



Kairos



News in and around Camberwell Uniting Church

Volume 13 Number 2

Some Pastoral Ponderings

Warm greetings to all.

This really isn't the year for planning anything! We are all dealing with delays, restrictions and limitations while the seasons roll on regardless. Our 'online' presence as a church has continued to grow, with weekly worship and other offerings. Messy Church has continued too with some online and the Messy Church in a bag program. We delivered to about 24 children last time and the orders list is growing. Days continue to be full.

The latest development will be an 'online appeal' to help fund the fixing of two bathrooms at Illoura. Please share the information around and support the appeal, we need another \$20,000 to cover the costs of rebuilding the two upstairs bathrooms and repairing extensive leak damage.

At the same time I've been planning for winding up and handing over. Current ministries should all be able to continue in one form or other with teams of already involved capable hands. There will be some help from neighbours and the Presbytery too.

I'm in my 14th year of this placement at Camberwell, and having had the wonderful privilege of sharing in ministry with you for an extended period, it's time for a new beginning. I feel like we have been on quite a journey here together and I will be sad to move on.

My new placement is with the Wattlebird Ministry Team, Presbytery of Gippsland and will begin on Nov 1st 2020. We will be living in Warragul and I'll have particular responsibility for that Congregation.

I have some annual leave that was planned for May, but... then for August, now will be taken from 15th September, through to October 12th.

My last Sunday at Camberwell is projected to be October 18th. While I'm on leave, online services will be from Highfield Rd Uniting, or Burwood, or both if you like.

It has been a deeply enriching time with you here. I'll move on with many fond memories and ongoing connections. Our work together with Refugees and Asylum seekers has been a highlight for me. Putting the gospel imperative to love our neighbor and care for the homeless in practice for so many people in need, from all over the world is a significant service.

Another has been the opportunity to be part of creative ministry with children and their families through Messy Church. In particular it has been an enriching and sometimes exhausting joy. Literally hundreds have been taken part and it always relies on a great team of willing workers.

We've had a share of failures too. I came to Camberwell to work at merging congregations and leaving after 3 years. Neither worked out that way. No merger happened, despite the best efforts of many. There was a split in the Indonesian community. We've tried some different formats and times for worship. Early this year I planned to run a series on prayer. As we are constantly reminded now, not all our plans come to be and we need to leave some things in God's care.

Any long ministry will have its share of sad farewells. I've counted up to 54 funerals here. Each of the names, a dear face and family, held in the care of a loving fellowship.

My heartfelt thanks, not to a special few, but to each and everyone of you for sharing this part of the journey with me and with Margery. Ministry has many special privileges of sharing in people's lives and this has richly been our experience with you. Words are definitely inadequate! We hope to be able to have a face

to face service together in October; (the 18th is the aim). Either way, my guess is we will still have limits on what we can do. I'm happy to come back when we can get together in person, for a more adequate closure. We will only be an hour's drive away.

I'm sure God will continue to be with us and have more good things in store for Camberwell and us as we each begin a fresh chapter.

For the time being a prayer:

God of the present moment,
God, who in Jesus comes towards us,
on the water and stills the storm
and soothes the frantic heart:
bring courage and hope to all those
affected by this virus as we wait in
uncertainty.
Make us equal to whatever lies ahead for
your will is health and wholeness;
you are God and we need you. Amen.

Grace & Peace.

Yours in Christ,
Ian

From the editor

Hello, and welcome to the belated Winter edition of Kairos 2020. Aside from being a little overdue, it is a little lighter in content than normal to offer some contrast to the state of the world around us at present.

Hasn't our world and how we live our lives changed beyond recognition since our last edition. What a year we are having!

Firstly, we had to worry about people, families and livelihoods affected by bushfires. Then we had 'lockdown' part 1, which we thought we survived pretty well, only not quite well enough, as we were soon all finding ourselves stranded at home for Stage 4 lockdown – still in place at the time of writing. I am sure we are all praying for us to be heading back down to Stage 3 as soon as possible.

Then, to top off a great year to date, the Reverend announces that he has been called elsewhere. Called! Elsewhere! Away from Camberwell? To where....? And we can't say 'thanks and goodbye properly'? - perhaps by October (Christmas)?...

