



Our parish results from the **NCLS (National Church Life Survey)** conducted earlier this year provided some interesting reading. The demographic profile showed that the average age of people at the *Church of the Good Shepherd* is 73 years. Seventy-six per cent are female and 24% male. Thirty-nine per cent of the congregation have a university degree, 17% have a trade certificate, diploma or associate diploma, and 44% have a primary or secondary school education. Eighty one percent of attendees at CHOGS were born in Australia, 19% were born overseas, and 5% of our members speak a language other than English at home. Interestingly, 100% of parishioners attend church services at least once a month. Long term attendees at CHOGS comprise 69% of the congregation, 24% have transferred from elsewhere, newcomers number 2% and visitors 5%.

Further feedback shows that three quarters of the people of our parish value a traditional style of worship, and that sharing holy communion is equally important. Worship services that are nurturing and ensuring that new people are included in parish life, are also seen as important. People particularly appreciate the music at CHOGS. Using our gifts and skills, especially related to hospitality, welcoming and communication (by writing or speaking) are seen as something our parish does well.

The response to how people relate to God showed that well over a third of attendees had experienced a strong growth in faith over the preceding twelve months, as well as an increased understanding of God during worship services.

Relating to each other, and a sense of belonging is one of the highest priorities for people at our local church. Nearly everyone found it easy to make friends and felt valued and appreciated. Involvement in small prayer and discussion groups, fellowship, social and other groups is enjoyed by many people. Whilst older members of the congregation experienced satisfaction with what is offered for their age group, it was also felt that although children under 12 years of age are well catered for when the opportunity arises, uneven numbers and attendances affect this group.

How people relate to the wider community showed some interesting results, with 60% of people participating in wider community groups and 39% of people doing so through activities at CHOGS.

On the subject of outreach during the preceding twelve months, three quarters of the parish actively provided a helping hand to others, donated money to charities, visited people in hospital, and lent or gave money to individuals outside family.

The final section of the Survey on Vision and Leadership showed that a high percentage of CHOGS parishioners are willing to support new initiatives and ideas. This is an interesting result when you consider the average age group of the people attending. On the topic of "*Performing Leadership or Ministry Roles*" - most people were inspired by our leadership team and felt that they listened to and took into account ideas and suggestions put forward by parishioners, actively encouraging them to participate in decisions relating to the future direction of our church.

Whilst the above information makes for interesting reading, we look forward to further discussion about how we continue to grow together as a parish, using and developing our gifts and skills; how we relate to God and the community and what we value and prioritise.





On Sunday, 25th October, the Church of the Good Shepherd celebrated its **95th Dedication Festival**. Joining us for the service, followed by lunch in the hall, was **Bishop Denise Ferguson**, accompanied by her husband Mark. Prior to the sermon, Bishop Denise told us something about herself, She and Mark moved from New Zealand in 2014, looking for a sea change, or as she put it "perhaps an island change in their case". Both she and Mark (who met 41 years ago) served in the New Zealand Defence Force for many years, but in 2013 felt strongly that God was calling her to other work. Mark's comment was that she had been an "army wife for 15 years, so he figured he could be a church husband for the next 15"(!) Bishop Denise said she had served in three parishes prior to her present role, and that the twelve months following her consecration as Bishop in July 2019, had been "a very challenging period."

Bishop Denise Ferguson is the first woman in the Adelaide Diocese to be appointed to the office of Bishop.

DECK OF CARDS - an old one but a good one(!)

Some of you will have heard this tale before but the story goes that during the North African campaign in World War 2, a bunch of soldiers had been on a long hike before arriving in a little town called Casino. The following morning being a Sunday, several of the boys went to church. A sergeant commanded the boys in church, and after the Chaplain had read the prayer, those who had prayer books took them out. One boy only had a deck of cards, which he spread out. When the sergeant saw the cards, he said: "*Soldier, put those cards away.*"

After the service was over, the soldier was brought before the Provost Marshall who asked the Sergeant: "*Why have you brought this man here?*" "*For playing cards in church, sir*" replied the Sergeant. "*And what have you to say for yourself?*" the Marshall asked the soldier. "*Much sir*" replied the soldier. The Marshall said: "*I hope so, because if not, I shall punish you.*" The soldier said: "*Sir, I have been on the march for about six days. I have neither a Bible, nor a prayer book, but I hope to satisfy you with the purity of my intentions*". And with that, the boy started to tell his story.

