



# Morialta Vision

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## From the Minister's Desk

Merry Christmas!

This much loved and familiar greeting, receives more than it's fair share of press each year as we find ourselves embroiled in a debate over whether to say "Merry Christmas" or "Happy Holidays." Yet no matter which expression you choose, both promote certain hopes and expectations for the season. It's to be a time of merriment, of happiness.

And for many this is true. Lights, decorations, parties, carols, gifts, feasts, special worship services . . . all of this and more adds up to joyful celebration.

Yet for others Christmas isn't only a time to be merry. It's also a time of mixed feelings, a season of sadness as well as joy. If, for example, you've recently lost a loved one, you know how the holidays accentuate your longing. Oh, how much you'd love to share Christmas with one who won't be there this year, or any year! Christmas, with all of its happiness, can leave a deep, unfilled pit in your stomach.

As we move toward Christmas this year, we see stories of rebuilding efforts in regions destroyed by the fires in the Mid North. Though many of these stories are hopeful, they also reminded us of how many lives have been lost or broken because of the force of nature.

*"And heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven, and heaven, and nature sing."*

Once again we will sing this much loved carol at Christmas, in the midst of a world where nature sometimes sings, and sometimes demolishes. "Peace on earth, and mercy mild," or so the song goes. But peace often seems very far away in a world fractured by violence, disease, and hunger.

*So how can we celebrate Christmas in a broken world?*

What we mustn't do is pretend. Christmas is not a time to pretend everything's right with the world. This is tempting, but ultimately self-defeating and contrary to the Christian gospel.

So what should we do? Well, for one thing, I'd suggest that we allow Christmas to increase our longing. So many of us live in a state of apathy, accepting the brokenness of our world as a given, rather than as something in need of divine mending.

The Christmas theme of peace on earth, should increase our longing for peace in our world. It should augment our dissatisfaction with violence and injustice. It should amplify our hope for the future, even as it motivates us to be peacemakers wherever we can.

Another aspect of celebrating Christmas in a broken world, is to spend some time reflecting on the theology of the birth of Christ. John puts this succinctly in the prologue to his gospel: "And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, full of grace and truth" (John 1:14). The Word of God, who was with God, and, indeed, who was God (John 1:1), became human in the baby Jesus. Rather than standing back from our broken world, rather than fixing it from a distance, God chose to enter this world as a vulnerable baby. As this baby grew, He would know pain, and grief, and confusion, and loss, and everything else common to human beings.

For the one who hurts at Christmas, or at any other time, for that matter, part of the good news is that God has drawn near, and still draws near. Our God is not "watching us from a distance," as the popular song once proclaimed. Rather, God has entered into our reality in Jesus Christ. And this God also is with us (Immanuel!) in our pain and suffering.

As important as this is, it isn't the end of the story. There is also the promise of peace on earth, of the broken world made whole. The time will come when heaven and nature will indeed sing the song they were intended to sing by their Creator. What God did through the Incarnation is the beginning of true peace on earth, even though it's not yet fully here. The brokenness of our world, and, indeed, of our own lives, drives us to the One who brings wholeness. And this is the One whose humble birth we celebrate at Christmas.



Steve Thompson

*May the peace and hope of Christ's birth be with you now and in the days ahead....*



## Chairperson writes..

We've all heard the miraculous stories of the Birth Narrative and celebrated the baby in the manger, but for me the greatest miracle is how the teachings of Jesus can, and have impacted people for 2000 years. I guess that's one of the reasons I'm not a big fan of the greeting 'Happy Holiday'. For me, it is important that Jesus is at the centre of Christmas, not in a cute whimsy way, but in a substantial expression of Divine presence in an imperfect world.

Within the Morialta community there are many ways that we live out our Faith in an unselfish way. Some help with the Mission and Community Programs that happen within our walls, while even more do good through involvement in volunteer activities that support well known charities. Of course, many have spent their working lives in service to others.

I hope that you find space to reflect on the impact of your positive interactions, inspired by your knowledge of God, and that this might give you encouragement for the year ahead and might even challenge you to use the gifts you have in a new way.



In all of this, while we live in a busy, fast paced society where it is sometimes difficult to stop long enough to 'smell the roses', I hope that in the time after Christmas, and before life gets busy again you have an opportunity to re-create.

*Bruce*

## Report from Church Council

Church Council has approved the accommodation of a Japanese Playgroup in the Kooka rooms commencing in 2016. This playgroup had previously met at the Church of Christ and will in future meet on Mondays from 10.00 a.m. until 12 noon at Morialta.

Council had some time ago formed a committee to prepare a strategic plan for music in the next five years, however, following the substantial changes in the music scene at Morialta in recent months, Worship & Faith Education MMT will now investigate how we can focus our direction and thinking regarding music.

During the Future Mission Review comments were recorded at three different group meetings regarding the length of time that members of Ministry teams should be involved with a particular team. It was thought that Ministry team membership should be for a set period with the option to seek further membership or be involved elsewhere in the church. Council has discussed this issue and have decided to declare all Ministry team positions open for appointment at the March Meeting of the Congregation. An expression of interest to join a Ministry team will be called for with applicants nominating a term of office of up to three years.

A register of Ministry team members and their term of office will be maintained. It is hoped that the implementation of this proposal will assist succession planning and leadership development as well as provide members with an easier pathway to be involved in the many facets of Church life.

Several items raised in the Future Mission Review have been implemented with several others receiving attention. Items that have been dealt with are:-

- Re-naming Coffee Corner to Lunch on Chapel
- Flags have been purchased – Open, Welcome, Playgroup, Lunch on Chapel
- "Sinking Fund" has been initiated within Morialta Parish Foundation
- A Morialta Facebook page has been created

Church Council has selected three projects for investigation by committees:-

- Memorial Wall – A committee is to look into protocols, costing etc. including the garden. This may include seeking advice from Kenneth and Michael (Prickly Pair) regarding the garden design. **Carole Lyons, Colin Cargill, Margaret Pittman & Jill Kerr.**
- Selling College Drive student house. Investigate the feasibility of selling the College Drive property and redeveloping the Chapel Street student house. It was expected that the students would continue to be accommodated as a Mission project. **Chris Ayles, Graeme Buckton and Anne Ind.**
- Community Centre programs. The developing of further programs within the Community Centre will be pursued. A committee will liaise with the Community Centre Mission Ministry team in developing a series of short term activities to re-invigorate our program with the wider community. Composition of the committee is being pursued.

