

Morialta Vision

A publication of Morialta Uniting Church

Volume 7 Issue 4
August 2014



From the Minister's Desk

I have been reading an interesting book called "Kissing Fish: Christianity For People Who Don't Like Christianity" by Roger Wolsey. In his book Wolsey points out that Progressive Christianity is about loving more deeply and living more meaningfully. It's about following Jesus' invitations for practising radical compassion and loving-kindness, living-out Jesus' Kingdom values, and experiencing a fuller, more profoundly connected and meaningful life.

One of the outstanding features of this sort of faith is that you don't have to believe in any of the theologies about God that have been used to damn, judge or exclude people. You don't have to believe in Satan or the Devil. You don't have to believe in Heaven or Hell. You don't have to believe in a virgin birth or a physical resurrection, or that someone walked on water, or that Christianity is the only way that God is at work in the world (though many progressive Christians believe many of those things).

Instead, Progressive Christianity is about cultivating a sense of appreciation for what God has done for the world through Jesus. It's about nurturing direct experience with the Divine and practical actions to live inclusively in right relationships and make a positive difference in the world in the name of Christ – without denying that God is at work in the world in other ways.

A mature Progressive Christianity acknowledges that God works in many ways and that no one perspective can claim to have the corner on the truth. Jesus said that people who come to him with a child-like faith

are okay (in fact more than okay), and we're pretty sure he's okay with those who approach him through other ways too. It is worth remembering people are saved and come to God in different ways. Wolsey points out that "A man who's drowning doesn't care who tosses him a rope!" There's nothing wrong with a simple, concrete, "Jesus said it, I believe it, that settles it" sort of faith and there's nothing wrong with an intellectual approach to the faith. There's also nothing wrong with a contemplative, mystical take on things. And there's nothing wrong with a charismatic, Pentecostalist approach to the faith (I've even heard of "Progressive Pentecostals.") What matters is how that faith is lived out. For me it is about how we seek justice, love kindness and walk humbly with our God.



In the end Wolsey shares a very interesting insight that Progressive and Conservative Christianity share common ground in that we all place our hope in something greater than ourselves. We hope in a God who loves, cares, and intervenes on our behalf, and we hope in a God who loves us enough to show us an alternative way of connecting and living. So it's not conservative vs. liberal. It's not "Right vs. Left." Perhaps it's *combined* Left and Right = *LIGHT*, and does this world ever need more of that. Amen?

(Rev) Steve Thompson August 2014

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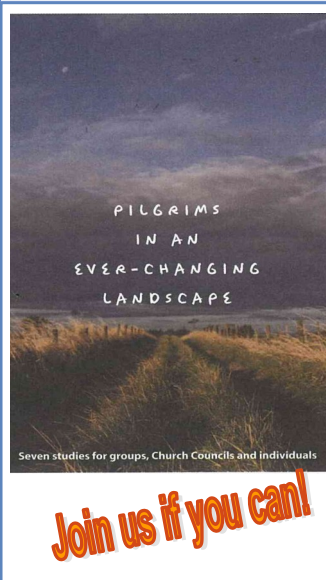
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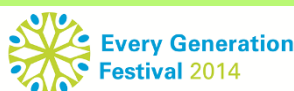


Community Centre News

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Seniors' Health and Leisure Expo

Wednesday October 22



We count among our Saints, and share stories

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Social Justice Supplement

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Community Centre News

Health and Leisure Expo

Senior's Month comes to South Australia in October. Morialta Community Centre is participating in the Council of the Aging (COTA) Every Generation Festival by hosting an expo on Wednesday 22nd October 11.00 am – 2.00 pm.

Seniors Health and Leisure Expo

11am—2pm Wednesday October 22



This event will include exhibits from: The Royal Society for the Blind, Arthritis SA, Resthaven (Health) and the Delta Book Discussion Club, the Burnside Historical Society and Inner Wheel (Leisure). Thus far, we have 14 groups confirmed as exhibitors. Most exhibits will be staffed by two people. Morialta will be on display to at least 30 exhibitors, and then there are the visitors, community members, friends and families who we hope will come to the Expo. This is a wonderful opportunity to offer Christian hospitality and meet people's need for information in a relaxed setting. Tea, coffee and biscuits will be offered to Expo visitors for a small cost.

Coffee Corner will serve lunch in the Blue Room end of the hall so that diners as well as Expo attendees can enter the hall space and enjoy their lunch or visit to the exhibits. The Keep Fit class has graciously agreed to move to the Kooka Rooms that day to enable the Expo to be set up.

We're making good progress in planning for this Community Centre venture, but more volunteer help on the day would be welcomed. Please contact Christine Ostle if you would like to be in it!

Conversational English

Margaret Cargill, Bruce and Gaynor Grindlay will soon begin Conversational English groups for those for whom English is their Second Language. There is enthusiasm about the opportunity to fine-tune English skills.

The Community Garden

A group of unemployed workers applied themselves enthusiastically in learning new skills. They built a pergola, paved that area, added a second layer to the western garden beds, build a pizza oven, and established an aqua garden and rain garden, like a mini wetlands.



The garden group is enjoying the greater sense of community gained in this more developed gathering area. Thanks go to the church for their patience as the workers used the Kooka Rooms, and sometimes the kitchen, for teaching and lunch room. A letter of appreciation was received by Bruce Ind from the Garden Management Committee for the support given.

A celebration of the new facilities will be held in the garden in October—watch out for more details!

Christine Ostle

Morialta
Community
Centre



David's Musings

I recently read this prayer:

"We give thanks for the continued work of the ecumenical chaplaincy team to Cardiff Bay based on the Cardiff Lightship..." which related to an ecumenical project in Wales: - "Lightship 2000".



Lightship 2000 is a restored old red Light vessel with a cafe and chapel on board situated in Cardiff Bay.

During the redevelopment of Cardiff Bay, the Cardiff Bay Development Corporation called together the churches in Cardiff to discuss the role of Christianity in the Bay. Lightship 2000 is the result of these discussions. The ship was launched in 1953 and from that year until 1989 it was a working lightvessel in a number of locations around the UK, ending its working life at Rhossili on the Gower Peninsula to warn of the Helwick Swatch, a treacherous sandbank. It was purchased in 1993 and refurbished as a floating Christian centre. It is a focus

of Christian witness to the Cardiff Bay community. The Chapel is used for worship and quiet meditation, with Holy Communion being celebrated in the Chapel each Wednesday.

When I read this it made me think of another ship.

The church is portrayed as a boat afloat on the sea of the world with the mast in the form of a cross. These early Christian symbols of the church embody faith and unity and carry the message of the ecumenical movement.

The World Council of Churches (WCC) is an inter-church organization founded in 1948. Its members today include most mainstream Christian churches, but not the Catholic Church, which sends accredited observers to meetings.

The word oikoumene, from which the term "ecumenical" derives, means "the whole inhabited earth". In the original Greek, it reflected the interaction of religion, philosophy and political administration as they shaped society.

When the New Testament reports an imperial decree that "all the world" should undergo a census (Luke 2:1), the reference is to oikoumene. In modern

usage, the word embraces the unity of God's whole creation and recognizes every human pursuit as subject to the healing ministry of Christ's Spirit.

After the initial successes of the Ecumenical Movement in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including the Edinburgh Missionary Conference of 1910, church leaders agreed in 1937 to establish a World Council of Churches, based on a merger of the *Faith and Order Movement* and *Life and Work Movement* organisations. Its official establishment was deferred with the outbreak of World War II until August 23, 1948. Delegates of 147 churches assembled in Amsterdam to merge the *Faith and Order Movement* and *Life and Work Movement*.

