

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

October/November 2015
Number 837

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

From the Editor

λογοι ομορφοι

Over the last few weeks some parishioners have been learning to read Greek in order for us to get a deeper understanding of the words written in the Bible. In our weekly services we hear words from the Bible which help to deepen our relationship with our God, the words of the hymns we sing can also inspire us. I believe there are some words which can be just as inspiring, these are those found in our Prayer Book. We sometimes miss the impact of these words due to our familiarity with them. Next time you use the Prayer Book, take some time to dwell on the words we use.

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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 November, 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 Bell Tower and Spire of Saint Alban's, Epping

Our Weekly Services

Weekdays at Saint Alban's

7.00am	Holy Eucharist -	Wednesday
10.30am	Healing Eucharist -	Thursday
5.00pm	Evening Prayer -	Tuesday 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 Acting Rector. Also available is the opportunity for special family services to coincide with re-unions, renewals or special anniversaries. These should be discussed with the Acting Rector.

Important Dates for Your diary

Sunday 1 November 2015 10am:	All Saint's Day
Tuesday 3 November 2015 7.45pm:	All Soul's Day
Sunday 22 November 2015 10am:	Festival of Christ the King
Sunday 29 November 2015 10am:	First Sunday of Advent,
Sunday 29 November 2015 6pm:	Advent Carol Service
Sunday 20 December 2015 7.45pm:	Nine Lessons and Carols
Thursday 24 December 2015 6pm:	A Family Christmas Celebration
Thursday 24 December 2015 11pm:	Choral Festival Eucharist of the Nativity
Friday 25 December 2015 8am:	Saint Alban Choral Festival Eucharist
Friday 25 December 2015 8.30am:	Saint Aidan Festival Eucharist
Friday 25 December 2015 10am:	Saint Alban Choral Festival Eucharist

The Parish Register

The Faithful Departed

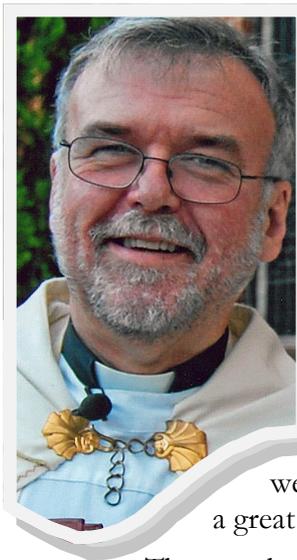
Kathleen Mary HARVEY on 16 July 2015
Marjorie Elizabeth M^cLARDIE on 22 July 2015

Holy Matrimony

Geoffrey LEE and Linda ZHENG on 8 August 2015



The Acting Rector's Letter



What a month August has been. I don't remember a month like it with so many celebrations. First we celebrated the ministry of Taizé which has now spread around the world. In this edition, Father. Paul Weaver provides some historical background to this unique ministry as well as describing the celebrations held at Saint Alban's.

We have been looking at ways of developing our Evensong services and many months ago the possibility was raised that we could have some association with Shore School. This was a new venture for everyone and further discussions were held considering what could be done. All this resulted in an amazing Evensong where we had nearly 200 in attendance. I think this was a record for our Evensongs. It was a delight to have the boys from Shore singing with our choir and the sound was truly glorious. As well, we benefitted from the preaching of their headmaster, Dr. Tim Wright. As usual, a great supper was served afterwards to finish off a truly remarkable afternoon.

Then we had our patronal festival at Saint Aidan's. Again our choir did a fine job and we were greatly blessed with the preaching of Father John Sanderson from Christ Church Saint Laurence and we are very grateful to them for lending him to us for the morning. He and his family joined us for a great celebration and a remarkable morning tea afterwards in the true Saint Aidan's tradition.

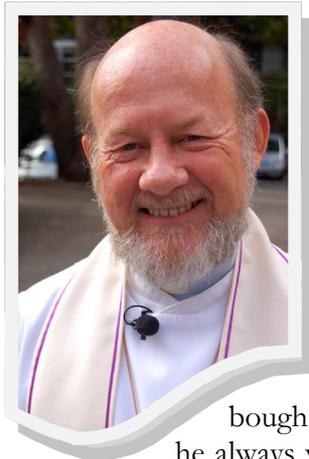
Our parish has the extremes with our two saints, Saint Alban and Saint Aidan. Saint Alban's life of faith lasted probably less than a week when he was executed by the Romans. This is in stark contrast to Saint Aidan who exercised a vigorous ministry in northern England over many decades. Saint Aidan was one of those tough Irish monks from Iona who must have been close to bullet-proof. He didn't speak the right language for the English but it seemed there was no barrier he couldn't overcome. The problems he faced in England were enormous but it seemed that nothing stopped him, he simply pressed on and on over a long life. He is a wonderful example of faithfulness in ministry.

There are two things I would like to say about faithfulness. September 9 2015 was the date that made Queen Elizabeth the longest serving English monarch. She has been doing what must be an impossible job and she has been doing it longer than anyone else in English history. What's more, in spite of her age, she is still actively involved in her duties with the same level of commitment she has always demonstrated. Whatever our views of monarchy in our modern world, she remains an amazing example of faithfulness. If we call to mind the vows she made at her coronation such a long time ago and at such a young age no one would dispute the fact that her determination to remain true to those vows has been simply stunning. I doubt we will ever see anything like it ever again.

The second thing I want to record is the faithfulness of the people of this parish. With the retirement of Father John there has been great commitment shown by many people to maintain the standards of worship, fellowship and parish life he instilled into the parish over many years. It has been a delight for me to exercise this position of Acting Rector amongst so many keen, enthusiastic, committed and faithful people. Parish life over the last few months has been very rich and enjoyable. It has been a real blessing to many people. But that could only have been achieved through the faithfulness of so many people and for that I am very grateful. Certainly, we face challenges as we look to the future, but again and again this parish demonstrates a great depth, a great maturity, and such faithfulness which inspires great hope in me as we move forward as a people of faith.

*Ross Weaver
Acting Rector*

The Story of Taizé



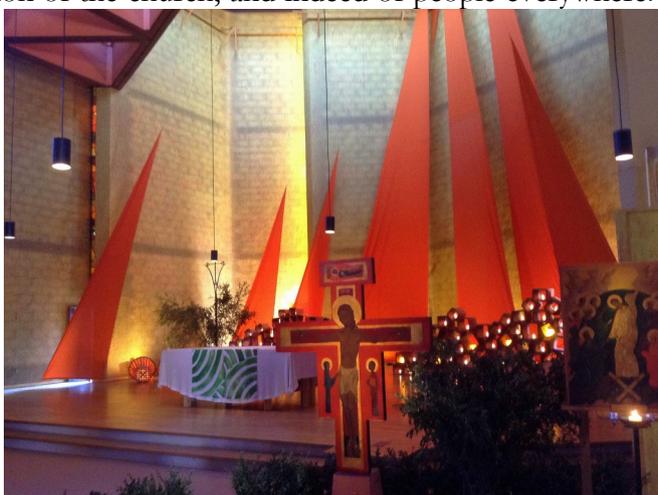
It was 100 years ago that a son was born in Switzerland to a Protestant pastor and his French wife. As he grew up, the boy learned from his parents to love music, to be concerned for the poor, and surprisingly to respect rather than reject the Catholic Church. During his studies in theology, the young man developed a desire to form a community of people devoted to living in simplicity and showing God's love to those in need.

