



# Kairos



## News in and around Camberwell Uniting Church

Volume 12 Number 3

### Minister's Musings

Dear Friends in God's family,

#### Advent, poetry, hope.

It doesn't help much to lament the speedy passing of days. It just goes on, whether we like it or not, if we use it well or not. Within our normal chronology of days, weeks, months, and years, we note some special moments of God's particular action.

After living in total obscurity for perhaps thirty years, Jesus burst onto the public scene and proclaimed that now 'God's time had come and his kingdom is near. Repent and believe the good news!' (Mark 1:15). Announcing the time has come is very much the theme of the season with Advent's poetic trumpeting of messages to prepare, to hope, to get ready for God's coming in Christ.

The Welsh poet and well known Theologian and Church Leader Rowan Williams writes of this season his:

#### *Advent Calendar*

He will come like last leaf's fall.  
One night when the November wind  
has flayed the trees to bone, and earth  
wakes choking on the mould,  
the soft shroud's folding.  
He will come like frost.  
One morning when the shrinking earth  
opens on mist, to find itself  
arrested in the net  
of alien, sword-set beauty.  
He will come like dark.  
One evening when the bursting red  
December sun draws up the sheet  
and penny-masks its eye to yield  
the star-snowed fields of sky.  
He will come, will come,  
will come like crying in the night,  
like blood, like breaking,  
as the earth writhes to toss him free.  
He will come like child.

He was the 104th Archbishop of Canterbury, a position he held from December 2002 to December 2012. Leaders often get caught up in the tasks, the crises and are consumed by the turmoil of the day, but Williams kept that core hope of faith at his centre; 'He will come like a child'.

During Advent, we celebrate that ordinary night as the most extraordinary point in human history. We do it to each year to try to separate ourselves again from the turmoil of life and to be reminded, called back to our hope of faith. This was the night when eternity was born into time, when the sacred embraced the ordinary.

At Advent we also look forward in expectation of Christ, to that time when God will make whole what has now only begun, when God will finish what has been started, and will fulfill what is promised. Christian faith has always had a confidence that history is going somewhere. Time is not proceeding with some meaningless manner. The readings of this season have a lexicon of future time with a clear focus on hope. Hope and the steps, a direction to take for getting there.

Our Refugee support group had a hope at the beginning of this year for a renewed kitchen for the home we provide for Refugees here. The need was clear. The scope of work was daunting. A few volunteers embarked on the journey of making it happen. Plans, approvals, fundraising,... much hard work, and now it's done. Done and looking great and all paid for. Faith put to work, hope made real.

It's good to be reminded each year, to give our hope a booster, to be prompted to think again about what faith means for our future and the preparation called for.

And a joyful, blessed and safe Christmas to you and yours.

Ian

Sunday December 22  
Messy Church  
4.00 – 6.00 pm

Christmas Eve  
Tuesday December 24  
8.00 pm  
Carols & stories  
  
Christmas Day  
9.30 am  
Family Christmas Celebration



## From the editor

Hello, and welcome to the final edition of Kairos for 2019.

As is the way of things, the year 2019 has been a year of mixed blessings for our community. We have had some good news stories (installation of the new kitchen at Iloura has been completed, thanks to many people who have been generous with their time, expertise and donations), our many outreach and support groups (Women of CUC, House to House, Pastoral Care, Messy Church, Camberwell Refugee Support, the Musical Monday Group to name a few) have all remained well supported and attended, and our Sunday congregations have swelled now the seemingly never-ending winter is finally over.

On the same theme, I feel very presumptuous (apologies to Rev. Ian and all readers) about speaking of prayers and how they are answered, as this has been the subject of many good, weekly 'reflections', however a quote in an article in the October issue of *Crosslight* on this subject caught my attention, and I thought it worth repeating – the Rev Geoff Barker, currently in placement at Warrnambool, said that among the things he prays for, is for one of his people "*who seems to have one terrible drama after another,*" but the answer to his prayer is that (this person) is "*the most resilient and inspiring person, despite everything that they are experiencing.*"

We have some friends among us who have had major health issues and have been experiencing some very difficult issues for much of this year, and I am so pleased to see them when they make it to Church because I also find their inner strength inspiring, and believe that their appearance answers our prayers, and my faith is restored and renewed.

On the down side, we have lost some dear friends during the year. We celebrated the life of Bob Strickland in May this year, and since our last edition we have been sad to say goodbye to Barbara Briggs and Bill Kirkpatrick. For those who were unable to attend the services or who may wish to recall the rich lives of old friends, I have been able to obtain copies of the key eulogies, and they are included in this edition for quiet reflection and fond remembrance.