The symbol of the boat has its origins in the gospel story of the calling of the disciples by Jesus and the stilling of the storm on Lake Galilee.

A children's prayer about how all of us are invited to share God's kingdom:

Jesus, when you called your first disciples, they were fishermen. Today you call farmers and hairdressers, nurses and teachers, office workers and cleaners, young and old. We are all invited to share in your kingdom. Amen.

David Purling



Chairperson writes

Information theft and those unsolicited phone calls that seek to catch out the unwary homeowner are just two recurring themes that our media likes to pull out from time to time. In this Information Age, where information is the new currency, we need to be even more careful with our privacy.

What are our rights relating to privacy and what responsibilities do organisations have when dealing with our details?

How is the pastoral care offered by Morialta Uniting Church impacted when considering matters related to privacy?

These are just two questions that may exercise your time.

First let me assure you that any private detail held about you by the church is subject to strict protocols. Most members will know that we rely on the software called **Pastoral Care** to keep relevant information about individuals and families who are part of our community. Only authorized people have access to this data and it will not be given out without authorisation.

That being said it is important the detail held about our members is accurate and up to date. For that reason, members will be given an opportunity to review the details held in **Pastoral Care**. Accordingly, members will be provided with a print out of their records and asked to correct and add to the profile held so that our records are as current as possible.

Given the sensitive nature of this process you are invited to discuss any concerns with our Privacy Officers, Bruce Ind and Mary Thornley.

Morialta is committed to pastoral care and accurate contact details make that a little easier to ensure.

Bruce



Church Council Reflection



You may have heard of Robyn Davidson. In 1980 at 27 years of age, she took 9 months to walk 2700 km from central Australia to the WA coast with a dog and four camels for company. Her book about the journey, "Tracks", is in our church library.

Now, I love the outback and bush camping, but even in my younger years I would never have contemplated a trek like that. So, what might have motivated her to do it? She is not completely clear about that, but she was something of a loner. The company of one or two friends was fine, but a larger group would see her retreating into herself. But towards the end of her journey after months of solitude she was visited again by Rick, the National Geographic photographer who was documenting her walk. She throws her arms around him and in a deeply emotive cry blurts out "I am so lonely". Even someone who generally prefers their own company can feel a deep, gut level need for company.

Which brings me to my main point. I would contend that one of the deepest of human urges, needs even, is to live in community.

Community is something we take seriously here at Morialta. But that in turn raises the question of how to do this successfully, for while we may need relationships we don't always do them well. From tiffs and fights to genocide and war.

It seems to me we have the answer. That Jesus got right. Consider some of the things the writer of Mathew's gospel reports Jesus as saying and doing. Excuse my paraphrasing.

Comfort those who mourn.

Feed the hungry and thirsty.

Treat people with mercy.

Be a peacemaker.

Rise above unjust persecution.

Be a source of enlightenment.

If in dispute with anyone, seek reconciliation.

Communicate plainly.

Don't get into confrontations with "evil doers".

Give to those in need.

Extend love to all – that is ALL.

Act with modesty. Don't blow your own bags or put on a show of yourself.

Keep yourself on track with private prayer.

Don't indulge in conspicuous consumption.

Don't judge others any more severely than you judge yourself.

Treat others the way you like to be treated.

Reach out with compassion to those rejected by society;

The foreigner

The unclean

The criminal

The pompous

The insane

The different

The "other"

And be a storyteller. Our stories are our social glue. It is our through our shared stories that we gain a sense of identity, both personal and communal. Jesus told stories. Stories that reveal how we can live together well.

To live well in community we need to interact effectively at both an emotional and intellectual level. And on both counts, Jesus got it right.

Chris Ayles

My Grandfather's Happiness

My grandfather, Frederick William, conveyed to me his happiness and yet he never owned a motor car but rode his bike to play bowls after working as an accountant on Saturday mornings. He never owned an I-pad but he read The Advertiser from cover to cover each day of his 29 years of retirement. He never had a quartz watch which didn't wind, but he had a fob watch pocketed in his waistcoat.

How do I know he was happy? Of course, he wasn't happy all the time. He

suffered disappointments as we all do and I know he was lonely after grandmother's death. But I always found him happy when I visited. Having read Hugh Mackay's book, 'The Good Life' I now know his secret. He had captured his happiness from being a man of all seasons.

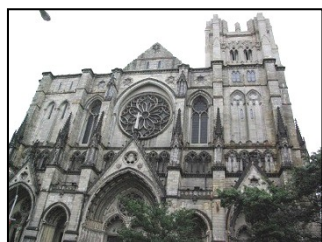
He loved winter when he was able to read and listen to his wireless in his cozy, fire warmed study. In spring he would tell me about the flowers, smell the roses and introduce me to his chooks by name. In

summer he would enjoy an early morning start sitting under the grape vines which shaded the eastern verandah, before he picked the apricots and gathered the almonds. He shuffled through the autumn leaves and opened his heart to the parrots he fed.

He didn't just love the spring, he loved all seasons. His happiness was within his life of wholeness.

Arthur Tideman.

The Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine



During our recent visit to New York, while Anne and David were rehearsing with the Adelaide Harmony Choir, Bruce and I did some sightseeing and one of our stops was at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, which is the largest

cathedral in the world. It is a most amazing building in which the Statue of Liberty, minus the plinth, would stand upright under the dome. It is adorned with beautiful stained glass windows and many pieces of sculpture and artwork and is often used for exhibitions and recitals. However the history and ethos of the cathedral community really impressed us:

"The idea of welcome is the foundation of the Sacred space in which you stand. It has been the organizing principle of the Cathedral from the very beginning. In the early 19th century, when more than half of New York's population was foreign-born, Saint John the Divine was conceived as a truly American Cathedral, affirming common ground between political ideals and the Gospel message. It was chartered as, "A house of prayer for all people, and a unifying center of intellectual light and leadership".

The foundation stone was laid in 1892, the same year as Ellis Island was opened and the Seven Chapels of the Tongues were built to commemorate the major immigrant groups which were pouring into and building the city.

"Anchored in the Episcopal and Anglican traditions the Cathedral is nourished by the ideas and liturgies of other faiths. Priests, Rabbis, Monks and Imams share the pulpit as together we seek understanding."

The community outreach coordinates and operates in areas like Nutrition, Health, a Clothing centre, a Sunday soup kitchen which serves 20,000 meals a year.

"The Cathedral is a sanctuary. It is where people come one by one, quietly each bringing the next, all of us over time building an abiding connection to each other and God".

Unfortunately we were not able to be part of the worship but we certainly sensed the warmth and welcome of God's community.

Judith Purling



INFORMATION HOT SPOTS

Meeting of the Congregation 17 August 2014

Uniting Church Synod SA - Privacy Policy

The Privacy Amendment (Enhancing Privacy Protection) Act 2012 was passed on 29th November 2012 and took effect from 12 March 2014. New Regulations under the Act were also implemented from 12th March 2014.

At the Meeting of the Congregation Bruce Ind, Chairperson, brought the Act to the attention of members, and spoke about the collection of personal information by Morialta. He emphasized the requirement under the Privacy Act for secure storage and non-disclosure to others without the individual's consent.

In the Chairperson's report Bruce has referred to the opportunity which will come shortly for everyone to review details held in the Pastoral Care data base.

Our Morialta leadership is aware that personal information is collected in a variety of ways, including registration or enrolment forms, or in personal notes. We seek always to meet the requirements under the Act.

