

# THE LINK

**The Church of the Good Shepherd**

***Anglican Parish of Plympton***

***Diocese of Adelaide - South Australia***

**VOLUME 22 NUMBER 3 *CHRISTMAS edition* 2020**

---

***A WORD FROM OUR PARISH PRIEST, FATHER MICHAEL LANE***

Dear Good Shepherd Parishioners,

As I write for this edition of *The Link*, I reflect on what has happened since I last wrote in July this year. I mentioned then that we in Australia, especially in our own state, had much to be grateful for. However, the need for over one hundred days of lockdown in Victoria, and even just three days in our own state, when coronavirus broke out in the community, emphasises just how drastically things are not back to normal - or unlikely to be for a long while.

We observe from our relatively safe position, the ravages of second and third waves of the pandemic in overseas countries. We pray for people whose lives are at risk because of poverty, and because some leaders do not value human life over economic gain and power, especially the lives of those who are poor and vulnerable.

We give thanks that in 2020 we can look forward to Christmas celebrations where it will be possible to gather with family and friends.

For all of us, the global pandemic has made 2020 a year we will never forget. For myself, there has been the diagnosis of an aggressive form of prostate cancer, major surgery and thanks to the skills of the medical team caring for me, a slow but sure recovery. I am only too aware that had coronavirus been ravaging our community, this would not have been possible. I would still be waiting. I give thanks that I live in a country that puts politics aside and makes human life and health a priority over the pursuit of economic profit and increased wealth for some, and I thank God for the compassionate and caring individuals who lead our nation. We only need to glance at the front page of last weekend's *Australian* to see that these values are not universally held by those who seek to influence our nation's political life.

I am grateful also for the wonderful and capable leadership within our own parish community, something for which our locum Tim Sherwell expressed his gratitude during his time at the *Good Shepherd*.

As we blessedly begin another **Season of Advent**, I conclude with a stanza from the writings of *Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Waiting is an Art*.

*'Whoever does not know the austere blessedness of waiting—that is, of hopefully doing without —will never experience the full blessing of fulfilment. .... we must wait.'*

Deep Peace  
*Michael.*

## WARDENS REPORT



What a challenging year we have had in 2020. Yet again we have had to call on our resilience and tenacity to deal with what could prove to be a very nasty COVID cluster. We are so lucky that we have the team here in South Australia that is making sure we are all safe. It is interesting to see where the cluster family has travelled, and how far reaching their contacts are, from the northern suburbs to the south, including Flinders University. It shows that this virus is strong and invasive. Wouldn't it be a great thing if our religion of today was as strong and invasive as the virus? We thank everyone for your support of each other during this time, and hope that the second wave will not last long. Keep in touch with each other.

The COVID Marshalls, Marilyn and Trevor Owen, have been very diligent in their roles, and we cannot overestimate the importance for this process to continue. We must keep the distancing and sanitising going, and do what they ask, even if we have just washed our hands before we get to church.

We have been looking at the results of the *Church Life Survey* at Parish Council, and it is clear that we have a lot of work to do. We need to take care when interpreting the data and cannot be complacent that everything is going along okay. We are a shrinking parish, and unless something dramatic happens to increase our 'family' in five years' time we will be struggling to exist. We hope that you have taken the time to read the results of the survey. The information can be found at [www.ncls.org.au](http://www.ncls.org.au) and our profile number is HTUQQ7.

Members of Parish Council attended the Archbishop's meeting with lay leaders at *St Philips Church*. Mary Clasohm, Marilyn Owen, Pauline Glover, Rosemary Miller and David King went and listened to what he had to say. He re-affirmed that we need to be looking at ways to increase our mission and presence in the community.

We were able to celebrate our 95<sup>th</sup> *Dedication Service* and having Bishop Denise take time to share her personal journey with us was very uplifting. It was wonderful for all of us to be able to share lunch together afterwards. A small profit of one hundred dollars from the lunch will be donated to the *Christmas Bowl* on behalf of the Parish.

