



# ST JOHN'S JOURNAL



Autumn 2011

## Chris's Chronicle

Over the past few weeks most members of the Church will have received an invitation to consider whether they might increase their financial support for St John's. I wanted to take this opportunity to share some thoughts about this appeal.

On one level, this is just something we need to do from time to time. The effects of inflation, which we see all too clearly in our personal budgets, affect the Church, too. Over the two and a half years since St John's last asked the congregation to consider their giving, the consumer price index has gone up by 6%, and many of our expenses (such as power) have risen faster still. Our giving needs to periodically increase simply for it to remain the same!

At St John's we are blessed with a beautiful heritage building – but with that blessing also comes responsibility! Over the past couple of years we've started to regularly put money aside into a property sinking fund against future expenses in maintaining the building. A relatively small amount of money put aside each year now puts us into a far stronger position to survive the inevitable, and potentially large, future costs. This is the right thing to do as part of our responsibility to the future (and in gratitude to those in the past who have bequeathed the property to us), but it is also another expense for us to cover each year.

But in truth, the invitation to increased giving doesn't come from any of this. St John's is not in a financial crisis. Decades of faithful, committed service to God in this place leave us in an enviable position compared to many established Church congregations. We are not at the point of wondering if we will be able to pay the next set of bills, or the ones after those. Though balancing our budget is a challenge each year it is not (yet) one to which we cannot rise .

Our request for increased financial support from the congregation comes not from a desire keep things as they are, but from our sense of God's calling to do more, to be more.

Over the past few years the congregation and council of St John's have identified a number of opportunities for mission, and especially mission amongst young families, that we strongly feel God would have us pursue.

## Chris's Chronicle (continued)

. The excitement, and the sense of God at work, experienced by all who've been involved in the Playjays playgroup is one piece in this wider mission; the enthusiasm of those families involved in 'The Growing Place' (our new Sunday afternoon family service) is another; the primary school kids club we hope to launch after Easter is a third. As anyone who has come along will tell you, there is nothing quite like a dozen or two children running around to bring the place to life, and to give you hope for our future!

And it is to make all of these things possible that the Church Council decided to make our new Children and Families worker position half-time, a significant increase in hours. I'm absolutely delighted that Amanda Thomson has been appointed to this role, and with the way she's thrown herself into it – she's been a huge hit with The Growing Place kids and parents alike.

You can read more about Playjays, The Growing Place, and Amanda elsewhere in this issue of the Journal. As you do so – and as you read also about all the other work and mission that faithfully continues here, week in and week out - I hope you'll share my excitement about the future of St John's.

## Ordination and Induction





## Hospitality Sunday

37 Guests were hosted in 6 family homes for a most enjoyable Sunday lunch on March 27th.

Our Minister Chris Goringe with wife Sureka and Jeyanth and Maya were hosted by Annie and James Loxton along with Kalev and Sook Pank and Judy and Tom Philp. We have not heard if the conversation revolved round physical chemistry or spiritual chemistry. Maybe it was about how to raise children in the contemporary world.

It was good to see Aida and husband Doug Jenkins at Marjorie and Ian's home along with Olive and John McCredie. It was Olive's first social outing since her surgery. Robert Oastler, Bill and Margaret Harvey and Jean Brown completed this party at a traditional Sunday lunch. We could have had a musical afternoon but Bill forgot to bring his flute.

The Macleans were prepared for a dry celebration but John and Margaret Cameron soon changed their expectations amidst much hilarity. Mary Smith admitted the error and the Secretary's wife Phillipa and the Freemans enjoyed the joke on David and Rosemary .

Alison and Doug Stewart reported a pleasant afternoon with the Kenyons, the Eastaughts, Dorothy Fitzgerald and Jean Blake. After all what could be better than drinks on the balcony enjoying the view over the oval and bowling green.

As hosts the Thampapillai family took the prize with a six course Sri Lankan feast that left Jonathan, Owen, Pat Barringer and Gwen and Bruce Johnson with limited capacity for the sweets and coffee. Bruce suggested that Kirupa and Theva should enter the next Master Chef competition.

We have been told that Sarah Gentle did not start the discussion on family history at the Moira Hill's mansion but Rosemary and Alan Hislop, Maureen and Derek Bryden and Robyn and Jim Howison are of Scottish descent . We understand that they all claimed relations with Robert the Bruce. Was it Sarah that gave lessons on the orb spider as the party departed via the garden?

*Marjorie Howden*



## Our New Youth Worker

### ***Amanda Thomson: An Introduction***



There have been a few moments in my relatively short life, which I believe have shaped me into the person you have so warmly welcomed into your congregation. The following are some that I wish to share with you.

I was born in December 1987 at Westmead Hospital, Sydney and started going to McCredie Uniting Church at an early age. Right up until the age of thirteen I was under the assumption that few young people were Christians. The area that my church was situated in didn't have a demographic which argued with my observation so it wasn't until I attended Blackstump Music & Arts Festival that I realised how large the outside church really was.

I quite liked the idea of young people knowing this Jesus and God, which I had been learning about in, now blurred, Sunday School lessons. Nevertheless, Blackstump Festival was pivotal in socialising me with other types of Christians and new perspectives.

At the age of thirteen I had begun to attend a youth group run by a couple in the church but it wasn't until I was fifteen that I began to question and probe my faith. A few elements triggered this but I came out of them an avid and rather quirky person of prayer.

My youth leaders had left a few years later as one of them was going into ministry and they were about to start a family. There was no one to continue to lead the youth so I fell into the role. I started with a group who were around ten years old and we grew together until the end of 2009 when most were turning seventeen.

In 2005 I completed my HSC and was about to embark on a three year Bachelor of Visual Arts, however the idea never seemed to feel quite right, so I deferred for a year and worked in retail. One year of deferment turned into two, as I could never bring myself to commit to visual arts.

**Amanda Thomson: *An Introduction (continued)***

Nearing the end of 2007, starting to panic about my lack of career, it was brought to my attention that youth ministry may be an option I could explore. Through a seemingly random series of events, I found myself sitting in the Registrars Office at United Theological College, the registrar letting me know my application needed to be in Wagga Wagga the day after. Panic ensued.

However, in 2008 I attended the first year of my Diploma of Youth Ministry. It was throughout the two years of the Diploma that I was able to draw out those threads of interest, which had become more clear and vibrant to me in my studies.

My trip to Italy in 2009 gave me the gift of being able to look at the world in new ways. Being a naturally anxious person, I was able to learn from the amazing way people in Tuscany rode the wave of issues brought to them daily; with a sense of importance and a dash of humour.

Bringing that knowledge and wisdom gained overseas into my studies, I was able to see how I could make my degree more fruitful for my career in youth ministry.

I began to develop theories of how we can teach critical thinking and active participation in youth groups, to better equip youth with the tools to navigate their lives. Being a glutton for punishment, I decided to do a Bachelor of Theology after I had completed my Diploma.

When I complete the Bachelor of Theology, I hope to do an honours year exploring Native American art and mythology and the Holy Spirit.

Finally, I believe in the power of art, literature and music to enable a person to see more clearly the concepts of the power, love and grace of God through the Holy Spirit. I believe our world is changing and we are more a pilgrim people than ever.

I believe in the power of a good coffee, a loyal friend and a favourite book read while it rains outside. All of these things are good and therefore, are creations of the living God.

***Amanda Thomson***

**The Great Mystery**

The great mystery is not that we should have been thrown down here at random between the profusion of matter and that of the stars; it is that from our very prison we should draw from our own selves, images powerful enough to deny our nothingness.

