

## AROUND THE PARISH

Whilst life has taken some of our parish members further afield, and no longer able to attend regular worship at CHOGS, we like to keep up with their news:



It was lovely to have **Van Bain** and family with us at the 16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost service on 20<sup>th</sup> September. Pictured at left with her daughter Margie Symonds and son Greg, Van is now in Jamestown with Margie, who has sent us the following update:

When Covid 19 struck, mum moved in with my husband and me on the farm at Jamestown. She coped with the change very well and had a great time planting a Covid flower garden, learned several duets on the piano, cooked biscuits, did the crossword puzzles in the *Advertiser*, worked out on the exercise bike and watched DVDs of Andre Rieu's orchestra !

Each Sunday morning mum comes to the Uniting Church, which is about 200 yards down the road. She gets there early, stays for a

cuppa and enjoys chatting to people before and after the service. Mum loves people and has an amazing attitude. She wants to be happy and is determined to be. She accepts that life has to change and she's making the most of it. When we were preparing her house for sale, I asked her how she felt about selling it. She said: "Fine. No problems. I'm only glad that I don't have to do it"!!

She is never without a smile on her face, and her reply to "How are you?" is always "If I was any better, I'd be dangerous." Her faith is very strong and has helped her immensely through the rough patches. What a wonderful role model our mum is. We are so lucky.

She often talks of you all and sends her love and best wishes. She has really appreciated the texts, emails and visit from Reverend Michael, as well as the chats on the phone with her church friends.



### ***Hello from Heather and Mary Davey***



*This is just a quick note to all those at the Good Shepherd to fill you in on how my mother Mary Davey is going.*

*As many of you are aware, Mum has been living down here at Normanville with John and me since late June. I won't pretend that it has all been easy!*

*We have all had to get settled into new roles, Mum and me especially, but we are managing to get there. Things have not been made easier, with John having to have a hip replacement, which was preceded by insertion of a pacemaker.*

*We have had an army of health auxiliaries in, to provide modifications, aids and dietary help. There have been setbacks, but they are not as big as the steps forward.*

*Mum is now eating much better and has evened out on weight in the past four months. Now that the weather has improved, she is able to sit outside and watch John working in the garden. When it is too cold or wet, she can sit in the library at the front of the house and watch golfers, magpies, and cars going by. Soon, we will be having a chairlift installed so Mum can go upstairs and get a better view out across the gulf - and if her eyes manage it - even get a glimpse of Kangaroo Island.*

*Many thanks to all those who have been in touch, and we hope to get back to The Church of the Good Shepherd someday to say hello. **Heather Davey***

### *New Horizons for Astrid*

I have always put a lot of effort into the lead up to Christmas; it is the season which restores my energy for the year ahead. Scoping out the fabric range at Spotlight, picking out a colour scheme, listening to mum and dad debate the tone of the Advent sermons, soaking up the smell of candles and foliage, falling asleep on the couch with the tree lights twinkling, learning new Christmas carols, making the most of the socially acceptable opportunities to express enduring love, and the vibrant hope which pervades end of year planning.



**From all at CHOGS**

This year has extra meaning for me. I have been lucky enough to gain a full-time position with the *Australian Electoral Commission* and will be moving to Canberra during the first week of February 2021. This marks a massive turning point for me after many years of study, and hard, exciting and varied contracts that have all somehow been leading to this dream job. I am so satisfied to feel "at home" in the role already as I get started working remotely here at the SA State Office. At the same time, I cannot shake the shocking feeling that this is my "last Christmas" in Adelaide. But of course, it's not! Things will be different but isn't that exciting! I will enjoy the Christmas Season with my family and with *The Church of the Good Shepherd*.

Cheers to you all for the warmth and relationship you have shown me and my family, especially during this difficult year.

Merry Christmas everyone, and my very best wishes for the year ahead.

Lots of Love **Astrid Lane**



Somewhat further afield, these pictures are of Naomi Clasohm and her five-year-old son Nicholas, in costume for recent *Book Week* celebrations on the Sunshine Coast in Queensland where they have lived for several years.

Naomi (*nee Bates-Brownsword*) and her husband Andrew (*son of Mary and the late Keith Clasohm*) met at CHOGS twenty-four years ago, and always catch up with CHOGS friends when they come to Adelaide.