In 1940, war had started. Much of France was directly controlled by the Nazis, while the compromised Vichy regime was in charge of the rest of the country. The young man found a small depressed village in Burgundy, about halfway between Paris and the Mediterranean coast, not far from the German lines, and bought a house there. Refugees and victims of the war found their way to his house, and he always welcomed them. Food was scarce, but he made do with what he could grow, and there was always enough. He prayed three times a day in a room which became his chapel, or he went into the woods to pray. The young man continued to research and consider the value of a monastic style of life. By the end of the war, three other young Swiss men had joined him to form a small community.

In 1949, seven men, including three from France, committed themselves to a life of celibacy, of common goods, and of leadership by a Prior. This Prior, the man who had begun the process 75 years ago in 1940, became known to people throughout the world as Brother Roger of the Taizé Community. It was the first time that the old monastic ideal became a reality in the churches of the Reformation.

By this time, the little community had been given permission to use the village church. The brothers were determined to serve the poor in whatever way they could, and continued to welcome refugees, but they were also committed to the reconciliation of the church, and indeed of people everywhere. They found young people, enthusiastic about the goals of reconciliation and peace, making pilgrimages to the community, and this number continued to grow. They were not only Protestants, but also Catholics. Later on, members of the Orthodox churches would join them too. Denominations would always be a non-issue at Taizé.

The number of pilgrims grew, as did the number of brothers, and the small church became inadequate to hold them all. The brothers built a larger church, using simple materials and using their skills to decorate it fittingly but simply.



It also became necessary to provide accommodation and catering facilities for the young pilgrims. Over the decades the church would be further enlarged to provide room for thousands of people.

In the mid-70's, the idea developed of a "Pilgrimage of Trust", with brothers travelling throughout the world to take a message of reconciliation and hope to the poor, and to young people everywhere. Some branches of the Taizé community were set up in places like India and Africa. The number of brothers was getting close to 100. Out of this, in the early 90's Brother Ghislain came from Taizé on the first of what became his annual visits to Australia – meeting young people, and sharing in services of prayer.

Taizé Continued

By this time the particular style of services of the Taizé community had developed. There were many different languages and backgrounds, both of brothers and especially the pilgrims, at Taizé by the 1970's. Brother Roger saw that a way of providing for people of different linguistic backgrounds was needed. Traditional Latin hymns had been used in the services, but now something new began to develop: the use of simple chants with words which could be sung or understood in different languages.

Now the words might be written not only in Latin, but in French or English or other languages. People might join in the language as written, or a simple translation could be used in one's own language. The chant was repeated so that the melody and words became familiar, and in a sense got not only inside one's head, but into one's heart.

The scripture readings were not too long or complex, and might be read in more than one language, to enable people to understand more clearly. And instead of a sermon, there would be silence: a silence which gave space for people to be open to God in the way that was appropriate for them.

As time went on, the number of young pilgrims continued to increase: churches and schools would bring their young people, and during the summer educational holidays, there would be thousands of pilgrims to join in the prayers, to learn more of God and the scriptures from the brothers, and to share in the work of the community.

In August 2005, Brother Roger was at evening prayers in the Church of Reconciliation at Taizé. A demented woman came over the low greenery which marked out the area where the brothers pray, took out a knife, and started stabbing him in the throat. Brother Roger, of all people a man of peace, was brutally murdered while at prayer, with over 2000 people present.

When people were informed what had happened, prayers were said for the woman, and a spirit of forgiveness was very evident, as was the conviction that God's work in the community would and must continue. And so it has.



In Taizé on Sunday August 16 2015, the community and 4000 visitors commemorated the 100 years since Brother Roger's birth, the 75 years since the founding of the community, and the 10 years since Brother Roger's death. At Saint. Alban's Church on that same date, more than 50 friends of Taizé and other interested people gathered for a Service of Prayer following the pattern of Taizé, sharing locally in the celebrations of the Taizé community.

Last year, Brother Ghislain invited the NSW Ecumenical Council to send a group of people for a week at Taizé to link up with the community in this special year. Eight people went, including Sarah and Paul Weaver, and Kerin Brown from our own parish. It was a wonderful time sharing in the program with 1500 pilgrims, the vast majority of whom were under 30.

We joined in the prayers. We heard the insightful talks given by Brother Emile, given by him in English and French, and then translated into a number of other languages. And we shared in discussion groups with other English-speaking people. Brother Ghislain was generous with his time,

A Week in Taizé 2015

showing us aspects of the community that we would otherwise have missed. We saw Brother Roger's room, which has been kept as a place to welcome visitors. As an artist himself, Brother Ghislain showed us a new project involving young people in a variety of artistic projects. While most of the young people stayed in tents and others stayed in dormitories, we as seniors were able to stay in more comfortable rooms. But we had the same food as everyone: very basic food, prepared by the young people!

A Service of Prayer based on the pattern of Taizé is held at 6.00pm on the second Sunday of each month at Saint Alban's. People from all church backgrounds are most welcome, in keeping with the ecumenical emphasis of Taizé. All parishioners are invited to join us for this gentle reflective form of prayer and worship.

Paul Weaver

This year, 2015, is 75 years since Brother Roger, with 6 other brothers, established the ecumenical monastic community in the tiny French village of Taizé; 100 years since Brother Roger's birth, and 10 years since his death. The NSW Ecumenical Council planned a trip to Taizé for this Jubilee year. They wanted to show their appreciation for the warm 25 year relationship between themselves and the Taizé community.

I put my name down, as did Sarah and Paul Weaver. Eight of us travelled to Taizé in July. Brother Ghislain and the brothers treated us with unlooked-for special attention. Brother Ghislain has been visiting Australia and South East Asia for the last 25 years, and a warm, close friendship has grown up between him, the NSW Ecumenical Council, and Australian devotees of services in the style of Taizé.

Why do we go there? The hilltop community is inundated with young people from all over Europe, and the rest of the world. Of the 1500 people there the week we were there, there were many Germans and Swedes, people from other European countries, some New Zealanders, three women from Hong Kong, and ourselves. The numbers swell to 4000 or more during the height of summer – mostly young people, *'les jeunes'* as the brothers call them: 16-25 year olds. There are a very much smaller number of adults – most of whom are accompanying the young ones, as youth leaders and supporters - but not all have come with youth groups.

Many are drawn to Taizé year after year – why?

For the peace and tranquillity. You may well ask how that can be achieved with thousands of teenagers and youth wandering around!? How they do it is another story.

For contemplation. Prayer together in the big church three times a day.

For relief from distraction. Difficult to access wifi. No one carries his or her devices around – not even *'les jeunes'*. Beautiful, quiet French countryside. No shop except the one that sells the brothers' wares. If you want decent internet access, you play hookey and catch the bus to Cluny for the day... You certainly don't go to Taizé for the food, despite being France!?

