

# Beyond 2020 Vision

A Publication of Morialta Uniting Church

February 2024

Morialta Uniting Church—follow us on Facebook or check out our website at [www.morialtauca.org.au](http://www.morialtauca.org.au)

## Welcome to our February edition

Colin Cargill, Editor and Helena Begg, Publisher

In our first issue for 2024, our front page reflection is on the human experience of religion by Richard Holloway. Biologically and socially the human experience is incorrigibly varied.

We welcome Jan Thornton back to Morialta Vision - she has written an article about the value of time.

You will also find several poems, prayers and a painting from our regular contributors, and some photos of December social gatherings.

We invite everyone to use Vision as a place to share thoughts, experiences, important events or just things that take your fancy.

Special thanks to Ann Ind for taking many of the photographs of events at Morialta.

**The deadline for the next Vision will be 1<sup>st</sup> March.**

Either drop articles in to Nicole at the church office, or call Colin on 0427 122 106, or email Colin at [snout-n-about@bigpond.com](mailto:snout-n-about@bigpond.com)

Go well!



## Reflections on the human experience of religion

From “Waiting for the Last Bus: reflections on Life and Death” by Richard Holloway

The latest collision between the plurality of humanity and the compulsion to split everything in two, is in our attitude to gender. We now recognise that, like sexuality, gender is fluid and plural. In some people it may never be permanently determined; and it might even shift during a single lifetime. Both biologically and socially humans are incorrigibly plural. If we've got a problem with that, it's probably time we worked through it.

It's also time we realised that the human experience of religion is also various and complex. There are those who are firmly in and those who are firmly out of religious institutions. There are those whose belief is strong and those whose unbelief is equally unyielding. And like the majority of the population whose gender and sexuality are clearly printed, they are the ones who claim to define the territory for the rest of us. But there are as many hues on the religious spectrum as there are on gender and sexuality. We should acknowledge that and come to a more generous and comprehensive understanding of this important aspect of human experience. In the context of death – there are those for whom religious observance is that life is a way of guaranteeing their status in the next. Their gaze is on the world beyond and how to get there. But for some life after death has little attraction, and they even doubt it exists. It is life before death where they concentrate their attention. They want to make it more just and abundant and joyful for everyone.

Some find that meditating on religion's best narratives, and listening to its wisest teachers, and being moved by its music

and poetry, strengthens them for that work. They don't want to prise others out of their systems of belief, or unbelief, any more than they want to be boxed into them. Even if we disagree on the best deal after death, why can't we agree on a good deal for everyone before death?

Anyway, the gulf between us is not as wide as it may appear. Religions that believe we go on to life after death all say its quality will depend on how we lived before death. Do good in this world and good will be done unto thee in the next, is the mantra. So whatever the final calculation, this world becomes a better place – exactly what those with little interest in eternal life want as well. Everyone wins.

But in my experience, if you adopt this dialectical approach to religion, you get caught in the crossfire of its main protagonists. Both the champions and the despisers of religion tend to attack you with equal contempt. It's the binary game again. You have to be one thing or the other. You can't be both at the same time or anything in between. Well some people are, so maybe it would allow us all to grow if we recognised and accepted it.

**Richard Holloway** is a Scottish writer and cleric. He was a curate, vicar and rector at various parishes in England, Scotland and the USA (1958-1986), Bishop of Edinburgh (1986-1992), and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church (1992-2000). He has written more than 20 books exploring society's relationships with modern religion.



*“Your success and happiness lie in you. Resolve to keep happy, and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulties.” Helen Keller*

## Rev Leanne Davis

Welcome to Rev Leanne Davis. Leanne will join us from 19<sup>th</sup> February, as Minister in Supply, until 22<sup>nd</sup> April. This means that Leanne will be with us over Easter to lead our worship.

Leanne will be part time (0.7 FTE) and will lead worship 3 Sundays each month. If you would like to meet and discuss issues with Leanne after 19<sup>th</sup> February please contact Bruce or Rhonda.