In the wider world, our country has been subject to weather extremes (bushfires and drought in some parts, flooding in others), and many people are doing it very tough. People have also been passionate about use of our resources and current and alternative sources of energy.

For their strategic vision, I would like to give credit where credit is due, and it is to the Uniting Church, which, when it was formed in 1977, made a statement to the nation which read, in part, that "*we are concerned with the basic human rights of our future generations and will urge the wise use of energy, the protection of the environment and the replenishment of the earth's resources for their use and enjoyment.*"

This is a statement made over 40 years ago, and as I get older I worry for our future generations more than ever before. It is good that the voices which place the welfare of all people close to the top of their priorities are still striving to be heard. I wish to acknowledge the founders of our church for their compassion and foresight.

Since the last Kairos, I have also been fortunate enough to have visited the island of Oahu in Hawaii.

On this island, just before 8 a.m. on December 7, 1941, hundreds of Japanese fighter planes attacked the United States naval base at Pearl Harbour in Hawaii, so bringing America into direct conflict with Japan and marking the start of the Second World War.

World War II happened at a time when people turned to poetry for wisdom, for comfort, and for guidance. Eleanor Roosevelt, the nation's first lady on Pearl Harbor Day, after December 7, carried a poem with her throughout the war.

Visitors to Pearl Harbour today are stirred by the USS Arizona Memorial, the hull of the sunken ship from which the American flag flies, still containing the remains of the more than 1,000 men instantly killed on board. On the path to the memorial, one can read the words of the poem Mrs. Roosevelt carried with her during those long years of horror and suffering.

Dear Lord,  
*Lest I continue*  
*My complacent way,*  
*Help me to remember*  
*Somewhat out there*  
*A man died for me today.*  
*As long as there be war,*  
*I then must*  
*Ask and answer*  
*Am I worth dying for?*



This edition was also intended to include an article on another former member of our congregation who enlisted in the RAAF as soon as he could in World War 2, and who, unfortunately never returned. I have put together his life history up to a point, but have not been able to locate a photograph of the young airman. Our National Archives have no image, his resting place in the UK contains no image, and it has proved so far to be very difficult to track down an Australian who served in a UK Squadron of the RAF.

I did manage to track down someone whom I believe to be his nephew, however even enlisting a higher authority to help me (thanks Ian), and we received no reply.

At this (almost Christmas) time of year, I am reminded that this is not necessarily a 'merry' time for us all. Some might feel lonely, and that can be overcome by inviting them into our festivities. Some, however, may be too unwell to take up any offers to be included on others' celebrations, and these are among the ones we mention and pray for each week, often for many weeks at a time. On behalf of the Kairos team, we continue to pray.

I would like to conclude by saying a special 'thank you' all the contributors to this edition of Kairos. You have made this edition a joy to put together, and the quality of the articles I am sure will impress our readership. I am indebted to you all. I also thank Carolyn and Ian, for their unstinting support, input, advice and assistance.

I trust you enjoy this edition of Kairos.

**Ed**

## Barbara Briggs 12 February 1932 – 19 August 2019



On 19 August this year, after a mercifully short illness, Barbara Briggs succumbed to an infection and died in Epworth Hospital. She was 87 years old. Immediately prior to this Barbara had moved into

Shenley Manor Aged Care Facility in Bowen Street, Camberwell (late in 2018), after living for over 40 years in her home (and later a unit) in Donna Buang Street, Camberwell.

For some of the latter period she shared her house with her only son Simon.

On Wednesday 28 August, Rev. Ian Brown delivered a Tribute to Barbara at a service held at Camberwell Uniting Church, where she been a member of the congregation (albeit a less frequent active member as her health declined) since the early 1970's following her marriage to John Briggs.

For those unable to attend the Service, or for those who want to refresh their memories of some of the highlights of Barbara's life, excerpts of Ian's tribute are reproduced below:

"Barbara was born in Feb. 1932, Barbara Jean Dillon, an only child, and she often spoke of enjoying a loving upbringing in a secure family.

She wanted to be a ballerina from an early age, and showed real talent. She studied and trained hard, and she told of getting close to auditioning for the Australian Ballet. But she sustained an injury to her foot, from which she never properly recovered and her dream of a career as ballerina was never realised.

After leaving school, she worked in nursing in a hospital for a short while.

She met and was swept off her feet by a charming and somewhat exotic gentleman. He was European and somewhat vague about his past. Her parent's opposition to the growing friendship made her all the determined to enhance the relationship, and they were married.

Together they had a son, Simon Schenirer. They went to live on a rural property in Western Australian. Barbara always loved animals and the horses here were an attraction. But overall Barbara said, this did not work out well for them or their relationship, and when Simon was about 2 years old, she moved back to Melbourne, with

Simon, to live with her parents.