For spiritual nourishment. During each week day, there is a series of talks by one of the brothers. For our week, Brother Emile – brilliant linguist and educator - gave talks based on significant words that Brother Roger used frequently in his writings. The one I want to tell you about is: *'consentire'*. Brother Emile said it translated badly into English as 'acceptance'. It means 'to say yes to what I have not chosen.' But this is not a passive acceptance, but a call to creativity, to transform the situation and your life through this 'acceptance'. Brother Emile gave examples from Jesus' life. Jesus decides to go to John the Baptist and be baptised by him (Mt3). I immediately thought of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane (Mt 14:36): "not what I want, but

A Week in Taizé Continued

your will be done”.

In thinking about this word in the days to follow, I was struck by the remembrance of someone in my own life, who demonstrated the concept of *'consentire'*. My school friend Gai gave birth to her son Daniel three weeks after my Angus was born. We watched our sons grow up. But Daniel died tragically and suddenly at the age of 19. Cardiomyopathy. Undiagnosed. Unsuspected. Devastating. The family's friends watched as Gai mourned her son. But gradually, we saw Gai constructively deal with her son's death.

Dan had volunteered at Matthew Talbot hostel for homeless men. So Gai rallied the family to take his place. She served meals there. The family served meals. Dan's friends all vied to get on the roster to serve meals.

Dan was planning a trip to India. Not as a tourist, but as a volunteer to help the poor. Social justice. Gai and husband Michael went to India and set up a clinic (Gai is a nurse and Michael a paediatrician). Every other year, Gai would organise for family and friends with skills to go to the clinic and work for free. She would lobby for supplies to take with them. Gai and a girlfriend took photos in India and made a video (with technical help from her other sons) about poverty, street people, and what can be done to make a difference. She shows it at schools and corporations to raise awareness and money for her cause.

Dan was a committed, practising Catholic. Gai began to walk to Mass at the top of the street every day. Dan lived simply. Gai has simplified her life.

Gai did not want to lose her adult son. But it happened. And through his death she has created meaning in her own life, and changed the lives of others by her actions. To me, she epitomises *'consentire'*.

We had a wonderful week. I hope we can carry a little of the spirit of Taizé with us in our homes, our workplaces and our communities. If we are given a cross to bear, I hope we can 'say yes to what we have not chosen', and respond as creatively and transformatively as my friend Gai has done in her life.



Kerin Brown

The Australians get to meet Brother Alois, who heads the community. Left to right Kerin Brown, Jane Irwin, Amanda Ramsay, Isabel Hewitt, Kathy Moroney, Doug Hewitt, Brother Alois, Brother Ghislain, Sarah Weaver, Paul Weaver. (Photo courtesy of Kathy Moroney)

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Rebecca Pincott

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Commemorating Governor Macquarie



For me Sunday, 26 July 2015 will always be truly memorable. It was the day on which I was privileged to deliver the occasional address at evensong in Saint James Church, Sydney. But this was no ordinary evensong. It came at the close of a weekend of services built around the church's Patronal Festival and central to it was the unveiling of a plaque to Governor Lachlan Macquarie by the present Governor of New South Wales, General The Honorable. David Hurley. My task was to speak about Macquarie and appraise his role in the history of early colonial New South Wales.

Before saying anything about Macquarie let me comment on the church and the service that was held on that occasion. The building itself must surely be among the most historic and beautiful in Australia and it ranks as one of the finest Georgian churches of its day. It was one of the many buildings that bear testimony to Macquarie's enlightened plans for beautifying Sydney, using for this purpose the convict architect Francis Greenway. Amongst the other churches which benefited are Saint Matthew's, Windsor and Saint Luke's, Liverpool. Sadly, Macquarie's plans for a Gothic cathedral located in the centre of Sydney could not be realised and the diocese had to wait until the 1860s before Saint Andrew's Cathedral, designed by Edmund Blackett, was consecrated, although it still lacks the steeple it was supposed to have,

To enter Saint James Church is to find oneself in a church reminiscent of some of the best London churches. It is an historic church and one that greatly values the past as can be seen from a mere glance around the walls on which are placed tributes to men and women from all walks of life who have contributed to the development of Australia. But the church does much more than create an awareness of past achievements. It is imbued with a deeply, intensely moving spiritual atmosphere and stands out as a beacon of hope and fulfilment. The celebrated English poet, Phillip Larkin, once wrote a fascinating poem entitled *Church Going*. In it he described how, when cycling through the English countryside, he visited churches during the week when they were empty. He gave a vivid picture of opening the creaky door and finding himself in a musty atmosphere that reeked of decline. By contrast entering the ever open doors of Saint James is to find oneself in a church that is full of life and in which God is ever present.

The joys that Saint James offers while empty are magnified when the church is full of worshippers and even more so when a special occasion is being celebrated. For me what stood out above everything was the organ and choral music for which Saint James is famed. The hymns, 'All people that on earth do dwell', 'Thou whose almighty word', 'God merciful and righteous is', were well known to the congregation which sang them with deep feeling. But there were also other occasions when the choir performed alone singing complex, historic pieces that took us back in time to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, reminding us of a formative period in what was then the Church of England. As I sat listening and trembling inside at the prospect of entering the pulpit, I reflected on how Governor Macquarie might have responded to such a tribute. When he was governor the clergy were drawn exclusively from that great evangelical movement which aroused the church from its torpor and struck at social evils, foremost among them the slave trade to whose abandonment within the British Empire it contributed greatly. But the services conducted in his day on Sunday were plain, simple and unadorned offering little scope for music. It was with services of that kind that he would have been familiar. Given that he had been brought up in the Church of Scotland with its Protestant leanings he would have found this quite congenial.

This brings me to what was of central importance on 26 July, namely the unveiling of the plaque. Was the decision to commemorate Macquarie in this way justified? It was of course the case that the bicentenary of his arrival in Sydney was commemorated in 2011. But that was a state

occasion which focused on the civil aspects of his administration. Here he undoubtedly made a mark sufficient to place him among the most important of the early governors. But now it was the church that was recognising him. Did he possess the attributes sufficient to justify such a step? That was the central question which I thought I should address. What I had to say has been published in the August/September edition of Saint James parish magazine *Parish Connections* (http://www.youpublisher.com/p/1193174-Parish_Connections-August-September-2015/). Here I shall confine myself to some brief comments which broadly reveal my thinking. I have focused on what is positive about his role leaving to one side some of the flaws in his character and work. These, however, are not of a kind that need in the present context to be taken into account.

The contribution which Macquarie made to the well-being of the colonists is a strong point in his favour and so too are his personal characteristics. It is true that he was a man of autocratic disposition whose mind had been shaped by his upbringing on the Island of Mull and long years in the British Army. His experiences, however, had imbued him with high moral values and a firm sense of duty. Somewhere along the line he had also acquired strongly held humanitarian values. These found expression above all in his attitude towards the convicts who he treated firmly but justly. Remarkably and greatly in advance of his contemporaries was his belief that once convicts had completed their sentences they should be fully restored to society and permitted to hold any public office for which they were qualified. Such thinking placed him well in advance of the clergy who believed that the convict stain permanently marked those who had broken the law. He also stood apart from them and others in his belief that New South Wales should become a happy home for former convicts rather than a place where pastoralists could make their fortunes

In this Macquarie set an example for the church to which he brought numerous blessings. He set aside land for its use in the townships he opened on the banks of the Hawkesbury and Nepean Rivers and did his best to ensure that an adequate supply of clergy were present. Of long term importance were the steps he took to ensure that church buildings were well designed, thus ensuring that they were valued by posterity. By attending worship regularly on Sunday he set an example for convict and the growing number of free settlers alike. His object was to create in the colony a God-fearing society and in this he reinforced the work of the clergy.