Workplace Health and Safety is an area that Council is concerned about and arrangements have been made with the WHS Coordinator in the Synod Office to run a WHS training at Morialta. This will be on Thursday 18th February 2016 from 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. and will be for Council members as well as other members of the congregation and the wider Uniting Church.

At Morialta we are committed to providing safe places where people are cared for, nurtured and sustained. It is the policy and practice of the church that all persons who have a responsibility through their role within the Church (whether paid or voluntary) and/or have the potential to have one to one contact with children, youth and vulnerable people complete a national criminal history check. Arrangements have been made for the appropriate forms to be available at the Meeting of the Congregation in March 2016 or from the office, so that members of the Congregation can submit their application for a police check. If you already have an active police check that has not been recorded by the office, please provide details to Helena.

*John Powers  
Secretary, Church Council*

# MIGHTY MAGILL CHRISTMAS MARKET



Commitment and creativity are the hallmarks of The Mighty Magill Christmas market.

Aside from the amazing financial result, the feeling of community was obvious to anyone who attended the event.

Once again this year there were many members of the congregation involved in making, sorting, cleaning, cooking and serving. As well as the significant number of members from the congregation there were also some people from other places who lent a hand.

It was wonderful to see the way people assisted in setting up the hall, etc and then packing everything away.

One of the really good things about our market is that the excess goods go to a very good place to assist Woodville Gardens Uniting Church through sales at their Opportunity Shop.

Well done everyone!



## A meditation on the idea of carrying Jesus to the world

Mary is pregnant, carrying Jesus.  
 In your mind, become Mary.  
 As you carry Jesus you are filled  
 with love, hope, apprehension  
 Your desire is to protect Jesus,  
 but you know you have to share him  
 with the world.

The pregnant Mary rides a donkey.  
 Imagine yourself as the donkey.  
 Sometimes it is your role to support  
 those who carry Jesus.  
 Through you, Jesus can get  
 to where he needs to be.

The baby Jesus is placed in a manger.  
 Consider yourself to be the manger.  
 You hold Jesus in poor,  
 unsavoury surroundings,  
 but as you do, he is recognised  
 as the saviour of the world  
 by the most unlikely people.

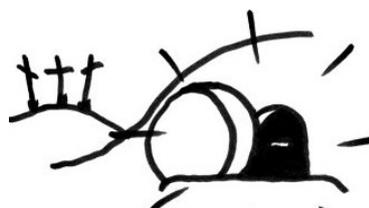
The grown Jesus walked the land.  
 He has been described as  
 "God in sandals".  
 Be Jesus' sandals.  
 As you travel, the road can be rough,  
 but you carry him safely through  
 rough environments.

"I will make you fishers of men".  
 Jesus shared a boat with his friends.  
 Be that boat.  
 The storm rages all around you  
 but as you carry Jesus  
 you can experience calm.

Because Jesus refused  
 to compromise himself,  
 he was subjected to death  
 by crucifixion.  
 Can you be that cross?  
 As the nails are driven into Jesus  
 they are driven into you too.  
 You share his pain,  
 but you lift him so the world  
 can see and know him better.

His body was placed in the tomb.  
 You are that tomb.  
 You can't hold Jesus.  
 You must free him to share him  
 with the world.

*Chris Ayles  
 November 2015*



## WAIKERIE FRUIT PROJECT



After 9 years I feel the Waikerie Fruit Project has run its course. It has been a very worthwhile and great project, helping growers in their time of need (drought, high water prices and low farm gate prices), and also supporting medical projects in West Papua.

Graeme, from Waikerie, has put an enormous amount of time and energy into running this project, and keeping it going for so long, but it has also been the congregations who have supported this project for 9 years.

I wish to thank the Morialta congregation/friends/family so much for their support of this project. \$24,532 worth of produce was purchased during these 9 years.

The project overall raised over \$13,000 for Papua which has been donated to the Medicine Shop on Numfor Island, then the P3W Women's Project and the Aids/HIV Clinic, through Uniting World.

*Jennie Hosking*

## LUNCH ON CHAPEL

After over 23 years serving a weekly community lunch, our beloved 'Coffee Corner' is re-badging itself in 2016 as 'Lunch on Chapel.' What a great new name! It has a contemporary feel, and it more accurately describes what we do and where we do it. Moreover, it gives a nod to the fact that we are a Chapel or Church community.

Never fear though! We will continue with much the same style of delicious home cooking coupled with a warm welcome. Try it for yourself, or invite a friend or neighbour to enjoy all that we offer. We love having lots of people and we definitely want to add to those (estimated) 35,000 meals that we have already served! See you there, come rain, hail or heatwave, from the first Wednesday in February.

New volunteers always welcome—see Alison or Lesley!



## 2015 ATHELSTONE CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL

***Our thanks to Rhonda Amber, who prepared a Christmas tree entry on behalf of Morialta Uniting Church for the Athelstone Uniting Church Christmas Tree Festival this year.***

## MISSION PROJECTS 2015

The Morialta Mission Projects team would like to thank you for your support for three projects this year. We have been able to send \$1200 to each of the following:

- Peace building programs in Maluka, Indonesia,
- Education fund in Nanuka Squatter Settlement Suva, Fiji
- Frontier Services in Broken Hill area.

We look forward to your continued support as we serve the wider church in the name of Jesus.

Pot Luck Teas will again be held next year to raise funds for mission projects, as well as another fashion show. We also hope to hold a Sunday afternoon concert.

*Margaret Dix, Averil Nash, Doug Hosking and Beverley Tredrea.*

## WORKING BEE

Many thanks to those who braved the warm weather in late October to help with maintenance and tidying up the premises.

The building has been used in worship for 140 years and is very dependent on our faithful volunteers who keep it in shape!



## Congratulations!



What a happy and wonderful occasion it was on Wednesday 18 November, to have over forty people gathered at our community lunch to extend congratulations to Lorraine and John Powers and to Barry Peckham as recipients of Members of Parliament Volunteer Awards 2015. Our local member the Hon. Christopher Pyne joined us to personally present the

certificates and to underscore the enormous multi-billion dollar contribution that volunteers make each year to Australian society.

Lorraine, of course, is our librarian par excellence: organised, enthusiastic, creative, encouraging, ever helpful and committed.

John wears almost as many hats as there are tasks to be undertaken, quietly going about secretarial duties, organising archives, mounting celebrations of numerous anniversaries, Chairing his local Probus Club, mowing student house lawns, transporting goods in his trusty van and undertaking various Coffee Corner duties.