After some years, in the early 70's, she met and then married John Briggs. They had a mutual love of the arts – Barbara was a great reader and writer, and John wrote poetry. They were also very much involved in Christian lay ministry and had a particular interest in the charismatic revival movement in the late 70's.

Barbara had a great creative writing talent – she also appreciated, supported and encouraged the efforts of new and upcoming writers to develop their skills.

She also loved to talk. Barbara was a great storyteller herself and one could never have a short visit. There was always a warm welcome, good coffee and cake with your visit and chat. For locals, bumping into Barbara in the street, or somewhere like Monaco's deli, there was always time and stories to tell.

Barbara and John bought a house in Camberwell Road, initially as an investment. It was used as a Minister's Retreat, for groups and studies.

Barbara was always one for 'championing the cause of the underdog'. Mental health awareness, housing and the availability of treatment were causes she was very much active in. She worked on practical measures to help people in their suffering, lobbied for better services, organised or just did it herself. Fundraising and bending the ears of officials and elected representatives were specialties. She was a guiding light for many over the years. And not a bad cook too, I understand. There was a legendary 'Spanish chicken' dish I believe.

Barbara had a sharp intellectual capacity and was knowledgeable across many subjects. Philosophy, the law, religion, social welfare and justice were some of her special interests.

Patrick White was a favourite writer of hers and she lapped up the writings of Freud and Jung. Books were something of a weakness with her, she confessed. Another was stray animals; many of them became pets over the years.

In about 1990, they changed the use of the Camberwell Rd property, and converted it into what became 'Jeshimon House'. It was to provide a home – a safe haven for people with mental illness. Barbara and John modified the house allowing up to four people to live independently under the one roof. Initially they ran it themselves – Barbara cooked and cleaned, and John did the bookwork and administration. Other people were hired to provide a range of professional support services. Soon after its establishment, her son Simon became a resident.

I remember her stories of getting a phone call late at night from a concerned resident, noises... a figure prowling outside in the dark, and off she would go to sort it out. And sort it out she did! But always with a listening ear and good advice.

They subsequently put together a Committee to support the running the House, and some of our congregation served on the Management Committee, including Gael MacRae, Anne Ferguson and Fiona Ensor.

Over this period, Barbara went on a number of committees and support groups to work towards improving mental health services – for all who suffered in the community. Her motivation was, of course, from her love for her son.

Following John's death, in 2006, the ongoing workload for Barbara became too great, and she had to withdraw from some of her involvement, but organised for an umbrella service organisation to take over the ongoing responsibility.

Simon moved back to live with Barbara in her house in Donna Buang Street, which suited both of them for some years.

Barbara's failing health eventually led to selling her house; she and Simon moved to a smaller Unit in the same street which needed less maintenance, but it was a challenge – fitting in the books, boxes of them I think still in storage?

Her involvement in the church was something she valued; the community and the sustaining of her faith – were very close to her heart.

During 2017 and 18 she had numerous stays in hospital after falls and confusion, but a particular highlight was being taken to see the ballet, which she hadn't been near since her youth.

In July 2018, Barbara moved into Shenley Manor in Bowen Street for respite, and ultimately became a permanent resident. She enjoyed the opportunity to get to know some new friends, and I would often find her there talking in a lounge or chatting on the phone. This was a time of adjusting to letting others look after her – it was somewhat against the grain for her, but sorely needed and I think welcomed after all.

Barbara Briggs was a kind and generous person, totally devoted to her son Simon, and to caring for people in need. She was a woman with a very strong faith, that was well tested through the ups and downs of a long and compassionate life.

"She never gave in to age, never gave up on life, and she will be sadly missed by many." Rest in peace, Barbara.

Rev'd Ian Brown

## **Postscript:**

In the last edition of Kairos, we featured Alleeta French, a relatively recent addition to our congregation. Alleeta, like Barbara, is a great reader, but as we showed, she also has a gift with words, and is inspired to write poetry, directly reflecting her experiences of life.

Alleeta is also a resident at Shenley Manor, and she and Barbara became great friends, as shared interests and intellects made the transition into Aged Care easier for both of them. Barbara's sudden death impacted immediately on Alleeta, and she verbalised her emotions in a poem, which is reproduced below (with her permission). It certainly reflects her sense of shock and loss.

### **"To Barbara"**

"My little friend, I miss you!  
(Peter is too 'reasonable',  
With Ruth, you don't expect a listening ear,  
Diana's rational – no help at all!)  
But we could talk things over,  
And we did -  
Until you died on me.  
Don't leave me here alone!"

I am ashamed  
But you would listen: others can't, and didn't.  
They might be good for walking,  
Or a laugh,  
But not (with all your weaknesses)  
Like you.

