

## GOOD WORK SUSAN

CHOGS parishioner Susan Smith has been working on the *Memorial Garden* outside the hall - establishing some permanent groundcovers and other perennials to provide ongoing greenery in the area. The space is looking great, as can be gauged by Fr Michael's comments in a recent message to the parish on 22nd May 2020: "I had a delightful encounter with the three daughters of Thelma and Ken Bullen. On the anniversary of Thelma's passing they were visiting the **Memorial Garden**, and enjoyed catching up with each other in the garden, in glorious autumn sunshine, meeting for first time in many weeks.



*They expressed deep appreciation for how beautiful the **Memorial Garden** is looking. Thanks to Susan Smith for her recent work and successful planting of ground cover, and to everyone else who helps make the **Memorial Garden** and the **Church of the Good Shepherd** such a welcoming and hospitable space."*



## CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD HALL ANNIVERSARY

Colin Ames

One of the fortunate features of our church facilities is that we have an excellent parish hall which was so well-planned when it was built that it is still suitable today for a wide range of uses. It is an example of how, in so many Anglican parishes around Adelaide, we are indebted to our forebears who constructed solid buildings of generous dimensions enabling them to be adapted where necessary for a range of modern uses. **How did we get our parish hall, and how long have we had it?**

Two thousand and twenty marks the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the building and opening of our parish hall, so now is the perfect time to ask such a question.

The Rev'd Ross Lenthall, who came to the parish in 1958 as Priest-in-Charge, and early in his ministry, indicated that he thought a new hall, and the completion of the church building, were important projects for the near future. Consequently, planning for a new hall began and a successful fundraising campaign led to plans being drawn up and submitted to the Bishop for his approval. This was granted in November 1959, and early in 1960 the architect for the project reported that ten tenders had been received for the building of the hall. He recommended that the lowest, £14,483 from builders Messrs. Eckert and Stirling, be accepted.

Mr Stirling, known as Jack, and his wife Lucy, had been very active as members of the *Church of the Good Shepherd* for many years, so it was appropriate that Jack's building skills be used to help construct the hall for their beloved church. Building of the hall got under way and on Sunday, 27<sup>th</sup> March, 1960, at 2.30pm a service was held for the *Laying of the Foundation Stone* by the then Bishop of Adelaide, the Right Rev'd Dr T. T. Reed.

But an even bigger event was to follow when on 21<sup>st</sup> August in the same year, Bishop Reed returned to lead a *Special Service of Blessing* for the completed building, which his wife formally opened that afternoon. Peggy Rowe's history of our parish, "*From Classroom to Parish*", records on page 20, that the service was attended by parishioners and over thirty clergy and various dignitaries of the district. The weather was perfect, the Hall was beautifully decorated and packed to capacity, and the services were simple and dignified, conveying the thankfulness and joy of everyone there. The *Ladies Guild* served afternoon tea to the hundreds of people present, and in fact, Rev'd Lenthall said the whole day was "*a triumph of organization and co-operation.*"

So although the 60th Anniversary of the *Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Hall* passed unnoticed earlier this year on 27<sup>th</sup> March during our enforced lockdown, there is still time to acknowledge the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the *Blessing and official opening of the Hall* on 21<sup>st</sup> August this year.



## **ABM Anglican Board of Mission**      **Working for Peace Love & Justice**

The *Church of the Good Shepherd* has a long association with the ABM (Anglican Board of Missions), so it was sad news indeed to hear that in June 2020 the **ABM Auxiliary** is winding up its activities. Many of us can remember ABM fundraising Film mornings at the *Capri Theatre*, where raffle prizes, great morning teas, and wonderful old movies like the 2017 offering *Whisky Galore*, which was made in 1949 (!) were much enjoyed by full houses.

Renowned also for production of **Palm Crosses** (since 1980) the *ABM Auxiliary* in Adelaide has made and sold palm crosses to parishes and schools all over Australia, raising funds for mission. In 2019, a total of 48 parishes received crosses, 36 in the Adelaide Diocese, 6 in the Diocese of the Murray, and the rest from parishes and individuals in NSW, Victoria and Tasmania. In 2018 a total of 8,830 crosses were distributed, with 8 people making the crosses and others assisting by donating palm fronds and helping to cut them. A huge effort, with crosses also needing to be refrigerated, so express post has added to costs over the last few years.

