

BANYULE BABBLE

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF BANYULE

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

MAY
2021

Office: 1 Burgundy Street Heidelberg 3084 ph. 9457 1144

Ministers: **Denise Nicholls** 0438 856 376
Helen McAlley 0447 372 972

Patrick Senn 0411 028 360
Catriona Johnson (student)

Internet: www.banyuleparish.org.au

email banyuleparish@gmail.com

Editor (author of all unsigned articles): Peter McKay 9459 5852 petergmckay@hotmail.com

PATRICK'S PROCLAMATION

CHRIST IS RISEN! He is risen indeed! Alleluia! With these words we welcome Easter day, and the joyous season of Eastertide. But how can we be sure that Jesus actually rose from the dead? Is this fact or just fiction? Recent events of our day can help us appreciate the reliability behind the historical claims of the resurrection stories.

First of all, consider the motivations behind the earliest followers of Jesus who proclaimed that Jesus physically returned to life after being crucified. Consider their motivations especially in light of the reckoning our nation had to do with victims and survivors—particularly women—of sexual assault. Writing recently in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Julia Baird quoted the American feminist Susan Brownmiller, who wrote in 1975: *"the reality of rape is that victimised women have always been reluctant to report the crime ... because of the shame of public exposure, because of that complex double standard that makes a female feel culpable, even responsible, for any act of sexual aggression committed against her"*. Although this could have been written recently and describe the realities many women face today, it was written already in the mid-70s.

Even in this country where we have inherited some of the best legal traditions of the world, a woman is raped in Parliament, and after reporting it labelled as 'a lying cow'. Still to this day, in one of the wealthiest, most egalitarian societies of the world, thousands of women are marching and demanding to be heard. In our modern society, 90 percent of victims of assault do not report because they fear not being believed.

We are far from perfect, but the world of today is *so much* better for women than the world of the first century. In Jesus' day, a woman's testimony was not admissible in court. The popular science of Greek philosophy regarded women as 'deformed males.' One prayer Jews prayed in the morning goes: *"Blessed are you, O God, King of the Universe, who has not made me a Gentile, a slave, or a woman."*

In this kind of world, why would the authors of the Gospels stake their claims upon the testimony of women? In Luke's Gospel we are told that even the disciples themselves at first dismissed the women's testimony as 'silly tales.' If Christians wanted their story believed, why base it upon the voice of the one group that was voiceless? Why announce the greatest news ever—that death is defeated—through the mouths of those who were silenced? Why do this, unless it really happened this way?

Secondly, a reason why people often dismiss the resurrection accounts is because of the various differences between them. For example, Matthew records an angel descending from heaven to roll away the stone of the tomb; on the other hand, Mark already has the stone rolled away when the women arrive. John records only Mary Magdalene visiting the tomb, while Luke has multiple women at the scene. However, recent events show us that different accounts of the same event do not actually show that the event itself did not happen.

Last year, as we endured that bitter second lockdown the million-dollar question was "Who hired private security in the quarantine hotels?" The Andrews Government set up the Inquiry into COVID-19 Quarantine Hotels to answer this question. And as the inquiry progressed it became really embarrassing for the government. Who hired private security? "I don't know", answered the Emergency Management Commissioner. As did the former Chief Commissioner, as did the current Chief Commissioner, as did the Health Minister, as did the Jobs Minister, as did the secretary of the Department of Premier and Cabinet. One would really think someone knew the answer, but none of them did. Neither did the Secretary of DHHS, nor the Chief Health Officer, nor the Premier himself.

Even in today's world where everyone is literate, even in today's world where in the public sector literally every email and text message is recorded, we still have disagreements and different stories about one and the same event. And yet, the one thing we do know is that private security *was* hired, and different accounts and stories do not mean otherwise.

When we come to the stories that tell the resurrection, it is remarkable how much agreement we do have between them for an event 2,000 years ago, where the majority of people were illiterate, and most events were not written down. Sure, there are some differences between the Gospels, but they fundamentally agree on the following: One or more women visited the tomb on early Sunday morning, but found it empty. One or more angels appeared to them, and eventually Jesus himself. The basic events of the story agree with each other, and even though there are differences, that in itself does not mean the event did not happen.

Now, obviously these two points are not irrefutable proofs that the resurrection happened. But, they are enough to seriously consider the fact that it happened, and not to just dismiss it outright. For those of us to whom God has already revealed the truth of the resurrection we can rejoice in all sincerity, confident that Easter is a fact. Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Alleluia!

Patrick



Churchwardening

Our warden (and his wife) have decided the parish deserves better, and he is therefore retiring from the field as of November. As a parish cannot exist without at least one warden, if no-one volunteers the parish will be closed and Denise will be out of a job. So we are asking for *three* wardens, so the work can be divided between them and not be too onerous. (More p. 9.)

Thanks from Catriona

Catriona thanks the many people who have invited her to lunch or other hospitality. She still wants to meet more members of the parish, whether for a meal or coffee or whatever.

This Month – May

Saturday 1st: 8 am Blokes Helping Blokes breakfast at Macleod Community Hall; 11 am working bee at St Andrew's

Sunday 2nd Easter 4: 9 am St Andrew's; 10.15 am St John's; 5 pm Holy Spirit
Matthew 6:5–15

Wednesday 5th: 11 am Iris Grange; 3.30 pm Strathalan

Sunday 9th Easter 5: 9 am St Andrew's; 10.15 am St John's; 5 pm Holy Spirit
Luke 11:1–13

Thursday 13th Ascension Day

Saturday 15th: 9.30 – 1.30 Prayer Retreat at St John's

Sunday 16th Sunday after Ascension: 10.15 am Combined at St John's: Bishop Kate, Confirmation
Psalms 1; 1 John 5:9–13; John 17:6–19

Sunday 23rd Pentecost: 10.15 am Combined, Holy Spirit
Readings to be confirmed

Wednesday 26th: 10 am Holy Spirit Mothers' Union; 11 am Streeton Park and general mid-week service at St John's; 3.30 pm Regis Macleod

Sunday 30th Trinity Sunday: 10.15 am Combined at St John's: Adrian Lane of BCA preaching
Luke 20:9–19

Wanted

- Three churchwardens

Money: March

Income:	Giving:	\$8,160.15
	Other:	\$11,539.32
	Total:	\$19,699.47
Expenses:		\$16,873.62
Surplus:		\$2,825.85

Giving was up, thank you. We got JobKeeper—presumably the last instalment—covering salaries in March, but the surplus was still not large.

mainly music: May 2021

Heidelberg mainly music had a lovely 'gathering' in the garden on 31st March. We met Thomas, now nearly 1 year old. We were also allowed to have a cuddle of 2-week-old Elijah, – how lucky were we? The children collected some of the acorns into a bucket, but they also found some were wrapped in silver paper!! They certainly had fun. Everyone was sad that we have suspended sessions, but seemed to understand.

Only one family has transferred to Watsonia and there are three new families starting next term. Depending on space, and who actually turns up, we may be advertising for the first time. What a different situation! The bags of props have gone down well, and the families seem able to remember to bring them each week. Many thanks to Kaye who made them all during lockdown!

Rosemary Bellair (9459 5394)

Prayer Retreat at St John's

On Saturday 15th May, 9.30 am to 1.30 pm, there will be a prayer retreat at St John's, to pray for our parish and for Merri Creek Anglican and for our joint venture in planting a new church. We want as many there from the parish as possible.

Some notable services

On Sunday 16th May, the **Sunday after the Ascension**, we'll welcome our regional bishop, Kate Prowd, to our combined service at St John's, and two members of our congregation will be confirmed!

Then the next Sunday, the 23rd, will be **Pentecost**, and we'll all be together in one place, viz Holy Spirit Watsonia, to celebrate the feast and Holy Spirit's patronal day. It is traditional, but not compulsory, to wear something red.

And the Sunday after, the 30th, will be **Trinity Sunday**, and we'll be combining again at St John's, and hearing Adrian Lane of Bush Church Australia preaching.

Working Bee

On 1st May there will be a working bee at St Andrew's to deal with some trees, starting at 11 am. Everyone is welcome. Bring useful tools if you have any. A very nice lunch is included at no cost, thanks to Glenn's generosity. A call to Glenn (0487 852 808) would help his catering.

