had to re-stuff and sew the mattresses up again.

About this time Mary-Jane spent a day unpicking and turning her grey cashmere dress, by hand of course. Later on in 1870 she went to see her sister Kate’s new ‘machine’ and acquired one



Rosalie Harding and her sister Emily

herself a year or two later—that wonderful boon to all women—the sewing machine. Still on domestic duties, two able-bodied men were employed to carry the carpets up to Montefiore Hill to beat and clean them. Why Montefiore Hill? (*N.B. There was then no bridge over the Torrens as a continuation of Morphett Street— Editor*). One hot summer Saturday Richardson rode to Noarlunga to take the Sunday Service, returning the next day, and was then prostrate for two days from the effects of the heat. I wonder about his poor horse. As opposed to summer heat and dust, winter roads were quagmires and there was mud everywhere.

As mentioned previously, visiting and entertaining played an important part in daily life and I thought here it might be of interest to mention the names of some of the people who feature in the diaries as they are so much a part of Adelaide’s early history—Lady Edith Fergusson, Kingston, Goss, Rigby, Todd, Dean Farrell, Cawthorne, Marryat, Gooch, Fisher, Muecke, Farr, Bagot, Elder, Thwaites, Beresford—and last but not least—Bishop Short, of whom there is a tale. He had dinner at the Rectory one evening and whilst there his dog killed all Maria’s rabbits which were being bred for food. I don’t know if they were replaced! In 1871, Mary-Jane records the death of Lady Edith Fergusson (the wife of the then Governor). In 1872 two events are recorded. Mr Lyons from St Peter’s College visited Mr Reid to complain about an obscene paper circulating amongst the students. The other was a big fire at Walkerville which they viewed from Montefiore Hill. Another event in 1872 was when the Rectory couple entertained some aboriginal cricketers from the ‘Poonindie’ tribe. They had been brought to Adelaide to play some matches on St Peter’s College Oval.

(Continued on page 19)

About Time—for what?

A few words about our very successful contribution to History Month.

Sixty people attended the soirée on Thursday 19th May and responded to dressing in the style of the 1920's. Catering—chicken sandwiches and bubbly—was organized by Jill Berry and her team who excelled with victuals and décor and the atmosphere created with candle-lanterns and palms; much good humour soon filled the room. This was followed by the sombre but highly moving film of Joan of Arc. To lighten the mood, the evening ended with coffee and truffles.

Friday 20th May started with a conducted tour of the stained glass windows led by Sandy Facy. Following the lunchtime organ recital by John Hall, about 60 people enjoyed delicious soup and crusty bread to follow. Jennie Coleman led another tour after lunch.

On Saturday Sandy Facy conducted another informative tour of church and stained glass windows followed by lunch. The Grand Variety Concert at 2pm with high technology from Matthew Sorrell had video cameras in the ringing and bell chambers of the Tower – projecting the action on screens in the church. A quarter peal heralded the organ recitals by Lyall and Ian. Anthony Chataway enchanted us with the viola and Jonathon Chataway on the trumpet accompanied by Heather Wray on the piano. Our hand bell group also had another airing conducted by Belinda Butcher. Devonshire tea was the treat to follow.

The Sunday service followed the historic 1928 rite. Our preacher was the Rev'd Tom Jones. The congregation dressed in 1920's style

to suit the occasion. The choir rendered in full glory the service of earlier years.

A successful trading table run by Jennie Coleman and team plus refreshments in the hall enticed the browsing attenders throughout the days. A pleasing amount of about \$3000 was raised overall with an attendance in total of 300.

A display of early books and binding plus the heavy-weight press were on show in the library skilfully put together by Don Gilmour.

The ecclesiastical robes and church vessels were an added attraction within the church. In the choir vestry the video of church bells and clock plus the availability of the talk recorded by Bp Ian George on church and windows helped visitors wander at will.

On the Tuesday and Wednesday following, the Year 4 and Year 5 children from Walkerville Primary School were entertained by Lyall von Einem at the organ and Rhonda Gilmour who talked about the church, its early use as a building and what could be found at St Andrew's today. They were also introduced to the tower—through the videos—and then used up some energy on the hand bells.

