

These two qualities have similar traits and it's not uncommon to see one with the other. The buoyancy, grit and determination, as well as the courageous spirit often found in *resilient* people, is much like the characteristics one encounters in people who are *connected* to their surroundings and the other people who live there. More often than not, with their "glass half full" attitude to life, such individuals are an inspiration to others, resulting in positive outcomes for everyone involved. The recent catastrophic bushfires in our country and the overwhelming outpouring of support for the victims, human and otherwise, offer numerous examples of our deep seated connection to others - as well as amazing stories of human resilience in the face of enormous losses.



Ian with Quentin's book: *Not all Superheroes Wear Capes*

For some, especially those with a disability, just getting through the day, let alone a life span, requires considerable effort - so resilience is often central to the person's well-being. I'm reminded of this when talking to a man we've come to know at a local café my husband Harold and I sometimes visit. His name is Ian Kisson and for many



From Adelaide Advertiser article Feb 2019 on Quentin's passing

years he was a support worker and friend to Quentin Kenihan, a young man whose face you will probably recognise, if not his name. Quentin was born with a rare bone disorder called *Osteogenesis imperfecta*, and spent most of his life in a wheelchair. He died suddenly and unexpectedly in October 2018, aged only 43, but the legacy he left behind was amazing, packed with people, adventure and exploits, one of which was carrying the paralympic torch down Oxford Street in Sydney for the 2000 Sydney Paralympic Games. Quentin wrote a book, travelled extensively, appeared in a number of TV shows and major films, and was a passionate advocate for people with disabilities. Ian often accompanied Quentin on his travels to various parts of the world, and described him as having "a fantastic sense of humour and a brilliant mind"..... "for a guy with a major disability he's been phenomenol". Others describe Quentin's "sharp wit and devilish sense of humour" saying "we laughed about everything. It was constantly uplifting."

Ian is currently involved with a joint venture by Adelaide City Council and the State Government to honour Quentin's memory by establishing an inclusive city playground catering for people of all abilities, in the eastern parklands - something Quentin was particularly passionate about.

Ian also relayed another little story about resilience, his own mother's in this case, which he calls "*Knot Possible*", and his thoughts about the *strands* of experiences and connections that run through our lives.

Knot Possible

by Ian Kisson



This piece of tatting was made by my mother, Mrs Jeanne Kisson. It won *First Prize* at the *Royal Adelaide Show*. There are only three examples of this design in the world. All three were made by my mother, all winning *First Prize* at the *Royal Adelaide Show* in South Australia. But would you believe that I was told by my mother when I designed the idea, going from a square to a circle, that it was not possible to do. I quoted *Philippians 4:13* to her, which encouraged her to give it a go. Many times my mother was ready to give up because it was not working out, but she didn't. After many hours my mother realised it was "*knot possible*" and this piece became a reality.

This is another of my designs which again, my mother said was *"Knot Possible"*. This piece not only won *First Prize* at the *Royal Adelaide Show* but was also hung in the *Hall of Fame* there.

I take a piece of cord which represents my life. During my life there have been a lot of good things and a lot of bad things. These I represent by knots, because knots can be used for good, or can get things in a mess.

When you ask Jesus to save you, things change as *2 Corinthians 5:17* tells us:

"Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."



So my cord was new again when I accepted Christ as my Saviour, but good and bad things still come into my life. In 1983 I lost 50% of vision in my right eye and then in 1986 I lost more vision. I had an operation which lasted 14½ hours. During the operation the doctors found a benign tumour wrapped around the optic nerve of my right eye. In order to remove the tumour they had to take the optic nerve as well. As a result I became completely blind in the right eye.

Romans 8:28 tells us that *"In all things God works for the good of those who love him"*

Sometimes we see the knots in our lives and think, *"How can God use a bad knot for good?"*