We are thankful that we were able to have Father Tim Sherwell with us while Father Michael was on sick leave. Having continuity of care at that time was very positive. Father Tim enjoyed our company as much as we enjoyed his, even if it was only for Sunday. Tim was ably assisted during this time by Marilyn Owen, a licensed Lay Reader, who covered *The Pines Lodge* services, the Wednesday services, and the home communion roster. While Marilyn found this period a bit nerve wracking, she received very positive feedback for her services. We also thank you for your continued financial support during these times of lockdown.

Many people have had to step up in the last six months since the last edition of *The LINK*. We have all been affected during this time by COVID and Father Michael's sick leave. We are thrilled, and grateful, that Father Michael has had a positive outcome from his prostate cancer surgery and does not require radiotherapy or chemotherapy. We are always indebted to Fran Kerwin who cares for our buildings and grounds, on top of which she supports transporting members of the congregation to church services. The gardeners, Susan Smith, the Bates-Brownswords and Father Michael have maintained the gardens at the front and back of the church to make the place very welcoming. We have coped with morning tea with a difference; however, we are sure that when this is all over, we will welcome the home-made goodies from people on the morning tea roster. To everyone who has made positive contributions during COVID - we thank you.

The *Christmas* services will continue as will the *Advent* study groups. We, your wardens, wish you and your families a safe and happy Christmas. Remember that we can be grateful for so many things, and while we may be affected by not having all family members with us for Christmas, we are here, together, as a worshipping community thankful for God's presence and for the birth of his son. This is the real reason for Christmas.

***Pauline Glover and Marilyn Owen***

## ***Thank You Father Tim***

From the moment locum priest Fr Tim Sherwell introduced himself at his first service on 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2020, it was obvious that the parish was in good hands during Fr Michael's absence on sick leave.

"*Call me Tim*" he said, adding that he was happy for people to sit or stand as they wished during services, was not worried about formality, and his biggest concern was that people love and care about one another. He told us he had some good news and some bad news. The bad news was that he was originally from Victoria, but the good news was that was many years ago. Other bad news was that he is a Collingwood supporter. Fr Tim told us he was from a blue collar background; his father was an Irish soldier who went into the bitumen business building roads, but fortunately went broke, so Tim didn't have to take up that vocation. He described himself as having a rather dark sense of humour and being broad minded.

His mother is of German descent, and that's why he "*looks German*". The family lived in Mildura and he has three siblings.

Fr Tim does not come from a church background and only started going in his early twenties because he was interested in a girl who was catholic and attended church regularly. He told us that he was inspired to become a priest from his very first visit to the church. He went on to marry the girl, whose name is Jenny, and they have a son and a daughter. He loves dogs and has an old German Shepherd called *Maggie* who "*is very smart.*" He is also very fond of his son's beagle, which he was currently minding. (Fellow dog lover, Isobel's smile of approval was evident as he described his love for dogs!)

Fr Tim also told us that the person who inspired him most was an old priest called Frank, who mumbled, and gave "*the worst sermons ever*", but who was also a wonderful and inspiring human being.

Apologising for having to hobble around using a walking stick as he had injured himself, Fr Tim's humility and candour (and his humour) immediately connected with the congregation. It was interesting to watch, over the ensuing weeks, how gently and respectfully the servers guided him through the services, and how much the congregation appreciated his weekly sermons.

Feedback from Fr Michael on his return was that Fr Tim had much enjoyed his time at CHOGS, how welcomed he felt and that the people in the parish were a "*great bunch*". The feeling was mutual(!)