The event has been a memorable success but only through the endless hard work and

cooperation of so many people.

Elizabeth Ellison.



Sue Brennan (left) and Jill Berry having fun at the soirée.

More pictures on page 12.

The Wailing Wall

Most of us have seen pictures of the Wailing Wall with the Jews praying along its side. It is the most sacred site for the Jews. They believe the ruined wall was part of the temple – originally built by King Solomon, rebuilt by the returned exiles from Babylon on the edict of King Cyrus and finally expanded, renovated and decorated by King Herod the Great before the birth of Jesus.

For many Christians the Wailing Wall contradicts the Prophecy of Jesus regarding the temple and therefore undermines their faith. But this is due mainly to their ignorance. “Not one stone will be left on another; every one will be thrown down.” (Mark 13.2). In 70AD the Romans destroyed the temple.

Was the prophecy of Jesus wrong? Is the Wailing Wall the actual remains of the Jewish temple?

This had bothered me too, until I had a chance to visit the Wall itself and an answer came unexpectedly.

Through the tight security you enter the large open space along the Wall. The atmosphere is usually charged with devotion, reverence, prayer and awe, as if one is coming face to face with God. I decided to walk to the big limestone wall rejecting the advice to listen to the tourist guide first. Then suddenly I saw the

Wailing Wall on the Temple Mount, Jerusalem.

guide raising a big folded map of the temple to show tourists around him. There might have been 70 – 80 people around him. I was farthest from him, but still I heard him say that the Wailing Wall is not part of the temple buildings. In fact it is the remnant of the outermost perimeter or compound wall which formed the platform on the western side. Not a single stone of the temple building remains. This was the sweetest music to my ears! My doubt of many years vanished into thin air instantly! I was filled with joy. The “Wailing Wall” for me becomes ‘the wall of joy’.

The site where the temple stood remains out of reach to tourists. But it is a truly sacred place for both Jews and Christians. Christian connections to the temple are many and profound. Jesus was presented in the temple as a Jewish first-born baby boy. At the age of twelve he was found there debating with teachers of ‘The Law’. He preached in the courtyards of the temple. On seeing traders crowding in the courtyard, Jesus



became angry and drove out animals, freed doves and turned the money changers' tables upside down. One can only imagine his rage and the stir he created in the temple. Once, when one of the disciples said to him, "Teacher, look at these magnificent buildings, look at the massive stones in the wall," Jesus prophesied, 'Not a stone will remain on a stone.' Quite possibly, in the temple courtyard, with extraordinary courage and authority the Apostle Peter articulated all the prophecies regarding the Jewish Messiah – the life, death and resurrection of Jesus and preached the first Christian sermon of God's grace and faith in Jesus' salvation. After listening to him many Jews became believers. No doubt the temple was where Christianity began!

Only after the resurrection of Jesus did 'The Christ Story' become clear, complete and compelling to the Apostles. Peter might have been the first Apostle to realise it but all the other Apostles understood it, as it was happening right before their eyes. It is quite likely that the Apostle Peter, who realized and articulated it first, was also the first to go to the temple and boldly preach it to the public. It was an amazing time!

Comparing it to our present time, the Apostles were like a group of scientists who had discovered something very important. For them it was a breakthrough! They had found the fulfillment of the prophecies, they had solved the puzzle, cracked the code and deciphered the enigma and they wanted to go public with their discoveries and the information. To do that they chose the most important place for the most important Jewish story – the Jewish Temple – to break the news to the world. Their findings and discovery would change the history of mankind from that day. So the temple site is not only important and relevant to the Jews or Christians but to all the people of this world!

Allan Gaekwad

(Snippets from Great Grandmother's Diaries' continued from page 16)

In 1875 Mary-Jane was joined by some friends to make a new altar frontal for Holy Trinity, by hand as it was a tradition that all sanctuary linen should be sewn in this way. On the 5th March the tragic news reached Adelaide of the wreck of the 'Gothenburg' on the Great Barrier Reef with the loss of 103 lives, mostly government officials and professional people sailing from Darwin to the Southern States. One poor man lost his wife and six sons. 1875 closed on a more cheerful note as gas pipes were laid to the Rectory, especially as, soon after, Mary-Jane spent a day making puddings, tarts, potted meats and soups to feed the Bishop and Synodsmen following their meeting at St Paul's, Pulteney St.