Leanne was ordained on 13<sup>th</sup> January 2024 in Playford UC at a service led by Rev Rebecca Purling and attended by friends and family, including members from Morialta.

Previously Leanne was Pastor at Prospect Road Uniting Church from Feb 2018 - Dec 2019 and at the Plains Community Churches from Nov 2020 - Oct 2023. She also had a part time appointment as a minister with Wimala Presbytery since February 2021.

We welcome Leanne and look forward to journeying with her over the coming weeks.



Rev Leanne Davis with Bruce and Oakland at Leanne's ordination

## The Reverse Prayer of St Francis

Contributed by Margaret Cargill – Author Unknown, published in 'Kissing Fish' book

Dear Lord, make me a channel of disturbance.

Where there is apathy, let me provoke,

Where there is compliance, let me bring questioning,

Where there is silence, may I be a voice,

Where there is too much comfort and too little action, great disruption.

Where there are doors closed and hearts locked, grant me the willingness to listen.

Where laws dictate and pain is overlooked, when tradition speaks louder than need...

Grant that I may seek rather to do justice than talk about it.

Disturb us, oh Lord, to be with, as well as alienated, to love the unlovable as well as the lovely,

Lord make me a channel of your disturbance.

## 2024

Donna Ashworth, contributed by Helena Begg

No, 2024 perhaps won't be your best year yet.

Nor will it be the worst.

You see, a year is a mosaic of absolutely everything.

Joy, fear, heartache, loss, beauty, pain, love.

Failure, learning, friendship, misery, exhilaration.

Each day, each moment even, is a tiny shard of glass in this beautiful, confusing creation.

2024, like all the years before, will be another mosaic to add to your wall of art

A wall that shows the life, you are continuously gifted.

A wall that shows you are human.

A wall of survival.

I wish you many broken pieces of glass this year, my friends.

Because this is living.

And before you march on in to another year of 'everything', pause to look back, at the work you have created thus far.

It is quite something.

You are quite something.

Now on we go, my friends.

Onwards we very much go.

Donna Ashworth – Donna has been Sunday Times Bestselling Poet twice. During the lockdown period Donna saw her purpose as building a place to find hope, calm and comfort, amidst the collective chaos. Having published seven books, her newest collection of words is 'Wild Hope'.

## Bonbon morning

From Margaret Clogg – Photos by Ruth Pitt

A willing group of workers from the Friendship Group spent a Saturday morning in December producing 430 bonbons for Uniting Communities.



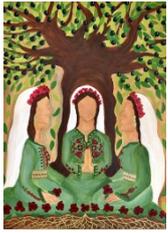
As well as producing such a large number, we had a lot of good fellowship time, with fun and laughter. We enjoyed lunch together before packing up at 2.00pm. We could not do this without the generous contribution of sweets and cardboard tubes from the congregation. Thank you all.

## Food pantry



You may have noticed that the pink street pantry outside the front of the church is no longer there. Unfortunately, although it seemed like a good idea, in practice it did not work out. The cupboard became damaged and the items placed in it were not always appropriate, so it has been decided to discontinue it.

If you would like to donate non-perishable goods for people in need, we will have a basket in the foyer for this purpose, and your donations will be taken to Uniting Communities at Clayton Wesley UC for distribution.



## World Day of Prayer 2024 at Morialta Uniting Church Friday 1st March @ 10.00am

The World Day of Prayer is an international ecumenical Christian laywomen's initiative. It is run under the motto "Informed Prayer and Prayerful Action," and is celebrated annually in over 170 countries on the first Friday in March.

The host country for 2024 is **Palestine** with the theme "**I beg you ... bear with one another in Love**"

The program was written by a group of ecumenical Christian Palestinian women in response to the passage from Ephesians 4:1-7. "The theme calls us to bear with each other in love, despite all difficulties and oppression. We reflected

collectively on this theme from the context of our suffering as Palestinian Christian women. We hope to inspire other women around the world to bear with one another in love during troubled times."

