

The Parish Magazine

The Anglican Parish of Epping

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

with

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

**The Season of Lent and
Palm Sunday**

February/March 2015

Number 833

*In Covenant with the communities of
The Roman Catholic Parish of Epping and Carlingford,
The Uniting Church Parishes of Epping and West Epping, and
The Baptist Parishes of Carlingford and Epping*

From the Editor

Recently, my thoughts were directed from a tee shirt I saw. No it wasn't the simple "Don't worry, be happy."; but something more profound, it read "every Saint has a past, every sinner has a future". That future is now possible through the love and sacrifice of our Saviour Jesus Christ. I believe that we should not ignore the past completely. Many lessons can be learned from the experiences of those who have gone before us. Our modern world has a habit of living in the now, old is old-fashioned. I am disheartened when I see parishes "rebadge" themselves as <insert suburb name> Anglican centre rather than Saint whomever, thereby losing a connection with the history and experience and example of a patron saint.

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Our clergy may be contacted at any time on 9876 3362

Saint Alban's Church is open daily for private meditation. Our parish library is open during office hours. Meeting rooms, various sized halls and other facilities are available. Please contact the parish office.

Our Vision:

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

"a city on a hill"

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Thank you to the authors of the various articles in this magazine, contributors of photographs and our proof-readers. **The deadline for the next edition will be Friday 6 March, 2015.** Contributions may be left at the parish office, or emailed directly to Stuart Armsworth at stundeb@bigpond.net.au.

The Parish of Epping is a parish in the Anglican Church of Australia. *The Parish Magazine* records recent events in the Parish, gives details of parish activities and publishes articles which set out opinions on a range of matters the subject of discussion within the Anglican Church community. It does not necessarily reflect the opinions of Clergy, Churchwardens or Parish Council. The editor accepts contributions for *The Parish Magazine* on the understanding that all contributors agree to the publication of their name as the author of their contribution.

Our Cover: The cover artwork is a photograph of the Tower of Saint Alban's, Epping

Our Services including Easter

Weekdays at Saint Alban's

7.00am	Holy Eucharist -	Wednesday
10.30am	Healing Eucharist -	Thursday
5.00pm	Evening Prayer -	Monday to Friday

Sunday at Saint Alban's

7.00am	Said Holy Eucharist
8.00am	Holy Eucharist with Hymns
10.00am	Choral Eucharist - 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays
	Sung Eucharist - 2nd and 4th Sundays with Alban's Angels
6.00pm	Evening Service



Sunday at Saint Aidan's

8.30am	Holy Eucharist with Hymns
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Baptisms, Weddings and Funerals may be arranged with the Rector. Also available is the opportunity for special family services to coincide with re-unions, renewals or special anniversaries. These should be discussed with the Rector. For further information please telephone 9876 3362

18 February - Ash Wednesday

Holy Eucharist with Ashing Saint Alban's

7.00am, 12 noon, 7.45pm - Saint Alban's - Preacher: The Rector

29 March - Palm Sunday

7.00am, 8.00am - Saint Alban's

8.30am - Saint Aidan's Procession, Blessing of Palms and Reading of the Passion

10.00am - Saint Alban's Ecumenical Procession, Blessing of Palms and Reading of the Passion

30 March-1 April - Holy Week

7.45pm - Saint Alban's - Holy Eucharist and Reflections

The Great Triduum

2 April - Maundy Thursday

Saint Alban's

10.30am - Holy Eucharist and Anointing

7.45pm - Thanksgiving for the institution of the Holy Communion, Serving another and the Watch

3 April - Good Friday

8.30am - Saint Aidan's

Solemn Liturgy of Good Friday

9.30am - Saint Alban's

Solemn Liturgy Commemorating the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ

Hot Cross Buns and refreshments follow both services

4 April - Holy Saturday

9.00am - Saint Alban's Morning Prayer and Liturgy

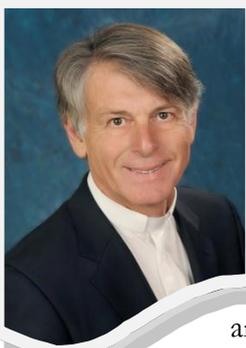
5 April - Easter Day *Please wear something white or gold*

5.30am - Saint Alban's - The Great Vigil of Easter with the First Eucharist of Easter *with incense*
Followed by the Easter party

8.00am - Saint Alban's - Choral Festival Eucharist; 10.00am - Saint Alban's - Sung Holy Eucharist
Followed by the continuing Easter party

8.30am - Saint Aidan's - Festival Holy Eucharist
Followed by the Easter party

The Rector's Letter



Easter is fairly early this year so Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, 18 February. Lent is a time of reflection and self-examination. As many of you know, I have announced that it is my intention to retire as the Rector of Epping in the middle of the year, after what will be a little over eighteen years. These have been good years for Christine and me. I hope that they have been good for the parish as well.

I have for some time been reflecting upon my time in the parish and my own ministry. As the Epping Town Centre review has resulted in the NSW Government rezoning the area in which Saint Alban's is situated, the long anticipated redevelopment of the site can now proceed. At the Special Parish General Meeting held on 23 November 2014, it was agreed overwhelmingly to continue the process to achieve that goal. Also, during the early part of this year, there will be two strategic planning sessions at which the parish community can come together to plan for the direction and focus on the ministry of the parish. The Epping town centre of the future will be unrecognisable. It will be totally different to what it is at this moment. Not only will there be thousands of new dwellings, but there will be living within the parish boundaries many thousands of people of ethnic backgrounds different from the historical Anglo-Celtic culture of Oxford, Cambridge, Essex, Chesterfield etc. streets.

I have considered how we are to minister to the vastly changed parish composition and I think that now is the time for me to move on and for a new person to be appointed as my successor as the Rector of Epping.

In reflecting upon my retirement I hope that there will be a change of attitude in relation to the approach of adjoining Anglican parishes to the way in which the Anglican Church carries out ministry and evangelism in this area. The apostle Paul said that no one has all the answers. He said that "*For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.*" (1 Corinthians 13:12) None of us has all the answers. Faith is about things unseen. As it says in Hebrews, "*Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.*" (Hebrews 11:1)

All baptised members of the body of Christ have something to add to the whole. Your view of God is helpful to me and mine to you. God is far more than what you and I can conceive. If it were not so we would have made God in our own image rather than the other way around. Many of our fellow Anglicans seem to think however, that they know God in God's entirety. I have invited the Rectors of local parishes to preach here but none of them has ever, in eighteen years, invited me to preach in their pulpits. I have preached in the local Roman Catholic, Uniting and Baptist churches but not once in a local Anglican church. It is implicit in the lack of invitations that I could have more in common with non-Christians and non-Anglicans than fellow members of the local parishes of the Anglican Diocese of Sydney. Ministry is about cooperation, not competition. Just because the way we in this parish worship is distinctive from worship in the adjoining parishes - we reflect Anglican practices globally - there should not be competition nor exclusion against or excluded from fellowship within the Diocese. The Anglican Church, as a result of the Elizabethan Settlement is a church of diversity, both catholic and reformed. (*See the Book of Common Prayer.*)

Many of the local Anglican churches will say that they are "Bible-believing Christians", but what does that mean? Each Sunday we in this parish have at each service in the morning at least four substantial readings of Scripture, plus various sentences, but, if you go to many of the local churches they may have one reading usually chosen by the minister. We follow the lectionary, a regime of readings set to fit the season of the year and shared across the world and across denominations. It is not at the whim of the minister. On one occasion some years ago, the wife of an Archdeacon, never having been to Saint Alban's before, said to me after the worship had concluded, words to the effect "Boy, you have a lot of Bible readings here", as if to say "I did not know that you read the Bible". The saying "travel broadens the mind" can, I believe, be applied to religion as well. When you go outside your normal experience and visit another Christian community you can discover that your little corner of the world does not

provide you with all the answers. There is more to God's kingdom than your point of view or mine.