**Morning tea at CHOGS: (From left: Ruth Willing (St David's Burnside), Tim Sherwell, Pauline Mosel (St Cuthberts Prospect)**



**Warden Pauline Glover presenting Fr Tim with a thank you from the parish**





## THE MOST JOYFUL PERSON I EVER MET

Helen Smith used this quote from a long-time friend of her mother Marjorie's as an introduction at Marjorie's funeral at CHOGS on 7th July this year. Anyone knowing Marjorie could immediately relate to this statement. Indeed, I cannot recall a time in all the years I knew her, not being greeted with an enthusiastic "Hello darling" – and the bright smile that always lit up her face. **Marjorie Eileen Smith** was a "glass half full" person who embraced life with both hands, relishing all it had to offer. Whilst there were many happy times, there were

also challenging times for Marjorie, particularly in later years when her husband Ken became ill, and Marjorie eventually became his full-time carer. Given her attitude to life, the fact that Marjorie managed to turn even this period into a positive, including being awarded the *Order of Australia Medal* in 2005 – is perhaps not surprising(!)



**Marjorie's Dad**

After her father's death, Marjorie, her elder brother Cyril, and their mother went to live in the city of Leicester, in England's East Midlands.

Marjorie was a teenager when the *Second World War* broke out and during that time completed several training courses with the Red Cross. She also worked as a telephonist at the Leicester Telephone Exchange, which in those days was run by the Post Office. One of her duties was teaching disabled servicemen to become telephonists. In 1947, two years after the war ended, Marjorie met her future husband Ken, who also worked at the telephone exchange, as an engineer. Their courting days were spent on frequent visits to the cinema, and other outings, Ken driving her around in the postal van, despite this being "against the rules"!

On a visit to Conwy Castle in Wales in 1947, Ken asked Marjorie to marry him, which he wrote about it in his diary, saying "Old girl, will you marry me?" Marjorie's answer was "Yes Ken". Aged 23, Marjorie was far from an "old girl" when they got married on a chilly day in 1949. Ken Snr described Marjorie, standing outside the church, shivering in her wedding dress, whilst the photographer fiddled about setting up his camera.

After the wedding Ken and Marjorie lived in the small village of Frimley in Surrey, approximately 50 kms southwest of London, before moving to a council house in Camberley, Surrey (famous for its *Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst*). Ken Snr worked as an engineer at the RAE (*Royal Aircraft Establishment*) at Farnborough, and went on to join the Space Department, which was highly influential in the development of space technology in the UK and Europe. In its heyday in the 1960's and 70's, RAE employed hundreds of people working on a range of satellite technologies, rockets, launch vehicles and the like.

Marjorie's first child, Ken Junior, was born at Frimley Cottage Hospital in July 1953, followed by his sister Helen in February 1956. Ken's memories of the council house in Camberley include his dad's stories about Ken Sr and Marjorie travelling around

on their 125 cc Bantam 2-stroke motorcycle, when they went to visit their mothers in Leicester and Lincolnshire, a suitcase perched on the tank. His mum always called the motorcycle "Winkle" and Marjorie often rode as a passenger. When he was six years old, Ken Jr remembered his dad buying their first car – an ancient Austin 7 with



**Ken and Marjorie**

*“a clutch which regularly slipped climbing the local hills”*. Around the same time, Ken also recalls his father buying a tape recorder and carefully recording Marjorie reading to Ken and Helen. Ken still has the recordings and likes to play them and hear his mum’s voice from sixty years ago.

Ken can recall his mother being involved with the church *“all her life”* and he particularly liked Father Box, the parish priest at their local church because he rode a Lambretta scooter when doing his rounds. Father Box called his scooter *“The Lamb”*, which *“may have had some religious significance”*! Ken remembers Father Box conducting a service at their house, with a small altar he set up, complete with candles. Ken and sister Helen attended Sunday School conducted by Phyllis Buckwell, a friend of the family. As they walked home together afterwards Ken was always nervous because news of his misbehaviour often reached Marjorie by telephone long before their arrival, and he recalls his mother saying he behaved *“like The Wild Man of Borneo”*.