*As a prisoner for the Lord, then, I urge you to live a life worthy of the calling you have received. Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love. Ephesians 4:1-2*

The guest speaker will be Andrew Telfer (via video) and members from neighbouring churches will be joining us. Andrew has been a volunteer in the Ecumenical Accompaniment Programme in Palestine and Israel and has first-hand experience of life in Israel and Gaza.

Enquiries to Jenny Swanbury 0407 807602

## The French Church – Spitalfields

*The Editor*

During Rev Alison Whish's last service (14<sup>th</sup> January) she referred to "The French Church in Spitalfields, London" having been a synagogue, then a church and now maybe a mosque, but she would leave it to others to research.

As my maternal line is Huguenot, I set the 'Vision Elves' to work and although the order was incorrect, it has indeed been a church, synagogue and now a mosque.

It was first established in "Brick Lane" in 1743 as a Protestant chapel, La Neuve Eglise (the New Church) by London's Huguenot community. These were refugees who had left France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, to escape persecution by the Catholics. Many Huguenots settled in Spitalfields, bringing with them their silk-weaving and textile skills. As they were Protestant Dissenters, not members of the Church of England, they built their own chapels. "Brick Lane Chapel," as it became known, survived as a Huguenot chapel for more than six decades.

In 1809 it became a Wesleyan chapel, bought by the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews, an organisation now known as the Church's Ministry Among Jewish People. But this phase of its history lasted only 10 years and from 1819, the building became a Methodist chapel.



In 1891, the building was adopted by yet another community: it became the Machzike Hadath, the Spitalfields Great Synagogue. During this time the area was

home to many Jewish refugees from Russia and Central Europe. From the 1880s through the early part of the 20th century, massive pogroms and the May Laws in Russia caused many Jews to flee and 140,000 settled in Britain. From 1916, the synagogue's leader was the notable Abraham Isaac Kook, later the first Ashkenazi chief rabbi of the British Mandatory Palestine. The population of Jews decreased over the years, with many moving to other parts of London and elsewhere. The synagogue eventually moved to new premises in Golders Green.

During the 1970s, the area of Spitalfields and Brick Lane was populated mainly by Bangladeshis who had come to Britain looking for better work. Many found work in factories and the textile trade. That growing community required a place of worship, and the building at 59 Brick Lane was bought and refurbished. In 1976, it reopened as a mosque, the London Jamme Masjid. Today, although it has been renamed, it still serves the Bangladeshi community as a mosque.

## Cynthia writes...

Dear friends at Morialta, I now have in my possession one of Judith Purling's magnificent quilts! Making this gift even more precious, are your thoughts about the card ministry - inscribed by your own hands - and so clearly visible to me!



Thank you for your thoughts...that have come to me in this very special way.

Love and blessings, Cynthia

(There is a photo of Cynthia and her quilt in the December edition of Vision.)

*Three magi, painted by Cynthia*

## Keep Fit Christmas celebrations in the foyer at Morialta





### Congratulations...

To Helen and Kingsley on their 70th wedding anniversary!



### Long Service!

Ray and Margaret received certificates for fifteen years service as volunteers at the recent Guide Dogs volunteer Christmas lunch.

### Gateways

Members of Gateways enjoyed dinner together at the Tower Hotel in December.



### Baptism

In January we were delighted to welcome Darcy and his family and friends to Morialta for his baptism.

### Happy Birthday!

We joined Merv and Margaret at morning tea after church to celebrate Margaret's 92nd birthday.



### Goodbye!

We said goodbye and thank you to Alison Whish in January. She guided us through the Advent and Christmas seasons after Bob's departure. We look forward to welcoming a new interim minister in February.

### Another award!

Bruce received a certificate from Campbelltown Council for Active Citizenship. To quote his citation...