May this Lent be a time of religious growth in which we can discover more positively that the Christian God is beyond names and shapes, but is still a God who came among us in the form of our personal Messiah, Jesus the Christ.

John Cornish
Rector



Image: The Pearson family present the Parish with a cross in memory of Doug Pearson



The Parish Register

Holy Baptism

Bastian Phillip DUNN on 7 December 2014
Edward Gregory LAWN on 7 December 2014

Confirmation

Bastian Phillip DUNN on 7 December 2014
Edward Gregory LAWN on 7 December 2014
Alexander Mark TAYLOR on 7 December 2014

The Faithful Departed

Josephine Elizabeth MORON on 2 December 2014
Jean Nita DREW on 21 December 2014



The Man Born To Be King

The middle years of the last century saw, in England, a flowering of Christian thinking and writing, the harvest of which is still with us. In those years the writings and broadcasts of TS Eliot, CS Lewis, Herbert Butterfield, Dorothy L Sayers and others were made. Looking back, it was quite a story. Some of the books written and broadcasts made are now lost or forgotten. Others remain. CS Lewis's writings seem to have become an international industry. Books about him abound.

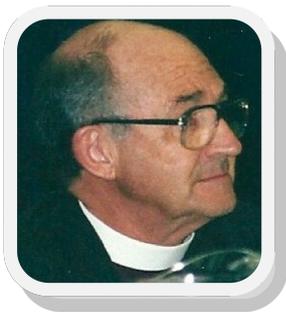
In a recently published book of Lewis's occasional writings there was included a eulogy which he wrote about Dorothy Sayers. It was written, but not given, by Lewis himself, circumstances preventing him from being present at the Memorial Service at Saint Margaret's Church in London in 1958. In his address CS Lewis refers to her series of radio plays on the life of Jesus of Nazareth, *The Man Born to be King*. He went on to say 'I have re-read it in every Holy Week since it first appeared, and never re-read it without being deeply moved'. And that would have been fifteen Holy Weeks!

These radio plays, which both made an impact and aroused a controversy when first broadcast, are still in print, as are many of Dorothy Sayers Peter Wimsey's detective novels. The plays have been broadcast several times by the ABC. Spurred on by CS Lewis's example I have read them again this month. I found them both moving, and disturbing. I gasped as I read some sections, others I could not have read aloud with a steady voice. And why? Not an easy question to answer. I think that the very things that provoked criticism when the plays were first broadcast gave them their strength. Some of the opposition to the plays came from Christian people and organisations who objected, among other things, to vulgar expressions on Apostolic lips. A newspaper headline read 'Life of Christ Play in US Slang'. Well it all settled down and they are presently available for our reading. Some parts, the healing of the Nobleman's Son, the restoration of sight to the Man Born Blind seem to me to leap from the printed text. And the accounts of Jesus's conversations with individual men and women, the young man who had great wealth, and others had brought to mind Luther's words about Scripture, 'This is about you'. And the arguments among the Disciples reminded one of a bad Church committee meeting.

The plays on the Crucifixion and the Resurrection were more than powerful. Very much Holy Week reading. The last play 'The King Comes to His Own', which tells the story of the first Easter Day, I found overwhelming. It all rang true. Wonder, bewilderment, joy, gratitude for the impossible all fill the pages.

Dorothy Sayers has journeyed out from the Gospel Text, one of the Wise Men from the East makes a reappearance in the Crucifixion sequence. The Centurion whose servant was healed stands also by the Cross of the dying Jesus. Pontius Pilate's wife moves a little to the fore. But the essence of the narrative remains.

And what might these radio plays say now to the Christian reader? Perhaps many things. But certainly when we say in the Creed 'He was made man....', we may say these words with greater insight and deeper conviction. May I commend them to you for Holy Week reading? I have ordered some copies for friends as Easter Gifts.



Donald Cameron
Donald Cameron is a former Bishop of North Sydney

Solomon Islands Trip



In October 2014 I was part of a team of eight who spent ten days in the Solomon Islands, chiefly on the island of Isabel, teaching a group of some 50 lay and ordained leaders from the Anglican Diocese of Ysabel.

Except for a couple of days at either end of the trip in Honiara, we spent most of our time in Jejevo, with an afternoon and overnight visit an hour's bumpy (a squally and very wet roller-coaster!) boat ride along the coast to the village of Poro. (The only transport is boat and plane - or on foot!)

Each day we taught, and on three evenings, two in Jejevo, one in Poro, there was a service in the church, with prayer ministry at the end, to which everyone was invited. It was truly wonderful to see the full church, including crowds of children. The villagers meet for morning and evening prayer each day, and evening prayer is often led by the children.

One of the biggest social problems in the region is family violence. The World Health Organisation says that worldwide, one in three women have suffered from this. In the Solomons, the figure is two out of three. (Australia, shockingly, is on the world average!) When such problems pervade a society, they will also be in the church. So part of the teaching included a half-day workshop on the issue, and we were able to make good contacts with a local group which, led by the police and health workers, had begun an education program across the island. Many people said how important this teaching was, and shared stories of repentance, healing and reconciliation with wives and families. It's hard to understate how amazing such a response was from powerful males in a society where women are dismissed as of little importance, including in the church.

It was an amazing privilege to watch God at work among isolated leaders soaking up encouragement and hope. We watched lives change as people responded to Jesus, made new commitments, and dealt with issues in their lives, such as alcohol and betel nut addiction, which were hindering their ministry. And we watched as God lifted up the downcast, healed the sick, and delivered people from demonic oppression and addictions. Sorcery is a constant reality in people's lives, and the church has often failed to address the issue directly. It is a puzzle that we can read and speak of all the things Jesus did, and then forget that he still lives and still works through his people.

The team have come home more deeply aware of God's goodness and his power to heal and set free, and (speaking for myself at least) with a greater boldness to pray with expectation. We saw wonderful miracles of healing. In Poro, two women were restored the use of their hands. One was suffering from such severe arthritis that she couldn't move her fingers. As prayer was offered, first her fingers moved inwards to make a fist. Then, as prayer continued, she was able to straighten them. She was set free from pain and had full movement within moments.

The second had come for prayer for diabetes. After prayer for this, she was asked if there was anything else. She held up her hand, ruined by a blow to her wrist with a bush knife. She was healed instantly; even before the prayer was said, as the prayer held her wrist in his hands he could feel movement under the skin of the wrist as God recreated the damaged parts.