Meeting of Church Council

Ministry Teams and Roles

Council has been pleased to endorse appointments and changes in Mission Ministry Teams and a Work Health and Safety role:

Children & Young Families MMT has been expanded with the appointments of Steph Bagshaw, Margaret Cargill, Gaynor Grindlay and Lachlan Mackenzie.

Pastoral Care MMT has gained Helen Penhall and the return of Rev Doug Hosking.

Community Centre MMT now has Carole Lyons in the role of Team Leader and Alison Lockett as Elder.

Work Health and Safety has Helena Begg in the role of Safety Contact Officer.

All are welcomed into these roles and we thank them for their willingness to serve the congregation in its mission.

CHANCE

Along our life journeys we meet chance at every corner. On the way we have no alternatives to the nurture our parents have given us, the genes they clothed us in and chance.

Fortunately at every bend in the road we can find our God given spirit, the ground of our being, which will lead us to well being through compassion and love.

Chance (luck if you like) determines the partners and friends we attract and where we were born. A wise friend once said to me,

'If Chopin had been born in Alice Springs he probably would not have had a piano'. Chance gives the opportunity to change and move on. It can be 'a source of stimulation leading to resilience and an appreciation of others with bad luck', says the sociologist, Hugh Mackay. But don't leave chance to the Pokies. They offer none of these.

Arthur Tideman

FRED MARTIN 1926 - 2014



Dad was born here in Murray Bridge 88 years ago and grew up on the family farm at Brinkley. It was while he was living there that he met his future wife and soul mate, Margaret.

Dad didn't want to be a farmer and went off to Teachers' College in Adelaide, commuting back and forth to keep dating Mum. When he qualified, they married and Dad took up his first teaching post at Kadina. They stayed there for quite a while and their oldest three children, Anne, myself and Roger were born at Wallaroo hospital. The family then moved to Gawler, where they had their fourth child, Meredith, then on to Adelaide, Moonta, Balaklava, Waikerie and back to Adelaide. Dad progressed from teacher to Senior Master to Headmaster and Principal (the same job, different title), finishing his working life at Salisbury and Salisbury East High schools.

Dad played football, tennis and golf in his younger years and lawn bowls and croquet in his later years. When he stopped playing football at about age 40, he took up umpiring and goal umpired at SANFL for a number of years. He barracked for Norwood all his life, and later for the Crows. He loved both teams and had membership with both until a few years ago. When my older son, Troy, was playing mini league for Port Adelaide at half time in a Port – Norwood game at Norwood oval, Dad stood up in the member's grandstand, turned to the crowd to explain, "It's only because it's my grandson", then turned back to the game and for the first and only time in his life yelled out, "Come on Port". He didn't quite choke on the words but it was a close run thing.

Dad loved reading, a trait that he shared with Mum, and that he passed on to all four of his children, and he has an enormous library of books. When we

were kids and moving from town to town, it was our job to pack Dad's collection of books into boxes for the move. Anne and I took to counting them each time we packed them and there were thousands of them, with the number growing rapidly each time we moved. The collection grew so large that, when Dad retired, Mum and Dad added a study onto the house to accommodate them.

Dad wrote Geography text books for Secondary schools, that were used across Australia, multiple books on Lodge and several on the Martin Family history. In his later years he wrote his autobiography in order to describe his life, and the many changes that occurred during it, to his family and friends and when he passed away, was half way through a book on bushwalking around the world.

When we were small, Dad would take us hiking and camping as soon as we were big enough to carry our own packs. After retirement, he joined the Retired Teachers Bushwalking group and bush walked all over the world, even being offered a free trip back to South Africa to try out and comment on a new route.

Dad had a huge love of travelling – as kids we caravanned extensively during the school holidays and Dad did many overseas trips, including hiking in the Himalayas in Nepal when he was 70, and hiking around South America when he was 80 (it was the only non frozen continent he hadn't been to and he wanted to go before his passport ran out). During his trips, he managed to get hospitalised with kidney stones, stranded by airline strikes, lose his baggage and meet up with Mum in Rome during a terrorist attack, but none of it stopped him booking the next trip and setting off again.

Dad was a lay preacher with the Methodist and Uniting Church for many years, and the church was always a large part of our young lives. Sunday was always off to church, sometimes with Dad giving the service and sometimes in some very unusual places. As kids we thought it was great that we could say we'd been

to Jerusalem and just left off the bit about it being Jerusalem, South Australia, not Jerusalem, Israel.

Most will know that Dad was a teacher and I can tell you from personal experience that he was a very good one. I still remember stuff he taught me in Leaving Geography and became a Geography teacher in part because of the love for the subject that Dad instilled in me. I also had the privilege of working for a few years as a teacher while he was my Principal, and he was very good at that too, but the best job he did as a teacher was in being a parent.

Dad taught us right and wrong, morals and ethics, manners, honesty and integrity. He taught us respect for others regardless of who they were or what job they had. He never cared whether we were boys or girls and never treated us differently – I wasn't allowed to go for my Learners Permit until I could change a spark plug and a tyre and tune a carbie – if you didn't understand how it works you certainly weren't going to be allowed to drive it. He taught us to be proud of our achievements but that you only got there by hard work. We didn't have a lot of material things when we were kids and a lot of them were hand-me-downs but we always appreciated them anyway. He taught us to be good winners and good losers too, because you don't always get what you want. He taught us that life isn't always fair, so get over it and try again.

But the most important thing he did was that we always knew we were loved, unequivocally, no matter what we did.

Rest in peace.

Bronwyn for the family

The Celebration of Fred Martin's life was held at Murray Bridge on 1 July 2014.

Paws for thought ...

I really enjoy my life! When it is wet and cold I get to stay home in the warm while Wallace goes out with Bruce to keep him out of trouble. Don't get me wrong, I really liked going places and seeing things, but it was pretty hard work. Bruce will not be told; he can be pretty stubborn sometimes!

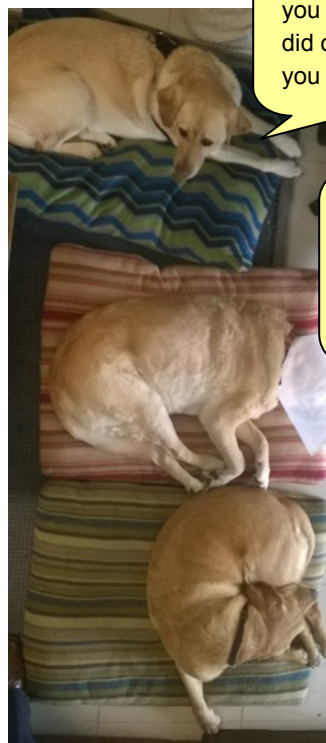
I think Wallace is doing a reasonable job; I have spent a lot of time with him.

Anyway, while life is generally pretty good as I get older it seems that I am having more to do with the vet! Just recently I had an operation and was out of action for a time.

When I can't get out I really appreciate friends coming to see me. The other day I was really pleased that Eiffie brought John and Christine to see me. While Anne and Christine did jigsaws (what ever they are) at the table, I had a good time catching up with Eiffie.

As I said I really enjoy my life. I hope you are enjoying yours!

Keely



Hey Keely, are you awake? I did come to visit you after all!

Oh, well I will do the same. We don't want him to go jumping around the place again.

Yes, I'm just trying to be quiet so that Wallace doesn't wake up

No, I always seem to get into trouble when that happens.