**Barbara Bowering on 13.9.20**

After the 10.00 o'clock service at *The Church of the Good Shepherd* on Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> September, I went outside into the Spiritual Garden, where I happened to meet a lady walking around enjoying the space. We began chatting and she told me that her name was **Barbara Bowering**. Barbara went on to explain that her visit to CHOGS that day was to celebrate her wedding anniversary.



**Barbara and Gordon's wedding day, 13.9.58**

Barbara (*nee Yandell*) and Gordon Bowering were married at *The Church of the Good Shepherd* on Saturday, 13<sup>th</sup> September 1958, (*sixty-two years ago*) and the priest who officiated at the ceremony was Father Ross Lenthall(!)



## Greetings from Orkney

*The following message is from Chris Burton, in Orkney in the Shetland Islands with an update on what is happening in Stromness, since her last article in the Mid-Year LINK 2020. .*

### Coping with Covid 19 at St Mary's, in Stromness, Orkney

Covid 19 has hit us hard in the UK but, here in Orkney, we have done relatively well with only 34 cases since the beginning of the virus, many of these are among visitors or residents who have travelled abroad and students away on mainland Scotland at university, but still registered with doctors here.

Some churches have taken the first nervous steps towards re-opening, and we are one of those. What a lot of preparation had to be done beforehand. Everyone has to be two metres apart. You can imagine the effect this has had on St Mary's. We have such a small building that once this restriction is put in place, we can only fit in 12 chairs, with two more in the chancel and a

further one for the organist. I took the photograph at left just before our *Remembrance Day* Service on 8<sup>th</sup> November. You will see that the Service sheets have been placed on the chairs in advance – they have to be disposable - so we print a new one every week. We also had to make an air circulation plan, which caused a lot of anxiety initially, because it involved leaving the front and back doors open. As you can imagine, it is beginning to get chilly here at this time of the year and we thought we might have to close down again because of the cold. However, with the help of a door grille vent, and an open upper window, we can manage without opening the doors. We all have to inform the church Covid 19 steward in advance if we intend to come to church on a particular Sunday or Thursday, so there is no making your mind up on the day. We also need to use copious amounts of anti-bacterial spray, especially before and after Communion, which is bread only, and which is brought to the congregation individually by the priest. As you can also see from the photograph, as a safety precaution the church has been stripped of all unnecessary items. It is a little reminiscent of what the church looks like when it has been stripped in Holy Week.



These are the downsides. The upside is that once our Covid-19 plan had been approved and was in place, we could meet again for worship. It was very strange at first. It felt rather sterile and impersonal. Partners could not sit side-by-side, we could not stay behind and chat (inside building), the hospitality we enjoyed so much at the end of the service it hard to wear a mask throughout the service. However, we were family, worshipping and praying as one community. The photograph of our Sunday service. We have become used to the strange seating social distancing and the lack of opportunity to talk to each other we are finding new ways of interacting. Every Thursday, I have after *Morning Prayer* (only people from two families are allowed to public place, but next week we will be able to meet in houses as well). email, and gradually are getting to meet each other in twos and threes. Advent '*get-together*' on Zoom so that we can all talk together a bit of study. One of our traditional Christmas events is the '*Service Carols*'. This year we won't be able to have it, as we are not allowed we would spend some time looking at the readings more closely and of the accompanying carols. I have just introduced a Newsletter called '*Staying in Touch*' which I hope will do exactly that! As we cannot use books in church, we have had to re-think our Morning Prayer Service which came from David Adam's '*The Rhythm of Life, Celtic Daily Prayer*'. Now we use '*Celtic Daily Prayer*' from the Northumbria Community, which is available electronically and has meditations for every day of the year. One of the unexpected delights of our alternative approach to Communion, is that once we have been given the bread, we wait until the priest returns to the altar and then we all take it together – just like a normal meal when everyone eats at the same time. There is something rather special about this.



or outside the stopped and we found together as a church on the left is at the end arrangements, the socially. However, coffee with a friend meet together in a We are in touch by We are planning an socially but also to do of *Nine Lessons* and to sing, so we thought finding out the history