(late August 2019)

Thanks Alleeta.  
Ed

## **William (Bill) Kirkpatrick**



William (Bill) Kirkpatrick

On 14 September 2019, the following Notice was published in the Herald Sun newspaper:

### **Kirkpatrick**

William James Stephen (Bill). Peacefully at Rotal Freemasons Flora Hill on September 10, 2019 aged 96 years. Devoted husband of Jessie. Much loved father of Stephen, Graeme, David, Susan and their partners. Loved grandfather of 8 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. Treasured memories.

And so it was that on September 20, 2019, a Memorial Service to celebrate the life of our much loved friend and organist/musician extraordinaire was held at Camberwell Uniting Church, following an earlier service in Bendigo some days previously.

At both services, all three of Bill's sons spoke and reminisced fondly about their father and his life. For those who were not able to attend either service, and for those who might like to take in Bill's life at their own pace, his eldest son Steven has kindly provided me with his eulogy, the majority of which I have reproduced below. As I read it, I am listening for the call "do I know you?" to ring in my ears one more time.

Steven began by thanking everyone for their attendance, and our Camberwell Church was filled to capacity with friends of Bill who were very grateful of the opportunity to pay their respects to their much-loved friend.

Steven was "honoured and humbled to deliver this eulogy celebrating the long life of (his) father, William James Stephen Kirkpatrick. (Dad) was born ninety-six and a half years ago on 12 February 1923 at his parents' home in Balwyn.

He was named William after his father, his second name after who knows, and his third name Stephen after his mother's brother who was killed in the First World War in 1916.

Dad was an only child, but his mother was the youngest of several children, and so, in childhood (and in fact well into later life), Dad had the pleasure of the companionship and friendship of quite a few cousins, aunties, uncles, and other relatives.

He was particularly close to his cousin Freda, who was, I think, more like a sister to him, and although my grandmother told me she never spoilt young Will, his cousins and other relatives showered him with attention.

Dad attended Balwyn Primary School, Mont Albert Central, and Box Hill High School. When he finished schooling, he became employed with the Victorian Railways. His father was also employed by VicRail.

Dad was required to study Pitmans Shorthand at the Railways Institute, and when he sat the Shorthand Licence Exam, he was, at that time, the youngest candidate to pass.

He left the Railways shortly thereafter, and joined the Government Shorthand Writers Office, working his way up to eventually being appointed the Chief Government Shorthand Writer. He worked for that Department for over 35 years, retiring in 1983 at the age of 60 years.



On 25 August 1956 Dad married my mother Jessie, and so commenced a wonderful and lifelong union. They were married for just over 63 years.

I (Steven) was born in 1957; Graeme came along the following year and David two years later. Three boys all under three and a half years, and of course, we gave them hell! (well Graeme and David did, not me).

I don't know if it worried Dad too much – he just went off and played the piano. Music was an enormous part of his life, and I will return to that later. In 1965, our sister Susan was born. At last, a girl!

For most of our formative years, the family home was at Glen Iris, although Mum and Dad also owned my great-grandmother's former home in Eaglehawk, where we also spent memorable and happy times.

Our family home at 1459 High Street Road was modified to permit Dad's parents to live there as well, separately, but under the one roof. A bit of a juggling act for Bill I imagine, because he had to keep two women happy – his wife and his mother. He did so admirably.

Dad's father died in 1980 and his mother in 1997. At that stage she had been living in an Aged Care Facility for seven years, and Dad visited her almost daily until she died. He also entertained the residents by playing the piano, so they could sing along. His mother could not have wished for a more devoted son.

In one memorable incident, when Bill was 74 years of age and his mother was 97, whilst he was waiting for her at the Aged Care Facility, a nurse came out and said "Your wife won't be very long!"

In our younger days we enjoyed many family holidays – from camping out on the farm at Woodvale, which as far as I was concerned were the best holidays, to caravanning in Queensland or around Victoria, and also our hiking trip to Wilson's Promontory which, as far as I am concerned, was the worst, there being too many people and not enough toilet paper if I remember correctly.

But growing up we really did have wonderful times and we have wonderful memories of Dad

as the good natured, even tempered gentlemanly and humorous "head of the house."

Dad had quite a few interests which he loved – music, travelling, walking (he used to go for at least one daily walk), hiking, family and his Church to name a few, but without doubt his number one love was our Mum.

He was devoted to her, he supported her, heaped praise upon her, thanked her for every meal she prepared for him, and was thankful for everything she did for him. In all my 62 years, I never heard Dad raise his voice at her, or display frustration, annoyance or anger.

Mum was his idol. Whenever they were out and about, right up to the end they could be seen walking together holding hands.