For our local church community (along with all others), the COVID lockdowns have had major ramifications. And whilst we have used technology to get around not being able to

physically attend church, there are elements of our practice of faith that we cannot carry out, and this brings frustration and sadness to many. However, our community spirit is strong and hopefully it will not be too long before we can come together in prayer, song and thankfulness again.

It is also at these (thankfully rare) times that the basic human elements of life as we knew it are felt most keenly. The loss of life is bad enough, but it is that much harder for people if they can't see, visit or be surrounded by their loved ones and friends at these times. Equally so for the happy occasions – weddings, new life – these are times when talking face to face and touching are (or were) the lifeblood of humankind. For many reasons, we are all just praying for "the numbers" to go down.

But as we know, lockdown or not, many aspects of life must go on. And so it is for Ian and Margery, and we wholeheartedly wish them all the best for their next venture. So it is also for Kairos, which will be Ian's last hurrah for our Kairos team – his last 'Pastoral Ponderings' is a perfect 'good-bye'.

This edition of Kairos contains an article highlighting the success of one of our community in the art world. I am inspired when the talents of an individual are publicly acknowledged – when it is done so by one's peers it has passed a stern test, and we salute Tim Heazlewood for his most prestigious award.

Also included is an article hopefully of interest to many regarding the development of one of the most important innovations for air travel, particularly when it goes wrong. Invented by an Australian, whose father, a Minister, lost his life in air crash. Another 'good news' story.

Throughout the two lockdown periods, I have been the recipient of much creative writing and much appreciated visual humour. I have included a small number of the best in order to prove to you, dear reader, how resilient you are compared to those out there who are suffering more than yourself.

There are two separate attachments to this edition. The first contains some photographs which were just too beautiful to be confined within the borders of the magazine format, and which will hopefully delight the antophiles* among our readership. * yes, I had to look it up – Google tells me it means a person who loves or appreciates flowers.

The second attachment is on the last of the four

young men from our church community who gave their lives in World War 2. Private David Henshaw fought in the Middle East, before being among those ordered home by Prime Minister Curtin to assist directly in the defence of Australia.

That the Japanese advance in WW2 was stopped in New Guinea and our country was not invaded is due to the efforts and ultimate sacrifice made by David Henshaw and many other young Australians and the many equally brave local inhabitants defending their own country. David Henshaw was 24 years old when he died.

Of all the stories of honour and loss involving our church community, this turned out to be the most heartbreakng to put together, but even it was also ultimately one of resilience, generosity and pride in one's family.

I hope we can return to some form of normality soon, and we trust that all our readers remain safe and as well as they can be till that time.

Thank you as always to our contributors, who help make each edition of Kairos a varied and enjoyable read, with a range which we hope will interest our readership.

The editorial team at Kairos prays that you, dear reader, and your families and loved ones remain healthy and safe, wherever they are around the world. My thanks, as always, go to our editorial team of Carolyn and Ian.

Ed

Thoughts to ponder

Which letter is silent in the word "Scent," *the S or the C?*

Why is the letter W, in English, called double U? *Shouldn't it be called double V?*

Maybe oxygen is slowly killing you, and it just takes 75-100 years to fully work.

Every time you clean something, you just make something else dirty.

The word "swims" *upside-down* is still "swims".

100 years ago, everyone owned a horse, and only the rich had cars –

- *today everyone has cars and only the rich own horses.*

If you replace "W" with "T" in "What, Where and When", you get the answer to each of them.

Great Unresolved Confusions!

At a movie theatre, which armrest is yours?

Who knew what time it was when the first clock was made?

Thanks to **Helen Martin** for these key questions to ponder...

Tim Heazlewood Introduction

One of my greatest pleasures and privileges in being part of the team which puts together Kairos is sharing good news and celebrating the lives and achievements of people within the circle of friends which make up our readership.

Tim Heazlewood has long been part of the wider Camberwell Uniting/Methodist church community. Tim is a son of the Reverend Vere Heazlewood, who served in a ministry lasting for over 40 years, (including 7 years as Minister at Camberwell Methodist Church from 1969 to the end of 1975), until his death in 2003 at 82 years of age.