***Andre Malraux***



## *The Growing Place*



When I first arrived at St John's – indeed, even before I arrived, in conversations with the nominating committee - it became clear that St John's had a clear sense of its mission (the goals printed on the back of the order of service every week), and that solid, consistent progress was being made in almost every area. However, the congregation and council had both recognized that the biggest gap between vision and reality lay in a single area: ministry amongst young families. Teenage and young adult groups were going well under Gregor's guidance, but St John's was not making a great impact with families, either within or beyond Sunday worship (with the notable exception of the very popular quarterly family worship services). This, we agreed, was to be my priority as the new minister; to build on the strength, resilience and stability that St John's had developed during Arthur's years a new approach to our mission amongst families.

Having school and pre-school age children ourselves, Sureka and I were well placed to make contact with other families, and fairly soon, out of those relationships, Playjays was born. With the willing help of many members of the congregation, this new playgroup rapidly established itself as part of our Church life, and as a welcoming point of contact with families in the wider community.

But the question remained: how can St John's become a place where families choose to worship? While many families – those related to the congregation, as well as those from Playjays and WPS – would attend family services, it was clear that the traditional format of Sunday morning wasn't what most of the younger generation were looking for. And so we began the long process of conversation, prayer, and imagining that led to The Growing Place.

The Growing Place is a new worship service, a new part of the St John's community. It is based around two simple premises: that Jesus welcomed the children to come to him, so we should do the same; and that when we meet together everyone, regardless of age or experience, has insight into God to share – that the profoundest of truths are sometimes 'out of the mouths of babes'.

So we meet in the upper hall at 4pm on Sunday afternoons (a time chosen to fit as well as possible with naptime, mealtimes, bedtimes and other family commitments!) for a time of shared worship; we sing and pray together, then experience a part of the Christian story as a whole family. This might involve a story or video, music or drama, or a game or craft or activity. Sometimes this works better than others, but the intent is that everyone, of all ages, can both hear and respond to the theme of the week. Most weeks we then spend some time in separate age-appropriate activities; the grownups might have more in depth study or discussion, while the kids sing, play, or do craft related to the theme. Then we get back together and have shared supper, playtime and chat.

One month in, about a dozen families are involved in The Growing Place. Family commitments and the realities of life with young children being as they are, not everyone can be there every week, but there's been enough interest and commitment to give us the critical mass to continue, and to believe that this service is one more piece in the jigsaw puzzle of the mission of St John's.

*Chris Goringe*



**PLAYJAYS**

The play-doh table is always a big favourite

Dress up and play



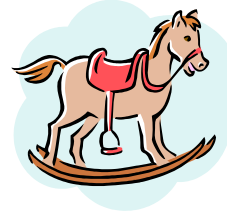
Morning tea time!

We have a different (messy) craft activity each week



*All photos are used with the carers permission.*

## Playjays



It's hard to believe that's its almost a year now since we were standing outside the lower hall on a Friday morning, waiting with trepidation to see if we would be the only people at the first Playjays. If just a few other families came, we said to ourselves, that would be a good start, enough for the kids to have a good time and the parents to have a chat.

Half an hour later there were fifteen children playing inside, and a happy hubbub of children's and adult's voices filled the hall. It seemed as if the idea of a playgroup in Wahroonga wasn't such a bad one after all...

Over the course of the year, 87 different children came along to Playjays, and although some of them were only there once or twice, many became regulars, coming back week after week.

The format of Playjays has remained pretty much the same since the start – we have an hour or so of free play, with a (messy!) craft activity, a play-doh table, and a range of different toys for different ages. Then the children have a morning tea of fruit and perhaps biscuits or cake, a little more time for play, and we end up with ten or fifteen minutes of singing together. As the weather got better we were able to expand out into the courtyard with popup tents, ride-on toys for the bigger kids, and a water table. And for the parents and carers – tea and coffee and growing friendships.

The end of 2010 saw a number of families leave us, as kids moved into preschool or school, and so 2011 began with a similar sense of trepidation to 2010 – with half of our regulars moved on, would we still have enough people coming along to make the mornings work? We needn't have worried – the families who have left were more than outnumbered by new arrivals, and the year has begun with more than 20 children coming each week. Now we're more worried by the opposite problem – when the weather makes it hard to be outside, the lower hall looks pretty close to capacity!

Playjays has only been possible because of the generosity of the St John's community. Many of our toys were donated by members of the congregation, and every week a couple of volunteers come along to make tea and coffee, chat with the parents, cut up fruit for morning tea, and help to clear up afterwards. We're so grateful for all the help that makes Playjays possible – and for the enthusiasm with which the volunteer roster fills up each term!

*Sureka Goringe and Davinia Inkson*

Singing action songs



## THE DISH



### **From Tiny Acorns Mighty Oak Trees Grow!**

Dreams do come true!

Natasha Cullen in 2005 had a dream about providing the homeless with a meal and companionship. She went to Arthur and he told her to pray about it and come back to him when she felt that she had at least five supporters from the church. Within a fortnight Natasha returned to Arthur and the concept of “The Dish” was born.

The first meal was served in July 2005 and the congregation quickly adopted it as one of St John’s Mission Goals. Natasha’s husband donated and fitted out the first Mitsubishi van. And there have been many both within and without the congregation who have supported “The Dish”; Peter and Janet Loxton having been supporters and guiding hands from the very beginning.

“The Dish” now truly represents what is good and generous within our entire community, from the businesses who support us generously each week with fresh goods and produce to the wider number of churches and community groups who faithfully attend on their rostered Fridays.

And it has been wonderful to see friendship and a sense of community grow between those who serve and those who come. And for me, a highlight was when Arthur had his closing service and several of the recipients of Natasha’s dream were there to say goodbye to him.

So although Natasha moved to Queensland some years ago her dream lives on and we are all the richer for the outcome of the dream and the now extended St John’s family.

*Rosemary Maclean*

## BRING AND SHARE



We have made a fine start to Bring and Share for 2011.

On 13 March 2011 St John's members John Gow and Maureen Bell provided fascinating and poignant insights into their work in the Northaven Uniting Care facility at Wahroonga. They support infirm and dementia residents by providing companionship, conversation and encouragement.

John is a long term member of St John's although as a choir member he is usually more heard than seen. He has been an accredited Lay Preacher in the Methodist and Uniting Churches for over 60 years. He was a Foundation Board Member of the Eastwood Christian Community Aid Service.

In proposing a vote of thanks, Mary Smith acknowledged the joy that these contacts can bring the Northaven residents concerned.

Our Minister The Reverend Dr Chris Goringe continues to support Bring and Share evenings and support the presentations with his excellent computer skills.

We remain grateful to our core of attendees, and the preparedness of busy speakers to give up their Sunday evenings. We are always looking for suitable speakers – either in-house or external. Also, the format of the evening is not set in concrete. So if you know of a prospective speaker or have views about the structure and timing of these activities, please contact our Minister or me.

***Ken Broadhead***  
***Bring and Share Convenor***

Farewell to Gregor



Goodbye



Au revoir



Farewell



# Wahroonga Preparatory School

## Update Term 1

***"How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and strong. Because someday in your life, you will have been all of these."  
George Washington Carver.***

Welcome to the first Wahroonga Preparatory School update for 2011! The aim of this update is to inform the St John's Congregation of the many amazing and interesting goings on in our School Community and how the Congregation can be involved, if they so choose.

Term one commenced on Tuesday 1 February, with the school welcoming many new families to our community. In total the school has 163 students enrolled in 2011 and for the first time, we have a full cohort of Year 6 students who have not only been charged with the responsibility of being the senior students in the school, but with the responsibilities of being school leaders and role models as well.