Covid-19 has challenged us here at St Mary's but what seemed like an impossible task, of opening the church for worship, has brought with it blessings as well as headaches. We have been able to meet, even if at a distance. We have learnt to be creative with our worship. We have found another way of sharing Communion. We have found new ways of meeting socially. We have found different ways of communicating – the newsletter, more emailing and phone conversations. We have had to be imaginative, and this is a good thing. We have realised just how comfortable we were with how we did things, so much so that we were not looking for new and exciting ways to share our faith. Whilst we would not wish to continue meeting together under these conditions indefinitely, they do keep us all safe, we are together and we are experimenting with our worship, and that can only be a good thing.

We send blessings to all our friends at the *Church of the Good Shepherd* in Adelaide.

## A VISIT FROM THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

By Phyllis Roberts (now a resident at Parkrose Nursing Home, Everard Park)



I am speaking from my experiences as a child when I lived in Manchester in the north west of England.

The chimney sweep's visit usually took place in early summer when it was convenient for the householder to have a cold fireplace and chimney. It was quite a formal arrangement. Firstly, a date and time had to be agreed on to suit both parties. The start time was most important, as it allowed the Sweep to keep to the exact number of visits planned for that particular day.

In the house, preparation for the Sweep's visit started the day before. All ornaments had to be moved to a place of safety, and on the evening beforehand, the furniture in the room was covered with sheets. The householder would also ensure that any fire residue had been removed from the grate and fireplace.

The Sweep travelled by pedal power. All the equipment he required was carried in a small flat cart which was hooked onto a bicycle or tricycle. In his bag were six to eight rods and a special brush, which opened like an umbrella and could be activated at the appropriate moment. In addition to the rods, the Sweep had a supply of sheets. Number one sheet was placed open in the grate, number two sheet was firmly attached to the opening across the fireplace. Then he attached several rods together, making one very long one with the brush pointing upwards, at first unopened. Now the Sweep could begin his work.

Up to this point the children were able to watch the operation, but then they were instructed to go outside and watch for the emergence of the brush from the top of the chimney. As soon as they saw it, they were instructed to shout out so the Sweep could activate the opening of the brush. Of course, having attended these homes on previous occasions, the Sweep knew exactly how many rods were needed to reach the top of the chimney, but he didn't want to spoil the children's excitement - and involvement in the activity.

Sometimes, when the Sweep started brushing and disturbing the soot from the brickwork, there was a light *thud*. Later investigation often found this to be remnants of a small, half made bird's nest with bits of mortar and other matter adhering to it, which had made a fast descent from the top of the chimney into the grate.

Once the Sweep was satisfied that the chimney was clear, he gathered the sheet from the grate into a bundle, making sure that no soot could escape, and placed this in his cart. Then, he did the same with sheet number two, dismantled the rods and the brush, and packed it all into his cart. After receiving payment for his services, he pedalled away to the next job.

The children were then issued with hand brush with soft bristles or a very soft cotton cloth, and instructed to look for any soot 'escapees' and put them in a large paper bag which was closed with a tight twist. Meanwhile, the lady of the house carefully removed the sheets covering the furniture and took them outside to give them a shake.

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On our recent visit to family in Queensland, we attended their local Anglican church, *St Marks*, in Buderim. The altar had been decorated with poppies, for *Remembrance Day*, and included not only the familiar **red poppy** commemorating those who sacrificed their lives in World War I and the wars that followed – but also **purple poppies** as a memorial to the service and sacrifice of all animals who died in conflicts.

The **white poppies** were founded in 1933 by members of the *Women's Cooperative Guild* who lost loved ones in World War I. In 1936 the white poppy symbol was adopted by the pacifist group, the *Peace Pledge Union* commemorating not only soldiers, but civilians killed in war, and in 1937, the union started laying white poppy wreaths as a pledge to peace.

The **black poppy** was launched in 2010 and is mostly associated with remembrance of black African and Caribbean contributions to the war

effort, but it has also been embraced as an anti-war symbol by many, "*honouring dead soldiers, civilians, conscientious objectors and those who have fallen victim to invasion or occupation, gender-based violence, starvation and poverty.*"

**Chris Bates-Brownsword**