Since his retirement in 1983, Mum and Dad travelled extensively, dissipating our inheritance with overseas trips to England and the continent, Canada, America, China, and many other exotic locations.

And they have taken many holidays around Australia with their dear friends Pat and Tom Shaw, who have always been there for them both, not only as friends for the good times, but also there as support through the 'not so good' times, as the legacy of age took its toll on both Mum and Dad.

I have already touched on Dad's love of music. His mother was, in fact, the church organist and singer in her younger years at the Woodvale church, and Dad's love of music was nurtured at an early age by his mother.

I remember as a young child lying in bed, drifting off to sleep, listening to Dad practising the piano. Sometimes when he would play certain chords over and over to get them right, I was just so glad that he was not practising the violin!!

He studied piano from an early age, and later the pipe organ. Dad also started his professional music performances at an early age. Looking through some papers only this morning I discovered this programme of The London College of Music, which performed at the Melbourne Town Hall on Tuesday 3 October 1944 at 8pm. In the programme, William Kirkpatrick, aged 21 years, played two Chopin pieces – "Black Note Study" and "Waltz in C Sharp Minor."

Bill was organist and choir master at Benson Street Church, Surrey Hills for many years, at Burke Road, Glen Iris for 12 years, at Armadale for 18 years, and Camberwell Uniting for almost 25 years. I think he had about 75 years as an organist.

For over 40 years he was a member and

Chairman of the Malvern Branch of the Musical Society of Victoria, and conducted many pipe organ and piano recitals. I don't think he quite realised just what a good organist and pianist he was!

My daughter Melanie tells me she remembers Poppa playing the organ at Camberwell Church and feeling so grand that it was her grandfather playing the organ so well, and how special she felt sitting with him at the organ afterwards, and him showing her the keyboards and the pedals, and letting her touch the keys to hear the organ. In fact, Melanie says Poppa can be credited with her love of the piano from such a young age.

Some of you may not know, but Dad was quite an accomplished cook. Not. When Mum had a stay in hospital some years ago, it was reported to me that he attempted to heat a frozen meat pie in a saucepan! At least he was good at the piano.

Dad without a doubt enjoyed his long life to the full. He was happy by nature and he laughed a lot. He was always optimistic, rarely complained, was friendly and good natured to everyone, and could laugh at himself.

He possessed a good, and sometimes a wicked sense of humour, but he got away with it, most times. At his grand-daughter Melanie's engagement party he met Mona, Melanie's future mother-in-law for the first time. He was complimenting Mona on her dress. She said, "Do you like my dress?" He said "not only do I like the dress, I like what's inside the dress," followed by raucous laughter.

Naturally he adored his eight grandchildren, and he was very proud of them and their achievements. He delighted in their visits to mum and dad's place, together with his three great grandchildren.

A couple of years ago, when the Alzheimer's condition was quite evident, he all of a sudden became like the Poppa of old when he met Soraya, his great grand-daughter for the first time. He became animated, and he initiated a game of 'peek a boo' with her, and was laughing with her. It was really special to see.

Dad was actually diagnosed with Alzheimer's about ten years ago, but initially was able to function satisfactorily with the help of mum.

With both my sister and me living in Bendigo, relocation for Mum and Dad to the Bendigo Retirement Village was the sensible option they took. Bendigo was not unknown to them. Of course, Dad's mother and close relatives hailed from Woodvale and Eaglehawk, and he had spent so much time there. And both mum and dad had owned the house in Church St

Eaglehawk.

They settled into the Bendigo Retirement Village in 2015, but as Dad's condition steadily worsened, Mum cared for Dad like a saint, until there was no option and Dad had to move into care.

He moved into Freemason's Flora Hill in 2017 where he remained until his passing on 10 September 2019.

Like the content, easy going person he was, he went into the Freemason's Home without complaint or fuss, and appeared to adapt very well. He loved to sit quietly in a chair by a window, where he could enjoy the sun shining in on him.

Fortunately he still recognised Mum and his children when they visited, and was always pleased to see us.

As time progressed, he spent more and more time sleeping or dozing, but always retained calm, and retained his gentlemanly demeanour and good natured humour.

A broken hip about eight weeks (prior to his death) and subsequent hospitalisation knocked his constitution hard, and upon his return to Freemasons, palliative care became necessary and he peacefully and painlessly left us at 1pm on Tuesday 10 September.

Words cannot adequately express our appreciation for the excellent care, support and love afforded to Dad by the dedicated professional and delightful staff at Freemasons Flora Hill, and our family is eternally indebted to them all.

We are all indeed privileged and fortunate to have had Bill Kirkpatrick in our lives, whether it be as a husband, a father, grandfather, great grandfather, cousin, uncle, father-in-law, friend, choir master, work colleague, neighbour or acquaintance.

