

BANYULE BABBLE

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF BANYULE

HOLY SPIRIT WATSONIA ❖ ST ANDREW'S ROSANNA ❖ ST JOHN'S HEIDELBERG

NOVEMBER
2011

Office: 1 Burgundy Street Heidelberg 3084 ph. 9457 1144 Tues–Fri 9 am–1 pm

Ministers: **Philip Trowse** 0416 230 455
Andrew Bowles 0423 932 030

Rosemary Young 0437 848 394
Rosaleen Rudd 0400 892 522

Internet: www.banyuleparish.org.au

email banyuleparish@netspace.net.au

Editor: Peter McKay ph. 9459 5852 email petergmckay@hotmail.com

ROSEMARY REFLECTS

My turn again and here we are at another Diocesan gathering. Last time I wrote while at the conference in Bendigo, this time I'm at Synod in St Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

Melbourne's Anglican Synod (parliament) has been meeting, more-or-less annually, since 1856. It's a gathering of clergy and laity with the Archbishop to consider a wide variety of issues that affect our lives together.

As a member of our parish described it, "being at Synod is fascinating, it's like taking a peek into the backroom workings of a large organisation that is a bit like an octopus with tendrils going out in many directions".

The Synod began on Wednesday evening with a special service of Holy Communion. We celebrated our life together in Jesus Christ before listening to an address, a 'Charge', by

the Archbishop that outlined the issues to be discussed.

We were pretty well of one mind in passing a motion about refugees and asylum seekers; recommending the adoption of a national mandatory pre-commitment scheme that requires gamblers in pokie venues to choose spending limits; and a motion urging the Victorian Government to reconsider its policy to introduce minimum mandatory sentencing.

However the motion calling on the Victorian Minister for Education to facilitate the introduction of a program of multi-faith, general religious education into all Victorian state schools was debated at length and rejected.

A motion that could affect us was about the redistribution of property to facilitate mission in the burgeoning areas on the outskirts of Melbourne.

Philip suggested an amendment to the motion that was then revised and passed.

I came away from Synod feeling encouraged. As a Diocese we appear to be steering in the right direction to fulfil the vision of "Making the Word of God fully known". The proceedings were very well chaired by the Archbishop and the standard of debate was high, reflecting a spirit of cooperation and dedication to our calling of being the Body of Christ in Melbourne.

If you want to know more about Synod, look in November's TMA or ask one of our Banyule reps: Judith Thomson, Allan Way or one of the clergy.

Grace and peace in Christ Jesus to you all.

Rosemary Young



REFLECTIONS ON OUR 160TH CELEBRATIONS

What a great weekend we had recently with our 160th Celebrations at St John's!

It was so good to have the church "packed to the gallery", and some really encouraging words, from Bishop Barbara and also many of our own congregation.

I especially found the interviews with two of our older members quite moving. Margeurite Shove (what a live wire at 91!) describes herself as a "modern woman", and I am sure you can see why! The love that oozes out of her is inspiring. The part of her interview which struck me was her comment about what will give us a future hope – and her answer that "we of all people have the best reason to hope" because of God's constant love through years. How long will the church of St John's last? "Well, it will outlast me!" We are part of something far greater than ourselves.

As I chatted with Gloria De La Rue about the font, and we did that quick mental calculation, it was spine-tingling to realize that by 1990, there have been some 6500 baptisms using this font in St John's! My mind went straight to Acts 2 where, in the early days of the church, we are told that "3000 people were added to their number of those who were being

saved." And I realised: we are part of that same story! With 6000+ baptisms, God has done that here too! Again, it is sobering and uplifting to realize that we are part of God's greater plan, which has been in place before the creation of the world.

Afternoon tea, and the tables were groaning, as usual: thank you to all those who contributed to such a great celebration.



The historical display in the lower hall was mind-blowing (good on you, Maureen!) as we saw all those years of history laid out side by side. It gave a great sense of belonging to a fine, strong line of tradition, which has been a blessing to so many people in this community.

For me, there is a sense in which the 160th reinforced that we are "starting over" afresh, picking up the baton of faith that has been handed to us – and we are looking forward to passing it on to the next runners; in the vision of fruitful years to come the tree we have planted will give shade to generations who are yet to be born.