"You see, Sir, when I look at the ace it reminds me that there is but one God. And the deuce reminds me that the Bible is divided into two parts, the Old and the New Testaments. When I see the 3, I think of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. When I see the 4, I think of the four evangelists who preached the Gospel: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. And when I see the 5 it reminds me of the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps. There were ten of them. Five were wise and were saved, and five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the 6, it reminds me that in six days God made this great heaven and earth. When I see the 7, it reminds me that on the seventh day, God rested from his great work. And when I see the 8, I think of the eight righteous persons God saved when he destroyed this earth: there was Noah, his wife, their sons and their wives.

And when I see the 9, I think of the lepers our Saviour cleansed, and nine out of the ten didn't even thank him. When I see the 10, I think of the Ten Commandments God handed down to Moses on a tablet of stone. When I see the King, it reminds me that there is but one King of Heaven, God Almighty. And when I see the Queen, I think of the Blessed Virgin Mary who is Queen of Heaven. And the Jack, or Knave is the Devil. When I count the number of spots on a deck of cards, I find 365, the number of days in a year. There are 52 cards, the number of weeks in a year. There are 4 suits, the number of weeks in a month. There are 12 picture cards, the number of months in a year. There are 13 tricks, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see my pack of cards serves me as a Bible, an Almanac and a Prayer Book. And friends, this story is true. I know, I was that soldier." T. Texas Tyler. (1948)

Paul's Story

by Chris Bates-Brownsword

When I called in recently for a chat with Paul Sanderson and his sister Margaret McCormack, at the house Paul shares with two others in Plympton, my first impression was how attractive the front garden was – beautifully cared for, and full of flowers. I was to discover (perhaps unsurprisingly) that much of the credit for this goes to Margaret, whose extra plantings and attention have transformed it into such a cheerful and welcoming space. During the afternoon we were joined by Rachael, Paul's niece who brings him to our 10.00 am Sunday service at CHOGS. Rachael is not only Paul's niece, but also his "bestie", and said that she and her Uncle Paul have enjoyed a close relationship ever since she was a kid.



Margaret and Rachael in the front garden at Plympton

Paul moved to the house at Plympton in March 2019. Prior to that, he was a resident for 47 years at the *Julia Farr Centre* in Fullarton (later called "Highgate") which closed in April 2020.

Paul was very settled at *Julia Farr*, where there were numerous group activities and outings and other opportunities for interaction between residents. With 1200 residents, and over 2000 staff, the centre had its own café and a sense of community. Paul attended church services twice a week. The Annual Fete was legendary, attracting people from near and far, with a wide range of quality goods and art works for sale. The *Red Cross* ran craft groups, including basketmaking, which Paul particularly enjoyed. From time to time, he also attended sheltered workshops in the city.

An important part of Paul's day to day life at *Julia Farr*, included several jobs, like picking up the newspapers, delivering mail, collecting the nurse's time sheets, and helping to set up the dining room. He enjoyed these tasks which gave real purpose to his day. Margaret describes Paul as having great compassion for others, especially the disabled. When he was ambulant, he would assist and care for other people who were more confined.



Julia Farr Centre at Fullarton, The view from Paul's room when the jacarandas blossomed in early summer was spectacular,

He was strong and would use his one good arm to lift people in bed, give drinks, adjust televisions etc. He also has a great capacity to understand people with difficult speech and acted as an interpreter.

After such a long residency at *Julia Farr*, the changeover to the house in Plympton continues at times to be quite an adjustment for both Paul and his family, and Paul is gradually taking on tasks at the new house, like getting washing off the line, pulling blinds up and down and helping with the washing up.