Holy Spirit Mothers' Union

24th March: we had a 10 am start after our cuppa and some of Beth's Simnel cake. Our President Elizabeth led us with our MU Service, Val doing the readings and all taking part in the service.

Then we worked out our funding, which will go to IPC, Australia Disaster Relief Fund, and Karen Nursery Schools in Myanmar. We paid our MU Subs for this year. Then Coral read our Easter Greeting card from our Link branch, St Mary's Broughty Ferry Scotland:—

Dear Coral and MU members,

Thank you so much for your Easter card. Our group has not met for a year and probably won't until June or even September. We keep in touch by phone or letter. We are all very weary of lockdown. We are not allowed beyond the boundary of Dundee.

We have a lovely beach at Broughty Ferry, but some days it is crowded with people trying to get fresh air and exercise, so it is difficult to keep socially distanced.

Churches in Scotland have been shut since Epiphany. There is talk the Scottish Government may allow them to open for Easter. But only twenty people are allowed, including the priest and organist!

I don't know if you have heard that Marion Rielly's husband passed away two weeks before Christmas. It has been hard for her as we are not allowed to visit or meet up for a coffee and so she doesn't really see anyone, even our rectors Francis and Helen are not allowed to visit, although they did take the funeral: only five people were allowed to attend. So keep her in your prayers.

May you all be blessed with peace and joy this Eastertide.

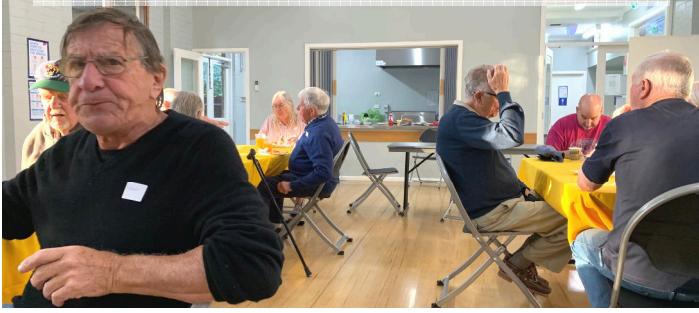
From Rosemary and all the members in St Mary's MU Broughty Ferry Scotland.

Our meeting closed with midday prayers. **April 28th** at 10 am will be our next meeting.

Many thanks to our Parish Knitters – recently I posted twenty beanies to the Seafarers.

Elsie Storr

Blokes Helping Blokes



The Blokes met in April on Holy Saturday. We no longer have to wear masks, but care is still taken to reduce the risk of cross-infection. The Blokes are only seated four to a table, though a small exception was made to avoid having one Bloke in solitary.

Glenn also provided disposable cutlery and crockery. He exceeded all expectations in this, by providing knives that were able to cut the plates but not the food.

We were very sorry to learn that Walshy's wife was not in a good way, having tripped and fallen down a steep step. In this she was in good company, Daniel Andrews and Carla Zampatti having both recently done the same; which led Glenn to warn the Blokes of the dangers of the over-manly use of ladders, giving some stories from his own knowledge of horrific consequences. He was not obviously looking in the direction of the Editor when he gave these dire warnings, but the Editor nevertheless felt a certain pointedness, as he is well known for disregarding modern safety strictures and doing what everyone used to do a few decades ago.

However Glenn would have been glad to hear that just a week before, after someone had pointed out to the Editor a dead brushtail possum hanging off the roof of the St Andrew's Parish Hall, the Editor, who was feeling rather peaky, did not ascend the St Andrew's wooden ladder (the half of the long

extension ladder still surviving after a rung broke under Allan Way's foot) to retrieve it. No, he sent his wife up instead.

(It was just as well, as the possum turned out to have been dead for some time, and was not only dripping with very large maggots, but also had a very strong smell of bodily decomposition. It would not have sat well with the Editor's indisposition. He was glad, after his wife had got the body down and into a plastic bag, and when her retching on the grass had slightly abated in violence, that she was there to send back up again after the bit of the body that had fallen off and was still on the roof.)

There was indeed much for Blokes to catch up on. Keith Tupper told of his experiences at MONA in Hobart, where he was much struck by a particular wall exhibit, and also by another educational apparatus illustrating the digestive process. Some more of the Blokes' descriptions of themselves that they had written in March were read out, and again we found we had more to learn about our fellow Blokes than we thought.

Several jokes, which cannot be repeated here, were told. Frank was not rewarded for his raconteurism by another lift home in the Editor's car, as he seemed to have hurriedly made an arrangement with someone else. (Perhaps this was just as well, as the garage has now warned the Editor not to drive it in case a wheel falls off.)

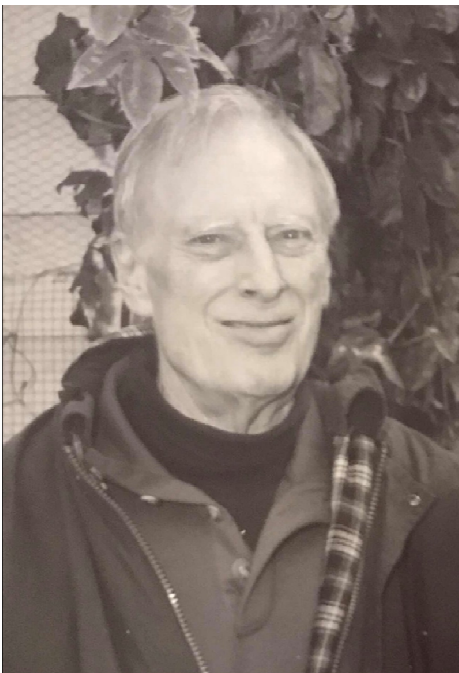
The next *Blokes Helping Blokes* breakfast will be at 8 am on 1st May, at Macleod Community Hall. *Mr May* will be David Woods (*Mr June* will be David Fitzgerald). Please let Glenn know if you are coming, to help with catering: 0487 852 808. All blokes welcome!

There is a special extra on 1st May: a working bee at St Andrew's to deal with some trees, starting at 11 am. A very nice lunch is included at no cost, thanks to Glenn's generosity. Everyone is welcome to this, whether blokes or not. Again, a call to Glenn (0487 852 808) would help his catering.

Peter McKay

Geoffrey Ralph Madder

27 March 1932 – 29 March 2021



Geoff Madder was a parishioner at St John's, and his funeral took place there on 9th April. After *Amazing Grace* was sung, eulogies were given by each of Geoff's five children:

RUTH:

Dad, Geoff or Geoffrey was born in Glen Iris in 1932. He had 3 older siblings and by all accounts his birth was a surprise to Phil, Beatrice and Patricia as they were 16, 14 and 11 years older than him. His mother Letty (Gram to us) was 46 at the time, so we guess Dad was a surprise to her as well. His father Ralph was known as Pop.

Dad's childhood at Glen Iris State School and Malvern Grammar (now Caulfield Grammar) was one filled with bike riding, camping and playing down in Gardiners Creek with his dog Bluey. Of course it was wartime and there were some serious deprivations, but Dad always recalled his childhood with fondness. His childhood home 'Pitlochry' in Boyanda Road is still standing, surrounded by magnificent chestnut trees.

Dad and Mum were married in 1960, when Dad was 27. Early memories of Dad include:

- Being rescued from the rocks at Flinders Back Beach as the in-coming tide swept around us. This was in 1964 so I would have been 3 and Hil 1. There was drama, but we weren't at all frightened because Dad was there.
- Dad saying goodbye to Mum as he went to fight bushfires in the Dandenongs. I remember Mum was pretty worried.
- And Sunday morning: poached eggs on toast cooked Boy Scout style while mum had a lie in. I don't think mum ever had much of a rest as dad would play Louis

Armstrong, Duke Ellington and The Andrew Sisters at high volume on the tape deck while he cooked, all of us watching and singing along – mostly making a racket as Dad would say.

Dad was a natural leader. This was obvious in his professional life. But also, a prominent part of his earlier life was his leadership with the Rovers. We daughters benefited from this. He taught us how to tie a reef knot (**NEVER** a granny knot) and also a clove hitch. I continue to use these to this day and certainly no tent will collapse under our watch.

