



CONGRATULATIONS MARY It was lovely to have Mary Davey (accompanied by her daughter Heather) with us at the 10 o'clock service on Sunday 19th January to celebrate her 100th Birthday. (Mary's actual birthday, is on 22nd January). Mary, who has been a faithful parishioner for many years, rarely missing a service until health issues intervened, often mentions the important role that *The Church of the Good Shepherd* has played in her life. It was following the death of her husband, when she was left with two children to raise, that the kindness and support Mary received from the parish was a major factor in her decision to become a regular worshipper at CHOGS. I remember talking to her in 2009 when writing an article about her for *The Link*. Mary mentioned her favourite hymn "*Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise*", saying "*Whenever we sing this hymn, I'm transported back to 1945 when, as a member of the AWAS (Australian Women's Army Service) I attended a Thanksgiving Service in St Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne for VE Day (end of World War II in Europe), and then for VP Day (Victory in the Pacific, and effectively the end of World War II). I had never heard the hymn before, because it wasn't in the book we used at St Benedicts in Glandore*". I think the words of the 3rd verse of this hymn can be viewed as an embodiment of "faith", much like Mary herself.

*To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small,
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish, but naught changeth Thee.*

Chris Bates-Brownsword



Sunday 15th December, Third Sunday of Advent: A reflective time of expectation and hope.....The first reading from Third Isaiah: "the desert shall rejoice and bloom...."



It has been a delight to welcome Claire Fok and her family to *The Church of the Good Shepherd*, and to see the boys adding some youthful vigor to the servers' ranks.

At the Sung Eucharist service on Sunday, December 9th, Claire began her role as a Lay Reader at CHOGS.



OUR JOAN – 90 years young (!)



Joan Middleton's 90th birthday at CHOGS on Sunday (5th January) was a joyous occasion for both Joan and the parish, as we celebrated this significant milestone in Joan's life. In the mid year (June 2019) issue of *The LINK*, I wrote an article called "*In Praise of Older Women*" which recognised the ongoing contribution and leadership of a number of amazing women at the *Church of the Good Shepherd*. Numbered amongst these women, Joan's commitment to the parish over many years has been exceptional - and celebrating her 90th birthday seemed a good time to reminisce with her about her life and times at CHOGS.

Joan was born at *Memorial Hospital* in North Adelaide, and baptised and confirmed at *St Andrew's Church Walkerville*. She attended *Walkerville Primary School* and went on to complete her Intermediate Certificate at *Adelaide High School*. After leaving school, she worked as a stenographer for the *Australian Barley Board* for a few years, and later in Classified Ads at *The Advertiser* newspaper, before commencing training as a nurse at *Memorial Hospital*. Outside of work, Joan was a keen hockey player.

Five months into her nursing course, whilst attending a party at a friend's house, Joan was introduced to a personable young man named John Middleton. Meeting John, who was born in Quorn in South Australia, proved to be a life changing event for Joan. Seven months later, having completed 12 months of her nursing studies, Joan left to embark on a new life with John, and in 1950 they were married at *St Andrew's Church Walkerville*.



15 year old Joan in her hockey outfit

Joan tells a story about the time she and John were invited to Government House to meet our current Queen (or Princess Elizabeth as she was then) on her 1952 visit to Adelaide. The invitation came about through John's position as an officer in the *10th Australian Infantry Regiment* (called the *Adelaide Rifles* in those days) and part of the CMF (Citizens Military Force). Joan describes the excitement as the ladies went to great pains to ensure they were well *decked out*, making their own frocks and hats – only to have the visit cancelled when the future Queen's father, King George IVth suddenly died and she had to abandon the tour and return to England.

Joan and John's first daughter Jenny was born in Adelaide in 1951, and in 1952 John's firm asked him to transfer to Melbourne. John went on ahead, staying in a boarding house, to check out their new location, and John's firm bought a house in the Melbourne suburb of Box Hill South (which, Joan and John purchased from the company a few years later). Situated nearly 20 km from Melbourne, in those day Box Hill South was expanding rapidly, and Joan spent many hours walking to shops and schools, pushing prams up and down hill, as their children arrived – Andrew (Hank) born in 1954, Phil in 1956 and Geoff in 1958.

Two weeks after Joan and John first shifted to Victoria, a *little tin shed* in their area was commissioned as an Anglican church (previously, people had met at the school for services). Unsurprisingly, Joan and John soon became an integral part of the effort to raise funds to build a church hall. Joan talked about their various fundraising activities, such as fetes, street stalls, including saving newspapers, which were bundled together and collected regularly by APM (*Australian Paper Mills*). [Interestingly, fifteen years

later, whilst my husband Harold and I were living in Melbourne and attending *Holy Trinity Anglican Church Thornbury*, the bundling papers for APM collection was still a regular fundraising activity for many churches].