Much of what Macquarie did in the religious field was influenced by the hopes of the British government that the church would act as a moral policeman in a settlement peopled mainly by the victims of the English penal system. It was with this in mind that he insisted on the convicts attending church each Sunday. But he went even further, striking at the corruption that had existed before his arrival. One of the great evils had been the trade in liquor, consumption of which had adverse effects. He brought the trade under closer control and eradicated some of the worst abuses. He also promoted Sabbatarian values and forbade co-habitation between unmarried persons thereby strengthening the sanctity of marriage. Moral behaviour left much to be desired but Macquarie did succeed in elevating it. By facilitating the education of the young he also affected the coming generation.

Macquarie's credentials, then, make him deserving of recognition by Saint James Church. Amongst them we should include his efforts to help the Aboriginal people. It was of course the case that he shared the racial attitudes of the day which to modern eyes have nothing to recommend them. But he did meet regularly with Aborigines at Blacktown, provided some with land and he established a small school for their children. This was little enough but it was more than his predecessors had attempted and it also forms a contrast to the attitude of the Senior Chaplain, Samuel Marsden who gave up on the Aborigines, turning attention instead to the New Zealand Maori who he found more receptive. Here was yet another way in which Macquarie stood apart from and ahead of some of the clergy.

Next time parishioners from Saint Alban's visit Sydney they would find it immensely rewarding not only to visit Saint James Church but also to stand in front of the plaque to Macquarie. The colony which he governed between 1810 and 1821 was experiencing unprecedented growth and thanks to the emergence of the wool industry was on the verge of acquiring great wealth. Macquarie did his best to ensure that the Church of England figured prominently in this process and that society rested not on commercial values but on moral values. He has much to tell the modern age which would do well to heed his personal example and his message. His plaque not only recalls past times but is also a reminder of what we are in danger of losing at present. Saint James has done us all a great service by deciding to place a commemorative plaque alongside the many memorials that line its walls.

Emeritus Professor Brian Fletcher OAM

The Church That Didn't Care

A friend recently told me about a church she used to attend in the east end of London. This was a small church with a small congregation. Usually, they averaged about 20 people Sunday by Sunday. They were not viable on their own so they were supported by another church not too far away who provided them with a priest Sunday by Sunday.

Though this church had its problems it was very friendly and welcoming. She enjoyed going to this church week by week as the people were so warm and it was good to get to know them better as the months passed.

But because the church was small my friend slowly became aware of what was going on. She got to know the woman who ran their small Sunday School and she soon realised this woman was a lesbian. And as she thought about that she also realised that nobody in the church cared. My friend had grown up in a very conservative church in Sydney. Sunday School teachers had been very carefully vetted and monitored. This sort of thing didn't happen in her old church.

Time passed and my friend got to know another woman in the congregation a little better. This woman revealed that she had been married four times but what really bothered her was the fact that her son was in gaol. Others in the congregation were aware of her situation and nobody cared.

My friend used to look forward to the sermons preached by the rector each Sunday. He was funny and he had plenty of good stories. But he also talked about his short-comings. He wasn't sure he had the gifts to be a good minister and he would share his doubts and his fears in his preaching. And nobody in the church seemed to care.

Over time my friend found a level of acceptance in that church she had never experienced before. When she prayed with others she could be more honest. When people asked how her week had been she could tell them what was really happening. When she was under so much stress at work she could come to church and blurt it all out and cry as much as she wanted. And the best thing was, nobody cared.

Then my friend was posted back to Sydney. Because she had enjoyed the Church of England so much she sought out an Anglican Church here. What she found was a church that did care. It cared about regular church attendance. It cared about your level of giving. It cared about her marriage and what was happening there. It cared about the importance of regular attendance at Bible Study. It wasn't long before she began to miss the people back in London and that church that didn't care.

Ross Weaver

Well Met by Moonlight

Maureen and Bill Greenhalgh took respite leave from ARV (Anglican Retirement Village) Castle Hill to visit Broome, in the dry tropics of Western Australia. At the Anglican Church (initially the Church of Annunciation) in early August, they were re-united in worship with fellow Saint Alban's parishioner Michelle Blondel. Michelle customarily 'over-winters' in Broome where the cloudless skies and tropical sun are known to attract flocks of tourists escaping the southern winter.

A highlight of the brief tourist season is the rare and amazing phenomenon of the “Stairway to the Moon”, also dubbed the “Stairway to Paradise”. For this phenomenon to occur, there needs to be a conjunction of two calendar events: (a) the rising of a full-moon in a cloudless sky, and (b) an exceptionally low tide in Roebuck Bay exposing extensive mudflats and sandy shoals. The second full-moon of July (a 'Blue Moon') was on Friday 31 so droves of tourists flocked to the western shores of Roebuck Bay.

In tropical climes, celestial bodies such as the moon and the sun “rise up like thunder” so the stairway phenomenon is a fleeting experience. Nevertheless, in the brief wonderment of it all, there is time for personal reflection (!!?). It is difficult to ignore the overtones of stories of how the waters of the Red Sea parted creating a pathway that certain chosen people might use to escape from slavery into a promised paradise. Well, maybe!!

In characteristic holiday mode, Bill attempted to “capture the moment” using his rudimentary knowledge of digital photography and faltering attempts at rustic doggerel.

Moonlight and Mangroves

*The tide was out as the moon came up that evening at Roebuck Bay
As the tourists flocked to the Mangrove swamp at the end of this long dry day
A thin dark line on the waters rim for the night was closing soon
All eyes fixed on the watery waste for the sight of the August moon
A shiver of silk in the gathering gloom and a hush fell over the throng
Once the tropic moon comes fully to view the staircase cannot be long.*

*And then there it was, rising step by step no banister skirting its room
For where it was white, it was glittering bright and where it was dark it was gloom
From light-years away, via the face of the moon the wavelengths that had us enraptured
By Canon and Samsung and Leica and such were digitally transformed and captured
There were i-pods and tripods and tablets and tubes suspended from neck, wrist and hand
Some selfie-stick mounted, others naked in hand more pampered ones vinyl encased.*

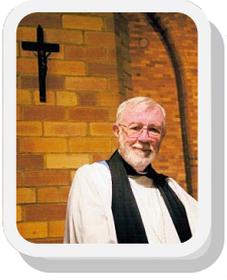
*They flashed and they crashed and they zoomed and they whirred their Pixels preserved in their cloud
Up there to remain, until clipped, zipped and panned as Photo-shop icons allowed
The transit the tourists were scheduled to see this Exodus now most maligned
From this earth to the threshold of Paradise was a very small step for mankind
As they came, so the tourists departed for what else there was to see
But the Man-in-the-Moon, and the mangroves, and Michelle, and Maureen and me.*



Bill Greenhalgh

Photo sourced from <https://www.flickr.com/photos/tomasklein/3465648693/in/photostream/>
@1315 on 10 September 2015

Patrick Bronte and the Convict



Just over two centuries ago a ship, the *Earl Spencer*, dropped anchor in Sydney Cove, just near the present day Opera House. The ship of 672 tons left London on June 2, 1813, and after a voyage of 129 days via Madeira arrived in Sydney on October 9. On board were a number of free settlers and an Ensign and 36 men of the 73rd Regiment, as well as 197 convicts.