May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

Philip Trowse, 26 October 2011

This Month – November

Saturday 5th: Parish Fair at St Andrew's

Saturday 12th/Sunday 13th: National Church Life Survey during services at each centre

Monday 14th: 10.30 am Mothers' Union Northern Deanery Day, All Saints Preston

Saturday 19th/Sunday 20th: Retiring collection for Council Children's camps

Wednesday 23rd: 10 am Holy Spirit M.U.; 6 for 6.30 pm St John's Ladies' Fellowship Spit Roast, RSVP 9859 6353 by 20th Nov

Saturday 26th: 11 am Ordination of Andrew Bowles and Ros Rudd to the priesthood at St Paul's Cathedral

Sunday 27th Advent 1: 10 am Parish Combined Service at St Andrew's Rosanna, then Annual General Meeting, then lunch

Wanted

- Help with the fête, especially setting up on Thursday evening and Friday, and packing up on Saturday afternoon
- New wardens for Rosanna and Watsonia
- Younger Vestry members

Money – Aug/Sept

Income: Giving: \$15,034.50
 Other: \$51,175.84
 Total: \$66,210.34

Expenses: \$69,910.36
Loss: \$3,700.02

Giving was up: thank you. Other income included a generous special gift of \$10,000 from a parishioner. Expenses included \$1208.55 passed on to CMS, BCA and Olympic Village from specific envelope donations.

Banyule Parish Fair!

Saturday 5 November, 9 am – 2 pm
St Andrew's Rosanna

Come and join in the fun!

We need people to help set up on Thursday evening from 7 pm and/or during Friday, and help pack up on Saturday afternoon

National Church Life Survey

Sat 12 / Sunday 13 November 2011

Please make sure you are at church that weekend to fill out the NCLS! It is the Australia-wide survey of all Christian churches which gives a "snapshot" of the state of the church every five years. The results will help us with lots of our planning and preparations.

Combined Service and AGM and Lunch!

Sunday 27 November: Advent Sunday at Rosanna

Andrew will celebrate Communion for the first time!

Our AGM will be held at 11.00 am after the service.
 Have your say!

A restorative lunch will follow.

Holy Spirit Happenings

Monday Nov 14: M.U. Northern Deanery Day, to be held at All Saints Church, cnr High St and Murray Rd Preston. Time 10.30 am, B.Y.O. lunch and Branch reports.

Holy Spirit Watsonia M.U. The last meeting for 2011 will be on Wednesday Nov 23rd at 10 am.

C.R.E. at Watsonia Primary School ends for 2011 in the last week of November. C.R.E. is one of our local Parish Missions. Our parish pays for the children's work books, which makes a difference in children's attendance, particularly in families where there are two or more children in the family. The teachers—Phil Waters, Lillian Smith, and Elsie Storr—pay for the end of year books.

Grade 6 receive a New Testament; Grade 5 receive *Born for You* (The Gospel of Luke), a M.U. book; Prep/1/2/3/4 receive an activities book. Thank you for your support in prayer and finance: Philippians 2:13.

Elsie Storr

St John's Ladies' Fellowship

All are welcome to St. John's Ladies' Fellowship Spit Roast on Wednesday 23rd November, 6.00 for 6.30 pm

St. John's Parish Hall, 1 Burgundy St. Heidelberg

Cost \$22 which includes a donation to Anglicare

RSVP with payment Sunday 20th November to Crystal, phone 9859 6353

Pauline Holbery, Secretary Tel. 9459 0364

Disadvantaged Children's Camps

Letter from Dawn Veale of Banyule Council:

Re: 2011/2012 Christmas–New Year Holiday camps for disadvantaged children resident in Banyule.

Each year on behalf of Banyule City Council I have the pleasure of organising holiday camps for the above group of children.

These camps give these children an opportunity to share new experiences and friendships; something that does not come their way all that often.

I am always hopeful that the children will return from these week long camps with a changed outlook on life and over all the years I have been running this project I have not been disappointed.

Last January around 120 children were referred. 73 were catered for thanks to the support of our community. Only lack of funding prevented more from being accepted.

As you have been a generous supporter in previous years I am asking that you consider supporting these children again this year.

The cost for sending one child on camp is \$350–\$380.

Yours sincerely,

Dawn Veale, Community Support & Resource Officer

We are going to support this excellent cause with a **RETIRING COLLECTION** at all three centres on **Saturday 19th/Sunday 20th November.**

Let's try to send at least two children to the camps this year!