These challenges have been embraced by our Year 6 students with enthusiasm and grace. The whole school community wishes them well with their last year at WPS.

The WPS school year generally commences with the Parent's Association Welcome Picnic held in Wahroonga Park. The picnic is a chance for families, teachers and staff to come together and celebrate the start of a new year. One of the highlights of the picnic is the annual pie throw, where students relish the chance to throw a small pie of shaving cream at the school House Captains (all in fun of course), with the aim being to earn points for their allocated sport houses. The school has four sporting houses being, Elliott (Herb Elliott), Bradman (Sir Donald Bradman), Freeman (Cathy Freeman) and Fraser (Dawn Fraser). Whilst competition was fierce, the core values of participation, team pride and good sportsmanship were demonstrated time and time again by the students.

On 16 February all students in Years 1 - 6 participated in the school Cross Country in Wahroonga Park, whilst the kindy's participated in a circuit within the school grounds. A number of students from Years 2 - 6 qualified to represent the school at the next level being the IPSHA Cross Country to be held on 26 March at the King's School and we wish them well.

Likewise, early in term 1 time trials for the IPSHA Swimming Carnival were held and 17 children qualified to represent the school at the Sydney Olympic Park, Homebush. All children had a great day and many returned with ribbons, having been placed in events.

## Wahroonga Preparatory School (continued)

Charitable purpose plays a big part in the life of our school. On 17 February the school participated in 'School Aid Day for Queensland' and as such successfully raised and donated much needed money to this worthwhile cause.

As with past years, the 2011 cohort of year 4 students has chosen to recognize the good work done by the Sydney Children's Hospital and are supporting the hospital by participating in the Bandaged Bear Appeal and by hosting a breakfast to raise money for much needed medical equipment. If you would like to purchase a Bear, you can do so by visiting the school office.

Another charitable purpose activity undertaken by the school this term is participation in the 'You Can' fundraising Initiative in support of CanTeen. It might surprise you to know that cancer is the single biggest killer of Australian Teenagers and money raised by this initiative will assist CanTeen to build youth cancer centres across Australia. You can help this fundraiser by donating your old mobile phones to the school. Sony has arranged for the old phones to be recycled in return for cash with all proceeds going to CanTeen.

As part of the school's spiritual program we hold Chapel Services at different times throughout each term. They offer an opportunity for parents, children, teachers and Dr Chris (of course!), to come together in the spirit of developing our understanding and relationship with God. Members of the St John's Congregation are always welcome to attend these Services as well as the morning tea that follows. The next Chapel Service is **Thursday 31st March**. Please try to come along. The Services are lovely with the children actively participating. It is also a chance for you to see and hear the amazing WPS and Chapel Choirs perform.

Our school may be small but there are no shortages of extra-curricular activities available for the students to enjoy. This year, activities include Band, Chapel Choir, WPS Choir, Drama Club, Dance Club, Basketball Club, Stamp Club, Art Club, Craft Club, Model Making Club, Chess Club and Student Representative Council. It must be acknowledged that these activities are run by the teachers outside of their normal teaching responsibilities and outside of their normal teaching hours (before school, recess and lunch). The parents recognise and are grateful for the commitment and dedication afforded to our children by the amazing teachers at this school.

Our students are also fortunate in that they are offered many opportunities to participate in activities beyond the classroom. On 4 March our Year 6 students attended the Impact Student Leadership Conference. The Conference provides students with many challenges and covers topics such as the principles of Leadership; where Leaders can take action; different ways of Leading; Public Speaking skills; understanding Leadership styles and identifying personal Leadership methods. The Conference was a whole day event and was enjoyed by all.

## **Wahroonga Preparatory School (continued)**

In the coming holiday period and into Term 2, our Principal Margaret Mead will be taking part in a study tour of Scotland. Twenty-five Principals from around Australia, and from each sector, will be participating. Time will be spent at the University of Glasgow, School of Education and schools in Glasgow, Falkirk and Edinburgh, with the Principals looking at the Scottish Curriculum amongst other things.

The birth of a baby is always exciting news and this term (so far!) WPS has welcomed the birth of a baby boy to one of our past teachers Jo Apostalatos and the birth of a baby girl to current teacher Amanda Ferreira. The school has also welcomed the birth of four other babies to WPS parents. Term 1 comes to an end on Thursday 7 April and I look forward to updating you again in the next edition of the St John's Journal.

*Liesel Reville*

### **Images from the WPS Cross Country**



# Antiques Fair

## July is a panther

As I write this in the dying days of March, I can already feel the month of July sneaking up like a dark and predatory animal. And I know I'm not alone: anyone who's been around St John's for a while feels the approach of July with a strange mixture of dread and elation. For, at St John's, July is Antiques Fair Time.

As you've all heard so many times before, the Antiques Fair is our single largest fundraising activity, and I would argue also our most complex and hair-raising team endeavour.

Although we're still over three months away, I am already waking in the wee hours to fret about details. Will we be able to find the black fabric to cover the classroom walls? Will it rain? Will one of us remember, this year, to set out and light the little candles on the stairs to make the opening night a bit special? It's funny how, in the night, these tiny things seem so insurmountable, so impossible and so BIG.

Of course none of these things are worth losing sleep over -- they've been managed every year for 13 years, -- but the number of such details is simply astonishing. (I once jokingly suggested that we sell printed t-shirts carrying the slogan 'Exempt from Antiques Fair duties' for \$1,000 each and raise the money without doing the work - and the scheme very nearly took off!) I simply cannot imagine how Janet Macfarlane managed the whole monster herself during the years she ran the show. I thank God for the enthusiasm of the St John's congregation and the energy of all those willing to help.

We held our first committee meeting in mid-March, and members of our wonderful team are already off and running.

**Raymond Daly** (bless him), despite having moved to the NSW south coast is still calling antiques dealers far and wide - negotiating prices, considering the mix of displays and the spaces they'll occupy over the weekend as well as the logistics and timing of getting them in and out.

**Ian Paterson** is preparing to marshal a team to beg donations from every business in Wahroonga plus many from further afield. Without these, the lucky dip, the raffle and the silent auction that together raise several thousand dollars each year for the Exodus Foundation wouldn't be possible.

**Mary Smith** will start selling tickets to the opening night in May and continue through until July -- encouraging others to invite friends and family, tracking those who say they'll come, collecting payments ...

**Ted Metcalf** is keeping an eye on the venue, reporting back on the state of the halls and making sure WPS is up to speed on what we're doing.

**Virginia Mitchell** is searching around to scare up a coffee machine robust enough for two days solid use in our tea rooms, which she will again coordinate.

**Brendan Rothery** is puzzling the best way to set up a sound system that will let us add some ambiance to every corner of the site throughout the weekend, and solve the very practical problem of making our announcements heard by all during the opening.

**Kit Craig** is working on a promotion plan and budget. Assessing, of all the things we could do, which will give us the best bang for our limited buck this year.

**Bronwyn Willits** has drawn up a menu and already shanghaied core kitchen helpers for our opening night and Euan Willits has started pondering our wine selection.

However, as always, it will be the tremendous efforts of the wider congregation that will make the weekend the success it needs to be. Rosters will be available after church from late May or early June, but if one of these activities sounds of interest to you, don't wait to sign up. Please speak to one of our committee members listed above, or to me, and let us know how you think you can help.

*The 14th annual Wahroonga Antiques Fair  
will be held over the weekend of July 16 and 17.  
Tickets to the opening night on July 15 at 7.30pm are \$30.*

## Eulogy for Fred Taylor



Since Fred and Eunice came to St John's we have all been privileged and proud to have known Fred who has been such a compassionate, patient, thoughtful, devout and caring gentleman.