A major part of my ministry over the past five or so years has involved prayer for healing, and I have seen remarkable improvements in people's health and lives. But one of the things many people in this ministry have observed is that it seems much easier to pray for people, and see results, in third world countries. Is it because we are so wired to be in control of our lives? Or that we have alternatives such as good medical treatment? Or perhaps our materialism, our focus on what we can see and touch rather than on the realities of the spiritual world, hinders our faith and expectation. I don't know!

So healing remains a puzzle. It is wonderful when God heals (and quite astonishing to watch a miracle take place before your very eyes!). But there is no 'magic' guarantee. And health care in the islands is limited.

[This story continues on page 9.](#)

A Window into the Life of a Mental Health Chaplain



As I pull into the tranquil grounds of Macquarie Hospital, I'm feeling a sense of nervous anticipation. One of our patients took her own life in the hospital grounds over the weekend and everyone was feeling edgy. In the case of a patient's death, there is always an inquiry which stresses the hospital staff substantially. But to add to the trauma, some of the nursing staff discovered the woman's body and were feeling all the more upset. By the time I visited the ward to see if I could of any use to the staff was greeted with the news that they had already been debriefed by counsellors as part of hospital protocol. You can't assume that traumatised people will always want a prayer or to see a chaplain, so I was just glad that there had been some closure for them and that they knew the chaplain was there for them. That left us (chaplains) to minister

to the family in the coming weeks and we eventually conducted a memorial service in the hospital chapel for patients and staff, with the mother in attendance, at which we could remind ourselves of the hope of resurrection in Jesus.

But not everything is sad in a mental hospital (the situation just described is about as bad as it gets). There's laughter and friendship, playfulness and kindness. I see extraordinary acts of kindness and reconciliation (not everyone gets on all the time, believe it or not). Take, for instance, two women Trish and Karen (not their real names) who are normally close friends. Trish's doctors were trying some new medication for her and the side effects included a constant muttering and addressing the voices in her head. Both women attend my weekly spiritual matters group and were present one day when Trish, upon entering the room, mumbled her gobbledegook and continued incessantly all the way through the DVD we were trying to watch. Everyone was patient and tolerant up to the point when Karen exploded, yelling at the top of her voice "Why don't you shut up Trish! Just shut up! I'm sick and tired of listening to your waffle. We all want to listen to the video. Just shut up!". Now this is the polite version. Interspersed with the "shut ups" was the most colourful use of the English language – some of which I had heard before and some quite new to me. Karen abruptly rose to her feet and stormed towards the door and, for the next 5 minutes, still yelling obscenities, told us how she was leaving the group because she couldn't listen to the video. Neither could anyone else, now that she was shouting so much. And all the while, there was Trish, quietly mumbling to herself, oblivious to it all. The next morning brought the chapel service and I watched with dread as Karen was the first to arrive. Sheepishly, I greeted her at the door. But before I could say a word, she apologised and said, "I'm sorry I blew up yesterday. I haven't been well lately and I just lost it". "Well thanks for saying that Karen", I replied, "but it's not me you owe an apology to, it's Trish". "Oh" she said, "we already made up over breakfast". I was dumbstruck. "What? You and Trish are good?". "Yeh". Sure enough, when Trish arrived, they greeted each other and sat together during the service. Now, my point is this: seldom, if ever, in 30 years of parish ministry have I seen two people fall out so violently and make up so quickly and demonstrably (and I've seen some pretty big dust ups). It was a lesson to me that here was the heart of Christian love and fellowship in action and it was a wonderful thing to witness.

Speaking of chapel, the chaplains conduct services there twice a week (Wednesday and Saturday mornings) with a regular attendance of between 20 and 35 patients. So we have a little congregation, most of whom are marginalised, schizoid, delusional, depressive, loving, godly, faithful people whose doubts need to be dispelled, whose faith needs to be reassured and whose hearts need mending with the love and grace of Christ - just like you and me. Take Laura, for example, a young woman in her early thirties who approaches me every week with the same question, "Peter, does God live in me?" she asks. Laura, among other ailments, suffers from memory loss and from one week to the next cannot remember my answer so we replay the conversation every week. "Do you love Jesus?" I reply. "Yes", she says. "Does he love you so much that he died for you?". "Yes" she

answers. “Then he lives in you by his Spirit. That’s his promise”. “That’s wonderful” she says as she shakes my hands and wanders away content.

This afternoon I’m off to Kirribilli to meet with 4 or 5 men who have been through the mental health system and are now fending for themselves back in the community. We meet once a week for an hour and, for the most part, they set the agenda and we discuss God, faith, the bible, Jesus and suffering in this spiritual matters group. All but one of these men (the youngest about 33 years, the oldest 53 years) have been reared in Christian churches and are well versed in the Christian faith. What strikes me about them is their raw honesty about their struggles (not the least of which is finding a church that will accept them), and while I’m convinced that I learn more from them about survival, they regard this little group as the highlight of their week. They have been humbled by their condition of which they are painfully aware and they are very open about their day to day mood swings, fears, anxieties, demons and relationships not in a self pitying way but just saying how it is for them so we can pray, talk and sustain each other.

Well, I hope this gives a keyhole peep into the world of a mental health chaplain, though not every day is so dramatic. There is so much more I could say about opportunities to minister, like David who, in his late sixties confessed to me that he believes in Satan and God but can’t believe in Jesus. It’s a continuing conversation as most faith sharing is. For now, suffice to say that it’s a great privilege to reach out those, whose illness has cut them off, with the love and grace of Christ.

In fellowship,

*Reverend Peter A. Frith
Macquarie Hospital (Mental Health)*

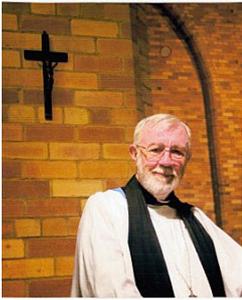
Solomon Islands continued

There is no surgery, and little medicine, available to treat cancer, and a young woman died of breast cancer while we were there. I was struck by the contrast with what my doctor gave me to take with me ‘just in case’, by what we take for granted here: so I left behind two courses of broad-spectrum antibiotics, rehydration tablets, and diarrhoea treatments, a small fortune to the little hospital there.

May I invite you to pray for the church in Ysabel (and the Pacific in general)? It is very much part of the leadership structure of the society, and has great potential to transform the whole region. As we left, many were looking forward to taking back to their homes the things they had learned - and conscious that the responsibility now rested on them, they asked for prayer that they would continue relying on God to help them in the task. How easy it is to forget and slip back to old habits of relying on ourselves!

*Canon Gill Oarcoe
The Reverend Canon Gillian Oarcoe is the Intentional Interim Priest*

Gilbert White and the Natural History of Selborne



In October 1975 my wife and I collected a campervan and left London heading down into Hampshire to explore the riches of this beautiful county. We were armed with a copy of that marvellous guide to every county in Britain by Arthur Mee, *The King's England*.

There is so much to see. We spent time in Chawton, once the home of Jane Austen. Then we headed a few miles to the south east.