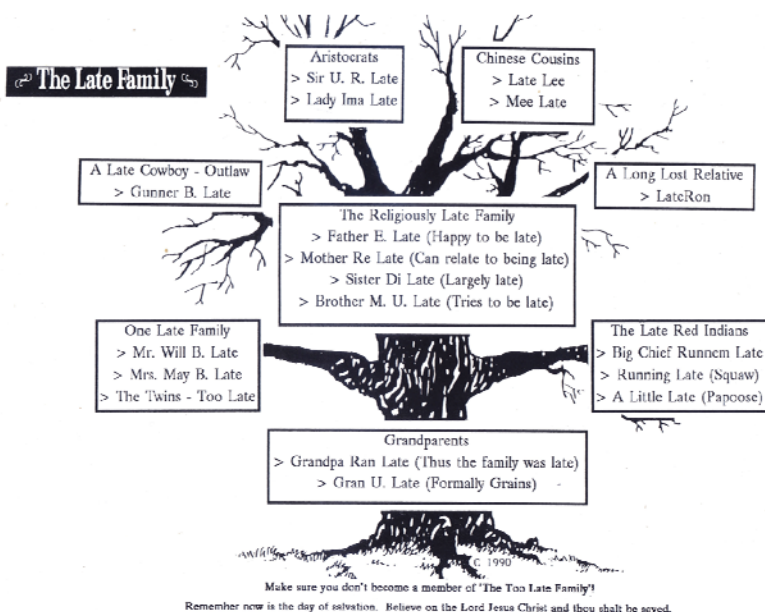
Well God took a bad thing and turned it into good. Yes, I lost the vision of my right eye but out of that came the ministry of *Captain Blackeye*.

The framed piece of tatting took my mother over one hundred hours to create. Once, when she was showing it at a craft fair a lady came up and offered her ten dollars for it. My mother told her that it was not for sale, but the lady insisted that she wanted it and had already worked out where she would put it. This lady didn't realise the importance of a single knot.

Every piece of tatting is made up of knots. My mother just put a lot of knots together and came up with this masterpiece.

God wants to do the same in your life. He wants to take all those knots in your life and turn them into a Masterpiece. But *you* have to be willing to let him do it.

© Ian Kissock 2009



A WARM WELCOME TO OUR PARISH - **CLAIRE FOK AND FAMILY** – CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, PLYMPTON

I have been asked to introduce our family to the parish.

We joined the parish of *Church of the Good Shepherd* during Advent 2018, initially me on my own, and then getting my family to join me at Christmas Midnight Mass, and later at the 10.00 am family mass.

The Fok Family hail from Johannesburg, South Africa, and in May 2018 we moved to Adelaide on the back of a job offered to Gary in the city.

Both Gary and I were born in Johannesburg, with Gary's dad having arrived in South Africa from China in the '60's. Both my parents were born in South Africa, my dad hailing from Pretoria (about one hour north of Johannesburg) and my mom from the coastal town of Port Elizabeth in the Eastern Cape. Although born in Johannesburg, I did spend a few years as a small child in Port Elizabeth, as my parents tried their hand at starting a business. They returned to Johannesburg when I was four years old, as my dad struggled with the low altitude on the coast, suffering from constant chest infections and asthma. Shortly after our arrival in Johannesburg, my dad suffered a stroke, so my mom became the sole breadwinner while my dad recovered. He was unemployed for most of his life, but I remember him as a constant presence in my childhood, picking my older sister and me up from school and taking us to extra murals where needed, helping with school projects and making sure that school lunches and dinners were prepared.

Gary grew up with his younger brother east of Johannesburg, across the road from a well known public boys' school where they both finished their school careers before embarking on studies at university. Gary's parents owned various businesses and when I met Gary, his dad was helping out at a family butchery.

Our childhood in South Africa was a happy one, marked by big family gatherings. Gary's mother comes from a family of 11 siblings, my mom from a family of 10 surviving siblings (out of 12) and generally we found ourselves at celebrations with our parents' cousins or extended family – as migrants, families drift together with families that helped to move them to their new country and this familial bond transcends many generations. Every Christmas my family also made the annual trek down to Port Elizabeth to visit my maternal grandmother while she was alive, and then every other year, the aunts, uncles and cousins.

I met Gary in our penultimate year at the *University of the Witwatersrand* (Wits). Gary was studying a *Bachelor of Science (Engineering)* degree to fulfil his dream of becoming a civil engineer and I was studying a *Bachelor of Commerce* because I honestly did not know what I wanted to do when I finished school. My choices on applying to university were: *Medicine* (because mom and dad wanted me to become a doctor), *Accounting* (because all my friends were following this route to become Chartered Accountants), *Arts degree in Communication* (what I really wanted to do). A commerce degree made the most sense as something that would result in a proper job at the end – most Chinese parents are less inclined to support a career in the Arts, preferring their offspring to pursue a profession like doctor, lawyer, accountant, or engineer - finally majoring in Marketing and Accounts, neither of which I have used in their pure form for many years.