In due course, the church hall, and eventually the church itself were built, by which time the Middletons were well and truly established in the Box Hill community, with most families focused on raising their children, and life long friendships were forged as involvement in schools, scouts, cubs, athletics, canteen duty, mothers' club and various church activities became the norm.

In 1961, tragedy struck when John and Joan's daughter Jenny, who was only 9 years old, died in an accident. Joan recalls how hard the next couple of years were for the family, and how big a part the support of their church family played in getting them through this awful period. John and Joan had always wanted four children, and two years later, in December 1962 were delighted to welcome their daughter Kate to the family. Joan said their local GP was a marvellous family doctor, who was so excited the day Kate was born that he ran up and down the corridors of Box Hill Hospital shouting "*It's a girl, it's a girl!*"(!)



Joan and John 1950

In 1969 the family moved back to Adelaide. Joan recalls that this very hot summer was the year of the terrible "*Lara bushfires*", when on 8th January 1969, 23 people died, including 17 motorists trapped on the Geelong to Melbourne freeway at Lara in Victoria. 280 fires broke out and burned 250,000 hectares.

Joan and John's family lived in Adelaide, and Joan would have liked to live in Walkerville, but it was far too expensive. John's cousin told him about a house in Waterhouse Road in Plympton, close to relatives of theirs, so Joan came across by train to have a final look, returning to Melbourne the same day because a surprise party for John was scheduled that night. . She liked the house and decided to buy it, but had left Melbourne in such a hurry she forgot to bring the cheque book; fortunately, the real estate agent decided she was the genuine article, and accepted a \$20 deposit to clinch the deal(!)

The first Sunday morning John and Joan walked through the door of the *Church of the Good Shepherd* they were delighted to meet *Joan Du Rieu*, an old friend from Joan's high school days. They received a very warm welcome from the parish (no doubt pleased to add a family of six people to its congregation(!)). That said, in those days the parish was booming. Joan recalls 250 people attending Midnight Mass, and the need to put chairs down each side of the church. Reverend Peter Patterson was the priest when they first arrived. The secretary at *St Aiden's Box Hill* had already written to him about Joan and John's impending arrival, and in no time the family was heavily involved in parish life, Joan on sanctuary duty, flowers, Mother's Union (this year is her 63rd in Mother's Union), and the Guild (or Fellowship as it became known). John and Kate were in the choir, and the boys became servers.

During her time at CHOGS, Joan has seen a number of priests come and go, including the turbulent period following Fr John Fleming's sudden departure, when the church was left without wardens, and Michael Ford and Joan were asked to step into the positions. Fr John Bleby came to act as interregnum during this upheaval. Joan continued in the role of warden for many years. When Father Andrew King came to CHOGS he encouraged her to become a lay assistant and lay reader – the first time a female had been invited into the sanctuary at CHOGS.



Joan was President of "*Legacy Wives and Widows Auxiliary*" for many years. She remembers when the Auxiliary was asked to create the floral carpet at the base of the Cross of Sacrifice in Adelaide on "*Flower Day*" in 1995.. Some of the '*girls*' from the Fellowship group at CHOGS helped with the project. This was the last occasion on which "*Flower Day*" was held in Adelaide. Celebrated annually, "*Flower Day*" began in 1938 and ran for many years. Beautiful floral decorations covered Victoria Square, and other areas in the city, some of them very intricate designs, most of the flowers were donated, and

the floral carpets were done by volunteers. On Joan's picture of their carpet, the Legacy Badge can be seen in each corner, its torch symbolizing the undying flame of service and sacrifice from comrades of

war who have passed on, its laurel wreath with inverted points honoring those who gave their lives for their country.

Joan's ready smile, and cheerful and positive approach to life give no indication of some major heartaches during her 90 years, especially in relatively recent times, with the loss through illness of younger family members – her grandson Bradley in Perth, and her son Andrew (Hank) who lived in



**Joan's great grandson Liam
with mum Belinda**

Adelaide and was well known to some of the congregation at CHOGS. There have been some wonderful get togethers for the Middletons too, with surprise visitors from John and Joan's early days in Box Hill travelling across in January to celebrate Joan's 90th Birthday at CHOGS. Joan, who had absolutely no idea they would be there, was thrilled – their kids had all played and grown up together and one can imagine the reminiscing and laughter that happened that weekend(!)

On Sunday 9th February, Joan's daughter Kate, and the "Perth contingent" again made the trip across to Adelaide, joined by other members of the family, and celebrated with us at CHOGS – lovely to see "lots of Middletons in the pews".



**Visiting from Perth on
Sunday 9th February**

John and Joan both retired in 1984. They sold the family home and moved into a unit in Daly Street, Plympton. Prior to that, Joan worked for eleven years as a teacher's aide in special education at Forbes Primary School. John died in 2001.