The majority of Dad's working life was spent with ICI in Melbourne, Wellington and London. Bushwalks, hiking and trekking became the theme of family life, and Dad was the driving force here. He and Mum had an incredible love of the outdoors. Sherbrooke Forest, Makara Hills, Mt Ruapehu in Spring above the snow line, the South Downs and Chamonix were particular loves. Later Dad and Mum joined the Sevenoaks walking club and loved their Sunday afternoon walks with the locals, climbing over stiles, dad with the thermos and sandwiches in his rucksack. Nudists sunbathing at a lake at the end of a trail in Chamonix was very amusing to our young eyes: very much the norm in Western Europe at that time.

Dad had a great talent for writing letters. I cherish the letters he sent to me at university in New Zealand in the early 80s. Additionally, his writing skills in assisting the edit of

my Masters' thesis. Later his letters would ask about Tish and James' activities which he always encouraged. Izzy and Tash loved the letters he wrote to them in Oxford. Some of these were a story sent in instalments, with hand-drawn illustrations. Similarly, Dad encouraged all his grandchildren in their sporting and cultural pursuits. I have a lasting image of Geoff at 74 years bowling cricket balls in the backyard to James as an energetic 8 year old: "faster grandpa, faster". He loved looking at Tish's art folio and watching her cross-country running and athletics pursuits. Some years ago he gave me his old school magazines which clearly show him as an athlete and in the football and cross-country team photos. He looks so fit and strong – just as I recall him when I was young.

HILARY (HIL):

Dad's granddaughter Natasha sadly can't be here with us today.

Tash was always commenting how much Grandpa loved us all, how incredibly proud of us he was, and how caring he was for us all. Dad's love for Mum and for his children and his grandchildren has been a constant thread through all of our lives.

Dad was quite a fan of One-Upmanship as a survival tactic. He wanted us to be determined in life. He had a guaranteed tip for exam success: when you get to your desk, shake it and if it wobbles ask for a wedge to go under the short leg. This worked for Dad as he was the top-scoring candidate in the 1966 Australasian Accountants exams.

Dad's love of the outdoors continued well into his 80s although he narrowed his scope to walks around Aireys Inlet and, in the UK, across the Malvern Hills, Cotswolds, Chilterns and Somerset. As time progressed the walks were shorter and time spent sipping local ale at a countryside pub was longer. If anything, though, this was even more enjoyable for the rest of us as we could see how happy Dad was.

None of us could talk about Dad without mentioning his sense of humour and appreciation of the absurd. PG Wodehouse, *The Goons*, *Yes Minister* and *The Fall and Rise of Reggie Perrin* would leave him in fits of laughter.

Likewise, Dad had a deep love for jazz and classical music.

Dad was held in great regard in his professional life. I know this because patients would ask me if I was Geoff Madder's daughter. When I said yes there was the inevitable response: 'Well, say no more. I'm in good hands.' Dad, I hope you realise how proud of you we all are.

A very special part of Dad and Mum's life is in the UK. Dad always said his greatest career satisfaction came during his time at Millbank. Decades later Mum and Dad found their social niche at St Nicholas Church in Islip, the Oxfordshire village where Izzy, Tash and I lived. I became famously known as Geoff and Jenny's daughter. Kathryn from next door would drive Dad through the narrow country lanes in her vintage car, hooting the vintage horn. She even offered to let him drive it (but he quite sensibly declined).

Dad, you have given us values and qualities which are often overlooked today: honesty and integrity, respect and compassion for others, strength and perseverance, and above all kindness. Thank you, Dad.

RUTH:

I cannot think of a more appropriate way to conclude this tribute to Geoff than by recalling a letter his mother wrote to him from Tonga in September 1954 when he was 22, and I quote: "Take care of yourself dearest fellow... Tons of Love, Mum." So likewise Dad, we say the same: Tons of love, Dad... From us all.

REBECCA (BEC):

After two daughters, you might think that Dad would be disappointed when in 1965 a third daughter, me, and in 1966 a fourth daughter, Em, arrived. Instead, he was delighted and wrote in our autograph books "*Thank Heaven for Little Girls*".

Dad was a very involved father, he drove all 5 children to swimming, tennis, guides, brownies, cubs, netball, softball to name just a few

In our later school years, Dad continued to provide encouragement to all of us to do well; but he never pressured us – after every exam he would be positive and suggest "*no regrets*". This was excellent advice.

Indeed, Dad gave us the strength, confidence, and integrity to have fulfilling careers and to make our way in the world.

He strongly believed in educating women and was excited about every graduation. In 1994, he even made a trip with Mum to Philadelphia, USA, to see me graduate from Wharton.

EMILY (EM):

When I started as in-house counsel, 25 years ago, Dad's wise words were "*Remember: Bullshit Baffles Brains*". This has come in handy.

With his years of experience in corporate Australia, New Zealand, England, India, Pakistan and South Africa, Dad shared his common sense, business acumen and sound values to help me navigate complex transactions and he provided calm support during one particularly challenging business crisis.

When Bec was working at Potter Partners in the 1980's, several people who knew Dad as Treasurer of ICI made a point of saying that he was exceptionally honest, and his word could be trusted. This meant a lot to Bec as his proud daughter.

Mum was so pleased to receive a letter this week from David and Rosemary Bellair, which said "*Geoff was thoroughly decent and always did the right thing, probably to the displeasure of some in the business world.*"

In fact, he absolutely refused to pay any bribe to a foreign official even though foreign corrupt practices laws were still to come. Companies need Geoff Madders – those who speak up and make good decisions – all with a solid dose of charm and humour.

Uncle Roger also worked at ICI with Dad for a while, which was most fortunate as he introduced Dad to Mum on Boxing Day 1955.

Five children and twelve grandchildren later, the rest is history.

Mum and Dad were married for 61 years and they were the centre of each other's world. Dad loved Mum and his family so much. Right to the end he always told Mum how much he loved her.

Even during lockdown last year over Skype Dad never forgot to say: "*You look Beautiful!*" or to my husband Josef – "*You look Marvellous!!!*".

We have a legacy of Dad's photos – who can forget Dad's tripod stance and slow focussing of the Agfa camera while we waited for that perfect photo. My son Alistair remembers balancing for ages on the pogo stick while Dad was getting the light right.

Dad, you gave me the strength to do it on my own and be a big girl now.

BEC:

When Mum and Dad visited us in Sydney, he of course brought his video camera and thanks to Dad we have an entire family Easter holiday at Nelson Bay full of happy memories – each and every moment captured on video.

Em's daughter Yvonne also can't get enough of watching his videos – even the ones taken on camping trips with Yvonne skipping around while Clive's wife Leanne passes around the ubiquitous cups of tea.

Dad was also passionate about current affairs, history and the economy. He spent many evenings with my husband Jon discussing the intricacies of monetary policy and international relations. Dad gave Jon a much-loved book on Sir John Monash and his many letters were full of clippings from his multiple magazine subscriptions.

Dad, you were a very special person. We are so grateful for all you did for us. We love you. We'll miss you forever.

CLIVE:

Dad was a gentleman. He was a gentle man.

He loved his family, he loved nature, and he loved music.

He was big, strong, and cuddly. He slicked his hair back with Brylcreem, he smoked a pipe, and he wore tweed jackets. One of them had an ink stain on the top pocket.

He listened to, as he called it, hot jazz.

These are my early memories:

When I was very young Dad always ensured that I felt like I was one of the girls. When it was time to go to swimming lessons at Swim Land in Glen Waverley, it was 'time for swimming lessons girls'. 'Hop in the car, girls'.

I can understand that. He had had four daughters before I arrived. Indeed he once told me, many years later, that before I was born he was absolutely certain that I was going to be a girl.

But there I was. Mum called me Buster, and I was a boy.

We lived in an open-plan house that Dad and Uncle Robin had designed. Gough Whitlam was Prime Minister. I know that because I have a very early memory of Dad looking startled while listening to the radio. When I asked what was wrong, he said, "Gough's got the sack". I didn't know what he meant. I thought it had something to do with a sack of potatoes.

We spent our holidays at Point Lonsdale with Mum's parents, as well as Uncle Roger and Auntie Gwen and cousins Bron and Gerry. I was christened at the Point Lonsdale church at the age of 3, when Mum and Dad finally got around to it.

We moved to NZ when I was 5. Summer holidays were spent at a place called Waitawa just south of Auckland. This was a house reserved for managerial staff at ICI, where Dad was general manager. The house was, oddly, next to an ICI explosives factory.