It is certainly the passing of an era, and when *CHOGS* warden Pauline Glover became aware of the wind-up, she wrote to Elaine Edwards, who is on the Adelaide Auxiliary, expressing the parish's gratitude for their hard work over many years - and our sadness that the contribution of this inspiring group of volunteers will cease. She received the following response from Elaine Edwards:

*Dear Pauline,*

*Thank you so much for your kind and encouraging email; and thank you for the assurance of your prayers and for passing on the letter to the parishioners of the Good Shepherd.*

*The people of the Church of the Good Shepherd have always (at least in my experience) been supportive of ABM and the Auxiliary. In fact, it was at an AGM of the Auxiliary, held at Plympton in 1969, when the parish hall was filled (!) that I was elected to the Executive Committee of the Adelaide ABM Auxiliary. Mrs. Audrey Reed, the wife of the then Bishop of Adelaide, was the President at the time, and we had to have an election to vote in the seventeen members of the Committee!" Them was the days."*

*I can remember many ABM and Auxiliary functions being held at the Good Shepherd and I have many fond memories of the people of the parish and their kind generosity and interest. Recent parish priests have chaired AGMs of the Auxiliary at the Good Shepherd, and have been encouraging and caring in their ministry.*

*Please pass on our thanks to the people of the parish of the Church of the Good Shepherd. We have been blessed by your interest and support and we pray that the parish will be blessed in its work and witness at Plympton.*

*Elaine Edwards*

### ***Sincere Thanks to the Good Shepherd***



Following the passing of their mother Joyce Evans, her daughters Joan and Christine, expressed deep gratitude, and thanked all parishioner for the friendship and care that had been shown to their mother over many years, especially members of the team who visited Joyce at the nursing home and shared Home Communion.

***Fr Michael Lane***

## LOCKDOWN

Wendy Loneragan

The Capuchin Franciscans go all the way back to *St Francis of Assisi* who founded the order in 1209. Known as *Friars* (or *'brothers'*) the Capuchins came to Ireland in the 1600s. Serving the church, and living in "*chastity, poverty and obedience*" they work in parishes, hospitals, schools, prisons etc, both at home and abroad, "*reaching out to the poor and the marginalised, and bringing the joy of the gospel to all they meet*". During the recent lockdown, *Irish Capuchin Franciscan, Fr Richard Hendrick* sat down, and quietly wrote these words in Ards Friary in Donegal, Ireland

Yes there is fear.

Yes there is isolation.

Yes there is panic buying.

Yes there is sickness.

Yes there is even death.

But,

They say that in Wuhan after so many years of noise  
you can hear the birds again.

They say that after just a few weeks of quiet  
the sky is no longer thick with fumes,  
but blue and grey and clear.

They say that in the streets of Assisi  
people are singing to each other  
across the empty squares,

Keeping their windows open  
so that those who are alone  
may hear the sounds of family around them.

They say that a hotel in the West of Ireland  
is offering free meals and delivery to the housebound.

Today a young woman I know  
is busy spreading flyers with her number  
through the neighbourhood.

So that the elders may have someone to call on.

Today Churches, Synagogues, Mosques and Temples  
are preparing to welcome  
and shelter the homeless, the sick, the weary.

All over the world people are slowing down and reflecting

All over the world people are looking at their neighbours in a new way.

All over the world people are waking up to a new reality.

To how big we really are.

To how little control we really have.

To what really matters.

To Love.

So we pray and we remember that

Yes there is fear

But there does not need to be hate.

Yes there is isolation

But there does not have to be loneliness.

Yes there is panic buying

But there does not have to be meanness.

Yes there is sickness

But there does not have to be sickness of the soul.

Yes there is even death

But there can always be a rebirth of love.

Wake to the choices you make as to how to live now

Today, breathe.

Listen, behind the factory noises of your panic.

The birds are singing again.

The sky is clearing.

Spring is coming

And we are always encompassed by Love.