We drove carefully down a steep hill, known as 'The Hanger', into the ancient village of Selborne. We came to Selborne because of a book written about the village by an 18th century curate, the Reverend Gilbert White. The book is *The Natural History of Selborne* and this classic of English literature has never been out of print in more than two centuries.

I first heard about White and Selborne because in my childhood our Presbyterian Minister, the Reverend Frank Hanlin, Minister of Manly, wrote a graceful essay about them. Reading that essay I was determined to visit Selborne and see it for myself. Today that village, and the eccentric curate Gilbert White, are world famous. Naturalists, ecologists and all who seek to understand and conserve the birds and animals of the planet, draw inspiration from White's life and work in a quiet English village.

In the December 2014/January 2015 issue of *The Parish Magazine* I wrote about Bishop Gilbert White, a descendant of the naturalist and himself a great lover of natural history. The Bishop served in the diocese of Carpentaria and in the diocese of Willochra and ended his days in Epping Parish.

A SHINING LIGHT



His Great Uncle, Gilbert White of Selborne, was a remarkable priest and one of the shining lights of the 18th century Church of England. He was a naturalist. He stressed the importance of first-hand observation of animals and especially birds. He had little interest in the traditional work of botanists and zoologists who devoted themselves to giving names to new species. Rather he was a pioneer in behavioural science, studying the mannerisms and songs of each animal or bird, and most carefully recording his observations in letters to friends.

Swallows fascinated him and he meticulously recorded the evidence for migration as opposed to the view that they hibernated for the winter. While he accepted migration he found it hard to believe that such a small bird could achieve such a feat.

Across the Atlantic the British Colonies in North America were struggling to break their links to Britain but Gilbert White in his writings ignored such matters and gave his whole attention to his observations of the natural history of his village. His family assisted his work. His brother John was a Chaplain on Gibraltar and sent him information on bird migration. Another brother, also a priest, recorded that all the owls of the district hooted in the note of B flat. He had checked the sounds with the aid of a pitch pipe late at night.

This delightful observation, recorded in Letter IX of White to his friend Barrington, inspired a poem by the New Zealand-born Australian poet Douglas Stewart. The poem is called simply 'B flat' and it is a gem of gentle wit. You may find it on the Internet (<http://www.poetrylibrary.edu.au/poets/stewart-douglas/b-flat-0173003>).

THE CURATE

Gilbert White was born in Selborne in 1720, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He was never rector of his native parish but served as a curate for various periods and lived in the village. He gave up any idea of marriage or of promotion to a more important parish and devoted his life to Selborne.

Only gradually did he decide to shape his notes and observations into a series of letters to two fellow naturalists, Thomas Pennant and Daines Barrington. He knew Sir Joseph Banks who had sailed with Cook. He planned a full scale natural history of his parish but this was never written and the letters to his friends became his book.

He was a keen observer of every detail of the natural world. He recorded the very important role of earth worms in the soil. He described in detail the stridulating crickets. He was absorbed by the phenomenon of hibernation and was able to study it through the tortoise Timothy which he inherited from his aunt, Mrs Snooke.

Timothy became part of White's household. The only thing that upset Timothy was rain. White wrote: 'Though it has a shell that would secure it against a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away at the first sprinklings and running its head up in a corner.' The book made Timothy famous and today his shell is in the British Museum.

After many years of work *The Natural History of Selborne* was published in 1788, the year the First Fleet arrived at Botany Bay. One collector has amassed a thousand editions of the book including a Japanese edition. My friend the late Claude Prance, noted Canberra book collector, possessed a first edition. But in spite of his fame there is no known portrait of White, only a couple of casual sketches of his head done in the margin of a book by a friend.



AN ANCIENT NORMAN CHURCH

The visitor to Selborne finds a lovely ancient Norman Church. The site for the Church was given by the wife of Edward the Confessor. We can see the original font in which every baby born in Selborne has been baptized for about 800 years. Admirers of White's book have given a beautiful window of Saint Francis of Assisi.

There we see the saint with his little brothers the birds and the beasts. The window has in it the 64 species of birds mentioned by Gilbert White in his writings.

Gilbert White loved Selborne. The only fault that he could find in the village was that he could not find anyone in the whole district with special interests like his own, watching nature in all its forms, birds and animals and plants, and even the changing face of the weather, and recording these things. So he sought companionship through writing and receiving letters and these led to the publication of a classic.

Gilbert White died in Selborne in 1793 and was buried in the plainest possible way in the Church yard near the vestry door. We stood before his grave and noted that only his initials 'G W' are on the headstone. But his enduring monument is his marvellous book. Before he died in 1793 White would have read of the first discoveries in New Holland of previously unknown species of flora and fauna. How he would have loved to study them at first hand. His great nephew the bishop was able to do so.

Reverend Robert Willson

Father Robert Willson has been a priest in the Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn for forty years

Images sourced from www.nhm.ac.uk/nature-online/science-of-natural-history/biographies/gilbert-white on 12 January 2015@ 1830 hours and www.stmaryschurchselborne.co.uk on 12 January 2015 @1640 hours.

Joyous Worship – an African Sunday Diary

The spring rains had yet to come to Africa, and my childhood home town of Ndola on the Copperbelt of Zambia gently sweltered in the tropical heat. I was making a return visit after a 50 year absence, and I began with my old Anglican parish. It was to be a truly memorable experience.

The ‘*Church of the Holy Nativity*’ was just as I remembered it when I left the little British colonial town for Oxford as a scholarship boy. It still nestled in the shade of tall trees and surrounded by red soil in the heart of Africa.

It had been a mission church since the 1920s - part of the remarkable Anglican commitment to Central Africa, not least through British priests trained in the Order of the Resurrection and living the ideals of faith and service. As a teenager I had first found the power of Christ in my life through an environment of devout Anglo-Catholic worship and social outreach.



What would I find as I entered Holy Nativity for communion after an absence covering such momentous years of transformational change in African history?

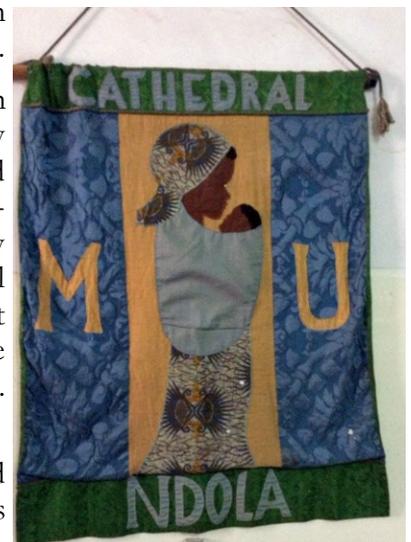
The Republic of Zambia (1964) had emerged out of colonial ‘Northern Rhodesia’ in a largely peaceful process of ‘decolonisation’; and the Anglican church was now led and owned by African peoples. My priests had been Padre Michael Wilson, and then Father Brooks, with Father Oliver Greene-Wilkinson as the Bishop based in Lusaka. Now it had its own Zambian bishop, Father Derek Kumukwamba, with Father Samuel Zulu as dean of a ‘Pro-Cathedral’ for the region.