I first met Tim when he was living close to my family, near the former Camberwell South Uniting Church in Toorak Road. As Tim's family grew, they moved house to three different locations nearby, and while this may have restricted his attendance at Sunday Services, he still keeps in close contact with many of those who have been members of our community over a long period, and retains a keen interest in all events and news from his old stomping ground.

All very nice, I hear you say, but where are you going with this....

Background

Well, by way of a backstory, Tim had always had an interest in painting (as well as writing and photography) from a young age, but started to pick up his brushes again seriously some 14 years ago, at the instigation of his wife Lynne, who presented him with a new Acrylic painting kit for Christmas.

After experimenting with his acrylic paints, he moved onto watercolours, and some eight years ago he joined a group of like-minded people at the Camberwell Neighbourhood House behind the Target Store. After 18 months this group disbanded, but a year later Tim contacted the former members and resurrected the group, which has now met weekly since its re-establishment at the Camberwell Bowls Club.

During the same period, about six years ago, Tim entered his first work at the Box Hill Art Show (run by Box Hill Rotary). In the immediate aftermath he also submitted works for other local Art Shows, last year receiving a "Highly Commended" award for a watercolour piece which was entered in the Hobson's Bay Rotary Art Show. By this stage, under instruction, he was using a technique he had been taught for painting watercolours only, but found that he could apply the same technique with the acrylic medium. His imagination was fired.

Recent History

Some six years ago Tim attended the Glover Art Prize with his older sister Ruth. Ruth suggested that Tim "should have a go" and submit an entry.

The **Glover Art Prize** is Australia's richest Art Show, and the Glover Prize has become one of Australia's most significant awards for landscape painting. It is awarded annually for the work judged the best contemporary landscape painting of Tasmania.

At this Christmas just passed, one week before entries closed, Tim submitted one Acrylic painting, titled "Takayna Symphony", to the Glover Art Awards.

The 2020 Glover Art Awards

Tim recalled that "*whilst helping (wife) Lynne prepare for a Book Group event at our place.... I checked my emails on my phone only to discover that I had got in.*" In fact, Tim's "**Takayna Symphony**" painting had made its way into the 2020 Glover Art Prize as one of 42 finalists from a record 563 entries. In typically modest style, Tim said that it really was "*a huge surprise, as I only wanted to get it out of my system, never believing I would ever get in.*"

Lynne and Tim attended the Opening night of the awards, where they learnt that his painting was the first to sell. The following morning they attended a breakfast with a number of other Finalists at the homestead of the Exhibition's famous namesake, John Glover's Patterdale Farm.

It was here that the current owner, Mrs Carol Westmore approached Tim and said that her husband had bought the painting, and that it will hang on the walls of Patterdale Farm. In Tim's own words, "*Needless to say this news blew me away*".



Carol Westmore and Tim outside the newly restored "Patterdale Farm", once the residence of famous 18th Century English Artist, John Glover.

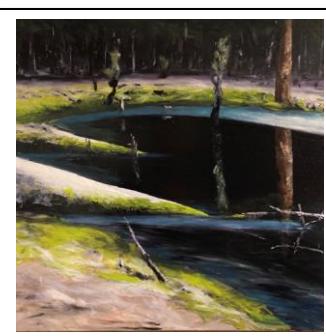
The Glover Art Prize attracts thousands of visitors each year including school excursion groups. Tim commented that it was "*lovely to learn how children interpret and view the wide range of artworks on display. In one newspaper article I was touched to learn that one young schoolgirl said my painting was her favourite*".

The Successful Artwork

The Tarkine Forest Reserve is a huge area of temperate rainforest, sand dunes and coastal heathland with strong links to the Tasmanian Aboriginal people.

Situated in Tasmania's north-west, the Tarkine Forest Reserve contains a wildly diverse landscape - including Australia's largest patch of temperate rainforest - and a world of natural treasures including mountain ranges, wild river and cave systems, moorlands, and a rugged coastline with long sandy beaches, grassy woodland and coastal heath.

The plant and animal life here is as rich and varied as the many habitats that support them. Local residents include the platypus, echidna, wombat, bandicoot, possum and glider - not to mention the famous Tasmanian Devil and the state's other predators, the spotted-tailed and eastern quoll. The Tarkine also hosts over a hundred bird species, including several rare and birds including the threatened orange-bellied parrot.