It may not seem like it, but Mary-Jane and Richardson did have some leisure time. Fishing was a much-loved activity and they often caught the very early train to Semaphore for a couple of hours fishing from the jetty (usually very successfully) and returning by mid-morning. Another activity they enjoyed was walking – and not just around the block – but up to Eagle-on-the-Hill or down to Glenelg for breakfast with friends. There were Balls at Government House and Ayers House, and levées which Richardson also attended at Government House. Mary-Jane also enjoyed creating a garden at Holy Trinity from plants and cuttings supplied by Papa.

Richardson Reid was at Holy Trinity for 40 years, first as a curate and then incumbent, and during this time a great amount of building and re-building took place. Richardson died in 1899 and Mary-Jane my great-grandmother in 1936 aged 95 years. I can just remember being taken to see her when I was 6 years old, shortly before her death – a very old lady sitting in a rocking chair.

Rosalie Harding

The Long Farewell!

Instalment 2 of Andrew Allen's speech before he moved to Marree last September

I normally take the easy option of not singling people out because I feel embarrassed that I will accidentally forget someone who should be on the list. While this has been a great community with everyone doing their bit to help, I'll be brave and mention a few parishioners who have been fantastic to me and the parish over the years.

JANET MARTIN – Where to start? My thanks to her for writing the article in the Parish Magazine. I thought there might be a couple of lines buried in the back somewhere about my leaving, so I'm not sure if it was a slow news day!

Janet likes telling the story of me as a child going to midnight service in my PJ's and dressing gown. I don't remember it – I think she is just making it up to embarrass me.

I'm still not sure why she kept asking me to be on committees but I very much enjoyed the kind, sensible, firm and organised way she ran meetings, with her agendas and minutes produced like clockwork, with event planning starting months beforehand, such as Quiz Nights or re-



Andrew Allen in 2000 was awarded the Walkerville Young Citizen Award; seen here with his parents and grandparents.

hearsing to be a 'nun' or 'angel', although I did like to be cheeky and throw the odd challenge to her unflappability to see how she handled it, such as without warning dressing up as a pirate or vampire for the Quiz Nights.

DON & RHONDA GILMOUR – fantastic, lovely, educated people who have had their fingers in just about every pie on St Andrew's Parish life. I have seen them dedicate many hours and much professionalism to the task at hand. Talking of pies, they have fed me some delicious ones around their woodfire in the back room of their magnificent home.

ROSALIE HARDING – another wonderful parishioner who I would see catching buses to visit the sick, acting as verger at funerals, and who, as warden, would open up the church for the 8am service and stay for the 9:30am service too. Back then servers were rostered on for either 8am or 9:30am and on the Sundays when I was serving at 8, Rosalie and I would tend to arrive around the same time and would stand by the Choir Vestry door on sunny spring mornings having a chat while listening to the birds flying around the rose garden.

LYALL von EINEM – I used to see him on Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings and anytime I noticed something wrong with a pew or lock I would ask Lyall's opinion whether I should report it. However, quicker than Superman, he would have his overalls on, a bunch of nails in his teeth, a hammer under one arm and a saw and drill under the other and it was fixed! I have also enjoyed Lyall and Joan's music over the many years.

IAN & SHARON GRAY – I seem to re-

member they were only attending St Andrew's to fill in while Lyall and Joan were on long-service leave. However we must have made an impression as they are still here driving from Novar Gardens each week. Ian, as Rector's warden, lay assistant, lay preacher, secretary, organist/choirmaster, have you heard of the word 'no'? The congregation would be happy for you to do one job as well as you do but you manage to juggle all six. Must be time to add a seventh!

There are also special people like the:-

Facys and Rischbieths who have been such a large part of the parish for so long and have such great and fascinating knowledge of our history.

I can remember Sunday School picnics generously hosted by the Holloways at their home with a pool, and Youth Group nights being wonderfully hosted by the Nettings earlier, and, more recently, the Lanes.