My old parish is still indeed a traditional Anglican Church, but with beautiful African motifs and culture. The stained glass windows (with European heraldic images) have been left in place as a connecting link to the past, while a powerful painted African image - depicting the crucifixion of a *Black Christ Redeemer* of a broken world – now dominates a side wall. A local African-made tapestry banner (made by the Ndola Mother's Union) celebrates a Zambian ‘*Mother and Child*’. The main altar also now has superbly carved wooden candlestick-holders, representing African designs and figurines.

Holy Communion was advertised for 8am at ‘Holy Nativity’; and I made sure I was in my pew punctually as I waited for the organ to play. But the organ remained silent! To my amazement (and delight), I realized that I was living with a society where folk do not need musical accompaniment to sing. Indeed, my fellow worshippers spontaneously burst into hymnal song, anthems and chants, all unaccompanied and all in tune. A talented woman cantor sang out the first words in the chosen musical key, plus some refrain lines, while many in the congregation immediately began singing in parts - all apparently unrehearsed. It was as if the whole congregation was a choir!

Indeed, by the time Bishop Kamukwamba reached the sacristy, turned and called out, in warm voice, ‘Good morning church’ – to be greeted with cheers



and shouts of 'Bless You' - the congregation was in full and fine voice, and the mood was cheerfully upbeat and celebratory.



The service itself was both African and also traditional Anglican: an entirely familiar liturgy (from *The Book of Common Prayer*). Bible readings representing the *Church Lectionary*, and a spiritual sermon which dwelt on the theme of trust in a loving God and of listening for God in prayer (no hellfire and guilt – but rather the challenge of being attuned to God in our everyday life).

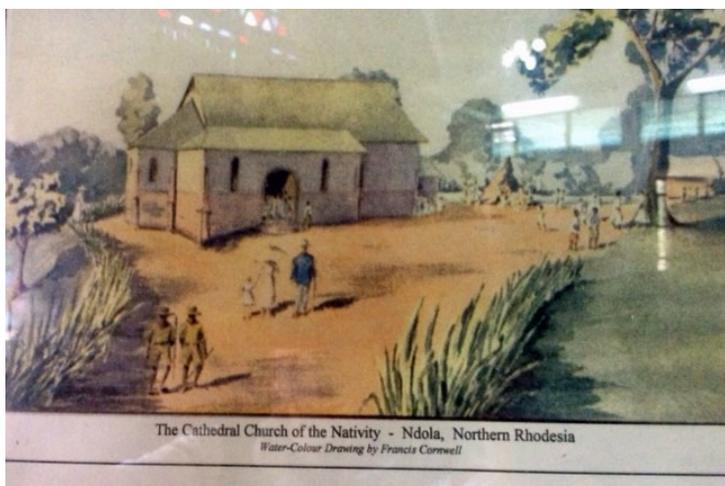
The Bishop's presentation also involved the congregation whom he invited to suggest favourite biblical passages to illustrate his themes. Young people were especially involved in making and reading their suggestions aloud. The Bishop then skilfully wove his homily into a communal tapestry of words and quotations.

But where an especially African was the nature of the congregational singing. While hymns were announced from '*Hymns Ancient and Modern*', our texts were largely unnecessary as the congregation clearly knew the words by heart (just as they said the prayers from memory). More still: all the hymns were sung unaccompanied, while some of the anthems were then sung in the local language of Bemba - with gently swaying bodies and soft clapping of hands – led by a group of women in blue robes evocatively called 'Cathedral Praise'.

This may all sound like 'Charismatic New Age Evangelicalism', when it was just the opposite. In prayer and theology here was absolutely traditional Anglicanism of the kind which we know and love in our own Parish of Saint Alban's and Saint Aidan's. But here it was also coupled with vigorous African community singing as a particularly joyous expression of belief.

In short: global Anglican traditions have been 'indigenised' without changing tenets of faith or even forms of worship. It was an uplifting experience to have us all singing in strong harmony (and gently swinging our hips!) along with some of the great hymns. The last item was *Onward Christian Soldiers*, and we truly shook the rafters as we headed out into the world for more fellowship under the shade of the trees.

The popular phrase '*Out of Africa*' often conjures up images of beautiful landscapes, nature, flora and fauna across that great continent. But it should also perhaps include joyous expressions of Christian worship when we think of visiting Africa.



Emeritus Professor Deryck Schreuder
Deryck Schreuder is a parishioner of Saint Aidan's Church, West Epping

Free, Secular and Compulsory

These three words provide us with the pillars of State-run education in New South Wales. Early in its history, representatives from each of the main religious denominations approached the government with the following goals in view. They wished to obtain permission to visit each school to provide religious education for students of their respective faiths. In due course, the request was granted and “scripture lessons” as they were known became a regular part of the school week. The convention was that the instruction should have a duration of one normal lesson. In secondary schools, teachers are expected to deliver 27 or 28 x 40 minute lessons each week as well as to supervise two periods of sport.

The provision of scripture lessons in secondary schools has not been without its problems as the following discussion will illustrate. Many of the people who provide religious education in secondary schools are not trained teachers. They therefore become an easy target for truculent adolescents. It seems that anyone who is not a well-established member of staff (for example, relief teachers) are subjected to such treatment.

A second difficulty has been the lack of staff in certain denominations. Early in my teaching career I was working in a selective school in inner Sydney. I was given the task of supervising the students who attended the lessons provided by a minister from a particular denomination. The clergyman arrived in the first week of the school year, but thereafter was never seen again. The result was that I had to take a permanent extra lesson for the whole of that year. At the time, the New South Wales Teachers Federation was fighting a long battle with the N.S.W. Department of Education over the provision of relief teachers. Incidents like the one described above simply added fuel to the fire.

Some years later, I was promoted and accepted a position in a secondary school in the Western suburbs of Sydney. One of my assigned tasks was the supervision of scripture. The tactic consisted of the Deputy Principal heading in one direction with me in the other. Anyone who was sent out by a visiting teacher incurred the wrath of one of the senior members of staff. Gentle readers may be somewhat taken aback by the direct approach which was employed. The technique must have been fairly successful, however, because one denomination had to obtain the use of a small bus to transport its teachers to the school.

A third problem was evident in the same school. The area in which the school was located was going through a rapid development. As a consequence, the neighbouring primary schools were bursting at the seams. The bulge would be evident next in the local secondary schools. Because we live in a democracy, parents who do not wish their children to attend scripture lessons may provide their offspring with a note asking that they (the students) should be excused from religious education lessons. Readers will be aware that many people have a nominal adherence to one of the major denominations. As will have become apparent, the enrolment at the school in question was large (over one thousand in fact) and a substantial number of students were in the non-scripture group. A cognate part of the problem was that the local Anglican vicar had his hands full dealing with the large number of students in the local area. He could only find time to visit the school at which I worked on the first scripture day of each month.

The nominally Anglican lesson was held in a covered area adjacent to the school canteen. There was no school hall in the grounds at the time. In the remaining weeks of each months, senior teachers were asked to provide the group with a talk on a broadly religious or community topic.