It had a private beach. Dad took us fishing in a boat and we caught oysters off the rocks which we ate with 1000-island dressing. Dad built me a ginormous bow and arrow from bamboo.

Weekends were spent walking on wild and windy Makara Beach. Dad told me that this was the last place that the local Maori had had a cannibal feast. It's actually true.

Dad would take us all for walks up hills through gorse bush and sheep paddocks. He would stop the car, and we would all pile out and start tramping up a hill. Often it appeared a bit random. On a whim. I would ask Mum 'how much further', and she would reply, cheerily, that it was 'just around the next corner'. It rarely was.

We then moved to the UK in 1980. I was 9. We lived in Sevenoaks, and Dad caught the train up to London every day. He also travelled a lot for work then. He went to South Africa and Kenya, and also to Pakistan and India. He came home with beautiful cotton shirts for me, and necklaces for the girls. Dad loved those working days in the UK and travelling to Africa and the subcontinent.

Holidays were spent in Scotland, Wales, and Chamonix in France. Once we hired a house boat on the Norfolk Broads. One afternoon we were trying to depart from the riverbank. Emily was untying the rope from halfway up a tree. She got stuck up the tree, and the boat was well and truly on its way down the river. Dad was in a state of both utter panic and hysterical laughter. I can't remember how Em got back on the boat.

These are my childhood memories. They are memories mostly of holidays and adventure.

Another of my cherished memories is Dad reading to me. He insisted on reading funny stories, which was OK, except that he would then start laughing until he was literally crying. Tears would be projecting across the room; it was like a cartoon. I would be waiting for him to finish, but he was in such a fit of laughter that I would end up having to finish the story myself.

Dad and Mum's generation were born in the Depression. Their parents had been deeply affected by WW1, and now, in the case of Dad, his brother Phil and his sister Patricia's husband Robin were off to war in the Pacific. What that meant for Dad is that his school teachers were all incredibly old and not particularly good, and Dad became the Scout Leader and then Rover Leader, at only 16. You had to be a young leader because there was no one else.

It also meant that Dad was part of that post-war generation of young adults who set off around Victoria and elsewhere to enjoy the outdoors purely for recreation. They had reasonable and not overly-expensive equipment, and access to transport. One of Dad's friends had a furniture van, and they all piled into it and drove up to the snow. Food was taken up to the Scout Hut on the Bogong

High Plains by horseback. Dad once stayed up there for an entire month. I think it was on that trip that he dislocated his shoulder out in the middle of nowhere, but managed to pop it back in. He made his own wooden skis with steel edges and Kandahar bindings. We still have them, of course.

Dad's stories conveying his love of the outdoors – of which there were many – were infective. And instructive. He told me how he once lost his map in the bush around I think it was Howqua somewhere. I asked him what then happened. He said, "We got lost". Note to self – don't lose your map.

Of course, Dad wasn't really some driven adventurer. He was a deeply kind, spiritual, and emotional being. His spirituality was deeply personal to him. And he also had an innate ability to connect in empathy when you were in need.

When I was acting in a particularly overwhelming case – for an Iranian refugee who faced deportation – it was Dad who took the time to write a letter to John Howard. And it was Dad who took me out for a coffee on Brunswick Street to let me know he cared for me. This is just one very personal example of many caring moments.

Dad thought the world of Mum, and he thought the world of his daughters. He knew that women could do anything.

And Dad loved Leanne.

When Leanne and I eventually decided to get married, I had intended to propose to her on top of Mount Buffalo at sunset. It didn't end up happening that way because when the crunch came it all seemed too much organising and way too sickly sweet. So I just blurted it out, really. I then rang Mum and Dad from Bright, where we were staying, to tell them that we were getting married. Dad's words were: "Well I wasn't going to say anything. But if *you* hadn't asked her, I would have." Well that wasn't going to happen, so that was that! And that was Dad's way of conveying his unconditional congratulations and support for us.

Dad loved having a vast array of grandchildren of different sizes and ages. He was always happy when we all managed to get together at the one place at Christmas time. It gave him great joy.

When we were young, music was always playing in our house, and in the car. Dad liked our music too. At first it was my sisters' music. Music, leg warmers, and eyeshadow. He liked electronica like Jean Michelle Jarr. There was also the Clash and the Police and Joy Division (that was Bec's music). David Bowie, Roxy Music, Ultravox (Hilary), and Elton John (Ruth).

When I was a teenager, Dad even liked the heavy metal music that I was listening to at the time, like Rainbow (great drummer, he said), and Led Zeppelin. He would drop me off to see bands, and ask me about them when he picked me up afterwards.

He also loved classical music. Tchaikovsky; Bach; Mozart; Beethoven. He gave me a CD of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, which is truly sublime.

But jazz was his soul. He told me that his sister Patricia and Robin had introduced him to jazz. I think Robin had brought home some 78 records probably during the War. We grew up always listening to thumping jazz. Bix Biederbeck; Count Basie; Duke Ellington; Jelly Roll Morton.

Ella Fitzgerald. And Gene Kruper on drums – wow. And Django Reinhardt – the gypsy guitarist who had burned his hand in a caravan fire and learned to play guitar with only three fingers. And the one and only, and truly brilliant, Billy Holiday.

Rhythm, driving bands. Drum solos and xylophones. The music filled the house while Dad did the dishes and smoked his pipe. I think that perhaps *very occasionally* the music might have driven Mum to distraction.

He knew jazz like no one else. What he liked though, was that it was blacks and whites and women and men, everyone belting it out for the fun of it. It was true community when the community those brilliant musicians lived in was so terribly segregated. He liked mostly 1930s and 40s jazz, particularly from New York, because they would just get together in a club and play, there and then. Different players every night. Sometimes they would use a suitcase for a drum. And they were good at it.

When Dad was in the nursing home – this was with Ruth and mum – we asked him what instrument Sidney Bechet played. He told us that to really understand Sidney Bechet you had to know that he was a Creole from New Orleans. And the correct question, so he explained, was what instrument didn't he play? He said that Bechet had worked out a way to play every instrument on the record. This is in the 1940s, well before dubbing, he pointed out.

Shortly afterwards, when Scarlett and I visited Dad, the Boxing Day test was on the TV. I turned it down and put on my favourite, Billy Holiday. We listened, together. After a while he said, "Did you put that on for me? It's better than the cricket." And it bloody was.

Dad was irreverent, funny, kind and caring. He loved nature, he loved music, and he loved us.

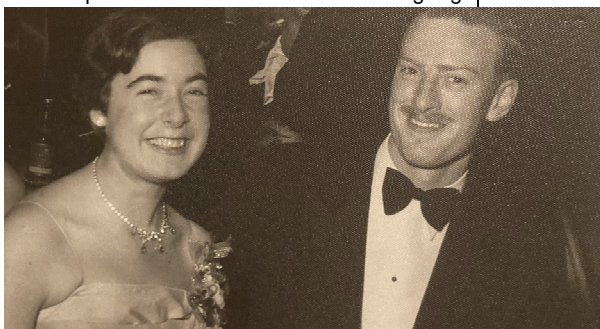
Two of Geoff's grandchildren then read Rudyard Kipling's poem *If*:

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:*

*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:*

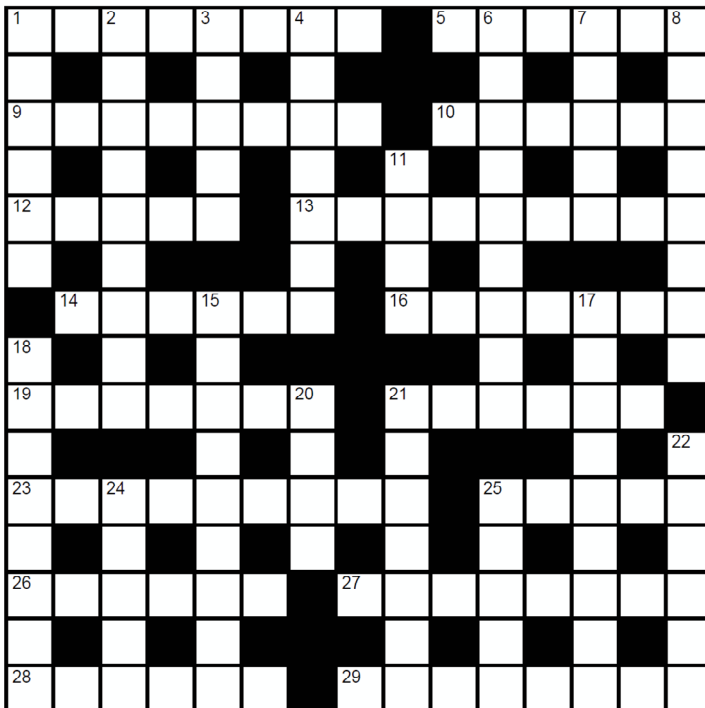
*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*