Ever since retirement, Barry has been that terrific behind the scenes 'go to' man undertaking many tasks that most of us would describe as chores. He has been the invisible person who's endlessly shifted furniture, setting up, putting away, re-arranging. He tends to the afternoon tea needs of the Workshop boys and is ever ready with trays of water on a warm Sunday morning. All this has been done cheerfully, without thought of recognition or reward.

So to all three, a very big 'Thank you!' from the whole Morialta community.

# Joy!

Just a little three letter word. But imagine getting the 'j' on a triple letter, then in the very next turn, being able to add an 'ous,' where not only does the 's' land on a double word score but articulates with a nice juicy word like quince! Now for a Scrabble enthusiast that might feel like, well, elation or triumph or brilliance, but not actually joy, at least not in my understanding of the best meaning of the word. (It might also feel like cheating, because a regular Scrabble board wouldn't allow for such serendipity!)

Ironically the sound of the word joy has, to my ear, little resonance with the meaning of the word. For a singer, the twisting 'oy' vowel is a nightmare, and the falling cadence of the sound rather dispirits than lifts up. A splash of a 'ch' into the 'j' sound is helpful, but all in all as an aural sensation the word has little to commend itself.

So what of its meaning? The difficulty is that not five hundred nor five thousand words can adequately capture its essence, for there is a transcendent dimension to joy that is elusive. Is it

happiness and ecstasy in combination? Or a subtle fusion of exultation tempered with a deep content? Does it capture an instant of perfect relationship? It is certainly more than any of these descriptors in isolation.

What then makes it such a wondrous experience? Somewhere, tucked within the three letters of this unprepossessing word there is a hint of something beyond oneself, that travels further than even the happiest moments of everyday living. We are carried just for a moment into a higher sphere, where the view is different. We enter a space that is both intensely spiritual while being grounded in a powerfully human moment. If we think of the occasions when we experience joy, they are almost invariably about connection, be it the birth of a child, or reunion, or a moment of revelation. Sometimes the connector may be less tangible, as when we experience the beauty of an exquisite skyscape, or the miracle of a Mozart symphony. In such joyous moments we are suffused with a sense of the Divine, even if fleetingly. We are gathered into a transient glimpse of

glory. There is exhilaration and wonder and wholeness. Is it a foretaste? Or a remembrance? Who knows? It's not a word we employ frequently in our day to day conversation. It is a word rightly reserved for a lived experience of something special. Something very special.

And the angel said unto them "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." ( Luke 2: 10-11 KJV)

*Alison Lockett*



## Eastern Victoria Tour

A good time was had by all in spite of the inclement weather at the start of the bus tour to Eastern Victoria in November. Highlights included a visit to "Australia's Sistine Chapel" in Bairnsdale, the spectacular views and beautiful artworks at Seawinds Gardens at Arthur's Seat, touring the rugged Wilson's Promontory, a cruise at Lakes Entrance and a visit to the home of Ned Kelly at Glenrowan.

Thanks to Bev Tredrea for organising such an interesting trip!



# Paws for thought ...

Hello again,

A couple of years ago we bought a new Christmas Tree. It was about time, as the last one that Anne and Bruce had was older than me! We have some really nice decorations that go on the tree and some excellent Christmas lights that flash.

Last year we were also given a live tree growing in a pot. It is a bit small yet, but I guess it will be ready sometime.

I like to make sure that Anne sets up the tree in the right place. We normally wait until the first week in December. It's got something to do with Adam's birthday.

Once the tree goes up and the presents go under it I know that Christmas isn't far away. I look forward to Christmas Day because it is the only day when I get something different to eat. Usually I have to eat dry kibble, but if I'm really lucky I get some turkey and gravy.

Anyway, I hope you have a good Christmas. If you see Wallace make sure he behaves himself!. After all, Father Christmas won't come to him, and maybe me, if he isn't good.

Keely



## GOSSIP

I love it. And let's be truthful. So do you. It's just a naughty pleasure of spreading good news. Or is it?

Let us think about it. Gossip is the glue of Morialta, promoted with coffee and biscuits after the morning service. We become engrossed, holding on to our empty cups. We love to be interested in others and to hear about events around us.

Let us gossip with two warnings in mind. When you hear someone say, 'It's not for me to say...!', be wary. Secondly, there is a danger of bad gossip after you have canvassed a topic in the privacy of your head space and, with the keen interest of listeners around you, those thoughts move into a factual mode which later you will regret.

Let us stick to good gossip. I love it.

Arthur Tideman

*"I resolve to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but rather by some means excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasions speak all the good I know of everybody."* ~ Benjamin Franklin

*A big THANK YOU to all those who enhance our worship space with their flower arrangements!*



# Christmas in other cultures!

## Our first Christmas in Aylesbury, England

A Christmas tradition that was new to us, and so much a part of the Aylesbury Methodist Church's celebration of Christmas was *Christingle*.

This was held at 4.30 pm on Christmas Eve and by then it was quite dark. The word 'Christingle' means 'Christ-Light' and it is a symbol of the Christian faith. The custom of giving out lighted candles in these services began in Germany in 1747 but it wasn't introduced to the Anglican Church in England until 1968.



*Christingles* are made up of different parts, each one being there to remind us of something.

The orange represents the world.

The candle reminds Christians of Jesus who they believe to be the light of the world.

The red ribbon goes all round the 'world' and being the colour of blood, reminds Christians that Jesus died.

The four cocktail sticks could have either of two meanings; the four seasons or the four corners of the world.

The sweets (or sometimes dried fruit) remind Christians of God's gifts to the world including kindness and love.

Aluminium foil, represents the metal nails driven into Christ's hands and feet during his crucifixion.

When the children had received their *Christingles*, they were welcomed and invited to stand in the sanctuary and show their *Christingles* to the people.

*David Purling*

## Christmas in Tonga

The most memorable thing about Christmas in Tonga was that the day passed with relatively little ceremony or tradition compared with most other events of importance in Tonga.

For us as "palangis" (Europeans) living on an outer island, it was a chance to come together with other expats on the main island to celebrate a traditional Christmas dinner. Living on an Agricultural College, and hence being the only "farmers" among the group, we supplied the kid goats for roasting from our children's flocks. Interestingly one child is now a Buddhist!!