Let's get ordained!

On **Saturday 26th November** at 11 am at St Paul's Cathedral, both of our deacons, Andrew Bowles and Rosaleen Rudd, will get popped up a rung of the ecclesiastical ladder and become priests. If by mistake they get popped up *two* rungs they will become bishops, but the other bishops usually try to stop that happening.

Anyway, those of us who can will try to get there and do a bit of barracking from the stands.

Charles Albert Earnest Doyle

12.1.1938 – 1.10.2011

Funeral on 6th October 2011
at St John's (and it was full)



Philip: I welcome you to this service to celebrate the life of Charles Doyle. On behalf of the family I would like to thank you for your love, support and friendship and for sharing today in this service of thanksgiving for the life and work of Charles.

He died last Saturday night at 10.20 pm, with Anna and family beside him. He was gently cared for in his last days by the staff of Warringal Hospital, and we would like to thank the staff for their care. One nurse, Anne Marie, was particularly caring.

So death did not take him by surprise. He had had a long illness, and much time to think about what was coming. He loved life and did not want to leave, but he was also realistic and faced his death with courage and faith.

His body will leave from here and be cremated privately, and at a later time we will come back and bury his ashes in the memorial garden, as he wished.

Mandy: Dad was born in Ararat on 12 January 1938. He was the eldest son of 8 children to Lillian and Ernest.

He had a very carefree and self-sufficient childhood growing up on a farm near Sunshine. Rabbit hunting with ferrets, bread and dripping for dinner and if you didn't get to the table on time you went hungry.

His formal education ended at the age of 14 when he went to trade school to become a boilermaker which his father had enrolled him in. However Dad's heart lay with carpentry.

Dad met mum at the Box Hill baths in 1959 at the age of 19. Their courtship was creative due to dad only having a Vespa and no car. They often found the need to seek warm refuge in telephone boxes, outside doughnut shops and the cafeteria of the drive-ins, therefore they decided to get married on October 7th 1961, 50 years tomorrow. Three months later living in a one bedroom flat mum said to dad when he got home from work one day – What are we going to do with a baby? So the decision was made with very little finances to buy some land and build their own home at 62 Rutherford Road Viewbank.

On October 21st 1962 Mark was born, 2½ years later on the 22 April 1965 Mandy was born, and some 6 years later to complete the family Rebecca was born on 24 May 1971.

Rebecca: When we sat down to write something about your life dad we thought – Who were you and what did you do with your life? What are our memories and what do we hang on to now you are gone.

A quiet man, a complex man with simple needs. A man with many talents, he could never sit still. Throughout his life he has been involved in league soccer, pennant squash, slot car racing, he built his own catamaran, a Paper Tiger, and sailed in the Victorian titles. Mark wanted to join the Cubs at age 8 and there were no vacancies, so Dad created the 2nd Viewbank Cub Group and became Akela and was involved in scouting for the next 15 years.

Dad played baseball, he was an accomplished artist and member of the Heidelberg Art Society. He played the clarinet, raced go-carts and was into model aircraft, boats and cars. Mum and Dad were also members of the Toyota 4×4 Club having many adventures.

After retirement, being completely computer-illiterate he would often be found ringing Stephen his son-in-law saying "Help, the computer has crashed again, what did I do wrong?" So Dad joined the Melbourne Computer Club and became our family computer guru. Throughout all of these years was his faith and involvement in the Church, and as the years passed his faith grew ever stronger.

Mark: We would like to share a few anecdotes to paint the picture of what it was like growing up with Dad and who he was to us kids.

One of these was our introduction to driving. In typical Dad fashion, you never quite knew when the lesson was going to happen. Dad would just stop the car and say "your turn now," and with very few words spoken I learnt to

drive. This was terrifying but also exciting because for me this started when I was 13 and we were on our grand trip around Australia. Dad had already started off my love of cars with trips to Calder raceway to watch the drags. This also started my passion for cars which at its peak led to us to build a hot-rod from the ground up. This took two years and many a long night. This beautiful car was kept in Dad's shed and I have recently discovered from Mandy was taken for quite a few joy rides with my sister riding shotgun. I suppose this makes up for me taking Dad's motorbike for a ride while he was on holidays. So we are even on that score.