Across

- 1 Bag for carrying provisions (8)
- 5 Uncovered (6)
- 9 Expressing mirth (8)
- 10 Silkworm's casing (6)
- 12 Consumed (5)
- 13 Wailing (9)
- 14 Collections of families (6)
- 16 Musical instrument (7)
- 19 Loads (7)
- 21 Grumbled (6)
- 23 Grain beating (9)
- 25 Temple offering (5)
- 26 A Roman one was found in Philippi (6)
- 27 Preach (8)
- 28 This son would receive a double portion (6)
- 29 Where Peter saw his vision (8)



by Philologus

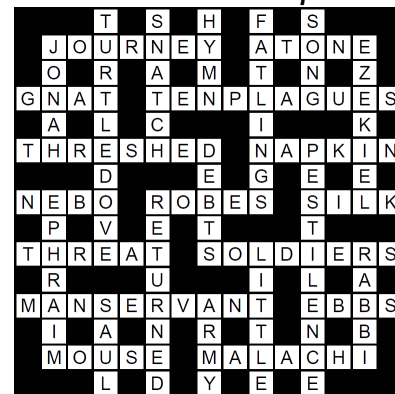
© BiblePuzzles.com

- 6 Tyre and Sidon were of this land (9)
- 7 Ruth's mother-in-law (5)
- 8 Doorway of the waste (4,4)
- 11 Visionary herdsman (4)
- 15 Thanksgivings (9)
- 17 Meal shared on the shore with the risen Jesus (9)
- 18 Don't put this in someone's way! (8)
- 20 Waterborne transport (4)
- 21 Ancient city of Canaan (7)
- 22 Like Eutychus, as he fell (6)
- 24 Governed (5)
- 25 Crucifixion device (5)

Down

- 1 Murdered (6)
- 2 Breaker of 7th commandment (9)
- 3 King of the Amorites (5)
- 4 Lightsources (7)

Answers to last month's puzzles:



Bible Word Search mystery answer:

RESURRECTION

Last month's anagram:

- abeilmss _____ blameless
- aejlosu _____ jealous
- hmostu _____ mouths
- aberv _____ brave
- alsw _____ laws
- ilnos _____ lions
- adepry _____ prayed
- cdelos _____ closed
- aegln _____ angel
- cdeersu _____ rescued

Bible Word Search – Because He Lives I Can Live

All the words listed below are in the puzzle – left, right, up, down or diagonally. Find each word and circle each letter of the words you find. After you have found all the words, the leftover letters form the **mystery answer**.

https://www.christianbiblereference.org/ws_BecauseHeLives_0.htm

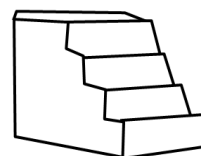
R C A L V A R Y F A L I V E D
 D E O W O Y R A M A H A R B A
 R T M U E R T A D S E H T E B
 O R A E N H D Y T I N I R T A
 W G E B E S P A S S O V E R P
 E S H R E D E M P T I O N A T
 H T T P E R E L I O T R O Y I
 T A E E E V N R O H A O I A S
 J N B M O S I A E R L I T L M
 O G A L P P O L C N E V A E H
 R E Z V S L I J E L V A V R S
 D L I Y R G E M N D E S L I U
 A S L O H E C I F I R C A S S
 N O E T D E S S E L B D S E E
 H T U R T E H T H E W A Y N J

- Abraham, Angels,
- Baptism, Bethesda,
- Betrayal, Blessed,
- Calvary, Counselor,
- Deliverer, Devil,
- Elizabeth, Father,
- Heaven, Holy Spirit,
- Jesus, Jordan,
- Joseph, Lord, Love,
- Mary, Passover,
- Redeemer,
- Redemption,
- Revelation, Risen,
- Sacrifice, Salvation,
- Savior, Servant, Sin,
- Tabernacle, Temple,
- The Light, The Truth,
- The Way, The Word,
- Trinity

Unscramble the letters to find the words in our

Jacob's Ladder Anagram

www.dltk-bible.com



- deiopr _____
- aillpr _____
- aeeginorst _____
- abcjo _____
- ehntt _____
- beehl _____
- enost _____
- aairstwy _____
- aeehn _____
- eimoprs _____

“God Himself will Provide the Lamb”

Good Friday, 2 April 2021

Genesis 22:1–18; John 19:16–42

by Patrick Senn

Introduction

The cross is one of the most recognisable symbols in the world. It is placed upon the flags of nations, people wear it as jewellery, it stands over the graves of the dead, and it adorns the steeples of churches. But why the cross? Why is this device of torture so prominent? And why is it so closely connected with Jesus of Nazareth? The story begins long before Jesus entered Jerusalem; it begins with Abraham.

Abraham—The Greatest

Abraham, of course, is a great figure; a patriarch, a father of many nations. There are 2.8 billion users on Facebook, and it is obviously regarded as one of the most influential companies trading. But, this is small compared to the influence that Abraham has still to this day. Judaism, Christianity, and Islam are called Abrahamic religions. Around four billion people alive today, more than half the population of the world, trace their origin, and the truth of their religion, to this one man. There is no one else that even comes close to the influence that Abraham has. Our first reading from Genesis 22 brings us to the climax of Abraham's life, and to fully understand this strange and confronting story, we must quickly survey what has happened in Abraham's life so far.

Abraham was a nobody; just an old man living out his days in what is today Iraq. One day, out of nowhere God appears to Abraham and promises to bless him *if* he leaves behind his country, his people, and his family. Abraham obeys God: with his old wife Sarah he leaves everything behind and travels into a foreign country. Once again, God appears to Abraham and promises him offspring, as many descendants as the stars in the sky. This promise seems absurd to Abraham since he and his wife are almost 100 years old. But, Abraham believes God, and so is accepted in God's eyes. Later on, he tries to cheat God's promise by using one of his servants as a surrogate, and he conceives a son through her. Sarah is jealous of the servant, and as a result the son and servant are sent away. Again, Abraham is childless. However, by God's power Sarah falls pregnant and Isaac is born, and God's promise to Abraham to give him descendants, and to bless his family is finally coming true.

The Testing of Abraham

At least it appears this way until we come to chapter 22. This story brings before us the unimaginable. Once again, out of nowhere, God appears to Abraham but instead of making a promise, he commands: “*Take your son, your only son, whom you love—Isaac—and go to the region of Moriah. Sacrifice him there as a burnt offering on a mountain I will show you.*” God knows what he is asking of Abraham. He moves from the general to the specific: take your “son”, your “only son”, “Isaac ... whom you love”. On Mt Moriah, Isaac is to be a “burnt offering”. In English, the word “holocaust” comes from the Greek word for “burnt offering”; it involves complete destruction by fire. The test for Abraham is not just whether he will sacrifice his son, but whether he will stop the line and risk all of God's earlier promises coming to an end.

Early the next morning, Abraham wakes up and prepares for the journey. It is unusual that Abraham himself is doing this, as it is usually the role of servants to saddle the donkey, chop the wood, and so on. It has been suggested that Abraham either just wants to get this horrible task over with, or that he is procrastinating and delaying as much as possible. Either way, the unimaginable is ahead of him, and the tension is heightened by the fact that during the three day journey no conversation takes place. “*On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place in the distance. He said to his servants, “Stay here with the donkey while I and the boy go over there. We will worship and then we will come back to you.”* Isaac is old enough to carry the wood by himself, but young enough to ask childlike questions. “*Father? ... The fire and the wood are here...but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?*” How can any parent answer such a question knowing what is ahead? Abraham does not lie, nor does he deflect, but totally relies on God and his provision. He replies, “*God himself will provide the lamb for the burnt offering, my son.*”

On the mountain, Abraham builds an altar to God and prepares it for the sacrifice. While Isaac asked questions before, he does not ask any now. Finally, the unthinkable: Isaac is bound, and Abraham reaches for the knife to slaughter his son. “*But the angel of the LORD called out to him from heaven, “Abraham! Abraham!” “Here I am,” he replied. “Do not lay a hand on the boy,” he said. “Do not do anything to him. Now I know that you fear God, because you have not withheld from me your son, your only son.”* We are spared from the moment that we have been dreading since the story began. By God's providence, Abraham sees a ram caught in the bush by its horns. Our translation says “a ram” but it is more accurate to say “another ram”, another sacrifice that replaces Isaac and is slaughtered and burnt up in his place.