The really big event in Tonga over the Christmas period was "Uike Lotu" or week of prayer, something obviously dreamed up by pious missionaries in earlier times. So from Boxing Day until New Year, a 2 hour church service was held every day in every church, followed by a traditional feast. Families in the villages were rostered to supply the daily feast of spit roasted pigs, mounds of root crop, fruits and faikakai manioke tama, a Tongan desert made from cassava. Fortunately for us we found a nice little two star resort in which to hibernate for 7 days while the nation prayed, and only ventured out when the family of one of our students was supplying the feast in a nearby village.

*Colin and Margaret Cargill*

## Christmas in Curtin Detention Centre

It was Christmas Day 2000. Broome Uniting Church Elder Joyce Hudson and I drove two hours to remote Curtin Air Base to the Immigration Detention Centre to lead Christmas worship and baptise an Iranian Christian woman and her three children.

Behind fences of wire, in that appalling place, in an old wooden building, forty people seeking asylum in our country gathered together.

The gospel story in Luke was read first in English, then in Arabic, then in Farsi, followed by the moving baptisms in English and Farsi. A day in that terrible place touched by hope for some. An overwhelming and unforgettable Christmas.

*Jenny Swanbury*

## Christmas in Anchorage, Alaska

As the lines of the Christmas carol go:

*"Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter, long ago."*

This was very much our experience when living in Alaska in the 1990s! Christmas cards with pictures of winter scenes were so much more appropriate there than in Australia!



Around Christmas time the daylight hours were very short—sunrise around 10.30am and sunset around 4.00pm, but the city was brightened by people decorating their houses, trees and neighbourhoods with colourful Christmas lights (some more tasteful than others!).

Last Christmas we returned to Anchorage to visit our son, Adam, who was there doing his work experience. The snow was not as plentiful as usual, but on Christmas morning we awoke to a snowstorm, so Adam and Ian rushed outside to build a snowman and have a snowball fight!

We would occasionally have hungry moose browsing through the neighbourhood and munching on our garden and the great outdoors was spectacularly beautiful as long as you took the time to put on plenty of warm clothes before going out in it!

*Helena Begg*

## Three Memories of Christmas in Vienna

### *The Christmas Lights.*

White or yellow lights predominate (few garish coloured lights.) This is exemplified in the classy lighting on “The Graben”, one of the beautiful pedestrianised streets in Vienna.



### *Christmas Eve*

After the Christmas Eve service, holding our candles we processed out of the church into the adjacent courtyard where we sang carols in the crisp night. Looking around there were friends and strangers from all corners of the globe, at one in celebrating Love coming into the world at Christmas.

### *The Christmas Markets*

We visited Christmas markets, absorbing the atmosphere. A collection of little wooden shop fronts would be quickly assembled in front of Schonbrunn Palace, Karlskirche and many stunning locations around Vienna. We bought gingerbread, a handcrafted glass necklace and items made from the traditional blue fabric of Burgenland. We admired handmade soaps, candles, wooden items, jewellery made from electronic waste, hand painted glass Christmas tree decorations and more. Families took rides in horse drawn wagons, children enjoyed the petting zoo and playing on the bales of hay, young people met friends after work and enjoyed a cup of warm gluhwein.

*Helen and John Drew*



## A Swiss Christmas Experience

I was teaching my regular English class to a group of IBM executives in Zurich, and had hardly even noticed the date – December 6<sup>th</sup>. This, it turned out, is St Nicholas Day, and in the middle of my class the man himself arrived, dressed in a red bishop's robe with hood and accompanied by the *Schmutzli*, in a similar robe in brown. We were all asked if we had been good during the year, which of course we had, and I was required to assure the visitors that my students had been diligent and always done their homework, which of course I did, diligence notwithstanding! Then came the crunch – in order to be worthy of the gift that the Schmutzli had for us in his sack, each of us was required to recite a poem. Now poetry recitation has never been a strong part of my repertoire, and I felt rather at a loss – the only thing I thought I could get away with at such short notice was this one, from *The House at Pooh Corner* by A.A. Milne:

The more it snows (Tiddely pom),  
The more it goes (Tiddely pom),  
The more it goes (Tiddely pom)  
On snowing.  
And nobody knows (Tiddely pom),  
How cold my toes (Tiddely pom),  
How cold my toes (Tiddely pom),  
Are growing.



You will be pleased to know that I got my gift, and that the rest of the class time was spent discussing the uses of the present continuous tense in English (e.g. my toes are growing cold).

*Margaret Cargill*

## Christmas in Norway

In December 1994, my mother Bessie, son Paul and I, flew to England to meet a new grandson, cousin and nephew in Cardiff, Wales.

Bessie celebrated Christmas with her niece, but the week before Christmas, Paul and I flew to Geneva for a few days, then TGV to Paris, and overnight train to Frankfurt then onto Oslo and on Christmas Eve arrived in Moelv, north-west of Oslo, to spend Christmas with our friend Randi whom we had met many years before in Rabaul, PNG.

Christmas Eve is family time in Norway. Randi's sons, mother, sister and family all came for dinner, a hot meal, and presented gifts afterwards. I don't normally like marzipan, but I tried Randi's home-made marzipan, so much nicer than the bought 'stuff'. Snow was very deep outside but it was warm and cosy inside with central heating as well as a combustion heater. Randi's home is wooden with guest bedrooms downstairs and main bedroom and kitchen and living areas upstairs with a balcony overlooking the countryside – this time nothing but white.

Christmas morning, Randi and I walked through the snow to the Lutheran Church nearby. Even though I didn't understand the message, the music was familiar. The church was full and so much atmosphere. We walked back to get lunch ready for more family. This time, a cold lunch, mainly prawns, and cloud berry dessert, a real treat.

A very memorable Christmas.

*Jennie Hosking*

## 50th Anniversary of Ordination



Moderator Deidre, Immediate Past President Andrew, friends all, on behalf of these ministers past and present, Tom, Don, John, Cecil, Lindsay, Ray, Jim, Lewis Jnr and Lewis Snr, Duncan and me, I sing a song of the saints of God.