My first car started with the same Dad logic. When I was 16, I had started working with Dad, buying a car was a common topic. One night a car came up the drive. Dad had bought me my first car, but this is Charlie we are talking about. I hadn't seen the car, it was a purple Ford coupé. He had done all the work involved in buying a car including the repayment plan which I discovered was in my name. This was Dad, always there to help.

Throughout most of our lives he took us camping. One of these great adventures that comes to mind really describes Dad to a T. We were out the back of the beautiful Grampian ranges in the old faithful XW wagon, on tracks that would make most four-wheel drivers nowadays think twice about attempting. We came to a cross road. Left and right were clear but straight ahead was a sign with the words ROAD CLOSED, which as we all know, really means 'Please move aside, ADVENTURE to be had down this way'. That's one great thing Dad taught us, you could go left or right down the easy road or you could move the sign and find out what you were really capable of.

Mandy: All three of us remember the holiday when Dad decided to stop and surprise us with an ice-cream. He got out of the car without a word and returned with 5 ice creams. Kids being kids we all began to protest "I don't like that sort". Dad had already driven off, so he wound down his window turned around, grabbed the ice-creams and threw them all out the window.

For my 10th birthday I wanted my ears pierced. One day Dad said come on we are going out. We ended up at Northland, walked in to Myer and he said let's get your ears pierced. I was very excited, all went well; however dad had not quite thought things through properly. Our mode of transport was his motor bike: putting the helmet on over freshly pierced ears is still a painful memory.

Dad sometimes worked away from home, we would go to visit and he would show us the town and his work place. Rebecca and I have strong memories of driving around Canberra and then two young girls being shown every detail of the abattoir he worked in.

Rebecca: When dad built his catamaran he would take us sailing, he would let me leap off miles before land and swim to shore, he would take it down the Yarra so we could pick the best blackberries. Dad and Mark ran remote control boats: he would take me with him because with no way of getting the broken down boats back from the middle of the lake or channel, he would get me to swim out and collect them. I loved it, even though I would always burn my arm on the exhaust.

Dad was never patient in getting things done, however he had all the patience in the world when waiting for us. He would take me to softball training: I soon found out that he was usually sleeping because when I was knocked out by a fly ball he did not stir.

Dad always surprised us. For my year 11 formal I had no dress and no partner. Dad took me to Northland and helped me choose my dress. I then very shyly mentioned there was a boy I would like to ask but was too scared to phone. Dad knew his mother so he picked up the phone and arranged the whole thing.

Dad's pride and love for his five grandchildren had no bounds: the inventions, the games, the hands-on care made him one of the best grandpas you could ever have. Even though Mum was a qualified mothercraft nurse, he always knew his way was the best way.

Dad, your sense of adventure, love of the natural world and what we have learnt about what it means to have strength and be positive in the face of adversity will stay with us forever.

Thanks Dad!

Philip's sermon:

Human life is a great mystery.

A person like Charlie grasped this.

Though he was not a particularly well educated man, he was a highly intelligent one, who grasped ideas with an agile mind, and understood things at a profound level. He was pretty down to earth: loved life, could do a fine weld seam, loved to fly his model planes, dig holes, fix things, play clarinet, paint beautiful artworks...

He thought deeply about life. I had the immense privilege of spending a lot of time with him over the past nine months, and I want to share some of the conversations we had together to help you to come to terms with his passing.

When Charles was first diagnosed with cancer of the lung and bones in December 2010, it was a big shock. But he spoke openly about it and wanted to live his life well. That openness and honesty characterised him all through his life, and it surely came out in his dying!

Charles was a person of deep faith, and he found this so comforting that he longed for others to know it too. "How will they know that God is real through me?" he said. How can I find the words?

Well, as you know, Charles was a person of few words – he sat and listened to others, and was not quick to speak. He did not consider himself very eloquent. But when he spoke, it was worth listening to! I remember one meeting we had as a vestry in the church, and he just simply said: "We don't know each other. We need to get to really know each other". How true.

Charles and I spent many hours talking about living and dying.