He was a happy, considerate, humorous, loving and loved gentleman, who loved life and laughed a lot."

Steven then handed over to his brothers David and Graeme to also speak of their father, prior to the congregation being able to listen to a recording of a piece of organ music played by Bill at one of his recitals some years ago. A very fitting finale.

Rest in Peace, Bill.

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## And the Rest is History

There was an article in the August 2019 edition of Crosslight\* which many of you may have seen already. The article was titled "And the rest is history", and was written by Mikaela Turner about the award-winning Synod Archives Office.

The Archives Office currently works out of the rear of the Malvern East Uniting Centre, 54 Serrell St Malvern East.



The Methodist collection includes minutes of conferences, districts, circuits, missions, departments, commissions

correspondence, building files, plans and photographs. There are complete holdings of denominational journals, serials and newspapers for Victoria. A wide range of educational materials relating to ministerial training, Denominational Board Schools, Sunday Schools and youth work is also included.

I feel that the Crosslight article is worth repeating in part, because I have found the Synod Archives an invaluable source of information for many of the historical articles featured in Kairos relating to people commemorated in our church which do not seem to have been recorded elsewhere and about which our 'corporate memory' is fading and disappearing as we lose our older members to age and time.

The article in Crosslight highlighted the fact that Synod Archives "has been able to hold on to its crown as winner of the Victorian Collections Award for Excellence in Museum Cataloguing (paid staff organisation) for the second consecutive year." The Award recognised the archives' work in providing context for digitised artifacts."

Synod Records Manager Graham Hawtin

collected the Award at the National gallery on 26 June, although he said "that all credit should go his colleague Jenny Bars (the archivist) and her devoted group of volunteers". The archives have a mix of paid staff and volunteers, and Graham said that "the vast majority of the digitising and research work is undertaken by our very dedicated volunteers."

A similar article highlighting the significance of the Synod Archives also appeared in the September 2019 edition of Network Magazine. This article featured a stalwart of the Uniting Church, Alison Head, who came originally from Myrtleford to study in Melbourne, who still worships at Deepdene UC, and who has volunteered for over 40 years at the Archives. Among the volunteers is our own Lorraine Sage, who has also worked there since 2009.

One of the volunteers featured in the Crosslight article (former Network editor Joan Waters, who is aged 90) was quite correct when she said "it is amazing that a group of mostly volunteers can make such a great contribution to Victorian history".

Long may they continue!!

\*Article reproduced from Crosslight August 2019 with permission of the author.

## Just bought a book from Ikea!



## Iloura Kitchen Refit

As most you will have heard, the new kitchen at Iloura is finished and paid for in full thanks to the generosity and fund raising of many people.

Our inspection team were delighted to see the final results of our much delayed project. The residents have now taken possession and are very happy with it.

My special thanks to Harvey Sowerby who has shepherded the project from beginning to end and had many headaches and worry along the way.



**Harvey Sowerby.**



Eric McKay, Eril Deighton, Margaret Watters, Ruth Akie, Alex Stewart, and Geoff McPherson. Our thanks also to our CRS fundraisers and many willing helpers.

Eric McKay

### A Matter of Perspective

Jack climbs to the top of Mount Sinai to get close enough to talk to God.

Looking up, he asks the Lord, "God, what does a million years mean to you?"

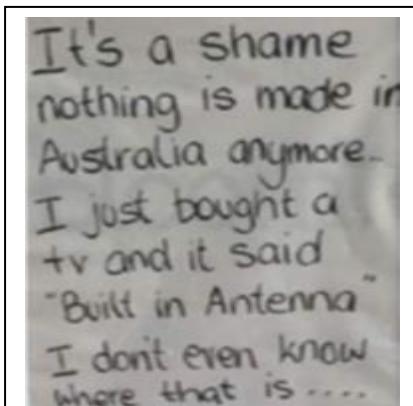
The Lord replies, "A minute."

Jack asks, "And what does a million dollars mean to you?"

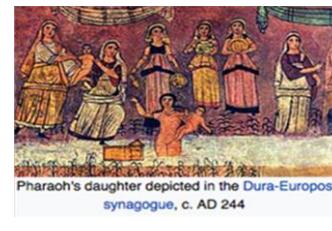
The Lord replies, "A cent."

Jack asks, "Can I have a cent?"

The Lord replies, "In a minute."



## Messy Church



Pharaoh's daughter depicted in the Dura-Europos synagogue, c. AD 244

On 21 July 2019 it was time to celebrate saving Baby Moses (as recounted in Exodus 2:1-10).