Gary has been very fortunate to work for the same engineering consulting firm since he graduated. Although the firm itself went through a number of name changes, or holding company changes, he was there for 20 years before being offered a job here in Adelaide, Australia at the beginning of 2018.



I have held numerous, varying roles getting my foot in the door at a financial institution initially by the mere fact that I could type over 50wpm (that mattered then!) with the bulk of my experience earned in Human Resources, specifically Learning and Development obtained by a chance role as Training Co-ordinator at an audit firm in 2001 although I have tried my hand at Business Management in the five or so years before moving to Australia

Gary and I were married in April 2003 and chose the Easter weekend in order to accommodate visiting family members and friends from across the world who wanted to be a part of our special day. Gary's brother had moved to London by then and was our best man.

After moving from a two-bedroom townhouse to a 3-bedroom home with a swimming pool and enduring the never-ending queries of when we would be starting a family, we decided it was time to make space for a little baby. Unfortunately, Gary's father was diagnosed with cancer only two months into our pregnancy and deciding to forgo treatment, he became terminal and passed away in July 2006. We were saddened that our baby would not meet his paternal grandparents (Gary's mom passed

away from cancer mere months before we officially met) so I did not have a mother-in-law, but plenty of aunties-in-law that were willing to provide Gary with maternal advice and support.

Jared was born in January 2007 and so our little family was formed. Juggling parenthood and careers became a challenge but just after Jared turned one, we had the opportunity to move to Cape Town for 6 months whilst Gary worked on a design project at *Cape Town International Airport*. I stayed home with Jared during those few months witnessing a number of key milestones (like walking and talking and mischief) before re-joining the workforce on our return to Johannesburg. At this time, I was pregnant with Dylan who made his arrival in March 2009.

For most of the boys' babyhood and formative years, both Gary and I were working full-time jobs and juggling the drop-off and pick-up of the boys at their crèches, preschools or school when we decided to move into a slightly bigger home anticipating active boys needing a lot more space.

At the beginning of 2013, my father passed away after a struggle with Alzheimer's, living at an old aged home for the last 2 years of his life. At 83, we felt this was a good innings, and although his memory faltered, many fond ones remain with us.



Jared's baptism April 2007



Dylan's baptism 2009

We have been in Adelaide for almost two years now. Gary is immersed in the pressures of work – busy with numerous projects, travelling to Sydney and Brisbane quite regularly – and the boys are settled in school life having made some good friends and adjusting to the Australian curriculum demands. Jared recently started high school at *Plympton International College* (for us this was anticipated to only happen next year but he was moved ahead from Year 6 to Year 7 last year) and Dylan is in Year 5 at *Plympton Primary School*. Having landed in Adelaide after a bit of a health scare – anaemia brought on perhaps by the stress of the move – I have fully recuperated, with my main focus at first being the transition of the boys into their new life in Australia, which I think I have achieved, and next to find a meaningful job that keeps me mentally challenged while the boys are at school.



Road trip to NSW Dec 2019

The Anglican Church has been a pillar throughout my life: both my parents were Anglican and I received my confirmation and taught Sunday School at my local parish for a short while before getting married to Gary. We were married at my parish church, *Holy Trinity Turffontein*, and Jared was baptised there by the same priest who married us. We started worshipping as a family at *St Thomas Linden*, and Dylan was baptised there. Both boys received their First Holy Communion at this church and were active in the Sunday School. The rector at St Thomas ran an *Introduction to Anglicanism* course in 2016 as many parishioners were from different denominations and were keen to understand Anglican worship. Gary decided to attend the course as I suggested that he would be able to gain more insight from the priest rather than from my limited knowledge, and he then decided to be baptised and confirmed in October 2016.

Church of the Good Shepherd has been a great anchor for me to be able to worship, because of the familiarity in the service format, and for the first time I have been able to attend bible study sessions over *Lent* and *Advent*. I was always too busy at work to attend our morning bible study, and too busy feeding kids and putting them to bed to attend the evening sessions.

Everyone has been most welcoming to our family, and for that I am very grateful.