Open the windows of your soul

And though you may not be able

To touch across the empty square,

Sing

## A Changed Man

by Ian Kissock

Alex, my client had been a highly successful businessman, and later, enjoyed success on the land. Sadly, his wife died of cancer and he worried so much about it, that he himself had a major stroke, which caused him to lose most of the use of his right hand and right leg. As a result, he was angry and bitter and blamed God for his lovely wife's death - and for his stroke. His family was able to get him into a nice retirement village, and this is where I met him.

The phone rang. It was someone from *Home Care Services* offering me a new client. It was only two one-hour shifts a week, but Alex lived just around the corner, so I took on his care. The first shift did not go very well and I wondered if I should continue – but I decided to persist, and the hours gradually started to increase until I was there for an hour, six days a week.

As Alex couldn't do the things he was used to doing, he became very frustrated and would take this out on whoever was there at the time. Most support workers took this personally - and left. However, Alex was just annoyed that he could no longer do things for himself.

One day Alex asked me if I thought we could go on a bus trip holiday to Coffs Harbour. I said: *"If your doctor says that you are well enough to go, you should go."* He went on that trip and later travelled on another bus trip to Bright in Victoria, for Christmas. Sadly, he did not have a good time, and when talking with the lady in charge of the retirement village about the trip, was told that if he was ever to go away again, he would need to take a carer with him.

Our *around-the-world* trip started by flying to Melbourne so that we could attend the 2002 AFL Grand Final. When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that our room was on the second floor, so I asked where the lift was. The hotel did not have one(!) They had not read the information correctly, which pointed out that Alex was disabled. Within an hour, we had a ground floor room. We then went to Lygon Street, in Carlton for lunch. Half way through the meal a very attractive young lady came up to us, put her arms around Alex and said: *"Poppa, Poppa"*. It was Alex's granddaughter who had moved to Melbourne some time before, but we did not know where she lived or worked. My client had a great time with his granddaughter whilst we were in Melbourne.

One day, as I was about to leave his unit, he asked me: *"You go to church don't you?"* I said: *"Yes"*. He then told me that he wanted to go back to church. He went on to tell me that his mother had been a Sunday School teacher and that he had made a decision to accept Christ as his Saviour and was baptised when he was fourteen years old. He went on to say that he and his wife had gone to church for awhile, but had decided not to go anymore.

Alex said that he could not give up swearing, even though he wanted to. He came up with several different ways to try to do this, but they didn't work. One of his ideas was that he wanted me to count every time he swore while we travelled around the world, and he would give a dollar to charity for each time this happened. I said I wouldn't do it, but I kept a rough count whilst we were away for five weeks. The chosen charity would have received over \$700(!). I suggested that he pray about it and ask God to help him give it up. From that time, until he passed away, I only heard him swear once and he apologised as soon as he said it. The power of prayer:

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

**2 Corinthians 5:17**

Even though Alex loved his family, he began to realise that sometimes he had not shown it. Yes, he provided for them, but there were times when he put that ahead of spending quality time with them. Sadly, now that he had plenty of time, they were off raising their own families. So he started praying for his family, and at first he thought that God was not answering his prayer, as he didn't see God responding in the way he thought God should. But

God was answering his prayer - so that not only would his family see the changes, but everyone who knew Alex would be affected by the differences they were seeing in him. Some said it must be the new doctor, others said it was the new physiotherapist. Some wondered whether it was his new medication, others thought it was because he was now going to church, and so it went on. But as good as all these things were, they would never have changed Alex into the man he became. The only realistic answer was that God was working a miracle in Alex's life.

When Alex said that he wanted to go back to church, he said that he wanted to come to my church. Around the same time, a friend turned up and invited Alex to another church, so he went there for a short while, but then he decided that wanted to come to my church as he knew several people there. At first, he would ask me on the Saturday: "Are you going to your church tomorrow?" I would answer: "Yes, if you would like to." Then over a period of time his question changed to: "Are we going to our church tomorrow?" Finally, he started talking about going to his church.

*But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering gentleness, goodness faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law*

**Galatians 5:22-23**

At first, even though my client had said he had made a decision to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour when he was fourteen, I was not sure, as I did not see any outward signs of a changed person. However, he was now in his mid-eighties and he had been doing his own thing for such a long time. I was reminded that a plant may look dead, but with a bit of tender care and watering it can start to grow again. So it was with my client, he just needed a little bit of tender care and watering. Slowly but surely the fruits of the Spirit, which Paul describes in Galatians, started to appear in Alex's life.