The father and the son have just lived through something unspeakable. Abraham receives his son back from the dead, in a way no one ever would want to live through. We have been spared from the unimaginable; and yet, on this Good Friday we are gathered together precisely because the unimaginable has happened. Abraham told Isaac “*God himself will provide the lamb*”, and this is exactly what happened on Good Friday. God the eternal Father has provided Jesus—the lamb that takes away the sin of the world.

The Altar of the Cross

I mentioned earlier that we are intimately familiar with the cross, but this day removes all such familiarity. The cross is not a religious symbol but is the most godless instrument ever invented. We are confronted with the tree of death. In Melbourne today, we prefer not to think about death. You will not find one sympathy card that mentions “death”. And Aussies now prefer a ‘celebration of life’ as opposed to a funeral. While we try not to think about death and ignore it, we are absolutely terrified of suffering that degrades. During last year's lockdown, we heard over and again of people with COVID dying *without dignity*. Dying without the dignity of family and friends at the deathbed. Dying without the dignity of a big funeral. And euthanasia has been legislated for this very reason, to avoid “dying without dignity”. And yet, this is the whole point of the cross. Crucifixion was

designed to shame, to degrade, and to humiliate. All dignity was stripped away as the person was crucified publicly next to a busy highway. Victims hung naked, were picked at by birds, and watched as entertainment. It was not short and painless, but long and slow. The English word “excruciating” comes from the Latin “excruciatuus”, “out of the cross”. Roman citizens were not allowed to be crucified: the cross was reserved for the nobodies—slaves, thieves, those considered worms by society.

Sin—The Curse Enslaving Humanity

Why then was the promised Lamb offered up in this way? Why did God will that Jesus die *by crucifixion*? If this is God's solution to something, then what is our problem? A dire one, since nothing on earth, nothing in the universe was able to deal with the problem other than the crucifixion of the divine Son of God. The problem is that we are estranged from God. Naturally, on our own, we are not interested in him, and we don't care what he expects from us. The problem is a *relational* one, and this is what the Bible describes as “Sin” with a capital ‘S’. Sin is disobedience, rebellion, and a turning away, and all individual sins are simply the result of this bigger relational breakdown. Everyone is under its power, and as a result complicit in it.

This year, our nation has had to reckon with the fact that sexual assault against women is all too common. It's almost like every woman has experienced sexual violence, starting already in school. Not even in our Parliament, supposedly one of the safest and most protected buildings in this country, is a woman safe from sexual assault. Hearing the stories told in the media, we see humans as both victims and perpetrators of sin. It is a force that has power over people, wreaking damage upon them.

In a world under the power of Sin, we are not just the victims of it, nor the perpetrators, but also the beneficiaries. Last year, I have been absolutely dismayed by the reports coming out of Xinjiang, China, where the government is committing a cultural genocide against the Uyghurs, sterilising women coercively, and imprisoning entire populations and forcing them to work in factories. In the West, we pretty much pretend like nothing is happening, and buy surgical masks, iPhones, and clothes that are produced by their slave labour.

Sin is a power so strong, no human effort can undo it. In our society, whenever an issue arises in racism or sexism the suggestion always is more education, more funding, more consent training, and so on. But the problem is not ignorance; we all have done, said and thought wrong despite knowing what was right. Human effort cannot solve our relational separation from God, nor can it repay him for the damages we have inflicted upon his world, and upon one another.

The LORD has provided—Jesus our Substitute Sacrifice

This is why Jesus was crucified. The cross is the fulfilment of Abraham's answer to Isaac, “*God himself will provide the lamb*”. On the cross, God sacrificed the only offering pure enough to cleanse the world from the damage of Sin, and strong enough to break its power over us. We are familiar with sacrifices. Every April we remember the sacrifice that the ANZACs paid, and we just recently came out of a whole year of sacrificing our freedoms

and privileges in order to avoid a deadly wave. In Jesus Christ, God has provided his own sacrifice. He gives up his own divine status and comes into the world to be condemned under the curse of sin—not his sin, but ours, the sin of the whole world.

And he is the substitute. Just as the ram was the substitute for Isaac, so Jesus is the substitute of all of humanity. He suffers the full effects of sin so that we don't have to. He satisfies God's demand for sin to be punished so that we don't have to. *All* the sins of the world are placed upon him, so that we don't have to bear them. This sacrifice is for the guilty and the ungodly. Humanly speaking, this makes no sense. As I mentioned, all of last year we have been making sacrifices for the vulnerable, the elderly, and for the front-line workers. We gladly comply with that. But would we sacrifice for anti-vaxxers, lockdown skeptics, and law-breakers? We might give our lives for the good, but never for the wicked. The crucifixion of Jesus is the offering of a perfect sacrifice for all—the good, the bad, and the wicked; and because it is not just an ordinary man, but the divine Son of God who is offered, it is a sacrifice once for all—a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice.

Typology: A New Isaac & Conclusion

Abraham was commanded to sacrifice Isaac, but this was a test, and it always only could be a test because no ordinary human being can take away the sins of the world. God's eternal plan was always to provide the Lamb himself, and on the cross, we see the fulfillment of the story of Abraham.

Just as the wood was placed on Isaac to carry, so the wood of the cross was placed upon the shoulders of Christ. Just as Abraham and Isaac journeyed for three days to the mountain, so Jesus died upon the mountain, and journeyed for three days from the living to the dead. Isaac was bound, placed upon the altar, but was spared from slaughter. Jesus was bound, and slaughtered upon the altar of the cross. Abraham did not withhold his son, his only son from God. On the cross, God did not withhold his Son, his only Son, from us. For Isaac, a substitute was provided, a ram with its horns caught in the thicket. For the divine Son of God, no substitute was provided. He himself is our substitute, the Lamb God provided for the sins of the world.

"Abraham looked up and there in a thicket he saw a ram caught by its horns. He went over and took the ram and sacrificed it as a burnt offering instead of his son. So Abraham called that place The LORD Will Provide. And to this day it is said, "On the mountain of the LORD it will be provided." AMEN.

Low Sunday

The First Sunday after Easter, 11 April 2021

1 John 5:4–12; John 20:19–23

by Patrick Senn

Introduction

All of you gathered here today are very special. Did you know that? There is something very special about coming to church the first Sunday after Easter. The first Sunday after Easter is called "Low Sunday", and it seems like an appropriate name for this day. After all, it is always a little depressing to see how many people have not returned after visiting church on Easter Sunday. Of course, we love to see the big congregation on Easter Sunday, and it is a very special and happy day. We love to proclaim that Christ is risen, that death is defeated, and the gates of eternal life have been opened to us. And each year, I pray and hope that someone new will get it, and so return to church again the following Sunday. But it does not happen.

Why not? I mean, if you were invited to lunch with someone who had risen from the dead, and they asked you to return the following week, would you not want to go again? Especially if they promised to include you in that new and eternal resurrection life. Would this not be a better choice than sleeping in, watching *Insiders* on the ABC, or going to the footy?

Maybe the reason why so many people do not come back to church after Easter Sunday is because they do not really think anything unusual happened. They do think something nice happened, something cheerful and uplifting. But, not a victory for the oppressed, not good news for sinners, not an announcement that demands our full attention, not an honest-to-God resurrection from the dead.

Hiding behind Locked Doors

Our Gospel reading today shows us the power of the Easter message, and its seriousness for those who are low and burdened by life. We begin *"On the evening of that first day of the week"*; that very first Easter Sunday. The disciples are hiding behind locked doors out of fear of the authorities, who with the help of the state just murdered their Messiah—the one they thought to be the king of Israel. Their hiding behind locked doors is not that difficult to comprehend. I mean, would you associate yourself with the disgraced?