Tim recalls, "during a tourist drive through the Tarkine Forest region in 2018 I came across a natural geographical sinkhole by the roadside."

Like music to the soul the scene was as if it were an amphitheatre, the stillness and filtering light,

the brilliant colour and reflections, the silence. For me it gave me a true sense of peace and harmony.

As an artist and keen photographer, standing before this natural landscape it immediately gave me inspiration to one day put it to canvas.

Formed over tens of thousands of years it seemed fitting to factor in our Indigenous population who also have inhabited the region for as many years, hence its title "Takayna Symphony".



While down in Tasmania in 2014 attending a Heazlewood Family Re-Union in Longford (21 kms south of Launceston), some members of the family including Tim, visited the Glover Art Prize in the nearby town of Evandale.

It was his eldest sister Ruth (pictured above with Tim), who suggested that he should have a go at entering.

"Six years on a dream come true"

Congratulations Tim, and thank you so much for allowing our readers to share and celebrate in your success.

Ed

Vagaries of the English Language:

Why does the word "Funeral" start with FUN?

Why isn't a fireman called a waterman?

How come Lipstick doesn't do what it says?

If money doesn't grow on trees, *how come banks have branches?*

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, *what does a humanitarian eat?*

How do you get off a non-stop flight?

Why are goods sent by ship called CARGO, and those sent by truck called SHIPMENT?

Why do we put cups in the dishwasher, and dishes in the cupboard?

Why is it called "Rush Hour" when traffic moves at its slowest then?

How come noses 'run' and feet 'smell'?

Why do they call it a TV "set" when there is only one?

Thanks to **Helen Martin** for these key questions to ponder...

Les Knight Memorial– an update

Readers might remember the story in a recent edition of Kairos, about local hero Les Knight, whose family were long term members of our church, and who earned a DSO for his successful part in the Dambuster Raids on Germany in 1943 during WW2.

Sadly, he was to lose his life later that year on another raid over Germany.

In December 2019, word was received that in April of this year, in recognition of Les' life, a memorial service was planned to be held in the small park at the Toorak Road end of Bowen Street, Camberwell, the street where Les and his family lived. At the conclusion of the service, a memorial plaque was to be unveiled in the gardens.

Sadly, due to the most unforeseen of events, the memorial service has had to be postponed until sometime in the future, when life has hopefully returned to some degree of normality.

However, in preparation for this event, it seems that the Bomber Command Commemorative Association, in conjunction with Boroondara Council, have been busy getting things ready for a grand unveiling.

Bowen Gardens is a modest, narrow-ish strip of 'green' which stretches from Bowen Street eastwards through to neighbouring Athelstan Road. An asphalt path bisects the Gardens to enable walkers of all ages to comfortably stroll through and enjoy a spot of peace and tranquillity away from the noise of nearby Toorak Road.

In April this year, half way along and just beside the path, a slab of concrete appeared, on which was then placed a large rock, with a flat square plate attached on its facing side (pic 1 below). A month or so later, an official plaque was attached to the plate (pic 2). A visit to the Gardens in late July revealed further work had been undertaken to perhaps create a special space around the memorial plaque to acknowledge the honour being accorded to Les Knight (pic 3).



April 2020



May 2020



July 2020

A memorial is appropriate (and even long overdue) recognition for the ultimate sacrifice made by Les Knight.

And congratulations to the Council for their support of a project to honour a young man, who it seems, could have gone on to be a credit to his family, his church and his community had he not sacrificed his life so that so many others could live theirs in peace.

In order to obtain the photos above, and to read the many fine (but small font) words on the plaque, I had to get down on hands and knees on the path to do so. Not so easy (or elegant) for me to do, let alone for those less mobile or more visually challenged than myself. Something on the back of a bench seat might have made the memory a little more accessible...

With this in mind dear Reader, and in the interests of preserving your knees, your clothes and your dignity, I have copied out the words engraved on the memorial plaque below:



August 2020

IN MEMORY OFFLIGHT LIEUTENANT LESLIE KNIGHT, DSO ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

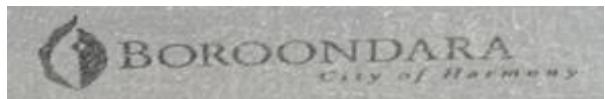
On the night of 17th May 1943, a young Australian pilot, Flight Lieutenant Les Knight of 617 Squadron Royal Air Force flew and Avro Lancaster aircraft as part of Operation Chastise, a strike on the dams of the Ruhr Valley in Germany. The Dambusters Raid as it became known destroyed the Möhne and Eder dams and damaged the Sorpe dam, seriously impairing the production of essential Nazi Germany war material. Eight Lancaster aircraft were lost. 53 courageous airmen were killed and three taken prisoner.