*I sing a song of the saints of God,  
patient and brave and true,  
who toiled and fought and lived and died  
for the Lord they loved and knew.  
And one was a Pressie,  
and some were Congos,  
and some were Metho's  
who kept singing their songs;  
they were all of them saints of God,  
and I mean,  
God helping, to be one too.*

*They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,  
and his love made them strong;  
and they followed the right  
for Jesus' sake  
the whole of their good lives long.  
And some did patrol work,  
others chaplaincy,  
Parish ministry, city missions, university,  
and there's not any reason,  
in their diversity,  
why I shouldn't be one too.*

Moderator, our Bibles are here as symbols of our ordination. I would like to present this Hour Glass to you, to mark this occasion. The Hour glass represents the sands of time - The phrase was used in the seventh stanza of the poem *A Psalm of Life* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

**Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.**

Since our calling and ordination 50 years ago, there have been many changes in our lives, in our world as well as in our Church. And we have been blessed to have had our partners and families travelling with us. So where, in that half century, have we put our **Footprints on the sands of time?**

Moderator, do you remember the song "I've been everywhere, man"? Well...

*We've been everywhere, ma'am.  
We've been everywhere, ma'am.  
Crossed the desert's bare, ma'am.  
We've breathed the mountain air, ma'am.  
Of travel we've had our share, ma'am.  
We've been everywhere.*

*Islington, Eudunda, Kalangadoo, Tailern Bend, Coomandook, Penrith, Sutherland, Newcastle, Chatswood-Willoughby, North Illawarra, Parkin Patrol, Peterborough, Broken Hill, Kingston-on-Murray, Leigh Creek, Murray Bridge, Yongala, Mannum, Snowtown, Meadows.*

*Walloo, Salisbury North, Port Augusta, Aylesbury, Salisbury, Lock, Semaphore, Wynyard, Mildura, St Arnaud, Port Pirie, Bendigo, Dandenong City, Alice Springs, Kapunda, Hamley Bridge, Brookline (U.S.), Woomera, Robe, Yacka, Luhrs Road, West Hindmarsh, Colonel Light Gardens.*

*Stansbury, Gladstone, Wallaroo, Eudunda, Tumby Bay, Orraroo, Hallett-Terowie, Pooraka-Salisbury, Mannum, Cleve, Prospect, Mount Gambier, Brighton, Noarlunga City, Adelaide West, Streaky Bay, Penong, Ceduna, Samoa, Crystal Brook, Memorial Hospital, and Flinders Medical Centre.*

Moderator, On behalf of those present, absent, and the saints who have died, **we leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.** We give thanks to the Church, our past denominations and now the Uniting Church, for its trust in us that we would, in our individual ways, make our footprints, good ones. I present to you this hourglass, as a symbol of our footprints.

David Purling

*Congratulations to David and all his colleagues on their long service in the ministry.*

*This article formed a presentation that David made at the celebration service.*

## Morialta Vision 'Living Streams – Giving Life'

*My attention has been drawn to Morialta Uniting Church's vision 'Living Streams – Giving Life' and its connection to my part in the recognition of retiring ministers at the recent Presbytery Synod meeting. It was suggested I share it.*

Ministers who had retired or would be retiring this year were invited to bring a personal object to the worship celebration to represent our ministry and to say why we chose the object. My symbol: 'I bring a crucible from Marble Bar in Western Australia and water from the River Murray in South Australia'.

Further description was 'Water: vital for life, life saving in remote areas, breaks drought and lifts spirits, and central in baptism. Jesus offered "living water" to the Samaritan woman, and the spirit of

Jesus continues to offer this hope today'. I chose water from the River Murray as I grew up alongside the Murray and later as a Patrol Minister baptised in the river.

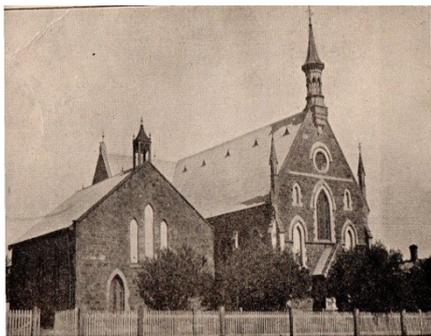
The crucible is from Marble Bar in Western Australia. I had my first ordained ministry placement at Port Hedland not far from Marble Bar. Most people of my age remember in our primary school days being told that Marble Bar is the hottest place in Australia. I can believe it! To me that crucible represents heat and challenge and resilience, and as it comes from the old Comet Gold Mine reminds me of the gold of ministry and the people there at Port Hedland and in the Pilbara.

Yes, 'Living Streams – Giving Life'

Jenny Swanbury



## 2015 – The year of Anniversaries



Magill Methodist Church 1945

Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> April saw many of the congregation arrive attired in period costume for the celebration of 160 years since services began at the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel at Magill. The church had been transformed into a Methodist Chapel with the communion rails in place in the sanctuary. The communion table was in front of the pulpit, which had been raised to enable our preacher, Rev Steve Thompson (suitably attired in long black robes) to address the congregation. The communion table was devoid of the bible, cross and Christ candle to comply with Wesleyan tradition and the liturgy was taken from a Methodist service conducted in 1880, with bible readings from a bible

of 1856. In keeping with services of that era the congregation was asked to kneel for the prayers, the Lord's Prayer was chanted and the Gloria sung.

On Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> October we celebrated the 140<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the current church building. The first two rows of pews were removed to replicate the original size of the church. A display of photographs showing the building and its changes over the years lined the walls of the transept and a play was enacted depicting the adventures of the Longbottom family, that was later to present the beautiful stained glass windows that are a feature of the eastern wall of the church.



The service was followed by morning tea at which the cake was cut by Pauline Norman using the trowel used by Mrs Longbottom junior to lay the foundation stone of the church on 19<sup>th</sup> October 1874.



The 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the first service of Morialta Uniting Church following the merger of Finchley Park, Magill, Newton and Rostrevor churches was celebrated on 6<sup>th</sup> December, with the procession of the four banners of the original churches followed by the Morialta Uniting Church banner. The two banners prepared by members of the Newton congregation for the original service were hung beside the reredos. The service was followed by a luncheon, which was attended by Rev Elwyn Penna, one of the ministers at Morialta at the time of the merger and also Cathy Williams who was the Parish Secretary for many years leading up to the merger.

*John Powers  
Assistant Archivist*

## Stepping through 25 years of Morialta Uniting Church History

*We keep on saying that four churches came together to make Morialta Uniting Church but that really leaves out a lovely little country Methodist Church called Montacute Methodist Church which became part of Newton Congregation in 1982. I would like to tell you a little about Montacute Methodist Church!*



It was in June 1846 that the Rev. William Longbottom, the first Wesleyan Minister to come to South Australia, conducted the first service at the old Montacute Copper Mine at Sixth Creek.