In the early stages of his illness, I took the risk of lending him the video of 'Tuesdays with Morrie', the story of a lovely college professor who gave his last lessons in living as he was dying. It struck me as so like Charlie – so much joy and wisdom, so open and honest. Luckily, he loved the movie – said to me, with a beaming face and shaking his head: "What a wonderful story!" He watched it three times. Soon after that, we began recording a video ourselves, that he has left for his children and grandchildren, whom he adored. That is a legacy he wanted them to have. The wisdom of Charlie Doyle, on living and dying and the things that really matter.

Here they are:

"Faith is number one. God comes first.

"People are second.

"Let them know as best you can that you love them."

There's not much else worth living for, though he sure knew how to have fun, and turned his hand to almost anything he wanted.

Here's an idea we tossed around:

Where do we come from?

When we are conceived and born, we appear, it seems, from nowhere. Then we are alive and here on earth. But moments before, we were invisible.

The spirit or soul comes into being – the miracle of life, which Charlie and I believe is the moment of creation by God: His idea, His gift. We did not ask to be born and come into this world; we were given the gift, like it or not. And we must make something of it.

One of the ideas we shared was the idea that the body does not contain the soul, but rather the other way round:

the soul is greater than the body, because the body is mortal but the spirit is made from eternal stuff.

As we live here on earth, the mystery of our life is that our body and soul are inextricably entwined, like two trees growing side by side together. The roots intertwine, and seem to be one. Beauty, joy, love, laughter, prayer, creativity, passion, LIFE appear through our body but are really an expression of our spirit. (A simple dualism is not what it is about, because the body in itself is not evil and the soul good; the promise of Jesus is that in heaven we will have a new, resurrected body, which will not be subject to ageing and death. But right now it's hard to conceive what that will be like.)

When the time comes for us to die, the roots of the trees, so tightly entwined, start to be torn apart from one another. This has been an intimate marriage, and as the spirit prepares to leave and go home to God, the body doesn't like it and kicks up a huge fuss!

Charlie's body, racked with cancer which spread at a rapid rate, gave him a lot of pain. But the real journey was an inward one.

He was preparing for his death, bravely, honestly, with no guile. He found it tough, especially having been man who was very physically capable.

He turned to me the other day (Tuesday last week) and said, "There's so much to say that I don't know what to say". So I said to him, "The task you have before you now is to rest back in the arms of the Lord, and ready yourself to be with him. You are going home." He found comfort in that, just sat there for about ten minutes, every now and then, saying: "Mmm".

We talked about the fact that when it comes to dying, each one of us must make the journey alone, and it does seem lonely.

Sometimes God seems to have turned away, and is silent. Like in the poem we will read, when there is only one set of footprints in the sand...

Faced with this, Charles admitted: "I'm a bit afraid, it seems very lonely". He was comforted by some of the words of the Bible, such as:

"Do not be afraid, for I am with you; I will never leave you or forsake you."

"You are precious in my eyes and I love you; I have engraved you on the palms of my hands, and you are mine."

If ever we needed these words of comfort, it is as we are dying! Charles soaked them up.

Just as we were born and appeared from 'nowhere', so when we die we seem to just vanish. The person is gone, the body is a shell. The curtain is so

sheer, so fine, between life and death. Yet it is so strong that we cannot penetrate it while we are still intertwined in this world of matter. Charlie has left us behind now, and it seems very lonely. But he is just out of sight.

It is like the story of the ship, setting off for a far land:

Death is nothing at all. I have merely slipped into the next room. Whatever we were to each other; that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name. Speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well. Nothing is past; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before – only better, infinitely happier and forever – we will all be one in Christ.

Only a month or so ago, I took this big old church key round to Charlie and asked if he could duplicate it for us, so we could keep the antique key safely away, but unlock the church door with a key each day. He looked at it with his head on the side, and said: "Now, that's a challenge!" Two days later, he had the blank done and it worked! This is the key he made (with Graham's help), which we will be using every day we open this church. That is what Charlie's life did: his love for Jesus has opened the world of God to many other people.

In his last days, Charlie died as he had lived: A man who faced life with courage and honesty. Surrounded by the people who loved him. Giving and receiving love.

Charlie, we miss you already. Thank you for your lovely life, so well lived. It has been a beautiful gift to us all. We are richer for having known you, and poorer because you have gone. May you rest in the arms of Jesus, and remember us in your prayers as you speak with him face to face.