Claire Fok

BOOK REVIEW



Wish you were here is a phrase very often used when we are away from our loved ones, and at times like these I'm sure that many of us would love to have our families close by. For those of us old enough to have memories of the Second World War, we also remember the story of Anne Frank and the tragic end

to her life. One of my colleagues at *Flinders University* has written a novel which pays homage to Anne. It is written for younger people, and tells the story of other young people, some of whom lived through the Second World War, and some who didn't, and how their friends wished they were still here. The story, which our grandson Tristan enjoyed reading and came to understand something about history and how young and old cope with tragedy, also has a lovely Flamingo woven into it. *Wish you were here* is a narrative of fortunes and misfortunes, tragedy and hope. As the author says: "*Sometimes, the only way of coping, is to imagine*". If you have young people in your life I recommend this book as a great substitute and more satisfying than chocolate for an Easter gift. The book has been reviewed online by *Goodreads* and given 4 and a half stars.

Wish you were Here written by Michelle Blackbird and published by *Pegasus* in the UK is available at *Amazon*, *Dymocks* and *Angus & Robertson* and priced at about \$30. Much cheaper ordered online direct from the publisher at about \$18 AUD, but you will need to be quick for delivery before Easter.

Harold Bates-Brownsword

SACRED SPACE ON SATURDAYS

Colin Ames

One of the innovations at our church since Fr Michael's arrival, has been the introduction of short Saturday evening sacred space worship in varying styles. These small gatherings begin at 5.30pm, and as there is no sermon in the traditional sense, they finish within the hour.

On the **First Saturday** of the month, there is a traditional *Evensong*. Do you remember that service from your young Anglican days? Well, it's back, with the traditional music and familiar prayers and liturgies, updated a little here and there. Carol Fort and Michael do an amazing job finding a few additional singers and musicians at times to augment our own talented musicians and choir members.

The **Second Saturday** evening of the month is a very *quiet time*! It is a period of Peaceful Silence. When you walk through the front door, on your right you will usually see a number of printed sheets, or an array of small paperbacks, all of a spiritual nature. On the sheets, for example, there may be some extracts from spiritual writings, or prayers or poetry. The paperbacks similarly cover a range of spiritual topics. You make a selection, enter the church, and after a short meditative introduction by Fr Michael, begin an hour of silence. You can sit anywhere, or even kneel in prayer for a time. You can then use the readings you have selected to focus your thoughts on God and spiritual matters. But you can also bring your own reading material with you to the service, or bring nothing, just spend the time in the church with your own spiritual thoughts and prayers. The hour goes quickly, but it can be a wonderful therapy of spiritual refreshment. *Now you know what your mobile phone feels like when it has been fully re-charged(!)*

The **Third Saturday** features *Songs and meditation in the distinctive Taize style*. This involves repetition of songs based around a short prayer, such as "*O Lord, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.*" That may not sound very uplifting but it is surprisingly moving and effective when experienced in a small group, along with an opportunity for personal prayer, either aloud or in silence.

On the **Fourth Saturday**, there is a *Shared meal* in the context of the ancient late-evening service of compline. Everyone brings something to share, simple food or wine, always served with plenty of good fellowship.

Sometimes there is a **Fifth Saturday**, and that can be *anything that the group decides*, sometimes a DVD, or maybe a Q&A session.

Margaret and I have attended almost all of the Saturday evening services since they began, and we find them a great way to augment the familiar pattern of Sunday and mid-week worship.



Colin and Margaret with 'Cosmo' at a 4th Saturday night shared meal

In January this year, my grand daughter Evelyn and I went to Bali to undertake an *Accessible House Renovation* project. We were part of a team of Australians who worked with people from an organisation called *Puspadi Bali*, the only NGO in Bali providing quality rehabilitation, education and training and advocacy programs for people living with disability. On different days we were joined by staff members from Bali resorts like *Movenpick Spa* and *Resort Jimbaran Bay*, as well as the *Rotary Club of Bali*, *Tirta ganga*, and the *Interact Club of Tirtagangga* (*Interact* is a Rotary-sponsored service club for young people. Made up of members ages 14-18 or secondary-school age, Interact gives young people an opportunity to participate in fun, meaningful service projects. Along the way, Interactors develop their leadership skills and initiative while meeting new friends).. *Puspadi Bali* has transformed the lives of more than 4,850 people with physical disabilities, across Bali, many of them from impoverished areas. To see more of what they do go to www.puspadibali.org

You may well be asking by now however did we get into this? Well the story is simple. My friend Dr Caroline Ellison, an Associate Professor of Disability Studies at the *University of South Australia* went to Bali in 2018 to build some accessible houses with the team from Puspadi Bali. There were three houses that were never going to get finished, so she got together a group of like minded people, and off we all went. The decision to go was made here in Australia over a good bottle of wine! The object was to paint and clean these houses. Never did we imagine that we would also help to plant 1,000 trees in the area around the Mt Agung volcano.