The free settlers included several who were to find a place in Australian history. Thomas Kendall with his family arrived as a schoolteacher and lay missionary for the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand. He had a controversial life and was later dismissed by the CMS because of his relations with a Maori girl. His full and tragic story has been told by Judith Binney in her book *A Legacy of Guilt*. His grandson was Henry Kendall the poet.

Mr and Mrs Hovell and family were also on the ship. William Hovell was later to achieve fame as an explorer. With Hamilton Hume the two men made an overland journey to Western Port, near the present site of Melbourne. In my generation at Primary School we all heard about “Hume and Hovell”, though the two men later bitterly quarrelled about the credit for their achievements.

Our first steam engine

Mr John Dixon, another passenger, had an interesting piece of equipment in his luggage. From Southwark in London he embarked with the first steam engine ever seen in the Colony, the beginning of our age of steam and of the Industrial Revolution in Australia. A year later he had set this hissing monster up near Liverpool Street in Sydney and the locals were amazed at what it could do in the way of grinding grain and sawing timber on a large scale. Governor Macquarie came to inaugurate it.

The *Sydney Gazette* reported that the convicts on the *Earl Spencer* were a healthy set of men and they were inspected before landing by His Excellency the Governor. One of them has a fascinating link to a Church of England clergyman now famous because of his gifted daughters. The daughters of the Reverend Patrick Bronte, Charlotte, Emily and Ann, became the most celebrated literary family in England. The convict’s name was James Thackray and he was about 40 years of age when he arrived.

I found this remarkable story while reading Juliet Barker’s collective biography, entitled *The Brontes*, (W and N, 1994). A note tells me that I had purchased the book in Princes Street Edinburgh soon after it was published. It provides hours of reading pleasure and I commend it.

From Ireland to Cambridge

Patrick Bronte, from a poor Irish background, had, by remarkable exertions, succeeded in graduating from St John’s College, Cambridge with a first class honours degree. With his shock of red hair and his Irish accent he was a distinctive figure. Twice each year he gained top place at the examinations, held alternately in Greek or Latin! He was deeply evangelical in theology. In due course he married Maria, and had a family of five daughters and one son.

Patrick has been seen by the world as a kind of Calvinistic monster with a very poor reputation. But this incident when he was a young curate, show him in a very different light, with a passionate sense of justice. He was then ministering at Dewsbury not far from Bradford and Leeds.

An army deserter

As Juliet Barker tells the story, there was a young man in Dewsbury named William Nowell who was arrested as an Army Deserter and committed to Wakefield Prison. The only witness against him was a soldier named James Thackray who claimed he had enlisted Nowell eight days earlier. Probably Thackray was seeking the reward for recapturing a deserter. Nowell claimed that he had not been enlisted at all but had been at home at the time of the supposed desertion. He had witnesses to back up his story but the magistrate refused to accept their evidence. Nowell spent ten weeks in prison.

There was an immediate outcry in Dewsbury and young Patrick Bronte took a leading part in what followed. He found witnesses who testified that they had been with Thackray on the day in question

and that he had not enlisted any recruits. Again there was no response. After a struggle lasting months Patrick Bronte found a group of witnesses to swear that Nowell was innocent and another witness claiming that Thackray had admitted to him that his whole evidence was a pack of lies.

A pack of lies

In the course of his quest for justice Patrick enlisted the help of friends in high places including the great William Wilberforce, then one of the MPs for Yorkshire, and Lord Palmerston, then at the War Office, both of whom Bronte knew personally.

In the end justice was done. On 7 August 1811, at the York Assizes, James Thackray was found guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. He was sentenced to transportation for seven years. The narrative did not state his destination but I immediately guessed that it would be New South Wales.

As I read this story which powerfully underlined the integrity and sense of justice of the Reverend Patrick Bronte, I wondered if it would be possible to track down James Thackray. Indeed it was and I had the thrill of following his paper trail across the world from York to Sydney Cove. Reference books and my Internet made the search possible. He seems to have served his seven year sentence at Liverpool and by the time of the 1822 Convict Muster he was at liberty but never allowed to return to Britain. So far I have not been able to locate any later details of him, whether he married, any children and his date of death.

The Reverend Patrick Bronte must have gained great satisfaction because his efforts on behalf of an innocent young man were vindicated. Years later, with the death of his beloved wife and all his daughters and his son Bramwell, Bronte came to know terrible grief. He was condemned by those who did not know him as heartless and cruel but in the struggle to right a great injustice he showed his true character. The tragedy of James Thackray was that he never knew or forgot one of the Ten Commandments which says: "You shall not bear false witness against your neighbour".

In a later edition I will tell the story of a remarkable discovery of a letter written by Patrick Bronte.

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

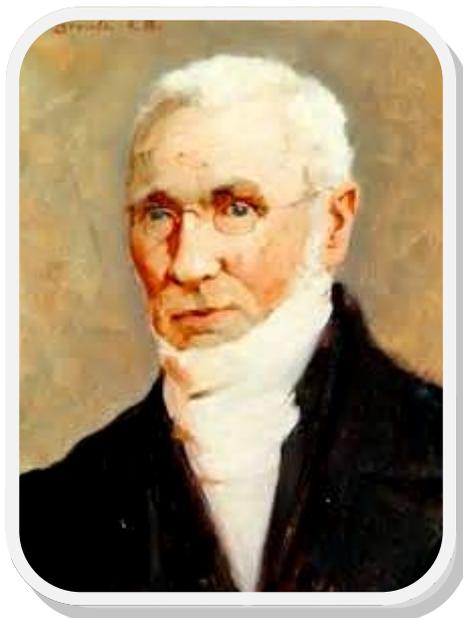
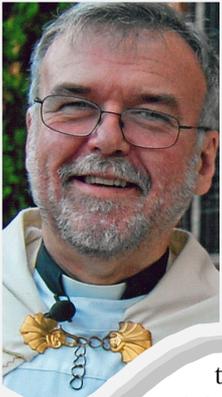


Image of Patrick Bronte sourced from <http://www.bbc.co.uk/arts/yourpaintings/paintings/reverend-patrick-bronte-17771861-21006> @1048hr on 12 September 2015

So What's Next ...?



A few weeks ago I went to a wedding at Saint James, Croydon. I haven't been inside that church for over 15 years and what a surprise it was. The building must be over 100 years old and the exterior looks very smart with a high timber fence that protects young children from straying on to the road or into their large car park. But inside was a very pleasant surprise. They have the traditional timber ceiling which in recent years has been re-oiled and restored to its original condition. It looks beautiful. The lighting has been completely overhauled. Tiny lights are thoughtfully positioned throughout the building providing adequate lighting in a variety of configurations depending upon the needs of the day. It has been well thought out and I imagine ongoing maintenance would be fairly simple. The plaster walls have been repainted and the mouldings over the stained glass windows have been picked out in complementary colours consistent with original building intentions.

This is a beautiful building restored to what it was always intended to be. As well, at the back, consistent with modern trends, there was a large sound desk to control the range of microphones that were available. It may be they can also control the lighting from that desk.