People were now noticing that Alex was different, and they said they could see a complete change in him. Now he was forgiving people who had wronged him, apologising for things, which in the past he would never have done. He still loved the attention of others, but now he was using it to show an interest in what they were doing instead of just talking about himself.

No, my client was not perfect, but it was now a delight to work with him. It had been hard, and many a time I thought I would tell my boss I wanted out, but every time I considered it, I chose to stay. I am so glad I did. The end result was so worth it. On November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2007, just before his 91<sup>st</sup> birthday, God took Alex home.

Thank you Lord for allowing me the privilege of having a part in Alex's life.



***Remember that Jesus is the Gift that Changes People***



**HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD KEY RINGS IN THE BACK OF YOUR KITCHEN DRAWERS YOU'D BE HAPPY TO DONATE TO A GOOD CAUSE?**

Jacob is a young man who lives in Queensland, and whose passion is collecting key rings. He wants to hold the world record for the largest collection, which means he needs to collect about 60,000 rings. Being autistic/aspergers, his pleasures in life are not as great as most people, and he struggles socially, and with learning in general. It would be lovely to support him to achieve his goal in this small way. His mother has gone online asking anyone with unwanted keyrings to send them to Jacob for his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday.

If, like me, you have quite a few key rings at the back of the drawer, you might like to send them to Jacob (**PO Box 1675, Southport, Queensland 4215**) – or leave them in the foyer in our church and I will post them with mine.

**Susan Smith**

**International Nurses Day takes place every year and provides an opportunity to recognise nurses around the world for their contribution to health care. 12<sup>th</sup> May, the day of celebration is Florence Nightingale's birthday (she was born in 1820).**



**Pauline and her parents at her graduation**

In 1965 I began my career in nursing and midwifery and in 2020 we are celebrating the *International Year of the Nurse and Midwife*. It is quite significant, as it was two hundred years ago that Florence Nightingale was born. She is the most significant name in nursing and was the person who insisted that everyone who came into her wards had to wash their hands, and here we are today with that same mantra, albeit in the light of the pandemic that has also changed the world.

I trained at *Wakefield Memorial Hospital* (1965 - 1969) which also met with its demise this year, as it has been incorporated into *Calvary Hospital*. I trained as a midwife at the *Queen Victoria Hospital* (on Fullarton Road) from 1969 - 1970. I just loved being a midwife, and in those days you had to be a nurse before you could be a midwife. I also have a certificate in *Sexual Health and Family Planning* and *Neonatal Intensive Care*.

My nursing and midwifery career has taken me to every state and territory in Australia as an educator, and on research teams. It has also afforded me the opportunity to teach in Sweden and Samoa, and to work in a military clinic in Singapore, when we lived there. I went the long route to get my *Doctor of Education* after doing a *Diploma, Bachelor* and *Masters degree*. I have served on many working parties and committees in relation to accreditation and regulation, course development, family planning, immunisation and reform. My highlights have been developing new midwifery courses for the Northern Territory, one of the first in Australia to develop the *Bachelor of Midwifery* without having first to be a nurse. I was the mother midwife at the birth of two of my grandchildren, guiding them safely into the world. I have participated and led many research projects and have publications in books and international journals.

I am proud to be a nurse and midwife, the latter being my favourite. I would never have imagined what my career would have looked like back in PTS (*Preliminary Training School*) - but to reflect on what I have accomplished, along with being a wife, mother and grandmother, and through the trials and tribulations of life, I feel very blessed.

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In the latest edition of the *SA Council of Churches* Newsletter, the following devotional service and prayer was written by the *Rev Anne Hewitt*, an ordained minister in the *Uniting Church Australia*, and the new Executive Director of *SA Council of Churches*:



**Rev Anne Hewitt**

**May 12, 2020 INTERNATIONAL NURSES DAY Living Moving, Being**

The Revised Common Lectionary readings this week remind us of God's presence through the Spirit, advocating for us, and enabling us to respond with life and depth and action.

**Scripture**

I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Helper, who will stay with you forever. She is the Spirit, who reveals the truth about God.