This story is one of the best stories in the Bible:

*"Pharaoh, king of Egypt, decreed that all Hebrew baby boys are to be thrown into the Nile to die. Into this horror a mother gave birth to a son. She was determined that her boy would live. She hid him for three months. When she realized that she could no longer keep him hidden, she made a waterproof basket and set the baby in it, and placed it in the reeds along the bank of the Nile. She had her daughter keep watch over it from a distance to see what would happen.*

*A day came when Pharaoh's daughter came to the Nile to bathe, and this day she noticed the basket in the reeds. She sent a servant to get it. The baby's sister crept closer and watched as her brother was carried to Pharaoh's daughter. In the basket lay the baby, crying up a storm. Pharaoh's daughter was moved with compassion. Her heart went out to the child. But her head told her that this was a Hebrew baby boy. Would she follow her God-given motherly instincts, or would she obey her ruthless father and empty the basket into the Nile?*

*The baby's sister saw the indecision, and it was the moment she needed. She approached Pharaoh's daughter and dared a solution: "Would you like for me to go get one of the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?" Pharaoh's daughter answered, "Yes!" Compassion won out, and the mother got her baby back.*

*When the child was older, his mother gave him to Pharaoh's daughter. No doubt it was a tough decision, but the scripture reports that the Hebrew boy actually became a son to Pharaoh's daughter, and it was she who gave him the name Moses. So the story of his*

**birth is very important, because a boy was not merely spared, but ultimately a whole people.**

For the **Gathering** activity Egyptian Gold jewellery was collected, as well as a tattoo and an activity sheet.

In the hall the **activities** included children making Egyptian Royal headdresses, and some dressed up in royal dresses (bought in Egypt last year on the Browns trip). The river Nile was across the hall, surrounded by reeds and bulrushes. Baby Moses was put in a basket (that wouldn't sink) by his mother to avoid Pharaoh's men who were commanded to take any Hebrew baby boys born and drown them.

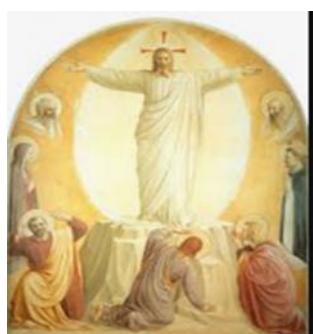
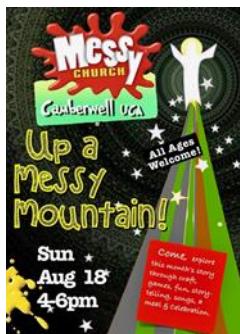


On the river Nile were bowls of water, into which a folded-up flower was placed, and then in front of your eyes it opened to reveal a baby. Other activities included making a basket, putting a baby in it and surrounding it with reeds; making a pyramid with blocks of quick drying clay to show what the slaves (mainly Hebrew) had to make while in Egypt; writing Egyptian letters on tiles: and searching for Egyptian figures in a tray of sand.

**Food Craft** involved taking a yummy chocolate crackle and a dollop of icing and a marshmallow and a jelly baby and then you had baby Moses in a basket.

For the **Celebration**, a video of the story of Moses (cartoon version) was shown, songs were sung, Ian asked questions about the story, and talked about Egypt. He said a prayer and then we said the Lord's Prayer together.

Dinner was pasta bake and salad, dessert was Birthday Cake, for 12 adults and 6 children.



On 18 August it was time to go Up a Messy Mountain (as told in Luke Ch 9, verses 28-36),

an event known as "The Transfiguration."

This tells us that about 6 months before his crucifixion and resurrection, "**Jesus took with him Peter and brothers John and James, and went up on to a high mountain to pray.**

**And while he was praying, something amazing takes place before the eyes of the disciples: Jesus is transfigured before them so that His face shone like the sun, and His garments became as white as light.**

**Suddenly they saw two men, Moses and Elijah, talking to him. They were speaking of his departure, which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. Then a cloud came and overshadowed them all; and they were terrified as they entered the cloud. Then from the cloud came a voice that said, 'This is my Son, my Chosen; listen to him!' When the voice had spoken, Jesus was found alone.**"

The **Gathering** Activity explained the process of metamorphosis (i.e. transformation). A seed to a flower, a tadpole to a frog, caterpillar to a butterfly, etc. Pictures were folded into a fan shape, glued on to card, and then everyone could see the transformation when the card was turned one way and then another.



Activities included dressing wooden people as Jesus, Moses and Elijah, and using special clay to transform plain colours into multi coloured butterflies.

**Food craft** involved decorating 'mountains' made out of chocolate, marshmallows with white fairy floss for the cloud and green sprinkles for the grass at the bottom. 'Minecraft' cubes were made up and the story of the Transfiguration was shown on each side.