Joan continues to be quite involved in parish life at CHOGS, co-ordinating the *Pastoral Care Team* (formerly known as the *Friendship Network*) an important ministry which ensures that everyone in the parish receives care or support if unwell and not able to attend church, is in hospital, or in need of other help. For many years, she was involved in making the simnel cakes handed out to parishioners on *Mothering Sunday*, the fourth Sunday in Lent.

Joan's involvement in the *World Day of Prayer* spans many years. I recall the last one at CHOGS a few years ago, which hosted visitors from the Bahamas, and it turned out that their national bird was the flamingo. The ladies at CHOGS did a great job decorating the church and filling it with flowers, real and otherwise, and it looked amazing. The only thing they lacked was the centrepiece. I recall talking to Joan the day before the service and her saying to me "Where on earth am I going to find a flamingo?" I will never forget the look on her face when I said: "I can give you one of those Joan". At home I have a painted wooden carving of a mother and baby flamingo, which is about 1.5 metres tall and stands in a corner. It's a bit kitsch, but I've always liked it. Placed at the front of the church, surrounded by flowers, my flamingoes were the first thing you saw as you walked in, and they turned out to be very popular with everyone, especially the visitors(!)

There used to be several churches hosting this event in Adelaide, but after a few years, only two continued to do so. On Friday 5th March 2021 *The Church of the Good Shepherd* will host the next *World Day of Prayer* featuring the island republic of Vanuatu

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Following the 10.00 am service on Sunday 12th January, **Julia Mosong**, together with her tutor, and twelve of her Kenyan friends, performed a thanksgiving song and dance in the hall. The occasion was to celebrate completion of Julia's studies at *Torrens University* in Adelaide. Julia also brought along a cake for parishioners to enjoy for morning tea.

At the 23.2.20 Vestry meeting, Julia became our most recent (and youngest) Parish Council member.

Congratulations on both counts, Julia (!)



THE SPIRITUAL GARDEN



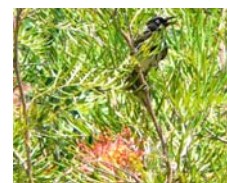
Some progressive pictures of our Spiritual Garden.

Established in the late 1990's, and the vision of then rector Fr Barry Davis, the garden has been through several transitions before it evolved into the space we know and love today. These very early photos remind us of just how far we have come since then (!)

It's hard to believe the gazebo once looked like the rather stark picture on the right. Nowadays, set amid an array of beautiful grevillea blossoms, it provides a great outlook, and perfect space for groups to meet outdoors, as well as a quiet contemplative spot for visitors.



There has been a lot of pruning of older vegetation required, and we've also lost some larger shrubs due to weather, or simply age. Most of our new plantings have established well. The few losses remind us that a garden is always a work in progress – and a learning curve – but rarely unrewarding(!)



Our resident birds in the garden, primarily red wattlebirds and numerous New Holland Honeyeaters, continue to captivate everyone who enters, regulars and visitors alike. The cacophony of birdsong is a constant background “noise” and there is an information board on the lych gate for bird identification purposes.

The Church of the Good Shepherd

15 Clayton Avenue, Plympton, S.A.

Priest: Fr Michael Lane

Postal address: PO Box 403, Plympton 5038

Email: plymptonanglican@internode.on.net

Parish Website: <http://anglicanparishofplympton.com.au/>

Facebook: Church of the Good Shepherd Adelaide

GARDEN RE-DEVELOPMENT AT THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH

Father Michael's enthusiasm for re-landscaping the front of the church, and side area opposite the cottages, has encouraged us to re-think this space - and with parish support, the rather tired old pencil pines, which had become rather moth-eaten due to a pest, have been removed.

At the front of the church the plan is to continue our "*native vegetation*" theme, not only to encourage our birdlife, but also to provide low maintenance species which will better cope with Adelaide summers. The side area has also been dug over and composted. Planting in both areas will begin sometime in the coming autumn. Father Michael also sees the side area as an opportunity for some friendly outreach into the community, and has suggested a variety of citrus and fruit trees be considered for this space, providing greenery, shade and an option for people living in the cottages (or passersby for that matter) to access the fruit.

In the interim, whilst all the preparation has been taking place, parishioners have been donating plants to fill the space "*with anything they have to spare*". The resulting landscape has been a surprisingly eye-catching riot of colour, which brings with it a sense of renewal and moving forward. The outstanding plant has to be the *Amaranthus* or '*Love lies Bleeding*', an extremely hardy annual, with stunning maroon "*foxtails*" which shot up with considerable speed, towering over everything else. Father Michael's much loved sunflowers, dotted here and there, really added to the picture.



What a difference (!)



As the sunflowers begin to go to seed, and their heads droop, one can't help feeling they present a decidedly devout demeanour(!)