Knight was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his role in the raid.

Les Knight lived at 51 Bowen Street Camberwell until he enlisted with the Royal Australian Air Force in 1941. Knight survived the Dambusters Raid only to lose his life shortly after on a raid on Dortmund Germany on 16th September 1943 at age 22 years of age.

His aircraft was badly damaged in the raid. Despite this, Knight kept the aircraft stable to enable his crew of six airmen to bail out. As he lost height, Knight successfully steered his aircraft away from the Dutch village of Den Ham at extremely low altitude, before crashing and losing his life. To this day, the people of this village commemorate the sacrifice of the young Australian airman.

The Boroondara Community remembers too the sacrifice and extraordinary valour of one of its bravest citizens, who fought in the name of freedom and who gave his all for his comrades and his country.



THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE WAS ARRANGED BY
THE BOMBER COMMAND COMMEMORATIVE
ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA (INC) AND THE CITY OF
BOROONDARA

Lest We Forget



**T-Shirt
Humor**



Sadly, since the last edition of Kairos, it has not been possible for us to have a Messy Church with the children as we have done for over 8 years now.

But we Messy Churchers have not been idle.

As we could not meet after 1st March due to COVID19, we decided to send or deliver Easter packages to our Messy Church families. We did this around the 8th of April. The packages contained two books telling the Easter story - Good Friday and Easter Sunday. The packages also included crafts, sheets to colour, and word searches. These were well received.

Fast forward to June, and still we could not meet, so we put together "Messy Church in a Bag", under the heading of "The Great Messy Storm". The story for the session was taken from the Gospel of Luke about Jesus on a boat, on the Sea of Galilee with his disciples, and Jesus calming a storm.



On the church website, Margery put up podcasts relating to the activities in this bag - Fiona reading the story, Alex showing how to

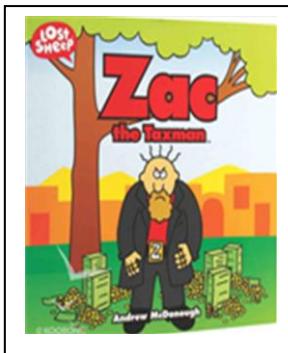
do the cushion craft, and Margery demonstrating a science experiment (creating an ocean in a bottle with a boat sailing the rough seas), as well as a picture of finished food craft, and of the boat made of cork with the disciples on board.

In the bag there were: cupcakes and a decorating kit to ice them and make a boat; a bottle containing baby oil and blue colouring for the icing to make the sea; cushion craft; the book of the story - "Jesus and the Great Storm"; corks to make a boat that will float with disciples on board-pegs; colour sheets and word searches.

There was also a Spy Mission kit for the older kids - "C'Well Spy", questions to be answered "online" from the gospel of St Luke – the book was in the bag, and Spy glasses supplied. Once the answers were entered on line, Margery

acknowledged each spy's work.

Some families came to collect the bags, others were home-delivered, and one was posted to Brisbane. In all, 21 children were contacted.



In early August, another "Messy" bag was sent out, this one called "Little Messy Zac," telling the story of Zacchaeus, the Tax Collector.

Well done team!

Fiona Ensor

The Black (orange) Box

The following is an abridged version of a longer story.

You might be aware of how Australia passed-up the invention of the Century, but this article gives a lot of background that might not be commonly known.

A little-known (Aussie) inventor has saved many lives, and brought comfort to many other people in the face of tragedy.



On Friday 19 October, 1934, the passenger plane Miss Hobart fell from the sky to the sea.

Eight men, three women and a baby boy fell with her, believed swallowed by the waters of the Bass Strait that lies between Tasmania and mainland Australia. The plane's wreckage was never found.

One of those on board was a 33-year-old Anglican missionary, Rev Hubert Warren (pictured above), who had been travelling to his new parish in Enfield, Sydney. His wife Ellie and children had stayed behind, intending to follow by boat.