This was a building capable of looking after the needs of a range of ministries from very traditional to ultra modern. So it raised for me the question of what would you do with a building like this that provided so many options? What should modern worship look like? What are the needs of a congregation today?

One option is to follow the Willow Creek model. Willow Creek is a mega-church not far from Chicago. Their membership is above 10, 000. There the music is modern with a band providing leadership for the singing of their modern songs. However, the musicianship is also excellent providing a high quality performance. Usually, there is a drama presentation, again at a high professional standard. Finally, there is a sermon presented by someone without outstanding communication skills. Every element of the service is of a high professional standard. Everything that is done, is done to impress. Willow Creek Church has taken what many churches attempt to do these days to its logical conclusion. The music is concert standard. The drama is theatre standard. The preaching is well done.

But how many churches can do that with their tiny budgets and little talent? Surely, very few. Yet, this is a very popular model. But how many churches can achieve that level of excellence? In fact, what we have is a model that most churches will fail to achieve, and yet, as they strive for it week by week, they will churn out endless mediocrity never achieving the heights they hope for.

Also, we should ask, is this what people want from church these days. In her article in the Washington Post, titled, "Want millennials back in the pews? Stop trying to make church 'cool?'" Rachel Held Evans argues that this is not what people are looking for from a church. They don't go to church to be entertained. They are not looking for just another concert. They don't go to church expecting it to be 'relevant'.

Evans claims that in the end when people go to church what they are looking for in fact is church. That doesn't mean that all traditional churches are okay and don't need to evaluate their performance. But, just like any other time, people will go to a church where they can find the love of Jesus - that "authentically practices the teachings of Jesus".

In her own unique style Evans claims that the need for churches is not to be 'cool' but to be 'weird'. "Church is the only place you can get ashes smudged on your forehead as a reminder of your mortality" – "church is the only place that fills a sanctuary with candlelight and hymns on Christmas Eve" – "church is the only place where you are named a beloved child of God with a

cold plunge into the water” – “only the church teaches that a shared meal brings us into the very presence of God”.

Our own familiarity with church can lead us to forget just how rich our tradition is and what it can do for us and for others. But as well as the tradition, what people want these days is what people have always wanted from the Christian community - honesty, openness, acceptance, compassion, understanding, generosity and above all - love.

There is an old story and I don't know how true it is. The apostle John lived to a very old age and of course he became very frail. But each Sunday they would carry him into church and he would pronounce a blessing on the congregation. He was no longer able to write. He could not longer manage to preach, but each week he shared with his congregation one simple message. Considering all he could say, having lived with Jesus for three years, having written one of the gospels and several letters, having had his amazing revelation and written the last book of the Bible by that name – what was John's weekly message to his congregation? It was so simple. From that frail old man, he would simply demand, “Love one another!”.

As we contemplate the future of the Church the answers we are seeking may not turn out to be so mysterious, so illusive after all.

Ross Weaver

You can find Rachel's full article at: <https://www.washingtonpost.com/opinions/jesus-doesn't-tweet/2015/04/30/fb07ef1a-ed01-11e4-8666-a1d756d0218e-story.html>



Photo: Father John Sanderson, Senior Assistant Priest Christ Church Saint Laurence, joined the people of the Parish and preached at the Festival of Saint Aidan on 30 August 2015. Father John with Margaret Cummins, Father Ross Weaver and Ken Bock. We thank Dr Doug Carruthers for this photo.



The *Letter to the Hebrews* reminds us “do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by doing so some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it” (13:2). While I am no angel (sorry for the disappointment), I want to start by thanking you for your warm hospitality when I visited recently! It was my pleasure to visit the 8am and 10am congregations at Saint Alban’s to preach from God’s Word and share about the work of Anglicare, and I was made very welcome indeed. Ross has extended that welcome by kindly inviting me to share more about my work at Anglicare in this magazine – I hope you will find it interesting and full of food for prayer.

My official title is ‘Partnership Development Officer’, which sounds vague at first glance! What this means is that I travel between various Anglicare sites and Anglican churches, building relationships and exploring opportunities for ministry partnership. I act as a point of contact for ministry staff for questions about Anglicare or how to connect with nearby social services, I establish links between Anglicare services and local churches, I meet with ministers to discuss local community need and how to address it, and I help grow existing links between parishes and Anglicare. The overarching goal is twofold: firstly, Anglicare wants to offer greater spiritual care and connection to a local church for clients who are interested; and secondly, we want to use our expertise in caring for the disadvantaged to help churches in their own ministries of community care.

So what does this look like? I’m so glad you asked! Partnership looks very different from place to place, because every church and community is different. In some cases, a church hosts an Anglicare service on site, integrating it with their wider ministry – we have a number of aged care day centres, counsellors, and emergency relief (financial crisis) workers at different churches around Sydney. Elsewhere, a church might send a small volunteer team to help at an Anglicare service, or they might host events for Anglicare clients at the church itself – many of our aged care facilities benefit from the spiritual and social care offered by local churches helping with worship services, seasonal events (e.g. Christmas, Easter) and pastoral visitation. Sometimes partnership can mean Anglicare helping a church establish a visitation ministry to socially isolated people in their community. Many churches run ESL classes where materials and teacher training are provided by Anglicare. Recently, we’ve begun helping churches to start Fresh Food Days, where people in financial difficulty can obtain the week’s fruit and veg, a welcoming social atmosphere and some light refreshment for a gold coin donation. Finally, many churches support Anglicare financially and through initiatives like Toys ‘n’ Tucker, and some use these programs as an opportunity to connect with their local community as well. This list is descriptive, but neither prescriptive nor exhaustive – gospel partnership grows out of a relationship and a shared desire to show Christ’s love to those in need around us, whatever that looks like!

My role in all of these examples is to build relationships, make connections, and think from a church-and-Anglicare perspective about what will work in each unique context. That is, while I help develop partnerships, I’m not responsible for running each individual expression of partnership – or else Anglicare’s capacity would be quickly exhausted! But while I don’t run everything on the ground, I have the immense privilege of seeing many churches – their

ministries, their communities, and their struggles – and of thinking and praying with them about how to share the amazing love of Jesus in word and deed with the alien, the fatherless and the widow whom God loves.

A final aspect of my role is to help Anglicare think and act in a way that is conducive to church partnerships and increasingly aligns with our Christian vision and mission. This is a fascinating space to inhabit in an organisation with many staff and clients who are not Christians! Ultimately we want all our staff and clients to have a chance to meet Jesus if they wish, but we don't want to take advantage of people's vulnerability or make them feel pressured. Rather, we want our gospel words and caring deeds to be clearly united in an atmosphere of grace. For my team and me, this means building relationships within the organisation as well as in parishes, and thinking strategically about future directions alongside organisational managers and leaders.

I began this piece with a thankyou, and so too shall I end it – thankyou for your partnership with Anglicare. As I mentioned during my visit, your partnership in ministry with Jane, our counsellor at Saint Alban's, and with Paul, our chaplain at Concord Hospital, are greatly valued! As are the other ways in which we interact (e.g. Toys 'n' Tucker, and not least inviting me to speak!). May I encourage you to continue supporting and partnering with Anglicare, to keep valuing Christ crucified and risen and to keep sharing the gospel and your lives with those in need while we await his return. The Lord bless you.