For some time afterwards, services were held in private homes, later a church was erected and services held therein until the mines closed.

In April 1861 a block of land was procured a few kilometres away on Montacute Road, Fifth Creek. A stone church was erected and services were held continuously from 1862 until 1982.

*The "Observer" of 4 January 1862 reports* "The new Wesleyan chapel at Montacute Road was opened for public worship on Sunday last (29 December 1861). The building which stands in a most romantic and picturesque situation on the left-hand side of the road to the mine, is erected of beautiful stone, obtained in the neighbourhood, and covered with an iron roof, and is neatly finished inside. After the public meeting which followed the service, a collection was made, which with the previous collections and subscriptions, paid the entire cost of the erection, and left a surplus of about five pounds for the purchase of books and requisites for the Sunday School."

In 1982 with attendance low and increasing difficulty in obtaining a Minister to conduct services, the Montacute congregation agreed to become part of the Newton congregation and the final service of thanksgiving was held on 10 April 1983.



The Corkscrew Road

"And for those who seek for healing, for calm, and air, and fruit, must journey up the Corkscrew Road and visit Montacute."

*And from an internet search...*

"Two men had a narrow escape at the new transept of the Wesleyan Church, Magill. While working on the roof, they lost their foothold, and one went sliding down the hip valley, and was only saved by the guttering from falling to the ground, while the other fell through the rafters, but had his fall broken by some sheets of roofing iron laid on the timbers of the roof ready for use."

*Weekly Chronicle 12 Jan 1884*

Lorraine Powers, Archivist

**GAYNOR CAROL GRINDLAY**  
**25/4/1948 - 28/10/2015**



Born at dawn on Anzac Day 1948, well meaning friends and family felt she should be named Anzac – shortened to Anne. Instead, she was named Gaynor Carol – “happy, joyous sounding names,” her mother later said.

The first child of Betty and Don Dyson, Gaynor was also the first grandchild for both sets of grandparents. Living her infant life with her parents in her paternal grandparent’s home and next door to her maternal grand-parents, one can imagine how much she was doted upon.

Before age 2 Gaynor’s parents moved to a small home at the front of her father’s newly-built engineering factory. Clean, smooth floors surrounded by impressive lathes and other machinery were her adventure-land, although NEVER when the machines were working! She became adept at pulling out brass splinters and merrily going on her way.

The rhythm of the humming machinery, with sounds ebbing and flowing at the swing door between factory and the house, soothed her to sleep. Child care was by way of accompanying her Grandpa Dyson on deliveries in her parents’ brand new Morris Minor Ute, to companies such as Holden and Simpson Pope. These years also shaped her empathy for multi-cultural diversity, as she befriended post-war non-English speaking migrants whom her father employed.

Her style also began at an early age. Dressed always, including play time, in frilly, freshly starched frocks with matching aprons; her uniquely thick hair brushed into ringlets that were formed by tying her hair in strips of cloth each night.

A sophisticated little miss, she would greet her parents each morning by knocking on their bedroom door and announcing “Mid Dydon at da door.” (Translation: Miss Dyson at the door). Personal presentation remained a constant in Gaynor’s life, which included sleeping with a head full of hair rollers, and “teasing,” upstyling and spraying her hair before heading out, even to high school.

The “brass splinters” she complained about little before her 2<sup>nd</sup> birthday proved

not to be splinters but the beginning of polio, and her little leg withered. Weeks later, her doctor announced she was “miraculously” over it. From the factory she moved to Bedford Street, Croydon school. There calisthenics revealed that she was born to perform.

By age 6 years and 2 days, Gaynor had become big sister to Susan, Judy and Don before the family moved to Beaumont, and Beaumont Methodist (where leadership roles, included youth group, tennis and netball). Linden Park school, Methodist Ladies College and Kindergarten Teacher’s College were part of Gaynor’s present and future.

At age 13, her second brother, Ray was born. As luck would have it, Gaynor was studying Mothercraft – a compulsory subject for year 8 at MLC. This meant she had a real live baby on whom to practice, and practice she did; as well as trying to upskill her mother on how she should be “mothering!”

Her resilience and courage, which she demonstrated right through her life, rose to the fore at the end of her year 11. A major health issue meant she sat her leaving certificate while trying to adjust to some heavy medication. She was to say later, that she did not know how she stayed awake and on course. But, in her usual fashion, she just got on with it, achieving her leaving certificate with good grades in subjects such as physics, chemistry, math.

However, she did lose confidence in performance singing. Her beautiful contralto voice had been recognised by this time and she was receiving professional training. Fortunately, confidence was eventually restored.

Sociable, outgoing, chatty, loyal, Gaynor made friends easily – at all stages of her life. Her sisters and brothers remember fondly those regular family times with big sister. Swinging on the Hills hoist, backyard cricket, picnics with cousins, holidays at Pine Point, sleep-overs at grandparents, home-grown Saturday night concerts. Talking late into the night after lights out. And then watching as “boys” came into her life! Even then her siblings could disrupt her life – including teasing. Such a blast when one sister sounded so much like the other, and could pretend to a phone caller that one was indeed the other! The siblings, well at least her sisters, watched as she prepared for dates; the strong scent of hair spray, make up and perfume, before she emerged, as she always did – perfectly turned out.

Is it any wonder she turned the head of a certain young ministry candidate? At the Methodist Youth Ball in 1969 Bruce, the young ministry candidate, asked her to

dance to a good Beatles tune “Obla de obla da”. Two weeks later he asked her to marry him. She didn’t say yes or no, so he asked her again a few months later and they were married on January 2nd 1971. Two weeks after their marriage they moved to Playford St. Manse in Mount Gambier to take up ministry at Gambier East, Rosaville and Suttontown Methodist churches.

Gaynor undertook part-time work at the kindergarten located on the Gambier East property and soon developed what was to be her signature contribution to the ministry she and Bruce shared, her love and gifts in children’s ministry.

Their two children Benjamin and Siobhan were both born during the 5 years spent at Mt Gambier.

The Methodist Conference moved the family to Elizabeth West and again Gaynor was instrumental in establishing a playgroup on the property. It was during the time there that, through working with some refugees from Chile and Uruguay, Bruce was contacted by a visitor from the World Council of Churches. He met with a pastor from Uruguay and with the cooperation of the then Methodist World Mission he was invited, and took up a fraternal worker position, in the city of Mercedes in Uruguay just on the border of Argentina in 1977.