I can hear you. It's all right for you. I've been out shopping all morning not enjoying myself at home.

Waikerie Fruit Project Challenges and Changes

The Waikerie Fruit Project has not worked very well this year, because of lack of availability of produce and long working days for Graeme. After talking with Graeme we have decided to carry on and have orders/deliveries every two months. The order form will only have a few items, but dried apricots should last until the end of the year.

Dried pears and peaches are not available at present. Choc coated apricots are not available, but if you buy a bag of dried apricots and a bar of chocolate of your choice - melt choc and dip apricots - yum!

Before Christa (International Mission officer) left she sent \$8,000 to Uniting World in Sydney for the P3W (Women's Centre) and Walihole (HIV/AIDS Clinic), both in Papua. These funds have been raised by the WFP over the years to which I say a very big THANK YOU. The Medicine Shop will be incorporated into the medical centre and does not need funds at present.

Thank you for your patience and may the WFP continue to help growers in the Riverland and medical projects in Papua. The frosts of this last week have not helped the fruit trees.

Jennie Hosking

2015 Anniversary celebrations

During 2015 there will be several milestones highly worthy of celebration.

8th April 1855 (160 years) the first services were conducted in Magill Methodist Church.

17th October 1875 (140 years) the first services were conducted in the "new" Magill Methodist Church.

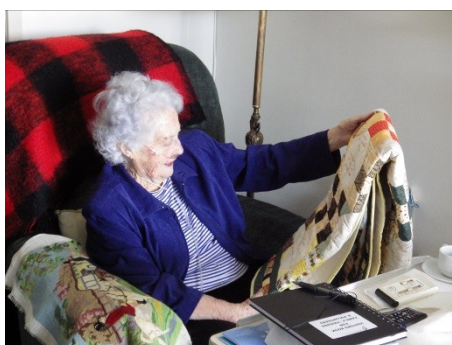
2nd December 1990 (25 years) the first service was conducted as Morialta Uniting Church following the merger of the four churches.

It will be a year of celebration extending between early April and December! It is envisaged that the 2 December date in 2015 will be the major celebration, referring to the 25 years anniversary since the first service was conducted as Morialta Uniting Church, and within living memory. The two others will be celebrated in the service on the day. John Powers will lead a working group to develop the anniversary plans.

Volunteers Week Awards

In Volunteers Week in May, Campbelltown Council recognised and thanked volunteers for their work. Bob Lloyd and Merv Boundy were recognised for their outstanding work in the graffiti removal group for a continuous 15 year period.

Bob was shown in the Council's Outlook magazine receiving his certificate from Mayor Simon Brewer.



Margaret Ulliyett

Margaret Ulliyett was delighted to receive greetings from friends at Morialta in the form of a signed quilt made by Judith Purling.

Margaret is now living in the Lutheran Homes at Glynde.



An initiative supported by
National Council of
Churches in Australia



Morialta's Social Justice Mission Ministry Team priorities include:

Support and promote campaigns that encourage the Government to release children held in Detention Centres.

From End Immigration Detention of Children

<http://endchilddetention.org/learn-more/>

The International Detention Coalition (IDC) estimates that there are thousands of children placed in detention every day and hundreds of thousands every year, in countries including Australia, Greece, Israel, Malaysia, Mexico, South Africa and the United States.

Dr. Madelyn Hicks, psychiatrist, who spoke at the launch of the Campaign to End the Immigration Detention of Children, on 21 March 2012 at the UN Human Rights Council, "Substantial evidence shows that detention, even for short periods, can seriously damage the mental health and development of children – from infancy through teenage years". Children also suffer because their parents lose authority over what they eat and how they sleep and because their parents often also suffer from the mental affects of detention", Dr. Hicks said.



Christopher Pyne
Federal Member for Sturt
429 Magill Rd, St Morris



Religious Leaders Commended by Magistrate

13 Aug 2014



Key South Australian religious leaders were commended by the Presiding Magistrate this morning after attending Mount Barker Magistrates' Court to face criminal charges of trespass. The Magistrate dismissed the religious leaders with no conviction and no fine, commenting "you are a credit to your faith, and an inspiration."

Five Uniting Church members, in addition to representatives from the Quaker, Activate and Jewish communities in South Australia, were arrested on Monday 23 June after sitting and praying peacefully in Jamie Briggs' Mount Barker Electorate Office in an attempt to seek the release of 938 children in detention and to put an end to Australia's inhumane asylum seeker treatment.

In a character reference addressed to the Presiding Magistrate, Uniting Church SA Moderator Dr Deidre Palmer commented, "a number of religious leaders participated in the vigil to draw attention to the plight of children affected by current government immigration policy. As Christians, we engage in these political processes with respect and care for all those involved."

Dr Palmer went on to commend those involved with the peaceful protest, thanking them for "contributing to the common good of the wider South Australian community through compassion and advocacy for the most vulnerable people among us."

For years the Uniting Church has spoken out against the increasingly brutal treatment of asylum seekers in Australia. Most recently the Uniting Church offered to care for asylum seekers in the community, writing to the Australian Government and offering sanctuary for all unaccompanied children being held on Christmas Island, offering an alternative to their being deported to Nauru.

After writing numerous letters, meeting with politicians, marching in the city and congregating on Parliament steps, the religious leaders engaged in non-violent action with a view to having children released from detention.

"We will continue to seek to challenge the government's inhumane approach to the treatment of asylum seekers and encourage others to embrace a more welcoming response to those who seek asylum here," Dr Palmer states.

Iman's Tale

Fear has shadowed my life from when I can first remember holding out my arms to my mother as bombs fell around our home in Kabul. I don't know how old I was then, but I know that I was almost ten years old when I walked from my home with my father, into Peshawar, on the day that my mother was killed. We are Hazara, an ethnic minority and face massacres by both warlords and officials in Afghanistan. If we had not escaped then, we would not have survived. The high mountains beyond our city called out to me but Pakistan offered us somewhere to stay as people who are called refugees. I have never heard the word but it now became both our curse and our salvation.

We found ourselves living in a camp with many others where I was always hungry, dirty and cold, and always fearful. Father begged to be sent to Australia where he had an uncle, but we stayed there for two years until the authorities sent us to Malaysia. We had never been in an aeroplane, and were stiff with fear and sure that we would fall from the sky at any moment.

Nobody seemed to want us or help us in Malaysia. Father bought a fake Malaysian work visa with money he had saved from his bakery in Kabul, so he could work as a hotel cleaner. When the visa ran out he was not allowed to work anymore so he gave money to a man to get us to Indonesia, first in a bus, then a ferry and finally a small fishing boat. I could not swim and I was terrified.

Indonesia was not a good place for us. Father was not allowed to work and the situation was as it had been in Pakistan. We lived without hope and feared the future. All the money that father had left from our time in Malaysia, he gave to someone that he heard could get us into Australia by sea.

The journey was horrifying. We risked drowning and had virtually no food or water. Everyone was frightened and had no hope that we would survive. I could see death in front of me but Father told me to have faith and be strong. He held me close to him and prayed for both of us because I became so weak that even speaking was too much. When desperation is so incredible - so indescribable, hoping and praying is all that can be done.

The boat was small and so packed that we had to sit upright for more than a week. There was no room to lie down and many of us were very sick. I didn't know if my sickness came from the motion of the boat, hunger, or the fear that was with me always. If I had fallen in the water I would have drowned as I still could not swim, and I was so exhausted that I would not have had the energy to struggle.