Fred Taylor was born at Lancashire, in the United Kingdom, on Friday, 3<sup>rd</sup> February, 1922. He had an older brother Jack and a sister who died at the age of 3 from measles. Times were difficult as his mother was left to bring up 3 children alone. Fred did very well at school and although he won a scholarship to the local Grammar School, he realised his mother could not afford it, but he carried on until he was able to take up, and complete, his apprenticeship as a bricklayer.

Fred attended an Anglican Church where he sang in the choir, but he claims he only did this because they got paid for weddings etc.

At 18, he joined the Royal Air Force and became a wireless Operator/Air Gunner – Tail End Charleys, as they were known. He served in Africa, India, and the East, particularly over Burma, and at one time was dropping, not bombs, but food parcels over a part of Burma where his brother was fighting with the “Chindits”. Later he served in Coastal Command and just before demob he flew with B.O.A.C., now British Airways, setting up routes for flights in peacetime. After demob he preferred to go back into the building trade.

When just back in civilian life, he met the love of his life and married Eunice and rejoiced greatly in family life with his two daughters, Pamela and Jennie. They attended the local Methodist Church, but a meeting with the great Methodist Preacher, Donald Soper, changed Fred from what he called a nominal churchgoer, to an active Christian.

## *Eulogy for Fred Taylor (continued)*

Fred had specialised in his trade as a Firebrick Retort Builder and in 1956 the family migrated to Sydney where his skills were in great demand. He also built a couple of houses in the Crows Nest area. Believe it or not, at that time, this was a quiet spot with no sewerage.

Eunice was restless, and they made a move to Melbourne.

However, Fred was offered more work at Comalco, Bell Bay, Tasmania, but he did not enjoy being away from his family, so returned to Melbourne, where he concentrated on ordinary brickwork, which included the frontages of several banks. After a while Eunice again fancied a move, and after work and accommodation was offered, via a Methodist connection, the family moved to New Zealand for approximately seven years, which were active years in the Church. Fred became Sunday School Superintendent, helped with the Boys Brigade and became a Church Officer. He even built his own house on land purchased from the Auckland Central Mission.

Although the family seemed settled, homeland called, so in 1970, after 14 years away, they returned to London, where the family remained until Jennie and her family moved to Australia settling in Wahroonga about 1998. Fred and Eunice visited them on a couple of occasions and in 2002 they also decided to come to Australia.

During the 32 years back in London, Chelsea Methodist Church played a big part on their lives and Fred filled many roles including Church Steward, Minister's Steward, Synod Representative and District Secretary of Methodist Homes for the Aged, as well as fund raising and decision making during the building of a new church. Fred continued bricklaying and became well known for the excellent frontages of buildings, including the Kensington Hilton Hotel and one at Hyde Park Corner which won an architectural award for the brickwork. At 70 he was sick of working outdoors in winter, and retired, taking up voluntary work, and initiated a "Drop-in Centre", serving refreshments and providing listening ears daily from 9 to 5 to all who needed it, mainly the homeless. This then extended to providing a bed, hot dinner and breakfast for 35 homeless people on one night a week. Through this Fred became very popular with the homeless, one of whom wrote a poem, entitled "My Friend Fred Who Makes a Lovely Cup of Tea". He was well known for his kindness and compassion and going the extra mile. Fred also ran a bible study house group for 25 years with attendances ranging from 6 to 16, a number of whom he provided transport to and from the meetings. Through all this Fred was a keen, loving and devoted family man to Eunice, his daughters Pam and Jennie and their families. His four grandsons meant a great deal to him, as did his sons-in-law, Tony and Richard.

Fred experienced perfect health until 2004, two years after arriving in Wahroonga, when he was diagnosed with kidney failure, which was a real blow, but borne with great fortitude. His 6 years of dialysis were difficult but he never complained, never lost his faith and always remained thankful for the help he received. He was thankful to his "Family" at the San Renal Dialysis Centre, for the care and friendship from doctors, nurses, and fellow patients. Fred was a man who expected little, but gave a lot for as long as he was able. He was grateful for the friendship and fellowship of the St John's Congregation.

***Eulogy for Fred Taylor (continued)***



However be assured that although we here at St John's have only known Fred for approximately eight years, he became a most respected and loved "Gentleman". We admired his uncomplaining fortitude during his suffering, his patience and his cheerful attitude. He was always, such a quiet and unassuming man.

Fred has been called to a higher place to be with his Lord, but we will certainly miss him very, very much.

***Bruce Johnson and the Taylor Family***

Let us live with uncertainty as with a friend.  
To feel certain means feeling secure;  
To feel safe is unreal, a delusion of self;  
Knowing we do not know is the only certainty  
Letting ourselves be lost in Christ

***St Anselm***



## Update on the Wylie Family

The Wylie family were long time central members of the St John's family, greatly loved and respected by all of the congregation. And it was with great sadness but with our heart-felt best wishes that we farewelled them several years ago as they set off for their new life in a unit close to the Manly ocean front and amongst members of their family.

Several weeks ago I was able to catch up with Margaret as I was in the Manly area. Margaret has been having a very sad and challenging time as she had to make the decision to have Bruce moved into a dementia unit. I have always thought that Margaret put it beautifully when she said to me several years ago that Bruce was aging faster than she was! It has been a traumatic decision for Margaret after such a long time together but as the doctor pointed out her health would be unable to withstand the strain of the circumstances.

We spent an enjoyable time together chatting about old friends from St John's. And Margaret was very keen to hear of all of the doings of not only old friends, but of their children and grand children as well. I have included Margaret's phone number as I know that she would love a chat about both old times and present happenings.

Margaret's phone number is 99776050

*Rosemary Maclean*

The Broadheads with Susan Ramage at Chris's Ordination



## From War to Wahroonga – My Life in a Nutshell!



A brown knitted teddy, a red blanket and a dark green ambulance with a red cross. These are my earliest memories. I was three years old and had contracted scarlet fever. I had to be taken to the isolation hospital near Worthing where my beautiful teddy was sent to the incinerator. I then spent a whole month in a big bed in a bare room. My mother could only visit me by standing outside the glass windows. I still remember the day she collected me, she arrived with a new pair of shoes; a real treat during the War as everything was rationed!

The Second World War had been raging for two years. I was born on the south coast of England, not the best place to be once the Germans had invaded France! By the time my brother and I were at school the air raids had increased. We experienced hit and run Messerschmitts firing cannon shells randomly, dropping one bomb and then heading for home. They would appear with no warning above the tree tops, we would have to dive for cover, uncertain whether we should continue on our way to school or return home. I can remember seeing German pilots hanging in trees with their parachutes caught in the branches. The home guard (Dad's Army) would come and take them away.

Years passed and I went to Norway to become a nanny working for the Norwegian Foreign Minister. He and his wife had 2 boys aged 4 and 18 months. I had a wonderful 3 years there but looking back how could I have been so efficient when I'd be out partying until the early hours, train the race horses nearby and still be on duty at 8 o'clock in the morning! Oh to be young!

I decided it was time to move home to England where I met Colin, my dear husband, in Brighton at a dinner dance in 1962. He was from Edinburgh and was working for the BBC in Surrey. We married in 1963 and in 1964 we had our lovely daughter Helen, followed by our handsome boy David in 1966. I remember having my newborn son on my lap while watching England win the World Cup, this may have contributed to the fact that he's always been soccer mad!