Following 3 years in Mercedes the Evangelical Methodist Church of Uruguay moved the family to the capital, Montevideo, to care for an expatriate English speaking church combined with working in community based care in a poor barrio.

Gaynor was invited by the British School to take up a teaching position in their infant section and rose to the position of Headmistress. Her tasks involved teaching subjects in English in the morning and Spanish in the afternoon.

Returning to Australia in 1984 the family were appointed to Ararat in Victoria. Gaynor quickly developed the children’s ministry and formed a children’s choir. Having updated some of her skills she was instrumental in forming Ararat Family Care. The agency focused on supporting families at risk.

Gaynor became the Director of Family Support in Ararat and surrounding shires. The Victorian Government appointed her to oversee the Child Protection work from Ballarat through almost to the South Australia border.

Ararat saw Gaynor participate, in some of the highlights of her life in the Ararat Musical Comedy Society. She played a role she loved - Ado Annie in Oklahoma. Then head nurse in South Pacific. Her next role was that of Musical Director of the play Salad Days.

*Gaynor continued....*

Music was a joy for Gaynor and she developed a fabulous church choir. She also had a song for every occasion!

After seven years in Ararat, Gaynor, Bruce and Ben moved to the town of Horsham. The Horsham Musical Comedy Society needed a strong alto lead and Gaynor was invited to share in the production of *Les Miserables*.

In Horsham Gaynor maintained her role as Director at Ararat Family Care and continued to play a vital part in the Ararat city and shire.

After seven years in Horsham, Gaynor and Bruce returned to Adelaide and ministry at St. Andrew's by the Sea, Glenelg. Once again Gaynor developed an innovative weekly children's ministry, and a special Sunday children's program.

She was the driving force behind the congregation of St. Andrew's placing a float in the annual Jetty Rd. Christmas Pageant, managing to obtain camels, help make nearly 70 costumes, and coordinate a wonderful day for 60-70 children and adults.

This is what she did - but who was she as a person?

She played the devils advocate to her children and always encouraged them to follow their dreams, being optimistic and courageous at the times they lacked optimism and courage. She was a mum, friend and confidant, and sometimes no

words were necessary as she knew just by a look what was needed and she was there.

She welcomed her children's partners into the family and bragged that she had four children but she only had to raise two.

Her biggest pride and joy came in the last eight years - her grandchildren. She set up her house as a space for the children; water play, nature tables, children's room, books, lots of craft and music. Nana days involved first bus rides, days at the beach, visiting Nana's chip shop, ie McDonalds, playground discoveries and loads of craft - which the parents had to haul home at the end of the day!

She always made time to visit/attend the children's events no matter how big or small. She was the first person that the grandchildren called when something happened; going up a reader level, losing a tooth or weeing in the toilet for the first time.

Even though at times she was not well she never let her illness curtail her preparation and sharing on these special grand-children days. Attending their ballet concerts and special school days was always a highlight. Until the last couple of weeks she never let her illness prevent her from being and sharing with the family

The day of her diagnosis nearly two years ago, was a normal day that involved a special nana call from her grand-daughter about a reader level, and she told her daughter, Siobhan, she had breast cancer and that she was already sorting out the

right treatment and it would all be ok.

The next week Siobhan found herself with Bruce, at the wig shop in Gay's Arcade where Gaynor laughed as she tried on a variety of wigs for the time when she would lose her hair - she was not letting the illness beat her and she was ready to fight.

Her last two and a bit years involved a regular Monday outing to Western Hospital for chemotherapy. There the oncology staff became deep and caring friends, and made Mondays an important day in her life.

Latterly at Morialta for worship her only complaint was that her weak voice prevented her from singing the hymns with enthusiasm. A big thank you to all the loving and caring folk at Morialta where Gaynor felt that she had found a church home.

As the news of Gaynor's death was heard by friends, students, etc from around the world a long-time friend of Siobhan and student of Gaynor's at the British School said something that sums her up: "Such a beautiful person. May her grandchildren know she was a great teacher, an inspiration for hundreds, maybe thousands of children around the world. She lives on in you, your children, and many generations to come".

*With our thanks to Gaynor's family for sharing her eulogy with us.*

**ANDREW GORDON GRATTON**

**16/4/56—11/10/2015**



Andrew discovered us earlier in the year, when he was first diagnosed with bowel cancer, and began attending worship here.

Andrew was the youngest of four children born to Pat and Gordon Gratton. As a child he was always very cheerful despite struggling with severe asthma, which impacted his schooling and limited his ability to enjoy sport. He was often mischievous but had many school friends, some of whom remained very close in later life.

Andrew had a number of jobs over the

years, first at 5KA radio, then at a record shop. He travelled to the UK and Europe where he worked on a kibbutz. During this time he spent a Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, visited Jerusalem and developed a lasting sympathy for the Palestinian cause.

Other work included working at the Co-op building, where he had the unfortunate experience of having a gun held to his head! His big smile resulted in him becoming the face of the Co-op Building Society advertisements. He also spent 25 years working at the Gas Company followed by some time at the Classic Furniture Company, where he made some lasting friendships.

In addition to his boys, his partner, Ginny, his beloved sausage dog, Max and Bob Dylan, Andrew's great love and passion was cycling and the Fatboys cycling club, whose members supported him strongly through his illness.

Andrew's three boys, Michael, James and Harry, were very important to him and he

loved them to bits. He was very appreciative of the way their mother, Merrill cared for them and helped them grow and develop, and learn the importance of family.

Andrew's acceptance of his illness and the fact that his life was being cut short were remarkable. Even when his health took a turn for the worse his understated care shone through. He told his son "Don't fail on my behalf, make sure you do what you have to."

In the words of Andrew's partner, Ginny, Andrew was not the hero, not the villain, but the ordinary individual, with whom people were easily able to identify and he also had an attractive quirkiness and rugged individualism. He was unimpressed by status and devoid of pretension. He could smell a phoney a mile away. He had pretty good judgement of people which is why his friends were so lovely.

*Thanks to Andrew's family for sharing his story with us!*

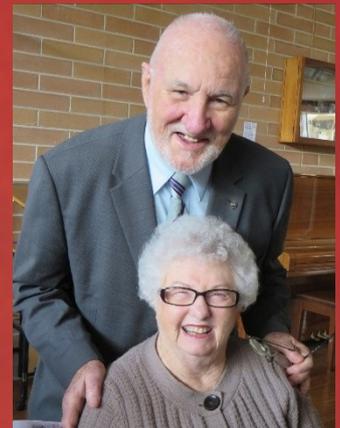
# Morialta Magpie



Happy 70th Birthday to Helen Drew!