The reverend's last present to his eight-year-old son, David, had been a crystal radio set that the boy treasured deeply. As a boarder at Launceston Boys' Grammar School in Tasmania,

David Warren tinkered with the machine after lessons, learning what made it work. He charged friends a penny to listen to cricket matches, and within a few years was selling home-made copies at five shillings each.



David built his own radio sets

But that was not to be. The gift from Rev Hubert, Man of God, had launched a love affair with Science.

It would prove to be of life-saving significance. By his mid-twenties, David Warren had studied his way to a science degree from the University of Sydney, a Diploma in Education from Melbourne University and a PhD in chemistry from Imperial College, London.

His specialty was rocket science, and he went to work as a researcher for the Aeronautical Research Laboratories (ARL), a part of Australia's Defence Department that focused on planes.

In 1953, the department loaned him to an expert panel trying to solve a costly and distressing mystery: why did the British de Havilland Comet, the world's first commercial jet airliner and the great hope of the new Jet Age, keep crashing?

He thought it might be the fuel tanks; but there were dozens of possible causes and nothing but death and debris as evidence. The panel sat down to discuss what they knew.

"People were rattling on about staff training and pilots' errors, and did a fin break off the tail, and all sorts of things that I knew nothing about," Dr Warren recalled more than 50 years later. "I found myself dreaming of something I'd seen the week before at Sydney's first post-war trade fair. And that is - what claimed to be, the first pocket recorder, the Miniphon. A German device. There'd been nothing before like it..."

The Miniphon was marketed as a dictation machine for businessmen, who could sit at their desks (or on trains and planes) recording letters that would later be typed up by their secretaries. David, who loved swing music and played the

clarinet, only wanted one so he could make bootleg recordings of the jazz musician Woody Herman.

However, when one of his fellow scientists suggested the latest doomed Comet might have been hijacked, something clicked for him.

What if every plane in the sky had a mini recorder in the cockpit? If it was tough enough, accident investigators would never be confused again, because they'd have audio right up to the moment of the crash. At the very least, they'd know what the pilots had said and heard.

The idea fascinated him. Back at ARL, he rushed to tell his boss about it. Alas, his superior didn't share his enthusiasm. He was told: "It's nothing to do with chemistry or fuels. You're a chemist. Give that to the instruments group, and get on with blowing up fuel tanks."

'Talk about it and I'll have to sack you'

David knew his idea for a cockpit recorder was a good one. Without official support however, there was little he could do about it - but he couldn't get it out of his mind.

When his boss was promoted, David pitched his invention again. His new superior was intrigued, and so was Dr Laurie Coombes, ARL's Chief Superintendent. They urged him to keep working on it - but discreetly. Since it wasn't a government-approved venture or a war-winning weapon, it couldn't be seen to take up lab time or money.

Dr Warren said the chief superintendent had cautioned him: "If I find you talking to anyone, including me, about this matter, I will have to sack you." It was a sobering thought for a young man with a wife and two children. But his boss's backing extended to sneakily buying one of the precious new dictation recorders, and chalking it up as "an instrument required for the laboratory..."

Encouraged, Dr Warren wrote up his idea in a report, titled "A Device for Assisting Investigation into Aircraft Accidents", and sent it out across the industry.

The pilots' union responded with fury, branding the recorder a snooping device, and insisted "no plane would take off in Australia with Big Brother listening". That was one of his better reviews.

Australia's civilian aviation authorities declared it had "no immediate significance", and the air force feared it would "yield more expletives than explanations".

Dr Warren was tempted to pack it all in. But his eldest son, Peter, says his father was stubborn, with a non-conformist streak that coloured his whole worldview.

It was in that spirit that Dr Warren took to his garage and assembled his 20-year-old radio parts. He'd decided the only way to overcome his critics' mockery and suspicion was to build a solid prototype. It would be the first ever "black box" flight recorder.

'Put that lad on the next courier!'

One day in 1958, when the little flight recorder had been finished and finessed, the lab received an unusual visitor. Dr Coombes, the Chief Superintendent, was showing round a friend from England.