For many years, George Columbaris was a beloved judge and character on *MasterChef*. Everyone loved his frankness and how he could encourage any contestant who doubted themselves like a drill sergeant.

He had several very successful restaurants around Melbourne that people flocked to. Then, the media uncovered how he underpaid his restaurant staff millions. He also was filmed berating and abusing someone at the football. Slowly but surely, he was dropped from *MasterChef*, and all kinds of different brands that used to sponsor him also parted ways from him. Today, he has disappeared from the public like last night's darkness. Recently, in the Victorian Liberal Party there was a leadership challenge to Michael O'Brien. Politicians might be happy to go along with those who challenge the leader, but after a defeat, no one will openly associate

with those who are defeated. In fact, the MPs who supported the challenge quickly resigned afterwards.

The disciples were hiding behind locked doors because they did not want to openly be associated with a man that just was condemned to death by crucifixion. Crucifixion was designed to send a message of warning to the public, and to scare anyone who followed the crucified to think twice about doing so. You will suffer this same fate if you follow this man. The disciples' fear was only made worse since that that very same day, Mary Magdalene visited the tomb and found it empty. If that is not confusing enough, she even claimed to have seen Jesus alive. That very first Easter evening, the disciples heard many voices; voices of fear, voices of guilt, voices of shame, and voices of confusion.

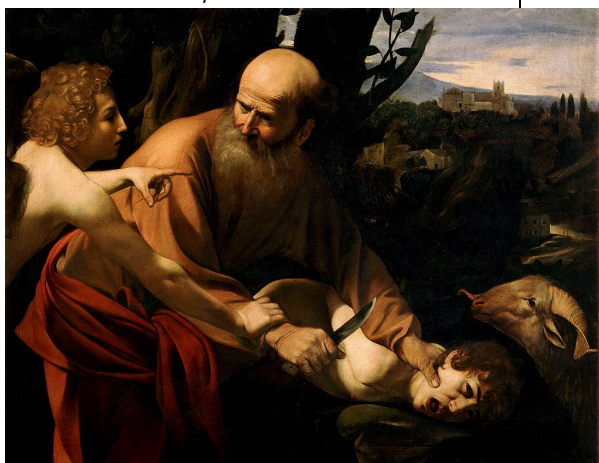
"Peace be with You"

Well, suddenly Jesus appears in their midst. Living and breathing, he says to them: "Peace be with you." Jesus' voice is comfort and grace to his friends, and it drowns out all the other voices they heard. The first thing Jesus says is "Peace". He does not say "Why did you abandon me?" He does not ask, "What is wrong with you cowards?" No, he is gracious and merciful and loves sinners. And he wants to show his disciples that he has conquered the grave. What better way to do this than to show them physically the scars of his resurrection body, in his hands and side? *"Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you!" After he said this, he showed them his hands and side. The disciples were overjoyed when they saw the Lord."*

Today, we all also need to hear Jesus' voice announcing peace to us. Like the disciples, we also hear many different voices. "You are too old. Why don't you colour your hair and buy this facial cream to make you look younger?" "You weigh too much, so join this gym and adopt this diet in order to attain the salvation of skinniness." "You are incomplete on your own, sign up to this dating website and find that special someone that will make your sad life complete." There are many different voices that demand our attention. Whether you see billboards on the street, whether you drive with the radio on, or whenever you turn on the telly: thousands of voices speak to us and demand the attention of our hearts.

In the midst of all of this noise there is only one voice that matters for all eternity: the voice of Jesus. The voice of the one who came down from heaven and took our human nature upon himself; the one who suffered, was crucified, died, and was buried. And then, on the third day was resurrected, never to die again. Only Jesus' voice matters, and Jesus says to us "Peace be with you." He said this to the disciples even though they were cowards and abandoned him in his greatest moment of need. Even though they denied him with their words and actions and left him to suffer and die alone, Jesus says to them "Peace be with you."

Whatever voices you have heard this week that have burdened you, disappointed you, or scared you, this morning Jesus says, "Peace be with you." And he says this with authority. He has defeated death, he is Lord over all things in heaven and on earth. He has gone ahead of us and he will bring us home. He is alive and he declares to us "Peace be with you."



Caravaggio, *Sacrifice of Isaac* (ca. 1603)

A Rascal Bunch

It is curious why after his resurrection Jesus only appears to certain people. It is a few women and a group of cowardly disciples that get to see and be with the risen Jesus at first. Thinking in human terms, this makes no sense, and there are so many more "better people" Jesus could appear to. You see, I love the opportunity to tell someone "I told you so." I don't actually ever say it out loud because that would not be very kind. But, I confess to you that I am petty; if I tell someone something, they don't listen to me, and it blows up in their face, in my deepest of hearts, I feel good about myself. If I were Jesus, I would appear to Pontius Pilate, the religious leaders, the soldiers who mocked and taunted him, perhaps even the Roman Emperor and convert the whole Empire! Why does Jesus choose this small group of insignificant women and cowardly men?

The resurrection of Jesus is not just a display of power, or a show to stun unbelievers and convert them to the faith. Rather, it is the vindication of the trust of those who believe in Jesus, and who were still shocked and paralysed from following someone who was

crucified. The power and the promise of the resurrection is for those who first share with Jesus in his sufferings. Only those who bear the wounds and scars from this world, as Jesus does, will inherit the kingdom of God. Only those who die with Christ will also be raised with him.

And this is good news for us. We have had a difficult year, and for many of us the difficulties still continue. Sure, the lockdown is over, but we still have the struggles and problems we already were dealing with before the lockdown came along. But, if we share with Jesus in his sufferings, we will overcome. As John tell us, *"everyone born of God overcomes the world. This is the victory that has overcome the world, even our faith."* Simply through our trust in Jesus, through our faith in him, we will conquer and overcome this world. Remember, after his resurrection Jesus did not appear to the religious leaders or the Roman Emperor; he appeared to those who trusted him and believed in him. We do not have to overcome the world, Jesus already has. So, look to him, and not into yourselves. Receive strength from him, and not from

yourselves. Listen to his voice, and not the many voices of this world.

Conclusion

In conclusion, everyone that is gathered here today is special. Today might be Low Sunday, and we might miss the energy of a big congregation on Easter Sunday. But, God reminds us that the very first Easter Day was not big, majestic, or anything to brag about. Rather, it began behind locked doors with a group of cowardly men who betrayed their Lord. We may feel like those disciples, and we may feel low today, but regardless of how we feel, Jesus is risen.

Jesus has defeated death, he is alive with the Father in heaven, and he says to us "Peace be with you." Everyone here today is special because we are the ones that the Lord has chosen to come to his house on this autumn day in Melbourne. We are the ones who suffer, struggle, and bear the wounds of this world. But it is for people just like us that Jesus came into this world to suffer, struggle, and bear his own wounds and scars. Those who die with Christ will also be raised with him. AMEN.



Caption Competition!

Left: Denise talks to Merri Creek Anglican Church. The Rev'd Pete Carolane looks on with a strangely unamused expression.

Competition: What is Denise saying? What is Pete thinking? The best answer will get a bottle of badly over-the-hill cheap plonk from the Editor's own cellar. (The judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.)

They have to be prepared to act quickly at zero notice, as phone calls and emails about urgent problems come at any time. Just in the last fortnight there has been water come into a dining room light in one of our rented houses, fusing it (light replaced, source of water undetermined despite much crawling around in the roof space); a European wasp nest at St John's (fumigated); and a non-working wall oven/griller in another house (still in process: I have so far discovered it can't be fixed; that new wall ovens have an electric griller; that the house's electrical system won't support an electrical griller; and it looks like we'll be best off doing some carpentry and removing a cupboard and putting in a free-standing stove). Rented house issues have to be fixed quickly, but so do some others. In the past three years, for example, we have had two burst water pipes, several taps that won't turn off, a burst gas pipe, broken windows, leaking roofs, several break-ins . . .

On top of these urgent matters there is a very long list of other things that need fixing that one tries to work through. Some are easyish (e.g. a new printer for the parish office) and some are difficult (e.g. what should we do about the op shop? The Rosanna site?).