Paul Fitzpatrick, Anglicare Sydney



The Alban Relic

Preached at the Sunday Eucharist, Albantide, 2010a at Saint Alban's Abbey, united Kingdom

If you were at the Festival Pilgrimage Evensong you will have witnessed the relic of Saint Alban being processed and incensed. Being children of the Reformation, most British people are instinctively suspicious of the veneration of relics, and until I became Dean of Saint Alban's I confess I was one of them.

Over the years I have spent countless holidays visiting European shrines and enjoyed myself enormously tut-tutting at relics in particular. I remember visiting Saint Anthony's shrine in Padua years ago. Saint Anthony's basilica has a huge octagonal chapel containing almost every conceivable bit of the saint. Here, suspended between two gold spikes, is the larynx with which he uttered such wonderful sermons. There, set in crystal, is his right hand, raised in perpetual blessing. There is even the tongue, still unfeasibly pink, with which he praised the Lord. There are literally scores of body parts, as if Saint Anthony's corpse had been exploded in the middle of the octagon and caught in the glass cases all around.

I had a lovely time chuntering for hours about the impropriety of all this, and complaining that all these relics should be given a decent burial. There is of course nothing quite as satisfying as lofty disapproval of other people's customs. Sometimes, it also has to be said, scepticism about the genuineness of relics is hard to resist. Only a few months ago I was in Rome, and went to see the head of John the Baptist at San Silvestro in Capite, just round the corner from All Saint's, Father Jonathan's church. The duty priest let me into the chapel and there indeed was the head in the middle of an altar looking very small and black. I mentioned rather naughtily that some years before I had also seen the head of John the Baptist in Amiens Cathedral in France. 'Ah yes', said the priest with a large grin. 'This can be explained. We have the head of the Baptist as a young man'.

As far as I have been able to discover, there are relatively few relics of Saint Alban, and all the ones that exist seem to be traceable back to one Church, Saint Pantaleon's in Cologne. How did Alban's relics get to Cologne? Apparently in two stages. Very early on, in the year 429, we know, because Bede tells us, that relics of some kind were taken from here by Germanus of Auxerre, as a present for the Pope. It is also recorded that in the tenth century these same relics of Alban were given by the then Pope to the Holy Roman Empress, Theophanu, as a wedding gift; and it was she who built Saint Pantaleon's Church in Cologne to house them. Later on again, at the Reformation, it is said that the rest of Alban's relics from our shrine here were smuggled out, and taken to Cologne to join the rest of him, as it were.

As I say, all the relics we know of – and that means our relic here, another in Macclesfield and another in Farnborough Abbey – have come as gifts from the one source in Cologne.

I should mention that until recently there was an alternative tradition that the whole skeleton of Alban was in Odense, Denmark. We know that the first Danish Church was founded in Odense by monks from Saint Alban's Abbey, and the Danish tradition was that they took the skeleton of Alban with them. If you ever visit Odense you will notice that the main street is called Albaniveg and the local beer called Albanbier, because they always thought they had Alban's skeleton in their cathedral. However, a few years ago, the Dean of Odense agreed to have his skeleton carbon-dated, and it turned out to be about 1000 years too young. So that got rid of the Alban tradition in Odense – and I notice on the website they've got rid of the Dean now too.

So all the remaining relics of Alban go back to the Cologne tradition; which means that, as relics, go, they are relatively well attested, and the shoulder bone in our shrine is relatively likely to be a genuine bone of Saint Alban. However, unlike the Dean of Odense, I am not going to let it be carbon-dated. That would clearly show a lack of faith....

'Does it really matter?' you might ask. This place carried on for 450 years with an empty shrine; what does it matter whether we have a physical relic of Alban or not?

Well, ultimately of course it doesn't matter; but I am still very glad and grateful it is there. For Christians and for human beings in general bodies matter, and location matters. In the Incarnation God became flesh and blood to save us at a particular time and at a particular place, in order to save us body and soul. In the sacraments God still comes to us in physical things, through bread, water, wine, oil, because we are physical as well as spiritual creatures. We just can't be pure spirit or pure mind. We need the tangible and the material too.

When the people we love die, a very big part of the pain is being torn away from their physical presence. By the end the body may be very old or ill or disfigured by illness, but it is still the body of the person we love. Even when death comes we care about it, we want it to be treated reverently, we want a decent burial so that there can be a place, a focus of remembering. And most of us will still cling on to some material link with the person that's gone – a photograph, a ring, a lock of hair, a memento that may be meaningless to someone who doesn't know, but which may open floodgates of loving memory to the person left behind.

There is a rare video which most of you won't have seen showing the ceremony when Alban's relic was brought back by the Bishop of Cologne and put in the shrine. As the procession was passing the South Orchard a woman passer-by asked what it was all about. Someone told her and she replied 'Oh. Alban's come home then'. I don't know if she was even a Christian, but instinctively she knew that was what it meant.

When I first came here I remember George Laverick, the Clerk of Works, telling me about that day, which clearly had a big emotional impact on him. 'I don't know what it was, Dean' he said, 'but when that bone was put back into that shrine it was like the battery went back into the works.'

It is a remarkable way to put it, but I know exactly what he means. Time, place, presence matter.

So I have to say I am ashamed now of all the times I've been sniffy and superior about people's devotion to relics. I don't mean I have stopped being sceptical, and of course I know there has always been a load of fakery and superstition – and above all dreadfully bad taste – bound up with the whole thing. I am not naïve and I am not asking you to be. But I can see the point and the power of it now in a way I didn't before, and I wouldn't mock it now any more than I would mock someone for clinging to a relic of a dead partner. Because of course the point isn't the relic, it's the relationship: it's the love that the relic focuses – and for a Christian it's the faith that that love can't be conquered even by death. Holy Alban, our friend and brother in Christ, be present in this place where you gave your life, and pray for us. Amen.

*- The Very Reverend Dr Jeffrey John
Dean of Saint Alban's, Saint Alban's, UK*



Image sourced from <https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:StAlbansCathedral-PS02.JPG> @1155hours on 12 September 2015

John Youl – The First Chaplain to Northern Tasmania

Part 1: Birth to Ministry and Return to Sydney

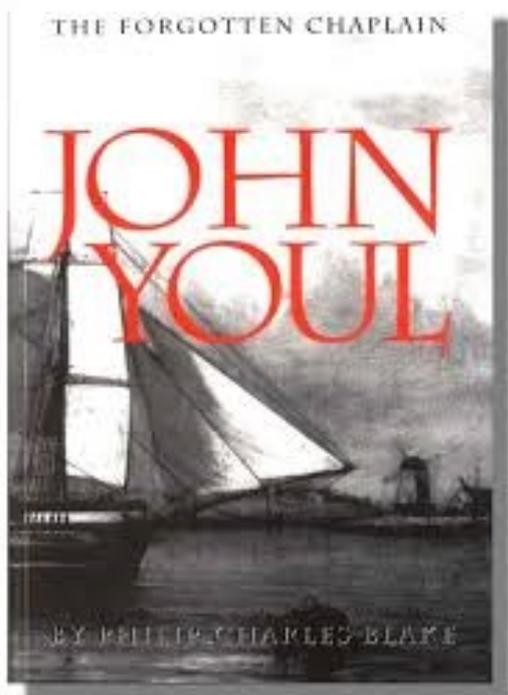
John Youl was born in Ashted, Surry, England on 30 June 1773 and was baptised at Saint Giles' Church on 18 July. Later the family was to move to Newington, London. John settled into his Anglican environment and joined the Church choir. A painting of him in his choir robes remains to this day. The Youl family produced many children, sadly a number of them died. By the time his sister Sarah was born, John was 17 years of age. It is not clear what John did for a living. He may have been indentured as an apprentice or employed in the area of commerce. His use of English in later years seems to suggest that he had received a reasonable education. What is clear is that during his teenage years or early manhood he became a committed Christian. Towards the end of the 18th century John's name was linked with the newly-formed London Missionary Society. John's allegiance seemed to have moved from the Anglican church to the non-conformist persuasion.