I invite you to join me in a prayer, offering our thanks to God:

Lord, thank you for the life of our dear friend, Charlie. We believe that you have him in your arms, and though there was so much still to do, we thank you for a life that was full and rich. As we celebrate Charlie's life and imagine his life in a world beyond our sight, be with us and bring us the comfort of your presence. Reassure us of your saving love and of the gift of eternal life which you give freely to all who love you.

We pray in Jesus' name. Amen

In Adversity



The rugged beauty of the Northern Territory is truly captivating. The continual contrast of vivid red desert with havens of green sheltered oases is quite breathtaking. Not too far from Alice Springs, near Simpson's Gap, is such a sheltered spot, photographed here.

This tree, with its tenuous hold on the sharp cliffside, is a picture of persistence and tenacity.

At times the relentless sun beats down upon the surrounding arid area; in the winter season the icy temperatures challenge all living things.

When life metes out its apparent injustices, when grief, heartache or disappointments would plunge one into despair, such a memory as this restores and encourages.

This tree could wither and die with the heat, or shrivel with the shock of the freezing cold, but it persists. Not planted in a protective botanical garden, or tended, watered and nourished by human hands, instead it finds itself in harsh surroundings.

It does not simply exist, but works in partnership with its Creator. Trustingly it thrusts its tentacle-like roots down, down, persistently down to the refreshing waters beneath the cooling sands—and it thrives!

It draws its life from the ever present life-giving spring, sends out its greenery, gives shade and protection to smaller living creatures.

The words of the first Psalm come to mind, encouragingly and full of challenge: "Blessed in the man/woman whose delight is in the law of the Lord . . . like a tree planted by streams of water . . . yielding fruit . . . not withering . . ."

Like this tree dependent upon the sustenance of a loving Father, but knowing a Saviour who guides, supports and refreshes, we are brought to maturity through the buffeting of life. Then is the opportunity given to be victorious over circumstances and to give witness to His presence in our lives.

Joan M. Shilton

All the Verses!

November 1 is All Saints' Day, and time to remember the magnificent hymn 'For all the saints', written by William Walsham How (1823–1897), and first published in 1864 when How was vicar and rural dean at Oswestry in Shropshire.

How later became a bishop, the first with special responsibility for the East End of London, and at 64 became the first Bishop of Wakefield in West Yorkshire. How wrote many other hymns, including 'Soldiers of the cross, arise' and 'O my Saviour, lifted from the earth for me'.

The hymn was originally sung to the tune *Sarum*, until Ralph Vaughan Williams wrote a brilliant new tune for the *English Hymnal* (1906) which he called *Sine Nomine* (i.e. 'No Name').

The original hymn contains eleven verses. Regrettably, verses 3, 4 and 5 do not appear in most hymn-books, and often one or two more are also omitted. Shame!

1. For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their
Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
3. For the Apostles' glorious company,
Who bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
4. For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord,
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
5. For Martyrs, who with rapture kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And seeing, grasped it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
6. O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
All are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
7. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
8. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
9. The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
10. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
11. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Vestry Notes

Meeting of Tuesday 20th September 2011 at 7.30 pm

ITEMS FOR ATTENTION

- Car-park at Watsonia – negotiations with council are continuing
- Watsonia Op Shop verandah – other solutions being investigated.
- Stewardship programme – should probably be run every two years.
- St John's 160th Anniversary 23 October – former clergy attending are Geoff Simondson, John Clarke, Peter Swane and Margaret, Don Bellamy and Yvonne.

MINISTRY REPORTS

Senior minister

Philip reported that he will be on leave from Thursday 27th Oct. to Thursday 10th Nov. It is unfortunate that he will be absent for the Fair but it was impossible to find another time-slot.

Associate minister

Parish partners is under way. Much enthusiasm has been shown for this and participation in the service for the 160th at St John's.

Assistant minister

- Andrew has been approved for ordination on 26th November
- W.A.C.K.Y. has started with 4 families attending and another 6 interested.

WARDENS' REPORTS

Heidelberg

- A larger Private Parking sign is required.
- There is to be no parking under the oak tree – the weight of cars on the roots will kill it.
- It appears that 1A Burgundy St is not revealing everything.

Rosanna

- Thanks to all for the help at the working bee.
- Four 'owls' have been purchased and placed around the property.