It was the year 2000 and after seven days the boat was stopped by an Australian Navy boat and we were all taken to the Curtin detention centre. I was grateful to be back on land but stunned to see security guards with guns who kept us in a jail-like environment. No one hurt us but we were traumatised by the war torn country we had left in Afghanistan, and the fear and insecurity of being stateless for years in countries and with people, that didn't want us.

Father and I were very lucky. We were eventually given a government house close to where his uncle lives. For the first time in a long time it felt as if I might be safe.

I was doubly fortunate because next door to us lived a childless couple, Frank and Amy, who helped us settle into our new life and were very kind. When we first arrived in our new home this couple helped Father to understand many things about living in Australia; gave us some furniture and showed us where to buy food. We had not had anyone we could rely on for many years, so Father took a long time before he could be sure that he could trust these people with their different way of life.

One day Father surprised me by allowing Amy to take us both out to give me a special treat. He had told her that it was my birthday and she said that being fifteen was a day to honour. No one had acknowledged birthdays since my mother died and I did not know how Australians celebrated such occasions.

Amy drove us to a field where people were being taken on a hot air balloon flight and explained that this was my 'special treat' and we would be flying over the surrounding areas.

All my terrors returned as I looked at the enormous balloon and heard all the noise and saw the flames, and I felt as sick as I had when I was on the boat in the Pacific Ocean. Father was silent but when I looked at him he was staring at the balloon and I was sure that we felt the same. Then I looked at Amy. She was smiling at both Father and myself and gesturing towards the balloon and saying, "Happy Birthday, beautiful girl." No one had ever called me beautiful and it made me feel good that she saw me as a person and not just a refugee who was not needed. I suddenly knew that I was with people who wanted me to be there. The emotional gravity that filled me at that moment was one of belonging, and gave me courage to get into the basket with Father holding my hand.

When the balloon soared into the sky I felt I was lifted on angels' wings and as we sailed ever higher I had an increasing feeling of lightness as the distress of the last years fell away. The lightness left me joyful to be here in the world. I looked down at the land below my feet and enjoyed the thought that this is where I live. When I looked up at the sky I felt so free that I smiled and then laughed. It was my first laugh for many years. I don't ever remember such happiness before.

Now I look back I can see that is the moment I began to stop living with fear and started to believe that my life could be worthwhile. I am no longer defined by the word 'refugee' but by the name my parents gave me when I was born. That name is Iman, which means faith and it is faith and Father's strength which brought us to where I am now.

One day at school I heard of a Chinese proverb which summed up all that I felt then, and reminds me even now of what is really important.

"The miracle is not to fly in the air, or to walk on water – but to walk on the earth."

However, I know the real miracle is not just walking on the earth, but to do so in freedom.

Jan Thornton

Uniting Church in Australia Assembly

One Small Step Forward on Children in Detention

Tuesday, 19 August

The Uniting Church in Australia has welcomed an announcement by the Minister for Immigration and Border Protection that some children in detention will be released into the community, and asked for reassurances on the conditions of their care.

"We hope that the increased support and protection announced today will be sufficient and ongoing," said Uniting Church President Rev. Prof. Andrew Dutney.

"The Uniting Church has long been calling for the release of all children and their families and all unaccompanied children from all immigration detention centres.

"While today's news is another step in the process, there is much still to be done," said Rev. Prof. Dutney.

UnitingJustice Australia has requested more information from the Minister's Office about the conditions of the new bridging visas being issued to the children and their families.

"Many asylum seeker families currently on bridging visas are destitute and relying on the generosity of individuals and organisations in the community," said Rev. Elenie Poulos, the National Director of UnitingJustice Australia.

"There is a large backlog in the processing of protection claims and so people end up on bridging visas for a very long time.

"Today's announcement relates to children and their families who arrived before 19 July 2013.

"This group of asylum seekers was always going to be released. What about those children who are suffering on Nauru and Christmas Island? And what about children over the age of 10?"

The Minister's statement makes it clear that there is no change of Government policy for the remaining children, who Rev. Poulos says continue to be punished in order to send a message to people smugglers.

"A truly compassionate response would see all children and their families in Nauru and on Christmas Island brought back to the mainland immediately."

"No child belongs in detention. Ever." said Rev. Poulos.

What are conditions like in detention?

Children detained on Christmas island and Nauru have very little recreation and limited healthcare. They do not have access to school.

Children detained in Australia can attend local primary and high schools. They are taken by bus and cannot play after school or go to friends' birthday parties.

Darwin holds the most children in rooms that are converted shipping containers, with fences 20 metres high. A "toy room" is in another shipping container and is only open limited hours. There is a library, internet and some recreation. On the whole, the longer people are held in these places, the less engaged they become. Meals are in a common dining room, people are marked off rolls using their boat ID number. Parents cannot prepare meals for their children, people are allocated two sets of clothes each (even children!).

Detention damages health, well-being and development. It ruins childhoods and families. Psychologists in detention centres in the past have diagnosed every child with some form of mental illness from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder to anxiety and depression.

Information taken from the Free the Children booklet available from the Australian Coalition to End Immigration Detention of Children.
www.endchilddetentionoz.com.au

**FREE
THE CHILDREN**

*May God bless you with discomfort,
at easy answers, half-truths, and superficial relationships,
so that you may live deep within your heart.*

*May God bless you with anger,
at injustice, oppression, and exploitation of people,
so that you may work for justice, freedom, and peace.*

*May God bless you with tears,
to shed for those who suffer from pain, rejection,
starvation, and war,
so that you may reach out your hand to comfort them and
turn their pain to joy.*

*And may God bless you with enough foolishness,
to believe that you can make a difference in this world,
so that you can do what others claim cannot be done.*

Amen.


A Franciscan Benediction



New members join the Social Justice Team

Colin Cargill welcomed Steve Thompson and Carole Lyons to the Social Justice Team at Morialta.


Find this page on the Uniting Justice website
<http://www.unitingjustice.org.au/refugees-and-asylumseekers>.
 It gives you access to this wide range of articles – a wealth of information!



Uniting Justice AUSTRALIA

for a world reconciled

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REFUGEES & ASYLUM SEEKERS

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ABOUT

When an alien resides with you in your land, you shall not oppress the alien. The alien who resides with you shall be to you as the citizen among you; you shall love the alien as yourself, for you were aliens in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God. (Leviticus 19:33-34)

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NEW

One Small Step Forward on Children in Detention

Uniting Church Condemns Escalating Abuse Of Asylum Seekers

High-level Roundtable on Asylum Policy

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INFORMATION & ACTION RESOURCES

Advocacy Brief: Children in Detention

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AHRC National Inquiry into Children in Immigration Detention 2014

Letter to the Minister for Immigration & Border Protection

Migration Amendment (Regaining Control Over Australia's Protection Obligations) Bill 2013

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ISSUES PAPER

Protecting the Persecuted: Justice for Asylum Seekers and Refugees Issue Paper

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VIDEO & AUDIO

Response to Houston Committee Report



On Monday 13 August, National Director Rev. Elenie Poulos, was interviewed by Al Jazeera news for a response to the report released by the Houston Committee on asylum seekers.

[READ MORE...](#)

THE KEY ISSUES

- JUST & SUSTAINABLE ECONOMY
- REFUGEES & ASYLUM SEEKERS
- ENVIRONMENT
- HUMAN RIGHTS
- JUSTICE FOR INDIGENOUS AUSTRALIANS
- UNITING FOR PEACE
- SOCIETY, RELIGION & POLITICS

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VISIT ELENIE'S BLOG!