Finally, the kids enjoyed mountain making: putting together different sized packing boxes to build a cardboard mountain in the church.

For the **Celebration** everyone sang—"Sing to the Music maker" and "I see God in You", everyone then took part in a play of Jesus, and Peter, James and John walking through the countryside - then Jesus went up the mountain (the cardboard box mountain was in front of the pulpit), where his clothes turned white and then Moses and Elijah appeared.

A video of the story was then shown; the Rev. Brown talked about how we can change too -to

become more the person God wants us to be, with his help.

Dinner was Shepherd's Pie, followed by a fruit platter and Birthday cake, for eight children and 12 adults.



On 15 September we heard about Messy Persistence, as told in Luke 11:5-12 – “pray with boldness and persistence.”

The **Welcoming activity** was Margery telling the story of persistence. “Jesus told the parable of a man arriving at his friend’s house and the friend had no bread. The friend then went to another friend’s house and persisted in knocking until the friend woke up and gave him bread to share.”

Everyone then went to the hall to make their own bread roll! Everybody kneaded and kneaded and then left them to rise. They had to be checked several times before they were ready to be cooked.



There were games like dominos to play, and another where “storming sticks” were woven together and then released - they shot off in the air like fire crackers.

The kids then had to sift sand to find each letter of the alphabet and make a bracelet (which took a lot of persistence). As did making a door frame with a loaf of bread in which to place small Lego pieces.

**Celebration:** while the bread was cooking everyone went into church. There was singing songs on the theme of persistence, then watching the parable as an animated video, and then Ian talked about persistence. The final activity was to go around the church to find pieces of a sentence from the bible which everyone had to put together - this really did require much persistence.

Dinner for seven children and eighteen adults

was tacos with mince, salad and cheese and our home-made bread rolls, followed by birthday cake and fruit, and happy birthday was sung to the September birthday people.



On 24 November, we celebrated Advent, the season lasting for the four Sundays leading up to Christmas.

The theme of this Messy Church is based on the ‘waiting’ done by Simeon and Anna, as described in Luke 2, v21-39...

*In this part of the Gospel, Luke shows that the story of Jesus was confirmed by two prophets, Simeon and Anna, who spoke of Jesus under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.*

*Simeon, as well as the prophetess Anna, represented the best in Israel. Simeon was righteous and devout, spending his days in the Temple and waiting for the Messiah. The Holy Spirit revealed to Simeon that he would not die before he had seen the Lord’s Christ. And so he waited for what had already been promised--that a Messiah would come.*

The **Welcoming activity** began with a census using footy characters as a basis for counting everyone.

**Activities** for the day included: everyone painting the nativity scene on a big wooden panel with holes in it for the faces – this was later placed in front of the church for advent; children made an Advent calendar, Christmas cards, and a Temple.



**Food craft** involved icing a scroll, dated 25 December.

For the **Celebration**, we watched a video clip of Simeon and Anna in the temple waiting for the Messiah. Ian talked about hope of this coming

person, and we sang a couple of relevant and joyful songs.

**Food** was hamburgers, followed by birthday cake for eight children and a few more adults.

Thanks to Ian, Margery, Ruth Crawley and the kitchen team and all those who come each time and help.

**Fiona Ensor**

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### Just a quick word about Church Council

Following the decision of the Assembly in 2018 to allow our UCA ministers to officiate at marriages of same gender couples, Ian facilitated a meeting after worship for a general discussion with anyone from the congregation to attend. The Assembly decision also allowed individual Church Councils to decide whether such marriages can occur within the property for which it is responsible. Our Church Council has decided unanimously that we would not discriminate on the basis of gender.

There have been two meetings between representatives of our Congregation and those of Burwood, Burwood Heights, Ashburton and Glen Iris Road. These discussions are to explore how we can support each other in the things we do as church. Those representing Camberwell are Ian Brown, Lorraine Sage, Geoff McPherson and me. We have decided to share our notices each week and to compile a joint calendar so we know what each other is doing and can support where we are interested. There is much common ground where we can support and help each other and we hope that there will be a joint worship celebration in the middle of next year.

As we come to the end of the year I would like to acknowledge the contribution made and thank all of you who come to worship at Camberwell and support the work of our congregation in many and varied ways, making Camberwell a good place to be.

**Ruth Crawley**  
**Secretary – Church Council.**

**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

**Ministry:** Worship 10.00 am  
**Minister:** Rev. Ian Brown 0439 931 080  
**Email:** ucacamberwell@uniting.com.au  
**Website:**  
<http://www.ucacamberwell.net/>  
**Messy Church:**  
<https://www.facebook.com/camberwellmessychurch>