## **From War to Wahroonga – My Life in a Nutshell! (continued)**

In 1969 we moved to a beautiful old farmhouse in Copthorne, a village in Sussex. My children were lucky enough to have my mother Audrey live with us as she had a wing of the house all to herself. We had over 30 very happy years there while the children grew up. It was always a very happy, sociable house. Always full of people and laughter, a great place for parties!

Helen completed her degree in Bath and Diploma in Brighton and then moved to Australia in 1990 having spent a gap year in Australia in 1986-87. David was and still is with British Airways and has three daughters, he still lives in Sussex close to where he grew up. Colin died of prostate cancer in 1995 and my mother Audrey died aged nearly 93 in 2007. This was the first time I had been on my own since the early 60's.

Helen by now had moved from North Queensland to Adelaide and then on to Sydney. She had 6 children so I felt I should now move over and give her a hand. I was ready for a change in my life and had always enjoyed my frequent visits to Australia (46 in all!). I can still recall in school having pencils and rulers marked made in Australia and tins of IXL jam during the war. Delicious! Little did I know that I would one day be living in Australia! You never know what life has in store for you.

I love this great country Australia and of course I have a soul mate in John whom I love dearly. Thank you all for making me so welcome at St John's. It's lovely to feel part of the community. I've made many friends and I'm never at a loose end. I enjoy the voluntary work at Kari Court and Northaven, my job at Ricochet and of course my most important job, being here for my daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren!

***Maureen Bell***



## Celebrating the life of Phil Dean



For many years Phil was a prominent figure in the life of the St John's Community. Looking back, not many occasions happened without Phil being a central figure whether gathering us all around the piano for a singsong or busily checking that nobody was left out or without a drink or sustenance. With Phil in control, there was always laughter and good humour. And this was very evident at his funeral in Bowral at St Jude's on St David's Day 1<sup>st</sup> March (and we all know how the Welsh love music).

At Wahroonga Rotary on the Wednesday following his funeral, one of the members invited reminiscences from attendees; and there were many. These included the time when Phil was on his way to bank the day's takings and he inadvertently dropped his briefcase spilling notes, cheques and money over the pavement. That was bad enough but the police were searching for a thief who had just robbed a bank and they quickly apprehended the culprit....PHIL. He had to do some quick explaining to get out of that one!!!

I remember when the St John's Easter Group was on Norfolk Island and with lusty singing we finished half a verse ahead of the congregation. At our next appearance with Phil heading towards the piano a local said "Oh hear comes the village glee club". But guess how long it was before the locals were included in the merry throng as Phil happily played and everybody sang!

And for how many of us did Phil willingly dispense pharmacy advice with always a patient ear for our troubles.

## Celebrating the life of Phil Dean (continued)

All of the Dean's 4 children took part in Phil's funeral which was truly a celebration of his life. Michael reminded us of the many groups which were part of Phil's metier...the church group, the Wahroonga group, the Rotary group, the pharmacy group, the playschool group, the Scouting group...all of which he suspected were the same group as the Dean's hospitality was widespread and inclusive.

All of the children remembered his support...Michael mentioning buying his first car, being given financial advice (although not always totally beneficial) and the scar resulting from the first aid when his father was attempting a medical repair.

And Michael also remembered his father's passions...the piano, playing golf, observing the planets through his telescope and quizzing his children on the periodic table.

And we all remember Phil's ability to get lost, and to lose Kerry; especially in Bath!

At his funeral Jo, Phil's only daughter gave a wonderful summary of Phil's life. Phil was born on 21<sup>st</sup> January 1944 and grew up in North Strathfield and went to school at Trinity Grammar School, as he said "from the time he could walk". It was there that he developed his lasting loves of music, chess and sport. As well as playing the organ for morning chapel, he became school chess champion and played for the 1<sup>st</sup> XI cricket.

He studied Pharmacy at Sydney University and became president of the Students' Pharmaceutical Association and graduated with a Bachelor of Pharmacy. In 1967 he spent a year overseas and it was during that time that he sought permission to marry Kerry. And so in 1968 they were married in Trinity Chapel. The four children Michael, Joanna, Stuart and Andrew were born during the following years. And it was after Andrew was born in 1978 that they moved to their house in Bareena Avenue and became very much a part of the St John's family. Phil became the leader of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wahroonga Scouts, St John's Own, BUT as well he coached and managed Wahroonga Tigers teams in soccer, rugby and cricket.

Phil was known to many of us as our Pharmacist at South Turramurra which he bought in 1973. Jo remembered exciting trips with her father to the Pharmacy sitting between her father's knees and steering the car!

And Phil did not neglect his further studies gaining a Masters in Chemistry from Macquarie University during the 1970's. His thesis was on comparing the Sydney Starfish with the Crown of Thorns Starfish. Many a morning was spent scouring the northern beaches rock pools for specimens. His special interest at university was in lunar chemistry inspired by the Apollo flights to the moon.

It was during these years that Phil also joined Wahroonga Rotary, becoming both President and a Paul Harris Fellow. He was also Foundation President of the "Sydney Siders' Barber-shop Chorus".

## Celebrating the life of Phil Dean (continued)

As the children grew up Phil and Kerry started indulging their passion to travel. In 1999 they travelled to South Africa, the UK, Spain, Israel, Jordan, Ireland and Turkey. And in 2000 they relocated to their lovely home in the Southern Highlands at Burradoo. Here Phil spent much time tending his beautiful garden; a source of joy to the many who visited it. But Phil was also able to spend more time playing his beloved sport of golf. He became an active member of Bowral Golf Club and was as much in demand for his piano playing skills as he was for his golfing. Phil had joined Strathfield Golf Club in 1973 but it was in Bowral that he was able to truly indulge his passion, especially when Kerry also started to play golf with him. This was a little of a two edged sword as Phil liked to play competitive golf and Kerry was far more indulgent about the rules of play!

And so we say farewell in this life to a man who not only played sport well but also played his life well. He was not only a loving husband and father but a good friend and a generous host. He surrounded us all with music and his life will long be remembered with great affection.

*Rosemary Maclean* (with family assistance)

### Phil Dean Eulogy (extract)

We went on many a bushwalk with the same old group of mates  
Making friends with snakes and leeches, clamb'ring over country gates  
And all this Phil recorded, all the drink stops, all the falls  
In countless photo albums lined around his study walls.

He'd stop us every quarter hour, set his tripod in the dirt  
Quickly arrange the camera, attach the cable from his shirt.  
And ignoring the beautiful scenery, turn the camera right around  
And take the identical photo, on a different piece of ground,  
of just the same old faces that he'd snapped for thirty years,  
but with balding pates, and sagging jowls, and lightly greying beards,  
and a beaming Phil all chuffed that he'd managed once again  
to nimbly run around and avoid tripping over the lethally extended tripod legs  
to appear within the frame.

And talking now of tripping what scout could e'er forget  
Our Suggee Bag Creek adventures in the cold and wind and wet.  
The lowly rooting Wombats and the mighty Cockatoos  
Engaged in mortal combat and fuelled with forbidden booze.

## Phil Dean Eulogy (extract)

Yes, we were the greatest scout patrols both vying for the shield  
Decided by a footie match, on the rain-swept Suggee field.

The ground was frozen solid, the score was two tries all  
When a sloppy Cocky forward-pass gave Wombat Phil the ball

He charged off down the paddock, dodged a pile of horse's pooh,  
Stuck his foot into a wombat hole, and disappeared from view.

And then forever after, the thought would always rankle  
That another fellow wombat had caused his broken ankle.

But I'll tell you a little secret, and you ex-Wombats know it's true,  
That if he ever gets the chance again, he'll come back a Cockatoo.