VISIT THE WEBSITE OF UNITING CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA NATIONAL ASSEMBLY



Morialta Magpie



Happy 70th Birthday to Ray Clogg!



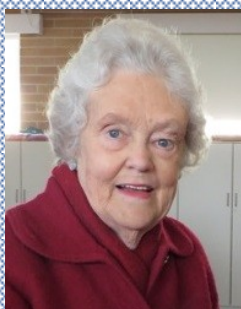
Happy 75th Birthday to Rob Webbe!



Friendship Club enjoyed Birthday Lunch.



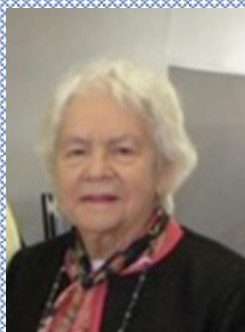
Happy 50th Birthday to Sharon Mackenzie!



Happy Birthday to Margaret Pittman!



David Purling—
Dressed to Kill?



Happy Birthday to Doreen Matheson!



Steve Thompson addressed his first Congregational Meeting.



Happy Birthday to Brian Corrigan!



Happy Birthday to Colin Cargill!



Happy Birthday to Matthew Mackenzie!



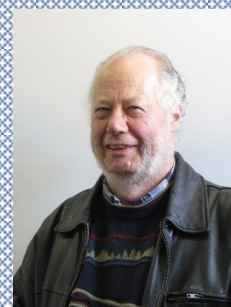
Dale Corrigan enjoyed the concert given by Kym Purling at Langton Park.



Happy Birthday to Win Bull!



Fellowship met to knit some squares, watch a DVD of Pam Ayers and enjoy lunch together.



Happy Birthday to Colin Sampson!

Jennifer Marion Barabas 1932 – 2014



Jennifer Marion or Jenny, was the third of four children, the only daughter of Samuel and Beulah Coombe. Along with her brothers, Tod and Tony, she grew up in Burke Street,

T u s m o r e , attending Rose Park Primary School during the period of the Second World War and Norwood High School, then location in Lossie Street, Kensington. At the age of 16 years, she commenced working for the Public Trustee, where she stayed until 1955.

Mum grew up surrounded by loving parents, aunts and uncles who instilled in her and her brothers the values of being humble, grateful for what you were given and the importance of a loving family. As with most families of that era, living frugally was essential for survival.

The post-war era brought great change to Australia with many displaced persons arriving from countries such as Germany, Italy, Poland, Croatia and Hungary. Life was exciting for Mum and her friends as they began to experience post-war Adelaide with the new night clubs, theatres and cafes that were introduced by the Europeans. They often stayed out very late dancing to Rock and Roll music, drinking Barossa Pearl and Coffee Royals, thinking they were very sophisticated.

One young man from Hungary caught Mum's eye and she was introduced to Bela Barabas through friends. Bela, or Bill, was the head waiter at one of the first night clubs in Adelaide. Mum described him as a very charismatic man and with his swarthy European looks and accent, it was understandable that she was swept off her feet. They were married in St Matthews Church, Marryatville in 1955 and eventually bought and renovated a freestone cottage in St Morris. Women were now allowed to work after marriage, so Mum helped out at the Night Spot Café in Gouger Street that Dad had bought before they were married. They also held the lease of the Arkaba Steak Cellar situated in Quelltaler House, in the same city laneway as the Pancake Kitchen.

I came in to their lives on 28th September 1960, followed by Kristina on 2nd March 1963. Mum had finally found her true vocation in life. However, life changed forever in

January 1969 when Dad passed away at the age of 39 in Whyalla whilst supervising the setting up of the kitchen and dining area of the new foreshore motel. It was a shocking blow, but with the love and support of her family and friends she pulled through the tragedy and moved on. Mum never remarried, but selflessly dedicated herself to rearing Kristina and me, ensuring we were cared for, but most of all loved.

She went back into the workforce at the age of 40 years as the Secretary at St Matthews Church of England, Marryatville working alongside Reverends Alan Linton, Kevin Giles and Tim Allen over a period of 25 happy years.

Mum loved people. She loved speaking with and listening to others, forming relationships and working on those relationships.

She was widely known for her entertaining skills and enjoyed cooking many favourite dishes including Hungarian fare, traditional roasts, lasagne and her infamous sausage rolls. She was artistically gifted, turning her hand to any craft including sewing, tapestry, knitting, crocheting and oil painting. She would often draw us children in real life situations and inspired others through her teaching at St Bernards Recreation Centre.

Mum enjoyed creating and maintaining her garden, both at Williams Avenue and when she moved to her 'Doll's house' in Milton Avenue. She loved her trips to Barry and Kristina's farm at Baroota where she would potter in the garden and kitchen. However, Kristina did have to supervise her bush trimming, as once she got those secateurs going, she could be lethal.

She passed on her love of reading, a favourite for all of us being the Agatha Christie murder mysteries and you could quiz her on any of the current movies showing in town as she and Aunt Jeanette or Aunt Val, who were always willing accomplices, saw most of the movies showing, usually followed by coffee and cake.

Wednesday mornings were one of the highlights of her week as she joined with fellow enthusiasts attacking the Par 3 golf course. Mum and I would often debate the merits of hitting the ball in the air especially over the creek hole. It wasn't so much the sport itself but the fellowship and friendships she made over many years walking the fairways with likeminded souls. The annual girl's golf trip was always a must, even if they didn't play golf. Although not keen on

flying, she loved to travel and experience different sights, sounds and tastes and was always busy planning her next trip away even before she returned home.

Mum welcomed, with open arms and much love, Sue and Barry, into her family. Apart from her love for her own children, it was with her grandchildren that she derived the most love and pleasure. Claire, Jonathon, Rachel and Scott were spoiled rotten with hugs and kisses, love and laughter. She loved playing, reading and drawing with the girls and playing footy and cricket on her back lawn with the boys. She would have the children overnight, ensuring they were well fed and cared for, given lots of chocolate and then she would happily hand them back to us as the sugar kicked in!!

As the grandies grew up, she found she had more time on her hands, so she re-joined the church at Finchley Park Uniting Church and then upon its closure, Morialta Uniting Church, where she explored and developed her Christian faith. She made and renewed many lifelong friendships here, helping out in the library, being a part of the women's fellowship group and contributing to Playgroup where she also had the opportunity to re-connect with her niece Cathy and her young children, for which she was very grateful.

We will remember Mum as a loving and affectionate lady who enjoyed her life and put every effort into living it. She was a person who lived in the moment, and lived her life without regret. We are richer for having known her, richer for having loved her and for being loved by her. Kristina and I will miss her terribly and can take a lot of comfort in the fact that so many of her friends and family were present to see her off. She loved her family, her friends and planning her next holiday. Even to the last, she had just returned from a trip to the farm and was looking forward to her next trip.

We thank you all for celebrating with us the life of our Mum.

Tod, Kristina and Families

Hold me close,
let your love surround me;
Bring me near, draw me to your side:
And as I wait,
I'll rise up like the eagle,
And I will soar with you:
Your Spirit leads me on
in the power of your love.

Ellen Valmay Penna (nee Ayles) 23 March 1928 – 5 July 2014



Valmay was the youngest of three daughters born to Hurtle and Ellen Ayles in Murray Bridge. Her childhood was spent on the farm at Buccleuch in the Mallee. She drove the horse and sulky five miles to Sherlock school until, in grade three, a new school opened at Buccleuch and she attended until Grade Seven.