For readers who have found this description of religious education in one or two state-run schools to be somewhat depressing, let us pause for a moment. Much of what goes on in secondary schools can be encapsulated by the term “the hidden curriculum”. Certainly in each classroom, the subject matter centres upon science, mathematics, history, geography or languages, but what else is

going on? We might just as well apply that question to religious education.

Clearly, the answers may not necessarily pertain to questions of faith. For volunteer teachers and senior staff members in secondary schools, the following observations may provide some reassurance in what is sometimes a problematic area.

Firstly, the people who take scripture lessons are volunteers. They come as visitors to the school, in a similar fashion to those who call at our homes. You might not agree with their views, but you should offer them a courteous reception nonetheless.

Secondly, much can be learned about the English language through biblical studies. “Don’t hide your light under a bushel” provides us with a nice example.

Thirdly, unlike Australia (since the 18th century), the biblical lands have had a long history. As the international community tries to wrestle with the latest problem, a broad understanding of the peoples in North Africa and the Middle East may help us to comprehend the difficulties in those areas.

Fourthly, and perhaps most importantly, so much of the legal system in Australia had biblical origins. One thinks, for example, of the words in the general confession, where sins of commission and sins of omission are clearly delineated. For the teacher, the questions which might be posed include “did I reach my class on time?” and “did I treat the students in a professional manner?”.

Fifthly, much biblical writing provides us with some interesting ethical problems. Of course, many such difficulties are now being dealt with in courses removed from a religious context.

These few observations about religious education in State-run schools might lead us to the conclusion that although there are problems, perhaps there is much to be gained in the broader domain. One hopes so.

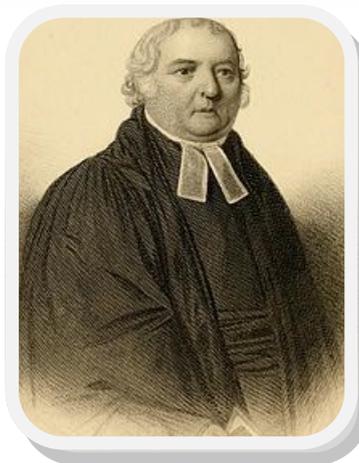
Frank Murphy

Frank is a parishioner at Saint Alban’s and has previously been involved in Education



Image: Parishioners gave a thumbs up to the development proposal presented at a recent special meeting of the Parish

Samuel Marsden



Samuel Marsden was the second official chaplain to the colony of New South Wales. Marsden left London on the ship “William” on 1 July 1793 and together with his new bride arrived at Port Jackson on 10 March 1794. Initially his ministry was at Parramatta while Richard Johnson ministered at Sydney.

Samuel was born on 25 June 1765 to Thomas Marsden a butcher of Bagley, Yorkshire and Bathsheda Brown. In 1786 he was accepted as a nominee of the 'Elland society', a group of North-Country clergymen who encouraged the poor of the Evangelical Wing of the Church of England. In 1786, he entered the home of the Reverend Samuel Stones the Curate of Rawden Chapel to begin his formal education. He was educated at Rawden, Hull Grammar School and Cambridge University. Once

Marsden had responded to the call to Ordination and overseas service he married. He wrote rather formally *“Betsey, since my lot is now seemingly cast and God appears to be opening my way to carry the gospel of His Son to distant lands, the time has come for me to open my thoughts to you, which have been long in my breast..... Will you go with me?”*

Marsden was originally appointed to minister in the Parramatta area, but because of Richard Johnson's poor health he had to extend his ministry to Sydney as well. In March 1803 the new church of Saint John's, Parramatta was opened. The newly published 'The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser', the first newspaper to the Colony reported, *“On Sunday last Saint John's Church at Parramatta was opened and Divine Service by the Reverend Mr Marsden who delivered an excellent sermon.”* Back in England a Bishop would have dedicated and preached, but there was no bishop in Australia.

In April 1803, Marsden expressed surprise that no colleague had been sent out to assist him. He was he said *“constrained to travel daily to Parramatta every Sabbath which is 16 miles and preach in both places.”* Sadly in August of the same year he suffered the loss of his only son, a loss which would have weighted heavily upon him and his wife. This would have added considerably to the pressure already upon him. Previously Sydney had been divided into two parishes. The church in Parramatta was completed in 1804, but not consecrated until Christmas Day 1810. In Sydney the first church was dedicated to Saint Philip in honour of the first Governor and Saint John's in Parramatta in honour of the existing Governor.

Although Marsden could justly complain that he had no assistant chaplain, his position was slightly eased by the appointment of the Reverend W. Fulton in 1800. Fulton had been transported from Ireland for “seditious practices”. He had been granted a conditional pardon and appointed as chaplain at Norfolk Island on half pay. Prior to his move to Norfolk Island he assisted Marsden. Samuel Marsden decided that the only way to get more chaplains was to go to England himself. He left for England early in 1807 and arrived back in the colony in 1810. He was successful, for the Reverend William Cowper arrived in Sydney in 1809. Initially Cowper was stationed in Sydney to do “do duty until further notice”.

In England. Marsden had not only secured the appointment of Cowper as Assistant Chaplain, but also the appointment of Robert Cartwright for a similar position. In April 1809 Marsden requested a passage on the Transport “Anne” for himself, his wife and five children and Mr Cartwright, his wife and six children and two servants. One year later Governor Macquarie could report that Marsden had returned with Mr Cartwright and that two chaplains were ministering “at the Hawkesbury”. One of the problems that caused concern for chaplains was the expectation that they would function as magistrates. It was difficult to refuse the duty because the alternative was the appointment of a more severe magistrate. Rather unfairly Marsden

gained the nickname of “the flogging parson”. The team of chaplains was gradually increasing. In 1813 Cowper was ministering at Sydney town, Cartwright at Windsor, Fulton at Castlereagh and Marsden as Senior Chaplain in Parramatta.

Marsden's interests and concerns were many and varied. He took a real interest in the Maories of New Zealand. He made regular trips there between 1814 and 1837 and seems to have been instrumental in the conversion of King Pomae. For some time in 1987 and 1988 I added to my duties as Director of Anglican Chaplains, that of Chaplain to the Sydney Maori Community. I learned that Marsden was held historically in very high regard as the one who brought the Christian faith to the Maories. I learned that although Marsden had not received good press in some historical circles, he was respected as the one who shared his Christian faith with the Maori Community and had done much in bringing the Christian faith to them.

Marsden died on 12 May 1838, three years after the death of this wife and he was buried at Saint John's Church, Parramatta. Although his initial Evangelical conviction tended to make him unduly wary of other convictions, he gradually became more flexible and encouraged others of different backgrounds. He was a man of his background, conviction and times.

Philip Blake
The Reverend Dr Philip Blake is one of our Honorary Clergy and a regular contributor to The Parish Magazine

Image opposite page: sourced from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samuel_Marsden on 10 January 2015 @ 1400 hours

Images below are from the 11pm Christmas Eve Service at Saint Alban's



Looking Back, Looking Forward



I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. (Ps.77:5) KJV

In his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, Edmund Burke (1729-1797) wrote: 'To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind'.