When he was born in 1937, Paul was three weeks overdue and his birth was difficult, requiring a high forceps delivery. As a result, he was left with cerebral palsy and the doctors told his mother to take him home and make the most of the limited time they would likely have together. Refusing to accept this

prognosis, Nancy (or “Nan” as she became known to all), spent hours painstakingly feeding her newborn with a glass pipette (or dropper). Thanks to her efforts, Paul survived and thrived and went on to live a very full life. The fact that he recently celebrated his 83rd birthday is testament to the remarkable and determined woman his mother truly was. In 1995, in Paul’s 58th year, Nan, whom he called “Muv” died at the age of 82.



Paul’s early childhood was spent at Leabrook

Paul’s mother’s maiden name was *Cooper*, and she came from the well-known Adelaide Brewing Company. She was a nurse when she and Bruce Sanderson married in late 1936 and settled in the Adelaide suburb of Leabrook.

Paul, who is the eldest in the family, has four siblings, his sister Margaret, and three brothers, Tony (who lives in Kapunda and regularly takes Paul out to lunches; Tony is only 15 months younger, so they “*are a bit like twins*”), Richard, and David. Sadly, his brother Richard, who lived in Tumut in NSW, died of a heart attack, aged 73, in September 2016.

When Paul was about two years old, the family moved to Renmark on the River Murray, but not long afterwards, war broke out and Paul’s father went overseas, so Nan and the children moved back to Leabrook.

When Paul was ten, the family relocated to the Clare Valley, where Margaret was born three weeks later. They were there for 18 years, during which time Paul became quite involved with the local community. He was able to walk about in those days (not requiring a wheelchair until the age of 60). He was an active and sociable little boy who loved visiting people, walking up and down the hills to have a cup of tea with the neighbours. At that time Paul Senior, worked as a Sales Manager for the *Caltex Oil Company*, and was often away, travelling interstate to places like Darwin, and Paul’s mum was left for long periods to look after five children. Two of Paul’s brothers ran a local service station where Paul sometimes liked to help. Whilst living in Clare, Paul also used to travel by train to the *Spastic Centre* in Woodville twice a week, with another young man who was disabled, and whose mother was keen for him to attend. Margaret recalls that in the end, this had to stop, as Paul was getting worn out by the rather relentless schedule the lady put in place!

In 1964 the family returned to Adelaide. They lived in Norwood for four years, until Paul’s dad died, at the age of 54 years, and their mother moved to Hawthorn. At that stage it was mostly Paul and mum at home, with brother David coming and going and Margaret intermittently overseas working in Vanuatu. By then Paul was 35 years old and his mother became concerned about his future, so arranged for him to move into the *Julia Farr Centre*. She visited regularly and ensured that Paul came home every weekend from Friday evening to Sunday night. Margaret remembers how particular Nan was about Paul’s clothing, and how well turned out he always was – with trousers from Fletcher Jones being the norm!

Margaret spoke of Paul’s love of music. Although unable to write, Paul loved playing records on his gramophone and listening to his audiotapes, and he ended up with quite an eclectic collection of music, ranging from war songs and classics to contemporary pieces.

Paul also loves sending and receiving cards, to and from friends and family, so trips to the post box are a regular occurrence. One of the true delights of Paul’s life, is holidaying. Thanks to a very supportive family, he has enjoyed trips to Darwin to spend time with his brother David and family, Sydney, Tumut in the Snowy Mountains (where his brother Richard treated him to great times, in particular a memorable ride in a hovercraft, which the family still talks about. On that occasion Paul travelled with Rachael, and Margaret & her husband Patrick to Canberra, where Richard met them in his 4WD. Although Richard had rigged up a pulley to get Paul in and out of the car, Margaret recalls this still requiring considerable physical effort. They drove

to the picturesque *Bowering Dam* for the day, and the boys were able to transfer Paul from his wheelchair into the hovercraft, which set off overland, and then into the dam. Paul absolutely loved it.