Jennie Coleman and the late Joan Clift were such wonderful support, washing, cleaning and mending various vessels and vestments – I could never clean them as well as they could. Whenever I noticed too many finger prints on the transept door handles or pulpit rail I would have a go but could never do as good a job as Elizabeth Ellison or Lyn Dow. They will work very well together preparing the sacristy each week.

I have worked with three rectors and at each change I now think of the 'Vicar of Dibley' where the warden says he can finally get rid of the awful verger, Alice. Then when the new vicar arrives she asks Alice if she wishes to continue as verger much to the disgust and eye-rolling of the warden.

I'm not sure how much eye-rolling went on

with our wardens each time I said to the new rector I was happy to continue if they wanted me to, but I would like to thank Sandy Facy, Angus Netting, Tony Holloway, the late Dick Rischbieth, Wayne Butcher, Ian Gray, the late Joan Clift, Rosalie Harding and Sally Zimmerman for the huge effort they have put into the running of our church over the years.



Belinda Butcher, Renée Lane and Andrew Allen.

Thank you to all the servers I have worked with. There have been many times where we haven't had enough volunteers to form a roster; any time we have considered reducing the servers' role and increasing the lay assistants' role, some more volunteers for servers tune up. I make special mention of the Yapps and the distance they come each week.

I feel embarrassed when parishioners elsewhere say they are struggling to find one good clergy member for their parish, and I tell them,

(Continued on page 22)

(Andrew Allen's Farewell' continued from page 21)

'Well, we have four outstanding ones who work very well as a team and contribute enormously to our parish.'

RACHEL CHAPMAN – it has been wonderful (to use her word) having her as part of this parish. Her bubbly, happy personality and all that she organises for the children, youth and families of this church has been super.

BISHOP IAN GEORGE – we knew when he retired that he would be part of this parish. This was something I thought he politely told all parishes in the area. However, it was true here and very lucky we have been that Bp Ian has been prepared to share – through sermons, talks, and tours – his wealth of knowledge, history, art and travel stories that he has passionately learnt, discovered, and experienced.

HELEN GIBSON-WHITE – I think Helen was planning to retire, or at least slow down, when she came to our parish but luckily Chris was able to twist her arm to have more of an 'active' retirement. Her gentle, thoughtful and kind manner has been wonderful for sermons and running Bible Studies. She has been a great asset to our church particularly now that Chris has Archdeacon duties that take him out of the parish. We have been privileged to be part of her journey and to witness her call to priesthood.

This leaves our Rector, Archdeacon

CHRIS CHATAWAY – he had less grey hair and I had more hair when he arrived, so I'm not sure what this says about our time working in the parish together! I have very much enjoyed being a parishioner in this church with him as the Rector. While it is fantastic that we have Bp Ian,

Helen and Rachel to share and broaden opinions, depths and insights for the sermons, just the other week at a service, I enjoyed being able to have our Rector as both the Celebrant and Preacher.

It has been brilliant having his musical talents and those of his family in the parish. Thank you to Heather, Anthony, Jonathan, Gillian and Francis for what you have brought to the parish. Hopefully I have been able to do some of the menial chores to free Chris up to finish other jobs and spend a few extra minutes with his wonderful family.

I have been away each time the previous rectors have announced they were leaving but at least I know Chris won't be announcing this while I am in Marree. This is because he is going for the Guinness Book of Records to be the longest-serving Rector at each of his parishes; therefore he still has at least 40 years to go at St Andrew's!

THANK YOU to all. While there are ups and downs in parish life, with not enough money for this project or not enough volunteers for that, this is a GREAT parish to be part of. It has been my privilege and pleasure to do my bit here.

Andrew Allen

(Belinda Butcher' continued from page 9)

short time, but reports she is very happy and is sharing a house with two other girls within walking distance of her employment.

St Andrew's Church and St Andrew's School have been a large part of Belinda's life and in these institutions she gained an excellent basis for life in all of its forms.

Wayne Butcher

St Andrew's History Festival 2011



From the left: Red Boa, Rex Doepke, the Rev'd Rachel Chapman and a doll. Don't ask! Robin and Jennie Coleman done up to the nines and looking great. Our guest preacher, former Rector of St Andrew's, the Rev'd Tom Jones in the kitchen, and no, we didn't ask him to do the dishes!



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

Church

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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