Wardens are members of Parish Council. They sign off on various financial and employment matters. They have ultimate responsibility for ensuring that the Vicar is able to do her job. Some parishes give them a wand, but it's not a magic one, and we don't even give them that. — Peter McKay

What does a churchwarden do?

The office of churchwarden (warden for short) is not some mediaeval sinecure that conveys glory with little work. On the contrary, like most worthwhile endeavour, it is hard work, much responsibility, and zero glory.

Churchwardens look after the secular side of the parish. Mostly, this means looking after our properties: grounds, buildings and contents. The Parish of Banyule has three church buildings, four halls, four houses, and a shop, all of which continually deteriorate. Wardens are not expected to be jacks-of-all-trades, though any skills they have could come in useful and save the parish money. Mostly we hire people to do what is needed. However, wardens typically need to inspect problems and determine what is actually needed, then find people who can do what is needed at the most reasonable cost. Prior knowledge of every area of human endeavour is not expected, but wardens need to be prepared to learn about anything.

Parish Council Notes

Zoom meeting of Monday 15th April

Matters arising

- Heidelberg Dermatology did not go ahead with renting car-spaces in St John's car park.

Diocesan professional standards

- Master form submitted. Diocese asks it be kept up to date but not resubmitted till asked for.

COVID-19

- Can morning tea after services resume? Check. St John's needs more helpers for it.

Vicar's report

- Thanks for meeting early to accommodate my holidays. Connecting with family and friends.
- Easter Services well attended. Excitement re meeting together face to face, without masks, singing! 85 at St John's, including some recent baptism families.
- Patrick and I work well together – opportunity to keep him this year is a gift. As he progresses to half time with Merri Creek around Term 4, will need to start seeking another person as a Curate or an associate for 2022 and beyond. – Discussion about continuing to have 2 full-time clergy from 2022 – all agreed.
- Laura Wines, our admin assistant, paid for by a parishioner, is working out well. A great help in getting through the Diocese's requirements re Working With Children and Police checks.
- Helen McAlley is now fully recovered and keen to resume her ministry at St Andrew's each month. A wonderful pastor to those no longer able to get to church. Helen meets with Patrick and me each month for prayer.
- Catriona Johnson such an asset to our Parish as our student minister – an 'experienced beginner' in ministry, and her desire to love and serve the people of our Parish is clear.
- Bishop Kate will be with us 16 May for Confirmation, and will meet Parish Council.
- Archbishop Philip Freier will be with us 17 October, the 170th anniversary of St John's.
- Now fully back in swing with visits to aged care homes: Iris Grange and Strathalan first Wednesday of each month, and Regis Macleod and the St John's midweek service fourth Wednesday. A privilege to minister to folks who are no longer able to meet us Sundays.
- Partnership with Merri Creek Anglican Church is gradually evolving – I was interviewed there last Sunday, and will preach there 30 May. Looking forward to combined Prayer Retreat here which will be led by Rev Beck Miller on Saturday 15 May: hope many of our folk attend.
- Discussion with Diocese Property dept re using our properties to serve our mission.
- Discussions with BSL re Op Shop are slow.

• As Area Dean I am part of Bp Kate's monthly meeting as well as providing pastoral support for clergy. Stimulating and keeps me in touch with Diocese. Clergy conference for our region 8–9 June: all clergy expected to attend.

• Searching with chair of Yarra Valley Grammar for a replacement for me on the School board.

• Discussion about having Morning Prayer and/or Holy Communion. DJN affirmed the intention to have HC at every combined Church service and at other services too, but expressed a desire for some variation to occur. Agreed it should be available at ONE centre each week.

Warden's report

• *New parish printer/copier/scanner:* Present machine has been admirable, but now occasional paper jams. Leased from Melbourne Copier Company for \$80/month, plus 1.63 cents per B/W A4 side and 16.3 cents per colour A4 side. We get good service and toner supplied. Now propose replacement with a Kyocera TASKalfa 3051ci with large paper trays, single-pass duplex feeder, and a finisher that folds booklets, at \$100/month plus 1 cent per B/W A4 side and 9 cents per colour A4 side—\$5.86 more on January usage, \$25.46 less on February usage—but also \$450 once-off. – All agreed to new copier.

• *Development:* Meeting held with representatives of Ernst & Young and diocese, but no substantive proposal on the table. We need to know what diocese wants and doesn't want.

• In November I will have been warden for three years. My mental health is deteriorating and I will not be available for this office next year. – PC expressed thanks and understanding to Peter for the job he has done over past 3 years as Warden, and offered to assist with tasks in the next few months. Discussion about the *Banyule Babble* and Peter's rôle as editor. Peter opined there should be 3 wardens in 2022.

57 Gloucester Drive

– Side gate in too poor condition, so new gate in galvanised steel installed.
– Date set for termite inspection.
– Some minor electrical repairs. Water entered the dining room light and caused a partial short: source not established.

St John's

– Heritage Victoria grants had a deadline of 26th March which we couldn't meet, so there is nothing from that source until next year. Very extensive requirements. And we can only get one-for-one funding, and grant money from other sources can't be used in the other 50%. That means that if we use this for the second part in 2022, at, say, \$160,000, we would have to raise \$80,000 without grants. Need to check other possible grant sources.
– European wasp nest in the St John's Upper Hall roof fumigated.

St Andrew's

– Unauthorised entries into Parish Hall have continued, despite changing the locks. Locks changed again, to non-pickable types. Entries still continued, and shoe pile disturbed. Police notified, and have a fingerprint. Have closed semi-permanently two of the six exits.

– Small working bee group 10.30 am – 1.30 pm Saturday 1st May to remove some dead trees in the playground area etc.

Holy Spirit

– Cupboard taken by parishioner, nicely restored.
– All fallen gum-tree branches cleared.
– Preparing a draft op shop contract.

Op shop

• Report; email from Mark Lane of BSL

• Warden to draw up a contract to start the ball rolling with BSL: distribute to PC for input and then forward to BSL.

DioMelb Business Services Bulletin tabled.

Finance report

• Tabled & accepted.

• Meet with Reza re increasing his charge for use of the courts.

Banyule–Merri Creek partnership

- Patrick preached at Merri Creek Easter Day.
- Denise introduced at Merri Creek on 11 April.
- Rev'd Beck Miller to preach at St John's and Holy Spirit on Sunday 2 May.
- Denise to preach at Merri Creek on 30 May.
- Banyule/Merri Creek Prayer Retreat, St John's Sat 15 May 9:30 am – 1:30 pm (Beck Miller).
- Working Bee at St John's Saturday 19 June.

Progress on EY/Dio/Banyule discussions

• Peter and Denise met online with Matt Wilson and Diana Zappacosta (replaced Jane Hart) on Tuesday 13 April. Ben Desmond and Katya from EY in attendance.
– Disappointing that Matt Wilson was not at the meeting. We need help from Dio re specifics so that our energy is directed in areas that will be acceptable. Lack of adherence to time lines promised by EY and Diocese.

General Business

- Request from Royal Freemasons to use our carpark as assembly point. PC agreed, as a neighbourly thing to do. DJN to send email.
- Bishop Kate here on Sunday 16 May for combined service and confirmation.
- Archbishop Philip here on Sunday 17 October for 170 years of St John's.
- Denise was at Merri Creek Anglican Church on Sunday 11 April.
- Denise will be preaching at Merri Creek on Sunday 30 May.

Minutes by Denise, précis by Editor

Rare 1988 Ford KE Laser GL wagon, 1.6 L, 5-speed manual

— Now available for the discerning collector of fine classic vehicles —

One careful owner! (Also one careless owner, the Editor)

In 'fast-car red' colour! No reasonable offer refused!

This rare (i.e. parts virtually impossible to get) model car is in (sort of) running order, but roadworthiness is not guaranteed. The rear suspension has recently been overhauled, and after liberal use of Blu-Tack the left back wheel is once more vertical.

Testimonials:

'Goes': *The Editor*

'Please don't drive it': *Brett of mycar Rosanna*

'Just drop me off here. No, really, I can walk the rest of the way. Anywhere here. This will do. Here, please! Really, I'd like the walk': *Frank Webb*



Come work for the Lord. The labour is intensive, the hours are long and the pay is low, but the retirement benefits are out of this world!

Submitted by Rosemary Bellair