*"Bruce is a role model, a volunteer and an inspiration. He is a leader for people living with a disability in South Australia and a major volunteer contributor to local community life.*

*He contributes to many service organization, such as Guide Dogs SA/NT as a volunteer and board member, Kiwanis as a committee member and president multiple times, a volunteer through Rostrevor Campbelltown Kiwanis and Chair of Morialta Uniting Church for nearly 25 years.*

*He has applied his lived experience and his skills and aptitudes to support other South Australians with a disability to live fulfilled lives. His work in Kiwanis and his church has provided leadership and service in the local community.*

*Kiwanis has recognized Bruce's long and distinguished service through the awarding of a George Hixson medal."*

We wonder if Bruce might need to get a bigger display cabinet for his awards soon!



## Friendship Group (Fellowship)

We start the year with a “Picnic in the Park” at Thorndon Park Reserve at 6pm on Thursday 15th February, providing it is not over 34 degrees at 4pm. Please bring your tea, a drink and a chair. Following the picnic we will go to the adjacent Rezz Hotel for coffee.

If the weather is unfavourable we'll meet at the church at 6pm and have our picnic there.

We look forward to the new year and everyone is welcome at all our meetings.



## A teacher's lesson

*From Jan Thornton*

Christmas and 2023 have gone. Another year has begun. More time has passed.

Mr Bowley, my teacher when I was in my last year of junior school, knew the value of time. We thought he was old, although he was probably still in his thirties. He had an unremarkable face, a stiff legged walk, and controlled his class of forty children with firm, gentleness. Gentleness wasn't an attribute many teachers had in the late 1950s. Most wielded power with corporal punishment in the form of 'the cane', a long rigid stick made of wood, with a thick end held by the teacher, and a thin end used to inflict pain. Mr Bowley's cane stayed by his desk. He never lost his temper nor failed to end the school week without reminding us to enjoy our lives, because little more than a decade earlier, children like us had died in the war.

One day, we had an arithmetic test that few managed to finish in the time we were given. Every class has an individual who stands out for their ability to push boundaries and challenge authority. Ours was a rascal named Colin, confident and clever. A lesser teacher would have quashed the energy making Colin so popular, but Mr Bowley stayed in control, while encouraging his individuality. When we handed in our papers, Colin remarked loudly the test had been too hard, but he could finish it with an extra five minutes. A muted chuckle bubbled around the classroom, but our teacher frowned in thought.

After a long moment he reached for his cane, and everyone was silent, thinking Mr Bowley was finally going to punish Colin for insubordination. But he shocked us by striking his own leg and surprised us with the hollow sound it produced. The teacher's eyes never left Colin's as he carefully pulled at one trouser leg and revealed a wooden prosthesis.

'This is what running out of time is, Colin. Not so long ago, in the war, I was hit by bullets, knocked unconscious, and my leg shattered. Another soldier applied a tourniquet and saved my life. But he failed to release that tourniquet every few minutes, as he should have, because he was shooting the enemy and trying to stay alive himself. As far as my leg was concerned, he ran out of time. When the battle was over, gangrene had set in, and my leg was amputated. Five minutes would have made a big difference, but we didn't have it. Remember what I'm saying, because no minute, or second, will ever return and none of us can revisit yesterday. Sometimes we don't have extra time or second chances, so don't think you can always do something later. Complete tasks in the time allotted. Because right now is the only time we have.'

He returned to his desk with our papers, before looking at Colin once again. 'As for you, young man, I've taught you never to complain nor leave a task undone. You've just done both and will be marked hard for this test.'

Mr Bowley had regained control, and his cane was back by his desk.

I can't speak for the other pupils, but that lesson stayed with me.

Time is finite and irreversible. It's not unlimited, and we don't know how much we have left, or when it will run out. We take it for granted. One minute could affect our present and future. Each moment has meaning and purpose. Every choice has consequence.

The memory of that day must have affected Colin, too. In later life he joined the armed forces and became an outstanding Brigadier with a reputation as a stickler for punctuality. Mr Bowley would have been pleased the time he spent had not been wasted, and his words still have impact on the hearts and minds of those he taught.