The first house the family owned was at 44 Diamond Ridge, Camberley, which they purchased in 1960. Named *“Kimble”* after the villages passed through on the Bantam motorcycle, it was near the top of a hill and had nice views of the pine woods. Helen and Ken enjoyed their walks to school through the woods. Even in winter when snow covered the ground, Ken wore wellington boots and



short trousers, only graduating to long trousers when he went to secondary school at age 11! St Georges, the local church in Camberley, was a fine old Victorian church with a large pipe organ. Jumble sales were regularly held in the church hall, and Ken remembers cycling to the church with Marjorie.

Although Marjorie’s husband Ken was a skilled engineer who had worked at Farnborough for several years, his lack of formal qualifications prevented him becoming a full member of the *Institute of Electrical Engineers* and he initially became an *Associate Member (AMIEE)*. Many years later he was finally granted full membership (MIEE). Ken’s particular area of expertise involved working with rockets, and in 1967 he was offered a position at WRE (*Weapons Research Establishment*) at Salisbury in South Australia, so in August of that year, the family packed up and moved to SA where they lived at Black Forest. While Ken Sr was busy commuting to and from Salisbury (with occasional trips north to Woomera to oversee rocket launches), Marjorie and the family settled into the local community. She contacted Black Forest Primary School and began teaching religious instruction. Their local church was *St Benedicts* at Glandore, where Rev Des Brockhoff, a familiar figure to many people at CHOGS, became a family friend. Marjorie maintained her friendship with Des until his final days.

In 1972, when Ken’s work with WRE ended, the family went back home to England, having made the decision to return and live in Adelaide once Ken retired. Ken Jr, who was undertaking a degree at Flinders University, remained in Adelaide to complete his studies.



Once back in the UK, Marjorie vigorously pursued her interest in Adult Education, and cookery. Already a skilled cook, she undertook various advanced courses, including training and teaching at the exclusive *Tante Marie Cordon Bleu School of Cookery* in Woking in Surrey. Her achievements included the *“Diplome de Bonne Cuisine Francais”* from Dieppe, a Diploma from the *Wine School for Sommeliers* at *Tante Marie*, and she was also granted membership of the prestigious *Wine & Food Association* (under Royal patronage). During this time, Marjorie and Ken made several trips to France, enjoying the amazing food and wine.

One of Marjorie’s former pupils, and friend, Elizabeth Bull, spoke to me at Marjorie’s funeral about her fond memories of their friendship, and she sent the following tribute:



I have a vivid memory of Marjorie pouncing on me on my first day at *Tante Marie Cordon Bleu School of Cookery* in Woking, Surrey, UK. It was May 1979 and Marjorie's welcome was quite enthusiastic as she knew there was a lone Australian student expected in the new intake. She, Ken, Helen and young Ken had lived in South Australia in the '60's and when Marjorie learned I was from SA she grinned from ear to ear in great excitement and that was the beginning of what turned out to be a 40 year friendship. She and Ken invited us to dinner in 1979 (pavlova for dessert!) and they were keen to talk about SA as they were hoping to come back to live here permanently. During the conversation, we discovered that my parents (*John and Margaret Inkster*) had a mutual friend, *Reverend Des Brockhoff*. The following year in 1980 my parents went to the UK. and were entertained by Marjorie and Ken and that meeting also resulted in a lifelong friendship.

**Liz Bull**



In 1972 Ken retired and the family returned to Australia permanently. They lived at Flagstaff Hill and Marjorie set about establishing a catering business which involved delivering and serving food to people's houses for private dinner parties. Ken helped with deliveries, setting up the car to transport food safely. Ken Junior remembers his mother being struck at the time by the *"rather high alcohol consumption of some houses in the eastern suburbs"*!

In September 1992, life again changed dramatically for Marjorie and the family when Ken Sr collapsed and was rushed to Flinders Medical Centre. First thought to have had a stroke, and in a coma for several days, Ken was eventually diagnosed with viral encephalitis and a form of leukaemia. He partially recovered but was left with symptoms of dementia. On his discharge from hospital, Marjorie became Ken's full-time carer, endeavouring to keep him at home, and moving to a town house in Wayville closer to where Ken Jr lived. By 1994 further deterioration in Ken's mental condition proved too much, and he was transferred to the Adelaide Clinic, and eventually to Glenside where he could receive appropriate psychiatric care. The staff at Glenside were excellent and Ken settled in well, He died 3 years later, in 1997 and his funeral service was conducted in the chapel at Glenside.