Paul also much enjoyed weekends in Victor Harbor, at a holiday house for families with disabled children. He loved the sea. When he was still able to walk, Margaret used to drive down the ramp at Glenelg, where he walked into the water and lay on his back, kicking away and having the time of his life!



Rachael & Paul at his 83rd birthday celebration at CHOGS



Rachael, Paul and Margaret, Mother's Day 2020



Paul on Anzac Day 2019

Anzac Day is an important day for Paul, who likes to attend the service, honouring the memory of his father *Bruce Sanderson*, who served as a Lieutenant in the *2/9th Infantry Battalion*, and also his aunt *Muriel Cooper* (known as 'Bridge') who was a nurse and served as Captain in the *2nd/7th Australian General Hospital* during World War 2

"Bridge" died aged 95, in October 2006, and is buried at Centennial Park in Adelaide.



Paul's Aunt Muriel 'Bridge' Cooper

A formidable example of Paul's resilience is his recovery from a stroke in 2013 when he was aged 77. The doctors expected him to die within days. Instead, his family witnessed something of a miracle when only ten days after the stroke he was well enough to join them for their *Easter* celebrations. Initially bearing all the hallmarks of a major stroke – no speech, lopsided face etc – Paul continued to improve. Despite predictions from doctors that another more severe stroke was likely to follow, this never happened. His sister Margaret recalls:

"I think they forgot to tell Paul. What we witnessed was a significant change in his engagement with everyone and everything. It was as if his brain had been rewired and the man who was once sometimes shy about engaging in many activities could suddenly not be sated. He attended everything that was available, and it was also when he started painting and enjoying craft with enthusiasm (and much assistance) and he put his hand up for as many outings as were on offer!"

Recently, Paul's cousin in Echuca described Paul as "A man well-travelled thanks to his remarkable family, and extended family", and there is no doubt that the lifelong encouragement and loving support that Paul has received from his siblings, other family members and friends has enabled him to enjoy life to a ripe old age- with I suspect, much more yet to come!

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JONI by Joe Muser and Joni Earackson Tada, originally published 1976



Joni Earackson TADA

I enjoyed this inspiring book by Joni Earackson Tada...

Born in 1949 in Baltimore in USA, Joni had 3 sisters and was named for her father John. "Joni" is pronounced as "Johnny". Joni was an active and athletic teenager, until she broke her neck in a diving accident at the age of 17. Her spinal cord was severed, and she was paralysed from the shoulders down. Joni was left with limited movement in her arms but cannot use her hands or her legs. Through her momentous struggles over the years, and inspired by American evangelist Billy Graham, Joni developed a deep trust in God. She has received numerous awards, honorary college and university degrees, and has authored 48 books, including children's books. In 1980 Joni starred in "Joni" a film based on her book. In 1982 Joni married Kent Tada and they live in California, USA .

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Do You Know Your Hymns?

Dentist's Hymn	. . .	Crown Him with Many Crowns.
Weatherman's Hymn	. . .	There Shall Be Showers of Blessings.
Contractor's Hymn	. . .	The Church's One Foundation.
Tailor's Hymn	. . .	Holy, Holy, Holy.
Golfer's Hymn	. . .	There's a Green Hill Far Away.
Politician's Hymn	. . .	Standing on the Promises!
Optometrist's Hymn	. . .	Open My Eyes That I Might See.
IRS Agent's Hymn	. . .	I Surrender All.
Gossip's Hymn	. . .	Pass It On.
Electrician's Hymn	. . .	Send The Light..
Shopper's Hymn	. . .	Sweet Bye and Bye.
Realtor's Hymn	. . .	I've Got a Mansion, Just Over the Hilltop.
Massage Therapist's Hymn	. . .	He Touched Me.

AND for those who speed on the highway - a few hymns:

55 mph	. . .	God Will Take Care of You
75 mph	. . .	Nearer My God To Thee
85 mph	. . .	This World Is Not My Home
95 mph	. . .	Lord, I'm Coming Home
100 mph	. . .	Precious Memories

Give me a sense of humor, Lord, Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some humor out of life, And pass it on to other folks.