In order to go to high school pupils had to pass the Qualifying Certificate and Valmay was so scared she wished the Japanese would invade so she didn't have to sit the exam – it was WW2. In any event she passed but the family couldn't afford for her to go to high school in Murray Bridge except that her desire was strong enough to convince them to find a way for her to have at least one year at high school.

Her Christian faith took centre stage and she was baptised in the Peake Baptist Church. In her memoir she says "It is great to have faith in God, who is "there" and consistent all the time. I do not believe that life is ruled by fate or caprice, rather One who is good, just and loving still has his hand on the helm and I trust him, and I am glad that I was encouraged to believe in Jesus and all that has done for us."

In 1946 she was accepted for nursing training at Memorial Hospital. She earned a credit in exams and became a Registered Nurse. Later in Midwifery training at the Queen Victoria Hospital she gained a credit and topped the state in the final exam.

For us as children this legacy of achievement made a deep impression. Both Mum and Dad had achieved professional careers from humble beginnings proving that it could be done if one had determination. We children all went on to careers in medicine, nursing, social work, accounting and the ministry.

After meeting at a church camp Elwyn and Valmay corresponded and courted, along the banks of the Torrens near the Memorial Hospital, and they became engaged in 1950, marrying in August 1953 in the Hospital Chapel when Elwyn had taken up a posting to Yacka. After marriage Valmay devoted the next 40 years to serving her church and her family in Yacka, Balaklava, West Hindmarsh, Payneham, Port Lincoln, Westbourne Park and Brighton in 1978, by which time we had all been born, grown up and flown the coop.

Elwyn and Valmay moved to Wagga in 1984 where Elwyn undertook a Presbytery position in Education. Helen's illness brought them back to Adelaide in 1986, and then Morialta in 1987 until Elwyn's official retirement in 1993.

In retirement they established themselves in a warm and inviting home at Hallett Cove. During this time Alzheimer's subtly manifested itself, leading to the move into a unit at Malvern Resthaven. Elwyn cared for Valmay until she moved into the nursing home.

Valmay was always a most gracious and caring mother. We never had much money but were always well fed – Sunday roast and lamb sandwiches, sultana cakes, roast chook fresh from the garden, home-made ice-cream and preserved fruit. Most of all we were loved and encouraged, with rarely a cross word.

Valmay accepted that as the minister's wife she was expected to be involved with Ladies' Guild and Women's Fellowship, open fetes and help with Sunday School. She didn't like doing 'up front' things, so with her gentle determined strength she made it clear that she would do if for a given amount of time. Her faith was strong and she took her role seriously. Her compassion found expression in the kindness she showed the various homeless, beaten or troubled souls that from time to time we gave refuge. The manse door was always welcoming and she would frequently have to add water to the soup and whip up a cake for guests. Mum had an amazing capacity to make people feel special, completely accepted and at ease. She welcomed whoever appeared and they would never have known that she stretched a very, very tight budget to ensure our home was always open.

On returning to Adelaide from Port Lincoln with teenage children to feed, clothe and educate, Valmay returned to nursing. This was at a time when society didn't readily accept married women, especially ministers' wives, working, but she was not easily deterred. It was her inspiring tales that led to me embarking on a medical career, and Rosemary a liberating, radical expression for women being able to choose their life path.

Valmay nursed and cared for relatives, most tellingly caring for our sister Helen. Helen's death was a particularly difficult time. It took her a while to work out how to shift the heavy sadness in her heart.

Mum modeled for us the way in which love works - it never runs out in sharing, but constantly expands and stretches, with always room for more.

Elwyn's Tribute to Valmay

My family has told her story and her part in their lives. Who can estimate the value of our early experiences of life? Valmay's life was shaped by the loving Christian home and local Church, but also deeply by the disappointment of not being able to continue High School, and the ravages of one of the worse droughts the Mallee has experienced. It taught her how to handle adversity, how to work long hard hours, without complaining, and how to endure isolation and the value of simple Christian Fellowship.

Her call to nursing was very real and the experience of helping to nurse a man wracked with the pain of bone cancer and being encased in plaster at such a young age only deepened her determination to nurse. She was very modest and never mentioned that she topped the State in the Midwifery exams. It was just as well that she excelled there because when three of our children were born she was the only Mid trained person present!

She vowed that she would never marry a Farmer or a Parson, but I was a bank clerk when began courting. I'm forever glad that she didn't stick to that vow! She was a great homemaker and mother to our children and carer of many people – women running away from trouble, children of large families whose widowed mothers needed respite and orphaned boy who needed a home, a boy whose father turned up one night to find someone to look after his son because he expected to be jailed for a month.

Her experience as a nurse made her an excellent counselor and Elder, who had a knack of getting alongside the lonely and those who don't quite fit in. She did not cling to office but encouraged others to use their gifts.

She was my soul mate. We experienced a unity of two lives knit together by shared faith and love. We shared each other's life and thought, hopes and fears, times of joy and times of sorrow. In the last few years when her memory was gone we could not share in the same way, but she has now entered upon a new journey the like which we can only guess. She already knows more for our mortal "eyes have not seen, nor ears heard what God has in store for those who love him."

In closing I want to share with you her special poem made famous by King George VI during the London Blitz.

*"I said to the man
who stood at the gate of the year,
Give me a light that I may tread safely
into the unknown."
And he replied, "Go out into the darkness
and put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to you better than light
and safer than a known way."*

Up, Up and Away High Tea

Forty two of us braved the wintry weather to come and share some high adventure whilst members of the library committee busied themselves in the kitchen preparing an excellent 20th Birthday Tea.

Marianne Musgrove was our guest speaker, and had us all listening intently as she told us about her life and about the different books she has written.

Jan Thornton won the Up, Up and Away adult writing competition and Jordan Hall won the children's section. Their entries are reproduced here for your enjoyment.

The Hot Air Balloon by Jan Thornton

Don't go, they said. You don't like heights.
Stay here. Enjoy your cosy nights,
It's cold and dark at 5 am.
I quite agreed. and then – and then
I thought of morning, glinting gold
With sunbeams hastening to unfold
Against clouds still shaded darkly night
And thought to myself –
that I just might
So I found courage, paid my fare –
Discovered myself standing there
On a basket floor, with flames above
And saw this great world filled with love.
That young day showed such glorious
sights.....

I quite forgot that I don't like heights!



Kane and his Hot Air Balloon by Jordan Hall

Once upon a time there was a boy named Kane He was a creative boy. One day he had an urge to build and fly a hot air balloon.

So one day when his parents were out he went to the hardware store and bought 50 kg of rubber and a lot of wooden planks. He went home and got his Dad's welder and welded the rubber together to make a humongous balloon. Then he got the wooden planks he had bought and built a massive basket to stand in. After he built the basket he attached the welder to a metal pole he found in the shed. He attached the pole to the bottom of the basket. After this he lit the welder and watched the massive balloon rise up. Then Kane hopped into the basket and flew off into the sky.

After an hour or so Kane decided that he would look down to the land. The first thing he saw was masses of eyes staring up at him. Then he heard a familiar voice say "Hey, that's our son". The next moment there were police helicopters after him. Kane panicked and turned up the heat on the welder. He went up, up, up, up, up into the clouds. "Wow", he thought, it's all fluffy and white. But the balloon was overheating and suddenly exploded ... and then, all of a sudden, Kane woke up to the smell of pancakes.