Watsonia

- The annual questionnaire regarding parish insurance has been completed and lodged with the diocese.
- Allan reported a problem with the electrical switchboard.
- The old projector (stolen and found) lost the remote control so a new one needed. The money has again been sent by the diocese.

PARISH OPP SHOPS

Macleod

- The agent is to visit for a re-valuation.
- An afternoon tea for the volunteers on Monday 24th October.

Watsonia

- Has had a very successful year.
- Christmas break-up: lunch on Saturday 3rd December at the RSL.

FINANCE—Treasurer's report: Budget and Actual

- Money specifically given by parishioners has been sent to:

CMS	\$489
BCA	\$307
Olympic Village	\$963
- Accounts to the value of 69,910.36 as presented were approved for payment.

WORKING TOWARDS OUR GOALS

- One of the 6 motions put to vestry was passed:

That wardens may approve surplus funds from mainly music subscriptions to be used towards funding of other children's and family ministry (up to \$500 at a time)
- Vestry agreed that the following Summary of the Parish Survey be discussed at the November meeting before going to the AGM for open discussion:

A POSSIBLE PATTERN FOR 2012:

WATSONIA:

Continue Saturday 5.30pm as a genuine alternative for the parish, with different staff rostered each week.

A mostly traditional communion service with minister robing and sermon.

ROSANNA:

Move to 9.00 am to cater for both 8 and 10 congregations, which both like the traditional style.

This would be a traditional prayer book service every week, with:

Communion most weeks, traditional morning prayer once a month

Minister robing, choir (but not a sung service),

Use of the prayer book liturgy (on data projector or from books)

Use of hymns from Songs of Praise book, primarily with organ music

Ministers rostered on an alternate basis

HEIDELBERG:

8 am Traditional communion/morning prayer service, no hymns

9 am Breakfast/ morning tea together

10 am All age / Family service, usually in church but sometimes in hall or outdoors (experiment with different styles)

Child minding in chapel area or lower hall after initial all age start

Communion most weeks with occasional experiments for special occasions

Use of hymns and chorus mix, emphasis on congregational participation

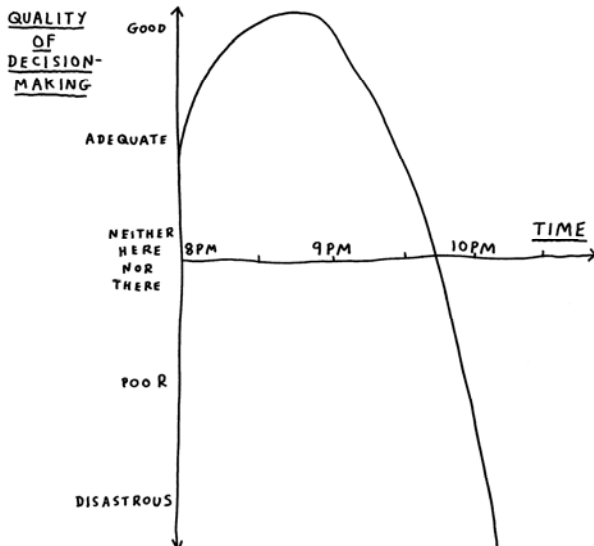
CALENDAR ITEMS FOR THE COMING MONTH

- Sunday 23rd Oct: St. John's 160th celebrations
- Saturday 5th Nov: Parish Spring Fair
- Sunday 27th Nov: Parish AGM, election of new vestry & wardens.

NB. IF YOU WOULD LIKE CLARIFICATION ON ANY OF THESE POINTS, VESTRY MEMBERS AND WARDENS ARE ALWAYS AVAILABLE TO HELP. – Rosemary Bellair

COMMITTEE MEETINGS

IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING



WAYS TO MAKE A MEETING END

- ① THE SUBTLE GLANCE AT THE WATCH
- ② THE CLEARING OF THE THROAT
- ③ THE LOUD PENETRATING SCREAM

U.S. Crime Reports

in- to possess a controlled substance.

Saturday, May 9

■ A man on Ben Higgins Road said someone threw eggs at his house. He suspected it might have been the husband of the woman he recently dated.

Monday, May 11

Six men, their faces covered with red bandanas, got out of the Cherokee carrying a knife, baseball bat, billy club and rolling pin, said Davis, 20.

"I knew when I saw the rolling pin that something bad was going to go down," Davis said.