The London Missionary Society appointed and commissioned 30 missionaries for service in the South Seas. By 10 April 1796 the “Duff” was ready and equipped for service. John Youl was part of the contingent on board the second voyage of the “Duff” and was already on board when it reached Portsmouth on 8 December 1798. On Tuesday 13 December most of the missionaries embarked and the following evening the wives and children reached the ship in the pilot boat. Thirty nine missionaries were on board at the outset, plus seven wives and eight children. Christmas Day heralded some very bad weather and as they continued their journey the weather seemed to get worse. By 25 January 1799 they had sighted the coast of South America and on the 29th the instructions of the Director of Mission were read to the missionaries; John Youl was assigned to Tongataboo together with several other missionaries and their families. On 18 February the well-made plans for the distribution of the missionaries began to go astray. A strange sail appeared and it was not long before the ship and the missionaries were captured by a French Privateer. Nothing could have prepared Youl and his fellow missionaries for what was to follow and this was to be the start of an horrendous ordeal. 10 March saw the third day of the missionaries captivity, which they had to commemorate in silence. By 12 March land was sighted and within two hours they saw the high mountains of Montevideo. Then came the news that the “Duff” had arrived safely and that the women and children were on board the vessel. The next day some of the missionaries were allowed to rejoin the “Duff” where those who were married were united with their wives and children. Montevideo was to be the missionaries' home for some time.

While there was opportunity, the missionaries discussed what the future held for them. Meanwhile the “Duff” had been sold to a Portugese merchant. But Captain Carbomelle had reached an agreement with the purchaser to convey the missionaries to Rio de Janiero using Captain Robson and the seamen of the “Duff” to navigate the ship. The departure took place on Wednesday 8 May. As the group met for worship on Sunday 12 May it would have been reasonable to assume that most of their troubles were over, but this was far from the truth. A strage sail was sighted on Wednesday 5 June. A large Portugese frigate, the “Amazona” appeared and others including John Youl were removed to the “Medusa”. On Thursday 27 June, three days before John Youl marked his 26th birthday, another strange sail was sighted. This proved to be a French ship which was duly captured and the prisoners were brought on board the “Amazona”. Relationships and conditions gradually improved. The journey to Lisbon continued with occasional communication between the ships. By Friday 20 September the shores of “Buenas Ayres” was reached. John Youl and those with him were able to arrive home at Falmouth on Sunday 13 October 1799; it had been long and traumatic time for him and his companions. They had been away from England for some ten months without getting close to their anticipated destination. It was not surprising that by far the majority that those who had set out with high hopes on 20 December the previous year decided that they were not called to missionary service after all. Of the missionaries who began this disastrous voyage, 23 ceased to have any connection with the Society after their return to England.

John Youl was determined to fulfil his missionary calling. John Youl and one other person received ordination in the Independent Church and the missionary candidates gathered in London in preparation for their journey on the “Royal Admiral”. Soon the ship was on its way with its mixed cargo, which included prisoners who were being transported. Prior to this journey, for a period of three months Youl assisted and preached in the Hawkesbury area of New South Wales. It is suggested that it was with some reluctance that he boarded the “Royal Admiral” for his journey to Otaheite. Youl and his companions arrived on 10 July 1801. During this time it was decided to set the missionary work on a formal footing with a properly constituted organisation. Given the difficult circumstances it was important that the missionaries acted as a team. This was formally acknowledged at a meeting held on 8 August. The mission work was largely met with indifference. John Youl and his fellow missionaries did not function individually, they operated in pairs. On 1 September 1802 John Youl and Henry Nott went to Atehuru on a delicate mission bringing with them Inomenda the wife of Rua, a chief who had died, but the natives would not speak with them. On 22 March 1804 Youl and another missionary journeyed to Atehuru and Papara in the south and returned to base on 5 April. Youl and his fellow missionaries continued their difficult ministry for some years. Sometime in 1807 John Youl told his fellow missionaries of his intention of visiting New South Wales “for the purpose of changing his circumstances as a single man”. He was nearly 34 years of age. Permission was given for Youl to move and on 20 June he sailed on the “Elizabeth”. There was no way that Youl who was an ordained Congregational Minister could act as chaplain. Later Youl became associated with the Portland Head community group of non-conformist immigrants who had settled on the Hawkesbury River area. He took up his appointment with the society in 1810. They desired that their minister be married, and since Youl had given this as his reason for leaving the Society he set about finding a suitable bride. He chose as his bride Jane Loder the daughter of the pound-keeper and gaoler at Windsor. They were married by License at Saint John's Church Parramatta on 31 January 1810. Meanwhile it seemed that his wife was linked with the Anglican Church and John was moving towards reconciliation with the church of his Baptism and up bringing. The way was opening for changes in the family life and for a changed future.

The Reverend Dr Philip Blake



John Youl the forgotten chaplain: a biography of the Reverend John Youl (1773-1827), the first chaplain to northern Tasmania by Philip Charles Blake was published in 1999

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Associate Priest (Acting Rector) **The Reverend Ross Weaver**

BA, Dip Ed, BTh (Hons), BSocSc (Hons) MCouns

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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, Graeme Durie, Allan Griffith, Jill Gumbley, Christopher Keast, Anne Lawson, Tony Malin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Richard Moon, Jane Noller, Margaret Pearson, Lachlan Roots, Peggy Sanders (Senior Liturgical Assistant), Bill Sheather, John Sowden, David Tait, Amanda and Kim Turner, Ian Walker, Sarah Weaver

Servers

Stuart Armsworth (Master Server), Ross Beattie, Ian Burrows, Margaret Byron, Shane Christie-David, Phoebe Codling, Linda Deall, Bastian Dunn, Graeme Durie, Christopher Keast, Judi Martin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Emma Noller, Jane and John Noller (Master Server), Sarah Noller, James Simpson, John Sowden, Susanna 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

Glyn Evans, Michael Gumbley, Christopher Keast, Malcolm Lawn, Sarah Noller, John Sowden, Penelope Thompson, Sarah Weaver

Parish Nominators

Robin Cummins, Peter Deall, Graeme Durie, Peggy Sanders, Ruth Shatford

Synod

Representatives

Anne Price, Graeme Watts

The Churchwardens

Saint Alban's

David Tait (0481 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
Margaret Cummins - People's Warden
Richard Ryan - 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