Marjorie's experience as her husband's carer had a profound effect on Marjorie and she became a passionate lobbyist for *Carers Association of SA*, realising how much difference it would have made for her to have received not only physical help, but also psychiatric advice during the time she looked after Ken at home. Empathising with the plight of so many carers in similar circumstances, she set out to change this situation, working tirelessly over many years with *Carers SA*, *Adelaide Clinic*, the *National Council of Women*, *RDNS*, *ABM*, and others, receiving a *Commonwealth Senior Citizen's Award for SA* in 1999. In her own words, Marjorie wanted *"to fight for recognition, payment and respite for all carers, and to tell carers about the avenues of help which I had been unaware of, and how important it is that they see a doctor on their own, and not always with the person they are caring for, to talk about their own health."*



**Order of  
Australia Medal**

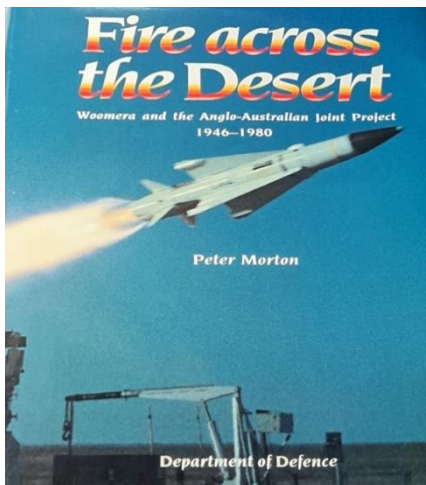
Marjorie also served on the *ZONTA Club Committee* for over 30 years, and was President from 2004 to 2006, during which time the Club undertook significant and successful fundraising ventures. Notable amongst her many awards was her *Order of Australia Medal* for Community Services in 2005.

After Ken died, Marjorie continued to live in her town house at Wayville for another 19 years. She used her time doing voluntary work for many of the above organisations, and in some cases was paid for public speaking. On one occasion she flew to Melbourne to speak to a group of psychiatrists, who *"wined and dined her quite well"*. She continued to work for Carers SA as long as she was able.

As Marjorie's health deteriorated, she required extra assistance, and in November 2016 after a fall at home she spent four weeks respite care at *Resthaven Aged Care Home* in Westbourne Park. Two months later, Marjorie made the decision to move into Resthaven permanently. She settled in well and made friends. Her cheerful attitude endeared her to the staff, and she was well looked after. As her mobility lessened and she became confined to her wheelchair, one of Marjorie's favourite things to do was to sit outside in the garden *"watching the clouds roll by"* – which is what she was doing with her daughter Helen on Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> June 2020 the day before she passed away peacefully in her sleep at the age of 94 years.



\*\*\*\*\*



Marjorie's husband Ken's work on Black Knight space rockets at the joint Australian/UK Guided Weapons program in Woomera, involved building and operating a major missile testing range, reaching far across the continent. Ken wrote several chapters for the book **Fire Across the Desert** by Peter Morton which was published in 1989. The book is a comprehensive history of this 34 years long undertaking and refers to Ken Smith on numerous occasions. His photograph appears on page 427.



Ken Smith of RAE. He took a leading part in several Black Knight Trials.

Various people were asked to contribute to the book, and Ken's offering was acknowledged as follows: *"Another superb source was Ken Smith, who had worked at the UK Ministry of Defence and for a small company at Salisbury, Redpath Technical Services. He produced invaluable draft material on the Black Arrow and Black Knight rockets, the guided weapons program at Woomera, the British involvement at Salisbury and the upper atmosphere probe rocket program. Not only was this material of the highest quality, but it was produced with startling speed."*