Now Phil loved talking history but he didn't know when to stop  
And this often caused confusion to his clients in the shop  
"How much is this?" says a customer, as he hovers by the till  
And quick as a flash Phil answers back "Battle of Bunyip Hill"

"Battle of Bunyip Hill?" asks the customer all bemused  
as Phil rings up the total and turns to him, amused.

"Yes 1799 please," as he walks him to the door,  
"When Cromwell conquered the Indians in the Third Phoenician War."

Our Phil knew every treaty and every battle by its date  
But his sense of *current* timing had him always running late  
Many a plane he almost missed and I'm sure you've all been told  
Of how they squeezed us on the Brisbane hop in the flight crew's luggage hold.

But nothing beats the drama, (dare I go down this path?)  
Of that divorce-provoking saga, of getting lost in Bath.

Poor Kerry stood there waiting for Phil for countless hours:  
He'd got the *Bath* bit muddled up and was in the hotel by the showers.

Phil was a talented pianist and a golfer of renown  
He played on every country course and concert grand in town  
But what gave him the greatest pleasure was the little bouncing ball  
In our singsongs by the piano in the lounge room off the hall.

One night while we were singing someone tapped him on the arm  
"D'you know Kerry's spilled the coffee?" she said with some alarm  
But Phil just kept on playing, shook his head and whispered "Nup,  
but if you just try to hum the tune I'm sure I'll pick it up!"

The anecdotes are endless but there's something we all know  
That we wouldn't have had the Phil we loved without Kerry, Mike or Jo  
Or Stu and Andy and spouses, and their evergrowing clan  
who will carry on the legacy of this kind and gentle man.

*Rob Ferguson*



## **Angus Bowen**

It was with great pleasure that several weeks ago I happened across Angus enjoying an outing in the Hornsby Westfield with Jeff Stewart. Angus is happily settled in Bowden Brae and appreciating the care and comforts which he receives there. I know that he is greatly thankful for his outings into the wider world with Jeff. It was great to chat with Angus and remember old times and reminisce about mutual friends from St John's. He also has greatly appreciated the times when he has been both well enough and been able to be brought to share in the Sunday Service at St John's.

*Rosemary Maclean*

### **Notes from "The Journal" February 1966**

#### **New Plans for Young People**

A change is to be made this year for those attending the Senior Bible Class groups

The continued growth of the Sunday School makes urgent the need for more space, especially for the Kindergarten and Primary Departments. This is one of the most welcome visible signs of the value of the work of St John's amongst us in Wahroonga. ....Amongst other things they carried out a sample survey of the wishes of parents, teachers and pupils, for obviously there were many things about the existing organisation of Family Service and Sunday School that appealed to all.

*Has the wheel turned full circle and soon 45 years on we might again face a similar problem? (Rosemary Maclean)*

In May 1969 the planned giving first exceeded \$5000...an increase of 20%..and was deemed a success!

*Times have certainly changed !*



## PIPE DREAMS

Omissions and glitches notwithstanding, our first organ recital for 2011 all came together on the night of Saturday 26 February, much to the delight of the audience, performers and organisers. Kappella noted how enjoyable it is to sing from the organ loft with such good acoustics; and all performers enjoyed the large audience and positive feedback, and the friendliness over supper. They would love to be invited to perform again.

Thanks everyone for coming, inviting friends and spreading the word and I look forward to seeing you all at the next concert in April.

With The Hornsby Advocate's and The North Shore Times' great publicity, the audience drew from as far away as Willoughby, Mt Colah and St Ives. One gentleman came out of interest as he grew up in Holland close to where our organ was designed.

From Day 1, our minister Chris and the Church Council ran with the concept of a recital, forming an organising committee of Sarah Gentle, Alan Hislop, Ted Metcalf and Peter Loxton. Ted did his research to discover 50 years ago, on 16 April 1961, St John's held their inaugural recital to dedicate their newly installed organ, designed by Pels and Son of Alkmaar, Holland.

Alan and Peter know Organist Peter Kneeshaw AM from their early days with the Masonic Ensemble, when he was their accompanist. Peter Kneeshaw is Organist Emeritus at St Mary's Cathedral, having been Principal Organist since 1988. He has performed widely both here and abroad, including St Paul's and Westminster Cathedrals in London; in 2006 he was appointed a Member of the Order of Australia for services to music. He accepted our invitation readily and in his program he included the Knox choir Kappella with choir mistress Erszi Marosszaky, with whom he works at Knox. Erszi is highly skilled as well, having gained a Masters degree in Performance and Teaching in Budapest, following her completion of tertiary studies at the Sydney Conservatorium. Presently she is Director of Knox Grammar School Gallery Choir and Kappella.

## Pipe Dreams (continued)

The resulting collaboration was a magical evening of organ music and pure young voices in a softly lit sanctuary, well deserving of a loud BRAVO from the rear pew.

We're lucky to have a continuum of organ recitals from Our Sarah, playing rousing post-ludes weekly to her audience which is the St John's congregation. Peter Loxton's dream of showcasing our organ within the community arose from a recital on an excellent electronic organ at Our Lady of the Rosary Catholic Cathedral, Waitara. This concert was promoted by Hornsby Arts Council of which Peter and I are members.

Meanwhile I was enjoying an organ recital as part of an International Organ Festival in Estonia. In post-communist Old Town Tallinn's mediaeval Lutheran Church there were no bravos, only a subdued applause for this world class performance by Guy Bovet.

The next recital at St John's is on Saturday 16 April at 7-30pm, our organ's centenary celebration. More to come on this one but we hope you will put this date in your diary now. If you wish to follow some of Kappella's soloists, Blake and one of Erszi's daughters, I believe, have lead roles in PLC's musical.

*Janet Loxton*



### Ministers 'Rogues Gallery'

In the vestry at St John's are hung some pictures of past serving Ministers. These date back to the first service held. A gap had been observed and recent steps were taken to fill that; at least in part.

Bob Potter undertook to search his files of the many pictorial records he has of the time Arthur Pearce spent with us. The Council chose one and a fine print was framed for hanging among all the others.

One day someone might volunteer to carry out a re-arrangement of all these pictures into a more artistic layout!

*Ted Metcalf*

## ABBOX CAMP

The ABBOX Fun Camp is an annual event in which children with special needs from 20 or so families are cared for by senior students from both Knox and Abbotsleigh. The program is part of the Sony Children's Holiday Camps which originated at Riverview some 10 years ago. The children have lots of fun participating in different activities such as patting farm animals, swimming, music, craft and this year undertaking a Master Chef Competition. They also enjoyed a visit from the police, the fire brigade and an ambulance.

The children were delighted with their aprons for the Master Chef Competition which were made for them by Margaret Broadhead. The children felt like professional chefs when they were wearing them!

On the first evening Laurena Potter organised the Potter and Maclean family to provide the barbecue supper.

Bob Potter and David Maclean also helped at the Warrawee Bowling Club Activity for AB-BOX. This was a special part of the Camp. To see the bowls activity was breath taking. The carers and the children with special needs were enthusiastic and were having so much Fun!

The participation by so many members of the congregation in providing food for morning and afternoon teas was greatly appreciated.

*Helen Clarke*



## Lyn Wright

Lyn Wright died in Ballina, December 2010 after a long battle with cancer. Many at St John's will remember her as she served here as an elder for many years.

She moved to Ballina some 15 years ago to be near her daughter. Lyn fitted into her new community where she did volunteer work and ran a book club. Her love of people led her when nearly eighty, to convincing three of her friends to join her in having their heads shaved to raise money for teenagers with cancer.

As an elder here she looked after her flock, visiting them or telephoning them regularly. She knew the up-to-date news of families in her care and would even correspond with family members who had moved out of home. Our daughter received a letter of congratulation and encouragement from Lyn when her son was born which was followed up by a gift.