This rather suggests that, as we all know, Ecclesiastes did get it right when he said there's nothing new under the sun (Ecclesiastes 1:09). More than two hundred years after Burke's commentary on his times, we still lament the past, or glorify, long for, or reject it - depending on our personal experience. The future we view with optimism or pessimism - often excessively in both cases - depending on our characters and circumstances. The present can suffer under the burden of both. It's either worse than the so-called 'good old days'; or freed from past strictures; or something to be endured because better days are bound to come.

It is as much a mistake to dismiss the past as to lock ourselves into it. I remember a conversation with a young man about the term 'scapegoat'. He wondered about its origin but dismissed my explanation about the Old Testament as absurd; he wasn't religious, he told me with only thinly disguised contempt. His is the error of believing the past has nothing to teach, and nothing begins before one's own life. He, and others like him who dismiss the past, need enlightenment to teach a little humility and to blunt the arrogance of their certainty. On the other hand, we all know many whose lives are blighted by their pasts; the chains of their experiences tying them down so tightly that they never get free to live as the people God created them to be. Such people need enlightenment to free them from the past's abusive experience.

In the political sphere, battles, partisan factions and scheming - all allegedly to change and improve the world but often in fact about wresting power from whoever else has it - have, if you like, solid biblical precedent. It was one of the reasons for the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, and one of the reasons he was killed. Modern Australia has its own version of power dynamics. Some years ago an article, 'Veni vidi vici Vo Vo' by Joe Hildebrand in *The Punch* (Wednesday 1 June 2011), linked past and present neatly, equating Kevin Rudd's political demise in 2010 to the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44BCE. The article bore witness to ambition, power, and political assassination as ancient tools of political life wielded with equal alacrity today. And by both sides of politics.

And in the church? Do past and present walk happily hand-in-hand towards the sun-tipped horizons of the future? Of course they don't! We are as prone as all people to clutch to our breasts our preferred ways and, metaphorically speaking, to wield the assassin's knife against those who might question us, or prefer some other way, particularly of worshipping God. I am enjoying an engagement with the past at the moment: I am re-reading George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*. I'd forgotten how good it is and have the extra pleasure of reading an 1878 edition with watered endpapers. I must be the first to read this particular copy because I have to cut the pages as I go. A pristine version of the past!

The book is full of wonderful vignettes of past society and church but also telling examples of just how long we Anglicans either hang on to our preferences or re-hash them interminably through the centuries. There is much in Eliot's discourse that is startlingly familiar. The new theological opinions then stirring the Oxford and Cambridge Universities had trickled down to sleepy English villages, stirring suspicions that linger

even now on the other side of the world. The Vicar, an Evangelical gentleman, had been much influenced by the new thinking and, Eliot tells us, ‘was like an onion that has been rubbed with spices; the strong original odour was blended with something new and foreign. The Low-Church onion still offended refined High-Church nostrils, and the new spice was unwelcome to the palate of the genuine onion-eater’.

There is a lot of lingering in Eliot’s stories on past glories and ‘dear old quaintnesses’ but also stern warnings of changes to come: ‘the innovation of hymn-books was as yet undreamed of; even the New Version was regarded with a sort of melancholy tolerance, as part of the common degeneracy’! Preaching also comes in for hearty critique. In a time when sermons were written out at length, any amount of borrowing or repetition was tolerated but extempore preaching was frowned upon severely: “Preaching without book’s no good, only when a man has a gift, and has the Bible at his fingers’ ends ... our parson’s no gift at all that way; he can preach as good a sermon as need be heard when he writes it down. But when he tries to preach wi’out book, he rambles about, and doesn’t stick to his text; and every now and then he flounders about like a sheep as has cast itself, and can’t get on its legs again”.

Amusing (and familiar) though all that is, there are other accounts in Eliot’s book that show we have moved on - happily. In the debate over music, the parishioners sing a particular piece in defiance of the Vicar’s orders. “I could put them into the Ecclesiastical Court,” he says, “if I chose for to do so, for lifting up their voices in church in opposition to the clergyman”! Elsewhere, talk among the clergy about their Bishop is declared ‘unsuited to the lay understanding, and perhaps dangerous to our repose of mind’. And the lay view of their Vicar? ‘He belonged,’ it would seem, ‘to the course of nature, like markets and toll-gates and dirty banknotes ... [and] the farmers ...were perfectly aware of the distinction between them and their parson, and had not at all the less belief in him as a gentleman.’

All of which says that, should we become nostalgic and begin to murmur with Shakespeare ‘when to the sessions of sweet silent thought, I summon up remembrance of things past’, we need to be careful of what we dream. Besides, his sonnet was of a lover and more likely to call forth sentimentality; perhaps TS Eliot suits better here. In *Burnt Norton* he wrote:

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.

And, we have with us always the reminder of the empty tomb: “*Why do you look for the living among the dead?*” the women were asked when they came with spices to attend to Jesus’ dead body. “*He is not here; but has risen.*” (Luke 24:5) Life comes from the empty tomb; it is not buried within it. We are to move beyond the tomb, and the past, taking with us what is living and leaving behind what prevents us from living.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I have found much that is alive but much that can be left behind in peace.

*The Reverend Elaine Farmer
Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn*

Working in Safety



Knowing that I have worked in occupational health and safety, Father John invited me to write a few words on how it impinged on my working life and Christian faith.

Before I comment on safety it would be appropriate to give some personal information. After passing the Leaving Certificate I started work as an apprentice draughtsman in the Sydney design office of a mining company. This company had interests in alluvial mining of tin and gold in Australia, New Zealand and South East Asia. It specialized in the design of mechanical handling equipment

such as cranes, conveyor systems and associated structures. Accordingly, I studied for a Diploma in mechanical engineering at the Sydney Technical College.

In retrospect, I see mining as an activity which reclaims the resources that God has provided through His creation, but only if stringent conditions are applied to protect the environment and the health, both of the people working in the industry and of those living in the vicinity. The work in the drawing office was varied and interesting but after a few years I did not want to spend my working life anchored to a drawing board.

Several years after completing my diploma I started work as an engineer at the NSW Department of Labour and Industry. While at the mining company I had discussions with the engineers there regarding various safety issues concerning mechanical handling systems, and I thought the Department would offer more interesting career opportunities.

My time at the Department, which as far as safety was concerned evolved into what became the WorkCover Authority in the late 1980s, involved a wide range of safety matters under the new Occupational Health and Safety Act 1983, an umbrella act for a number of existing Acts and associated Regulations, including the Factories, Shops and Industries Act and the Construction Safety Act.

My activities were mainly associated with the Construction Safety Act, such as

- safety of lifting equipment,
- safe working procedures on construction sites,
- oversight of conversion of regulations to the metric system,
- safety of the monorail system in Sydney, which operated for about 30 years,
- safety on demolition sites, including safe removal of products containing asbestos,
- 14 years on the Editorial Committee for the quarterly journal of the Department, SAFETY, of which 12,000 copies were distributed throughout Australia,
- accident investigation and liaison with legal officers as to whether to prosecute for breach of regulations,
- representing the WorkCover Authority at meetings of Standards Association of Australia to develop new design codes,
- representing the Authority at uniformity of regulations meetings between State and Federal government safety authorities,
- preparation of new or amended safety regulations and discussions with appropriate unions and employer groups for their comment prior to submission of draft to government legal officers.