**John 14: 16-17**

**Acts 17:22-28**

Then Paul stood in front of the Areopagus and said, "Athenians, I see how extremely religious you are in every way. For as I went through the city and looked carefully at the objects of your worship, I found among them an altar with the inscription, 'To an unknown god.' What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you. The God who made the world and everything in it, he who is Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in shrines made by human hands, nor is he served by human hands, as though he needed anything, since he himself gives to all mortals life and breath and all things. From one ancestor he made all nations to inhabit the whole earth, and he allotted the times of their existence and the boundaries of the places where they would live, so that they would search for God and perhaps grope for him and find him—though indeed he is not far from each one of us. For 'In God we live and move and have our being'; as even some of your own poets have said, 'For we too are his offspring.'

**Reflection**

At Areopagus, a rock of historic renown where philosophy, religion and values were argued over, explored and articulated, Paul took the opportunity to proclaim to a gathered community, and identify the 'known' in the 'unknown'. Paul was a man of the moment, and spoke of his faith with clarity and purpose. His calling drove his being and living. His faith sustained and inspired his purpose. In God, he lived and moved and had his being.

During these catastrophic, challenging times, there are people who are *'the front line'* responders, who follow their calling to live and do and be what they know, in their faith, to be true. In Australia, we saw this again over the catastrophic bushfire season. *International Nurses Day* reminds us of this too.

Florence Nightingale, was called by God to devote herself to service of others. She too, followed her faith in her heart, soul, mind and living. She used all opportunities for social reform, developing practical nursing, medical statistics and data collection to enhance infection control and track diseases, communicating this effectively across all levels of society and learning. She used visual, aural and kinaesthetic expression, to connect and explain her deep calling, purpose and practice to all whom she met, and to those whom she could reach via communication, letters, articles, speeches and teaching. She is acknowledged as the first to use visual representations for statistical data explanation, opening up sharing of information to many. She continually remained open to explore and design improved social justice reforms, and intelligent and caring practices that enhanced life and well-being across society. She was always prepared to give an answer to anyone who questioned her unquenchable hope and belief in healing of body and soul, of her expression of faith and understanding of God's Spirit in all creation. Ordered, intellectual, practical and creative, she acknowledged and used her God given gifts, and was never ashamed or embarrassed to create a space for doing and being good.



Image Credit: Helping the wounded. Shutterstock/Everett Historical

In this changeable time in our society, there are deeper questions emerging about values, life, death, doing and being. The article below ( *How Coronavirus is leading to a religious revival*) is one of numerous reports revealing the deeper questions people are exploring in this time of grief, anxiety, change and the unknown.

How are we being called to give voice to our personal call? How is God present in our *'living and moving and being'*? Where are we a *'front-liner'* – in our family, our neighbourhood, in our church, community or profession? Where are we called to be God's people, to do good, with gentleness and respect?

Let us never be afraid, with the Advocate, the Spirit of God, to step out in faith, and live and be in goodness and with respect.

### 1 Peter 3:15-17

But in your hearts revere Christ as Lord. Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have. But do this with gentleness and respect, keeping a clear conscience, so that those who speak maliciously against your good behaviour in Christ may be ashamed of their slander. For it is better, if it is God's will, to suffer for doing good than for doing evil.

### Prayer

*Risen and shining One,  
illuminate in us, your light of love.  
Advocate Spirit, grant us the words and explanation of our hope.  
For in you, we are filled  
with a fiery unquenchable spark of life,  
enriched with knowledge, and a longing for justice.  
In you, we have a respectful and welcoming love  
and a deepening realisation  
that we are all part of your creation.  
Let us, then, not be withdrawn and isolated in self despair.*

*We are here, within God's gathered family,  
to take part, and not sit back, to engage, and not just listen,  
to assist in understanding, and not hide under our 'bushel' or covering,  
so that others who remain with lack of understanding,  
may glimpse your love, feel your care and grow in your wisdom.  
We each have a part to play.  
We are each responsible and supported by the other.  
As a circle of friends, we can do so much more, than as an individual.  
So enliven us, we pray.  
Bring us into the delight and busyness of your presence,  
O Advocate of living and moving and being. Amen*

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