Lyn had 'old-world' manners, dressed elegantly with hat and gloves and used a lorgnette. This presence seemed at odds with her carrying voice reminiscent of Jeannie Little. When you visited Lyn you got the silver tea service no matter when you called and when conversing with her she gave you her undivided attention. Nevertheless she remained very adaptable. When we, with the Macleans, visited her in Ballina the arrangements were that we would arrive for afternoon tea. However, we were delayed until early evening. Upon our arrival Lyn with aplomb and gracious courtesy welcomed us, swept the afternoon tea cups aside and served us gin and tonics instead with the words, 'After five pm everyone needs a drink!'

She ran a Bethel Bible Study group with the same discipline and enthusiasm that she had from teaching English literature classes. We were set and she marked our homework each week. Hers was a thoughtful and practical faith. She maintained her belief in Christ's acceptance of each individual regardless of their sexual orientation and enjoyed sermons which challenged her to think more deeply about her faith.

### *Laurena Potter*

Dorothy and Chris at the Service of Ordination



## Dear Church Family

Our removal to the far South Eastern corner of NSW has been a great change for us, in many ways. We have swapped our large residential block and empty nest in West Pymble for a bigger rural block, (though 9.5 acres is reasonably small by local standards) and a smaller house.

Our property is a triangle, roughly divided into 3 main paddocks. On the southern side, the wood paddock: a flat, grassy woodland with a good mix of local native trees, which will feed the wood fired pot-belly stove, which warms the whole house (hopefully!). The sloping home paddock: with our house, machine shed, water tanks, chook shed (currently empty), orchard and the planned vegetable garden. Finally to the north and west of the house, the grazing paddock: currently grazed by our neighbour's horse and cow, also has a large marshy area, and contains our 'rabbit corner', which is the furthest point from the house and has supplied a couple of rabbits for the pot. We are bounded on one side by a fairly quiet, dirt road, another side by a little creek (downhill from the house) and by wire fencing to our neighbour's sheep paddock.

After 10 years of working 4 days a week and juggling mum & housekeeping duties with hobbies and volunteer work, I am enjoying the slower pace of life in the country. Although, it didn't take me long to find the village exercise group, local choir, SES and hockey club, they are mostly evening activities and I am quite happy to spend the days pottering around at home, or helping Raymond plan our future vegetable garden and orchard! I have also been making enquiries about work and have managed 1 full hour of tutoring in Excel use!

Instead of remaining in the SES, Raymond was quick to join our village unit of the Rural Fire Service and has already almost completed his basic fire-fighting training. He has continued to work part-time on his Project Management business, which is mostly done by phone and email, with a monthly short trip to Sydney for face-to-face meetings in the city.

We have been lucky to have a number of visitors so far – family and friends, just popping in or staying for a few days. It is always good to have a goal of completing some other task in the house, or on the property, before the next visitor arrives!

We love the country life and have found lots of positive reinforcement for our decision to up stakes and move out of Sydney. The only drawback, so far, is we have been surprised how difficult it has been to find a church family that can come anywhere close to our time at Wahroonga. You are indeed a special bunch!

Like all [church] families, we have had our ups and downs, at times, but the open feeling of community, within the St John's congregation is quite special. There is an energy at St John's that comes from the many activities under way, within and outside the church, and we have become used to weekly sermons which explore the meaning of the scriptures - challenging us to examine ourselves and our actions as Christians in the world.

We have found a different kind of challenge here... Over the years we have been pretty flexible with our choice of church, United Reformed, Anglican, Uniting, but we have been lucky 3 times, to have found friendly, welcoming, interesting people with whom to share our worship and grow our faith.

## Patricia Daly (Continued)

Just assumed it would happen again, but we have found ourselves, in our new locale, to be 'wandering worshippers' - slipping in and out of church services, sometimes staying for tea and a chat, other times wanting to run for cover!

Looks like we may be leaning towards the local parish of the Anglican church, which covers 8 churches at the moment, including a once-a-month service in our own village. Depending on our planned activities for Sunday, we can choose 8 am at Pambula, 11 am at Wolumla on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday, or 5 pm at Candelo, (or Tantawangelo on 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday of the month). Confused? Not surprisingly, we have already missed a couple of services, by not watching the clock at home.

Although these churches are all quite small and share the same minister and assistant, the services each have a different character. Our favourite, at the moment, is Candelo.

Pambula's congregation numbers around 50 and the services seem quite formal, with the organist sitting at the back of the church leading all the singing with a lovely, and powerful, voice. After the service, morning tea is shared in the church hall building behind the church. All very friendly, but the 8 am start is a bit of a challenge.

Wolumla's congregation is very small (our visit made it 12) and rather than contain people who only worship once a month, it is basically a subset of Pambula's congregation. Singing was accompanied by an ipod/PC setup, which was sometimes a bit hard to hear. As they were hymns we knew and liked, I found myself leading the singing, which was a bit haphazard, as I struggled to hear the speed of the music! Lovely wee church, with the best morning tea, served at the back of the church around the baptismal font!

The services at Candelo/Tantawangelo are cosy, with a small attending congregation of about 15. Most are around our age, and have been together for many years, as their families grew up together in this church. Children, from babies upwards, also attend the services and just play in the aisle, or at the back. Singing is voice-led, by a good singer, but without piano, or organ... the hymn books don't have a music line, so we get a bit lost if we don't already know the tune. After the service, there is a friendly gathering over a cuppa, around a table at the back of the church, where everyone is chatty and welcoming. So eye on the clock for 5 pm tonight...

We have been lucky to avoid any major damage in the recent record floods in the Bega Valley. Patricia was a bit busy with the SES, Raymond had a few fences to repair, and our builders missed a couple of days of work, but otherwise no problem.

The building work has been going for a few weeks now and we have laughed a bit at the thought that we are now upsizing, after downsizing - adding a study, and a verandah to increase the shade around the house.

Once this is complete, we are looking forward to marking out the beds that will be our new, extended orchard and our vegetable plots. We already have an Apricot, William Bartlett Pear, Nashi Pear, Golden Delicious (?) Apple, Almond, Olives and Cumquat. We have had to learn quickly how to cope with various methods of preserving - bottling, freezing, jam, pickling, and a resumption of our old hobby of fruit wine-making!

## Patricia Daly (Continued)

Also have found a great neighbourhood swapping culture, where luckily we all have fruit harvests at slightly different times.

A voucher for a local Garden Centre, which is part of a very kind, leaving gift from St John's, will be used to purchase a number of fruit trees. At the moment, our wish list includes Granny Smith Apple, Apricot (with different harvest time), Fig, Plum, Walnut, ... The vegetable plot will hold anything and everything, as it seems we can grow most things locally, but we will check out the winter frosts first.

Our other gift from St John's was a ticket to the theatre in Canberra, 3 ½ hours drive away. We have planned this treat for June and will stay overnight and combine it with a shopping trip to the Canberra Markets.

So, to close – thank you very much to everyone at St John's for your friendship and fellowship, during our faith journey. Thank you for the lovely leaving gifts, which we will cherish and watch grow from year to year.

As some of you have already found, it is hard to get rid of us completely – it was lovely to see some of you when we popped into the Pancake Feast at the Manse.

I hope you enjoy the photos of our new place. and look forward to seeing you on our next visit to Wahrenonga.

Lots of love

### *Patricia and Raymond.*



Our front door



The grazing paddock



The wood paddock

## **Una Mary Brodie 1923 -2010**

I met my friend and neighbour Una Brodie over 50 years ago when we were both expecting our first child. We became close friends and were a great help to each other through the arrivals of our first and second children.