"Dave!" he said, "Tell him what you're doing!" Dr Warren explained: his world-first prototype used steel wire to store four hours of pilot voices plus instrument readings, and automatically erased older records so it was reusable.

There was a pause, then the visitor said: "I say Coombes old chap, that's a damn good idea. Put that lad on the next courier, and we'll show it in London."

The courier was a Hastings transport aircraft, making a run to England. You had to know somebody pretty powerful to get a seat on it. Dr Warren wondered who this man was who was giving away tickets round the world to somebody he'd never met. The answer was Robert Hardingham (later Sir Robert), the Secretary of the British Air Registration Board and a former Air Vice-Marshal in the RAF.



A few weeks later, Dr Warren was on a plane bound for England - with strict instructions not to tell Australia's

Department of Defence what he was really doing there, because "somebody would frown on it".

Above is David with wife Ruth & their four children.

The eldest, Peter, remembers him flying off to England.



In England, Dr Warren (at left) presented "the ARL Flight Memory Unit" to the Royal Aeronautical Establishment and some commercial instrument-makers.

The Brits loved it. The BBC ran TV and radio programmes examining it, and the British civil aviation authority started work to make the device mandatory in civil aircraft. A Middlesex firm approached ARL about the production rights, and kicked off manufacturing.

Though the device started to be called "the black box", the first ones off the line were orange so they'd be easier to find after a crash - and they remain so today.



In 1960, Australia became the first country to make cockpit voice recorders mandatory, after an unexplained

plane crash in Queensland killed 29 people. The ruling came from a judicial inquiry, and took a further three years to become law.

Today, black boxes are fire-proof, ocean-proof and encased in steel. And they are compulsory on every commercial flight.

It is impossible to say how many people owe their lives to data captured in the death throes of a failing plane - to the flaws exposed, and the safety innovations that followed.

'I'm a lucky bastard'

David Warren worked at ARL until his retirement in 1983, becoming its principal research scientist. He died on 19 July, 2010, at the age of 85.



For more than 50 years, his pioneering work on the black box went almost unacknowledged. Finally in 1999, he

was awarded the Australian Institute of Energy Medal, and then in 2002 was made an Officer of the Order of Australia (AO) for his service to the aviation industry.

Dr Warren lived to see Qantas name an Airbus A380 after him in 2008. His daughter Jenny Warren says she's been trying to get a seat on it ever since.

David Warren never saw a penny in royalties from the black box.



A cheeky nod to his legacy

David's children inherited his sense of humour. At son Peter's urging, Dr Warren's death notice included his personal catchphrase: "I'm a lucky bastard." At daughter Jenny's request, he was buried in a casket labelled: "Flight Recorder Inventor: Do Not Open."

Do they think of their dad when flying?
His daughter replies simply: "Every time."

Thanks to Helen Martin for passing on this historical gem.

Just For Fun



'We knew there was a problem when'



- when the ceiling fell in...
- when the quote for fixing the leaking upstairs bathroom was nearly \$30,000
- when our 6 residents still needed their bathroom, of course! - oops!

- and we couldn't run any fundraisers in a COVID 19 pandemic!

But we know our community is generous and the work is nearly done, so we are having our first **Online Fundraiser**

Bathroom Appeal

- Refugee House
Camberwell Refugee Support group
@ Camberwell Uniting Church

YOUR DONATIONS ARE NEEDED
support housing for refugees

Our commitment to 'Illoura' - our Refugee House, is a continuing one and we are grateful to all those who make this possible.

Earlier this year the two adjacent first floor bathrooms at 'Illoura' presented a challenge when dampness from the bathrooms caused a collapse of the ceiling below. Work to restore the bathrooms has been proceeding, a necessary task before the ceiling can be reinstated. Work has been going well.

The cost of this work is nearly \$30,000. As we haven't been able to run any fundraisers under the restrictions we are following during the COVID 19 pandemic we are having our first online fundraiser. All proceeds go to the Bathroom Appeal.

Our thanks to Ian and Eric for organising this.

If you have any queries please contact us by email or phone – 0429 808 193.

Kairos is the Greek word meaning "time", that is, those times which are turning points demanding decision while the opportunity remains. Although it refers primarily to the coming of Christ it may also refer to the present time in the life of our congregation. Editor: Stuart Ensor

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<https://www.facebook.com/camberwellmessychurch>