As many of you know I care for Evelyn a lot of the time, and as this was during the school holidays it was easy for us to go. I booked and paid for the airfares early, and then we had to pay \$700 each for accommodation in *Sanur* and *CandiDasa*, transport, and money to the project for paint, brushes and rollers, new beds and mattresses, food and our lunches each day while on the project. Fortunately I had set up a savings plan for Evelyn and myself which gave us the money to go. I made her pay for herself from her savings, which she did willingly, provided she could have a little bit for herself for spending money while in Bali! She did well with her spending and come home with some money!



Jenny Carroll (from Sydney), Evelyn and Pauline



Pauline and Evelyn painting Pak Darma's bedroom

As you can see from the picture, we worked with quite a few different groups. The 'team' from *Movenpic Spa and Resort* in Jimbaran Bay all give a day a year (paid) to assist with community activities. They were great young people. We started with this house, owned by Pak Darma, a man in a wheelchair. He had a little *warong* (shop) at the front of his one roomed house. I couldn't help feeling for him as we all 'moved in' cleared the shop of everything from eggs to petrol, and began to clean and then the paint. We also painted a small two roomed house for his son, who had just become a father to a gorgeous baby. Hi is just 18 years old, as is the mother of the child, and they have to stay together. One can only hope that they can be happy. Evelyn and I gave him \$30.00 to go and get some nappies, clothes etc for the baby, and we were stunned when he came back with so much stuff and was so happy - and so were we. Using an interpreter, I gave him a session on family planning and contraception(!)



Pak Dama and Pauline after renovations done

The other two houses we did were for two young women who were very disabled. The looks on their faces when they saw their dull grey brick homes transformed into freshly painted green buildings was a joy to behold. We did manage to paint one wall white, inside one of the houses, as a 'feature' wall. Evelyn spent some good quality time with Sumatri and read her stories and did some singing.



Evelyn reading to Sumatri



Evelyn "riding shotgun" over rough terrain in the jungle

The weather was very hot and humid while we were there. The food was very basic - chicken and rice for lunch every day with some other 'undiagnosed' bits and pieces, prepared by the locals which put our money into their economy. We had our own mini bus and driver, so travel was very comfortable. Lots of stops at temples to pray, sightseeing in gorgeous parks and inter-



Evelyn planting a tree with one of the Puspadibali team.

acting with monkeys. Hardly any tourists where we were which was fabulous. Great food in the small places where we ate on the beach and in the town.

Just reflecting on this trip and writing about it makes my eyes sting with tears. There is nothing better than knowing you have made a huge difference in someone's life, and that a darling girl has one of my patchwork quilts. Evelyn said it was an 'amazingly different' holiday and she shed tears while we were there as she stated 'we have so much and they have nothing'. The gift of a bed and food was nothing to us, but to them it was the world.



On Sunday 16th February, **The 6th Sunday after Epiphany**, Fr Gary Priest came to celebrate both services, in Fr Michael's absence.

Always a pleasure to welcome Father Gary Priest to the Church of the Good Shepherd

Communion (breaking bread) 'In our forgiveness and brokenness, we find each other'

Epiphany

AROUND THE PARISH



ADVENT 4
December 2019:
 Lighting the second candle: As in previous years, parishioners were treated to Isobel Varcoe's stunning Advent wreath fashioned exclusively from Australian native flowers.

Christmas party/Children's service



The 'Fuller Family Band' provided the music, the children dressed up and decorated the Christmas tree, and Father Michael read the children the Christmas Story, which all made for a wonderful 2019 parish celebration.



An **AUSTRALIA DAY remembrance ceremony** was held outside the church after the 10 o'clock service on Sunday 26th January, to mark this important day, to celebrate the diversity of our nation's people, and to acknowledge the contribution that every Australian makes to our country,