I was a member of the Institution of Engineers, Australia and five years before retirement, I was appointed to the statutory position of Deputy Chief Inspector of Construction and Safety under the Construction and Safety Act.

Safety, *per se*, became a matter of concern following the Industrial Revolution and resulted in the first United Kingdom Factories Act in 1802. In NSW the government of the day introduced the Factories and Shops Act in the late 1800s and the Scaffolding and Lifts Act in 1902. These Acts and associated

regulations do not stay static; they can be amended, rescinded and new regulations added.

One might ask, what is the rationale for all this legislation? Safety is an issue which is expressed definitively in the Old Testament in God's laws delivered by Moses in Deuteronomy Chapter 22 verse 8 – *Every new house must have a guardrail around the edge of the flat rooftop to prevent anyone from falling off and bringing guilt to both the house and its owner* (Living Bible).

Further, Jesus says in Mark's Gospel Chapter 12, verses 30-31 – *You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul and with all your mind, and with all your strength. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it: you shall love your neighbour as yourself.*

These verses present a God-given perspective as to why safety is an important issue. If we are concerned about our own safety then we cannot ignore the safety of others.

Apart from the theological, moral and ethical reasons for an organization to have a good safety prevention programme, there are the financial reasons. There is an “iceberg” effect. The hidden costs are not initially seen, but they are there, lurking below the surface:-

- loss of production
- loss of morale
- increased insurance costs
- temporary replacement staff, possibly requiring training
- cost to the injured persons and financial effect on their families.

From time to time it becomes apparent that new safety regulations are required. In some cases there is a resistance to their introduction by some employers as they consider the cost, and by some employees, who think it will destroy their “macho” image. This opposition shows the importance of having good safety training programmes as to why new safety regulations are being introduced. Few people today would deny the effectiveness of safety goggles, hearing protectors, safety helmets, safety gloves, safety harnesses, safe access to worksites, safe removal of hazardous substances and rollover protection in tractors, to name just a few of the obvious examples. Safety regulations are not introduced because of a “nanny-state” mentality, but to reduce accidents and in many instances, their tragic consequences.

A good and effective safety policy is not a cost, it is a cost saver, a win-win result!

While accident rates in some industries have come down in recent years, because of safer machinery, good accident prevention programmes and modern workplaces, there is another factor which is gaining publicity. Of concern are attitudes in the workplace such as bullying, treating people in an exploitive manner, and the expectation in some areas that employees work extra hours and be on call without adequate compensation.

Although this may not be seen as a physical safety issue, it can have a very adverse effect on an employee's mental state and carry through to negative attitudes at work, resulting in an inefficient organization. An employee unduly stressed is not necessarily a safe worker and can be a danger to others and hence safety issues can arise.

Looking back on my working life, I am thankful that, along with my co-workers, I had the opportunity, through accident prevention, to achieve something positive in loving neighbours as ourselves.

John Hemsall
John and Jean Hemsall are parishioners of Saint Alban's

Parish Happenings

Shane Christie-David welcomed the new Bishop of North Sydney, The Right Reverend Christopher Edwards when he arrived for the Baptism and Confirmation Service on 7 December 2014.

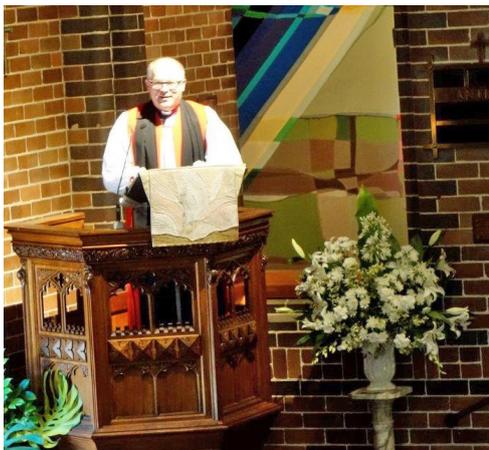


Image above: Sanctuary party with the confirmees, Bastian, Edward and Alexander

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Rector	The Reverend John Cornish BBus, Dip Tech (Public Admin), BTh, Dip Min
Associate Priest	The Reverend Ross Weaver BA, Dip Ed, BTh (Hons), BSocSc (Hons) MCouns
Honorary Priests	The Reverend Dr Philip Blake Dip Th, Dip RE, Dip PS, BA, MA, PhD The Reverend Jane Chapman BA, MBA, Cert IPP, Dip AngOrd The Reverend Dr Alan Friend MSc, PhD, ThL The Reverend Valerie Tibbey ThDip The Reverend Paul Weaver BA, BD, ThL, AMusA
Licensed Lay Readers	Ken Bock (Diocesan), Ian Burrows, John Noller, Ruth Shatford (Diocesan)
Lay Assistants	Godfrey Abel, Sue Armitage, Stuart Armsworth, Max Boyley, Noel Christie-David, Margaret and Robin Cummins, Linda Deall, Allan Griffith, Jill Gumbley, Anne Lawson, Tony Malin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Richard Moon, Jane Noller, Margaret Pearson, Lachlan Roots, Peggy Sanders (Senior Liturgical Assistant), Bill Sheather, John Sowden, David Tait, Amanda and Kim Turner, Ian Walker, Sarah Weaver, Damika Wickremesinghe
Servers	Stuart Armsworth (Master Server), Ross Beattie, Ian Burrows, Margaret Byron, Shane Christie-David, Phoebe Codling, Linda Deall, Graeme Durie, Edward Findlay, Judi Martin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Emma Noller, Jane and John Noller (Master Server), Sarah Noller, Darryl Smith, James Simpson, John Sowden, Christopher Tait, Yogaraj Thiyagarajah, Penelope Thompson, Prudence Thompson
Parish Administrator	Denise Pigot Telephone 9876 3362, or by email - office@eppinganglicans.org.au
Honorary Parish Treasurer	Noel Christie-David
Parish Councillors	Doug Carruthers, Shane Christie-David, Glyn Evans, Malcolm Lawn, Jan McIntyre, Emma Noller, John Sowden, Sarah Weaver
Parish Nominators	Doug Carruthers, Robin Cummins, Graeme Durie, Peggy Sanders, Ruth Shatford
Synod Representatives	Anne Price, Graeme Watts
The Churchwardens	
Saint Alban's	David Tait (0418 001 322) - Rector's Warden Graeme Durie - People's Warden Ruth Shatford - People's Warden
Saint Aidan's	Ken Bock (9871 6869) - Rector's Warden John Boyd - People's Warden Margaret Cummins - People's Warden
Choir Director	Kent Maddock Jnr
Assistant Choir Director	Anne Price
Organist	Neil Cameron
Assistant Organists	Lynn Bock, Stanley Gilling, Tony Malin, Richard Simpson, Bruce Wilson
Editor	Stuart J. Armsworth - email stundeb@bigpond.net.au
Caretaker	Tristram Fieldhouse