Una's girls Liza and Judy were both baptised by Rev Ron Blackwood as were my son Andrew and daughter Felicity.

Una was always available to organise Morning Teas etc for our P.W.A. meetings or any activity that needed catering.

We carted our 4 under 2 year olds to Women's World Days of Prayer and many other church meetings around the district. We were helped and encouraged by the lovely and loving Jean Blackwood who was always there to smooth the way when this caravan of babies and toddlers arrived.

The Brodie girls and my two all attended Sunday School and all the church activities that followed.

After this our church interests separated, mine to the choir, the Committee of Management and later the flower roster as I was not so interested in cooking etc.

When our children started school at Warrawee Infants, Una joined the Canteen ladies and then my committee of tirelessly organising cake stalls and progressive dinners to raise funds for the school. Hornsby Girls High also benefited from her expertise when the girls progressed there.

Una's mother and father Catherine and Hugh Hyndman lived at Kurmond near Richmond and Una caught the steam train, every day to Burwood Girls' Home Science High School where she became a prefect.

Una followed on to become a cooking demonstrator at the Australian Gas Light Company. Her cake decoration was famous around our area too.

Russel and Una met when he was in the bank at Richmond and they built their home in Mildred Street Warrawee.

Una with her vast energy became one of the mainstays of the fledging "Meals on Wheels" at Turramurra with Doreen Godtschalk and Marjorie Buckley and stayed for over 25 years.

After her husband Russel died and her health started to deteriorate Una was diagnosed with Huntington's Disease and it soon became necessary for full time care.

The house was sold and Una moved into the wonderful U.P.A. hostel and then Nursing home at Wahroonga where she lived until her death.

## Una Brodie (continued)

While at U.P.A., Una was having painting lessons as therapy for over 10 years and she held an exhibition of her abstract two colour work. Some of these paintings adorn the wall at the entrance to the Nursing Home.

She still attended church for some time with the help of wonderful church friends Joyce and Ken Eastaugh.

My husband Paul and I attended her burial in the family plot at Richmond Lawn Cemetery on 23<sup>rd</sup> December.

The service was conducted by Rev. Dr Chris Goringe.

## *Elizabeth Notting*



Photos from the past when Una was having to leave St John's. Who can you recognise?

## The Caterpillar Club

During the 1914/18 war, aircrew did not wear parachutes as none had been devised which could be opened after the pilot or crew had left the aircraft. Tests had shown that chutes attached to the aircraft rather than the person, did not always open, usually fouling parts of the aircraft, leaving the unfortunate jumper still attached to the stricken aircraft by the rigging lines. The German Air Force, in 1918 did use a “container type” chute which was only partially successful and was discontinued.

Leslie Irvin, an American, was convinced that a suitable type of chute, independent of the aircraft was possible. After much experimental work he devised his first chute with a silk canopy 32 feet in diameter with 24 silk rigging lines each 16 feet long. The canopy had a small vent at the top to allow a certain amount of air to pass through it, to control oscillation. The chute was to be packed in a canvas container secured by heavy elastic bands and two metal pins attached to a handle which became known as the rip cord. When this ripcord was pulled, the pack opened, releasing the small pilot chute which opened and then drew out the main canopy.

The first Irvin chute was made by sewing the silk panels together using a commercial sewing machine. It was tested with a dummy with a rope fastened to the ripcord which was pulled when the dummy with chute attached was clear of the aircraft. After extensive successful tests using a dummy, Irvin was convinced the time was ripe for him to do a live jump.

Before this happened he was invited to join a research team to develop a chute which permitted an airman to leave the plane and jump with complete safety. Irvin was convinced he had already achieved that but joined the team.

After a few modifications to his original design, Irvin finally on 28<sup>th</sup> April 1919 made a successful free fall jump and the chute worked perfectly. The old theory that a man would not be able to move his arms in a free fall was proved to be incorrect. So successful were the trials that the American Air Corps adopted the design and made wearing the chute compulsory for all aircrew. Some short time later the first pilot saved his life by using a parachute in an emergency situation.

Due to an error when the firm was registered, the “g” was added to his name so since then it has been the Irving Parachute Company. It was suggested to Irvin by his colleagues that as there was bound to be more bail outs, why not start a bail out club. The idea was adopted and after many suggestions the relevance of the silkworm which is really a caterpillar, to the silk of the canopy and rigging lines of the chute, gave the idea a name and the Caterpillar Club was on its way.

Irvin volunteered to keep the records and also decided to present each member with a small gold caterpillar pin engraved with the members name and rank, which has continued to the present day. He also decided the club would be in name only, no premises, no entrance fee, no subscriptions. The only class of membership would be for life and the only privilege “the continuous enjoyment of that life”. There would be no committee, no president, no patron, only an honorary secretary in which capacity for the present, Irvin acted.

## **The Caterpillar Club (continued)**

The only rule governing acceptance into the Caterpillar Club is that the applicants shall have saved their life in a genuine emergency descent using an Irvin type parachute in circumstances where they had no intention of jumping at the commencement of the flight.

In 1925 the R.A.F. adopted the Irvin parachute as standard equipment.

The first parachuted for the R.A.A.F. were purchased on 30 March 1925 on a recommendation by the then Wing Commander Williams at £70/0/0 each on his recommendation that “not a single failure has been known with an Irving type chute”.

It is often asked what is a safe minimum height for the successful use of a parachute. To allow clearance from the aircraft it is desirable no lower than 300/400 feet although there have been many cases where exceptional circumstances have resulted in successful jumps from as low as 50 feet. When fully opened the airman and the chute fall at 20 feet per second, a very big difference from the 175 feet per second without a chute. It only takes a second or two from the time of pulling the ripcord until the small chute is released and it is the longest second of your life then it pulls the main chute from its pack to the fully opened position.

In spite of a myth to the contrary, all caterpillar badges have red eyes not only the members who claim that their caterpillars red eyes are for escaping from a burning aircraft.

In conclusion, the original idea of membership of the club is still very much appreciated by its members, “the only membership is for life” and the only privilege “the continuous enjoyment of that life.”

### ***Keith Campbell***



Happy faces after Chris's Ordination!



## The Golden Chain of Friendship

Friendship is a golden chain,  
The links are friends so dear.  
And like a rare and precious jewel  
It is treasured more each year....  
It is clasped together firmly  
With a love that is deep and true,  
And it's rich with happy memories  
And fond recollections too.....  
Time can't destroy its beauty.  
For as long as memory lives,  
Years can't erase the pleasure  
That the joy of friendship gives....  
For friendship is a priceless gift  
That can't be bought or sold.  
But to have an understanding friend  
Is worth far more than gold...  
And the golden chain of friendship  
Is a strong and blessed tie  
Binding kindred hearts together  
As the passing years go by.

*Helen Steiner Rice*

*From Pat Barringer*



## **BAPTISMS**

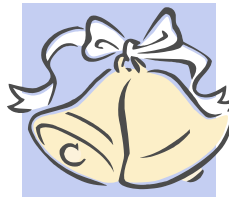
December 2010 - March 2011



- 20.3.11 Edward John Sordon son of Nicholas and Izumi.  
27.3.11 Neave Grace Barker daughter of David and Rachel



A lovely photo of Neave  
with her parents



## **WEDDINGS**

December 2010 - March 2011

- 4.12.10 Benjamin Southern and Amanda Johnstone Dr. Chris Goringe  
18.12.10 Tristan Rappo and Alice Cottee Rev. Alan Lowe

## **VALE**

Fred Taylor

Lyn Wright

Una Brodie

Philip Dean

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