John and Bruce led us through the Congregational Meeting.



Pauline and Peter Norman celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary.



Jenny Swanbury talked to Fellowship about "Church in the Bush".



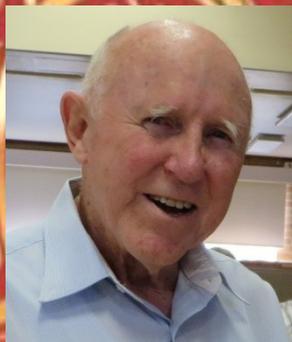
Lunchtime fellowship made 240 bonbons for Uniting Communities hampers.



Santa visited the children at Morialta Playgroup.



Bob Penhall talked at Fellowship about "Caring for You".



Past minister Rev. Elwyn Penna was a guest at our 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.



Happy Birthday to Barry Peckham!



Happy Birthday to John Prosser!



Helena Begg received a Meritorious Service Award from Scouts SA.



Bev Tredrea led a Pot Luck Tea about her visit to Iona, Scotland.



Chris Keech led a Pot Luck Tea about "Walking the Camino de Santiago".

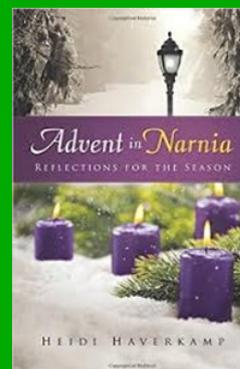
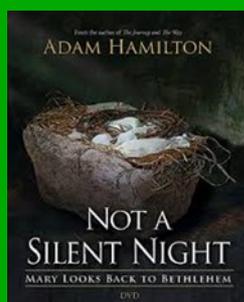
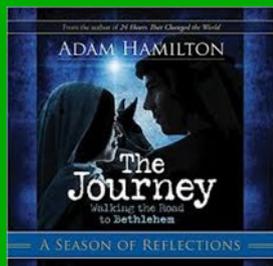
## Welcome to the Morialta Uniting Church Community Library

Dear Readers

During the Advent/Christmas Season the library aims to help you find a quiet place in all the busy-ness. Advent Resources newly bought are available for you to browse in the library or take home to reflect on. Take a couple of books a DVD and a CD away with you when on holidays. Our Summer Reading Guide will help you decide on what to take.

On behalf of the library committee I extend to you joyous Christmas Greetings and a Happy New Year!

Lorraine Powers



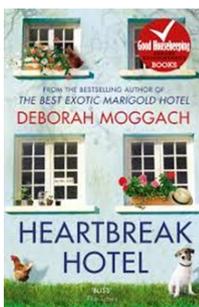
### FICTION

#### Heartbreak Hotel By Deborah Moggach

This is an amusing account of the complicated love-lives of a swathe of lower to middle class British citizens, but the reader is warned that it contains adult themes, coarse language and much indulgence in alcohol and cigarettes.

Be assured, there is a happy ending and the author treats her characters humanely. The chief of these is 'Buffy,' an elderly actor who has had five wives or lovers, and at the end he happily gains another. The scene is mostly set in a remote Welsh village where Buffy has inherited a rundown bed and breakfast establishment which he cleverly manages to keep afloat by running short courses for divorcees and others.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes

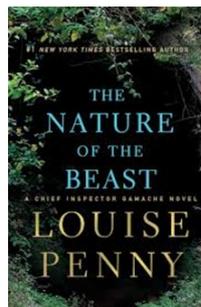


### CRIME FICTION

#### The Nature of the Beast By Louise Penny

Suspense and mystery are to the fore in this story of a police investigation in the French Canadian backwoods. A boy is murdered because he stumbles upon a huge weapon buried in the forest, and another person later dies as the unsuspected villain tries to find the plans for the weapon. The reader has to explore a big cast with French names – Armand Gamache is one here – but will stay glued to the pages till all is finally revealed. The author's skill is particularly evident in a dramatic confrontation between Gamache and a convicted murderer, occupying a whole chapter toward the end of the book. Incidentally, Armand's wife, Reine-Marie, appears to be a sophisticated cook.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes



### BIOGRAPHY

#### Through the Wall: Reflections on leadership, love and survival By Anna Bligh

I declare this to be, in many ways, a 'great read'. It is a great personal account of Anna Bligh's eventful life, and an intriguing political history of Queensland from before the 1987 departure of Joh Bjelke Petersen to the end of Anna's own premiership of Queensland in 2012, including documentation of the flood devastation during her leadership, when she became much-loved for her concern for the many victims. Anna is a convincing example of a successful woman who actively encourages women to challenge the social barriers – 'walls' – against them. After a successful battle against cancer she became CEO of the YWCA NSW.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes



Summer Reading Guide available at <http://www.morialtauca.org.au/resources/#library>

## Humility

"These are the few ways we can practice humility:

To speak as little as possible of one's self.

To mind one's own business.

Not to want to manage other people's affairs.

To avoid curiosity.

To accept contradictions and correction cheerfully.

To pass over the mistakes of others.

To accept insults and injuries.

To accept being slighted, forgotten and disliked.

To be kind and gentle even under provocation.

Never to stand on one's dignity.

To choose always the hardest."

— Mother Teresa,  
*The Joy in Loving:  
A Guide to Daily Living*

## DIARY DATES 2015—2016

Mon 21 December - Tues 19 January	Church office closed
Thurs 24 December 7.30pm	Christmas Eve Worship
Fri 25 December 9.00am	Christmas Day Worship
Sundays 27 December - 31 January	9.30am Combined Worship in the hall
Sun 10 January 2.00pm	Back to Wilson's Promontory
Weds 20 January from 9.00am	Annual Kitchen Clean
Mon 1 February	School restarts
Tues 2 February 9.30am	Playgroup re-opens
Weds 3 February 12noon	Lunch on Chapel recommences
Thurs 18 February 7.30pm	Work Health and Safety Training

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**Deadline  
for the next Edition**

**1 February 2016**

To discuss ideas for Vision articles contact the editor, Colin Cargill.

### Acknowledgments

Thank you to Brian Corrigan 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.

Acting Editor: John Powers  
Publisher: Helena Begg

*Living Streams ~ Giving Life*