ENTERPRISE AND STRUGGLE *Images from the Philippines* & Kites of Hope

Photographic Exhibition
Saturday 15 November –
Friday 28 November



Kite Making Workshop

Saturday 4 October
9.30 am—12.30pm
in the hall

*Come and make a Kite of Hope
to fly high up in the church.*

Honouring the Sacred – Communion

Morialta's communion stewards, worship leaders, Worship team, and Council members participated in this thoughtfully presented session of the Centre for Liturgy, Music and the Arts.

A couple of weeks later over pizza they talked with Rev Steve Thompson about

celebrating Communion – the rituals, old and new ways, using the symbols, meaningful liturgy, making everyone welcome, who serves, what we say, time for prayer and reflection, being inclusive and sharing in an intergenerational church family, growing and celebrating together. Steve will continue to welcome discussion about our worship and about Communion.



Welcome to the Morialta Uniting Church Community Library

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

The Library Committee and helpers pay tribute to **Jenny Barbabas** who died suddenly in June this year. Jenny was a member of the Library Committee for 13 years and could be seen at the library each fourth Wednesday in the month labelling jam jars for sale and helping in whatever way she could, and always with a smile.

Jenny was a reader, she loved reading and she contributed to the Library Page of the Vision with insightful book reviews.



Jenny loved to cook and often shared a recipe with me over lunch at Coffee Corner.

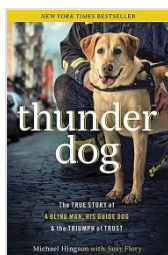
When it came to catering for the library's High Teas, Jenny's sausage rolls were always to be greatly enjoyed.

Jenny was full of great ideas and this made her a valuable Library Committee member but it was more than this, - it was friendship, laughter, she was always good to be with, and it was always service with a smile!

THUNDER DOG by Michael Hingson with Susy Flory

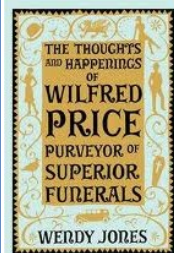
Trapped in his office on the 78th floor of the World Trade Centre, Michael Hingson was guided to safety by his sixth guide dog, Roselle. Graphic detail of their long walk after the 9/11 2001 bombing by terrorists, makes fascinating reading. His life story is also worth reading about. Nothing has stopped him doing anything he set his mind to, starting at a young age by riding a bike around his local area to piloting a plane. An inspiring little book that will keep you fascinated to the end.

Reviewed by Margaret Boundy



THE THOUGHTS AND HAPPINESS OF WILFRED PRICE PURVEYOR OF SUPERIOR FUNERALS by Wendy Jones

A quirky little novel of life in a tiny Welsh village in the 1920's.



Wilfred, the young village undertaker, gets himself in a whole lot of trouble growing up in country Wales.

Very enjoyable!

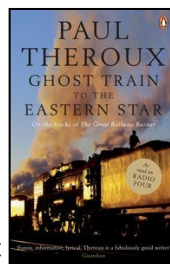
Reviewed by Margaret Boundy

GHOST TRAIN TO THE EASTERN STAR On the tracks of *The Great Railway Bazaar* by Paul Theroux

Theroux is a rightly acclaimed travel writer with acute and sympathetic observations on people and places. His grand circular traverse is very long, starting in London, passing through France and including Romania, Turkey, Turkmenistan, India, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Vietnam, Japan and back via the Trans-Siberian Express and Berlin.

This book has the advantage of an additional time dimension: he compares the state of people (when the US was invading Iraq) with conditions 30 years previously during his last railway visit ('The Great Railway Bazaar'). His concluding remarks express disappointment at the way the world is going but gratitude for the kindness of the people he met.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes



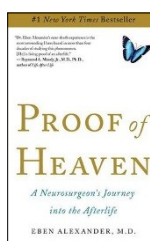
PROOF OF HEAVEN A Neurosurgeon's Journey into the afterlife

by Eben Alexander, M.D.

Eben Alexander tells of a near-death experience from the unusual viewpoint of a practising academic medical scientist. He incidentally gives an engaging account of his strongly supportive American family. In 2008 he suffered a severe bacterial infection and was in a coma for a week, when brain and body were effectively dead but for artificial medical support. He describes his vivid

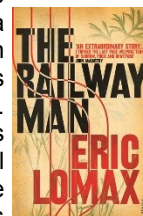
memories of travelling from a shadowy, earthly realm to a bright, positive and loving heavenly region which seemed much more real. He was very fortunate in making a good recovery, with his thinking power unharmed. Even as a neurosurgeon he had to conclude that consciousness survives beyond the body and that a spirit of love underpins creation. He continues to investigate this phenomenon on a rational basis.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes



THE RAILWAY MAN by Eric Lomax

An inspiring autobiography by a dedicated life-long train watcher who suffered terribly as a prisoner of the Japanese in the 1940s on the infamous Burma-Siam railway. Amazingly, he lived into his nineties, had a successful postwar career, overcame psychological problems related to torture, and in the end was able to forgive a surviving Japanese tormentor.



There is graphic description of life in Edinburgh in the 1920s and 30s, training in the army signals at the beginning of the Second World War and the Japanese invasion of Malaya. To quote the back cover reviews, 'This book has to be read: it distils a mature, humane philosophy'.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes

Diary Dates



Artwork by Sarah Heatley

*O God, you call us to be "rocks" like Peter,
but often we are more like clay
We say one thing, but then do another.*

*O God, you call us to be "rocks" like Peter,
but often we are more like sand
We know the right words to say,
but then we become silent at the crucial time.*

*O God, you call us to be "rocks" like Peter,
but often we are more like a loose pile of stones
We try to go it on our own,
even though you have given us each other.*

*O God, you call us to be "rocks" like Peter,
but often we are cracked and fragmented
We go in many directions at once
when we need focus and a goal like Jesus.*

Forgive us.

**Prayer of confession from recent worship, included
by request for private reflection and worship.**

Fri 5 Sept 7.30 pm	Square Dance Clubs at Morialta Social Dancing
Sun 7 Sept 8.15 & 9.30 am	Mission Sunday
Sun 21 Sept 9.30 am	Worship – Beyond our Walls Recording
Sun 28 Sept 9.30 am	Social Justice Sunday
Sun 28 Sept 5.00 pm	Pot Luck Tea
Sat 5 Oct 9.30 am	Kite-making Workshop
Wed 8-15 Oct	Tour – <i>Mining and Art in the Outback</i>
Sun 19 Oct 9.30 am	Worship – Beyond our Walls Recording
Sun 19 Oct 4.30 pm	Messy Church
Wed 22 Oct 11.00 am – 2.00 pm	Community Centre Expo
Tues 28 Oct 2.00 pm	Over 80s Afternoon Tea
Thurs-Sat 30 Oct – 1 Nov	Annual General Meeting Presbytery and Synod
Sat 15 Nov 9.00 am – 3.00 pm	Mighty Magill Market Exhibition: <i>Enterprise and Struggle, Images from the Philippines & Kites of Hope</i> (contg. to 28 Nov.)
Sun 16 Nov 9.30 am	Worship – Beyond our Walls Recording
Sun 30 Nov 9.30 am	Combined Service and Meeting of Congregation



**Saturday 15 November
9am—3pm**

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Acknowledgements

Brian Corrigan, John & Christine
Secombe, Ann Ind, Helena Begg,
Peter Thornley and others for photos
throughout this edition.
Stories and texts from those
identified throughout.
and thanks to all who have contributed
in many ways to this edition

Editor: Mary Thornley
Publisher: Helena Begg



Deadline
for the next Edition
1 October 2014

To discuss ideas for Vision articles
contact the editor, Mary Thornley

Living Streams ~ Giving Life