## A change in time - goodbye to the 'Leap Second'

*Adapted from Science*



In 2023 Australians changed time from summer to standard then back to summer. However the whole world also changed time.

The International Bureau of Weights and Measures decided to axe the controversial leap second, which time keepers add sporadically to keep atomic clocks aligned with earth's rotation.

The Leap Second was devised in 1972 and it has been used 27 times since. It is a one-second adjustment that is occasionally

applied to Coordinated Universal Time (UTC), to accommodate the difference between precise time (International Atomic Time (TAI), as measured by atomic clocks) and imprecise observed solar time (UT1), which varies due to irregularities and long-term slowdown in the earth's rotation.

However, the leap second wreaks havoc with modern-day telecommunications, banking, and other networks. Its abandonment means that astronomical time, based on earth's rotation, will slowly diverge from Coordinated Universal Time.

It was decided to stop adding leap seconds for 100 years, by which time someone may have figured out a long-term fix for the problem – and the rest of us may have noticed!

## No man is an island

*Adapted from Max's thought for the week  
– contributed by Marie Elson*

A professor enters the lecture hall and looks around. "You there in the 8<sup>th</sup> row. Tell me your name?" he asks a student. "My name is Sandra" says a voice. The professor orders her, "Leave my lecture hall immediately. I don't want to see you in my lecture." Everyone is quiet. The student is nonplussed but slowly packs her things and stands up. "Faster please!" she is ordered. She doesn't dare to say anything and leaves the lecture hall.

The professor keeps looking around. All the other students are scared. "Why are there laws?" he asks the group. All are quiet. Everyone looks at each other. "What are laws for?" he asks again. "Social order" someone mutters. Another student says "To protect a person's personal rights." Another says "So that you can rely on the state."

The professor is not satisfied. "Justice!" calls out a student. The professor smiles. She has his attention. "Thank you very much. Now did I behave unfairly towards your classmate earlier?"

Everyone nods. "Indeed I did. But why didn't anyone protest? Why didn't any of you try to stop me? Why didn't you want to prevent this injustice?" he asks. Nobody answers.

"What you just learned you wouldn't have understood in 1,000 hours of lectures but now you have lived it! You didn't say anything because you weren't affected yourself. That is a very common attitude. You think as long as it doesn't concern you, it's none of your business. I'm telling you, if you don't say anything today and don't bring about justice, then one day you too will experience injustice and no one will stand up for you. Justice lives through us all. We have to fight for it."



Centuries ago John Donne wrote "No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent. A part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. As well as if a promontory were. As well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were: Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

## Welsh tidy mouse

*From Science News*

A mouse has been filmed secretly tidying up a man's shed almost every night for two months.



Wildlife photographer Rodney Holbrook noticed that objects he left out of place were being mysteriously put back where they belonged overnight.

Holbrook, who lives in Wales, set up a night vision camera on his workbench to find out what was happening, and captured footage reminiscent of the 2007 animated movie *Ratatouille*, where a rodent secretly cooks at a restaurant.

Holbrook, told the BBC: "It has been going on for months. I call him Welsh Tidy Mouse. At first, I noticed that some food that I was putting out for the birds was ending up in some old shoes I was storing in the shed, so I set up a camera."

## An attempt to write an abecedarian poem in praise of the dictionary

*Found on the internet, contributed by Helena Begg*

An unflinching ability to  
Bring clarity to the English language  
Constitutes your  
Defining quality.  
Ever since the day we  
First met, and I  
Giggled at the rude words  
Hidden among your pages,  
I adored you,  
Jubilant in  
Knowledge that things were  
Looking up. You offered me the  
Meaning of life.  
Not to mention the meaning of all those  
Other words, too.  
Perfect at settling Scrabble board  
Quarrels, your judgement  
Reigns supreme. I  
Sift you daily panning for words in  
The hope of penning the  
Ultimate – the greatest poem this  
Vast world has ever seen, but  
Whoa here comes the  
X, and oh, alphabet how could you, I knew  
You'd get the better me  
Zooner or later.

*Brian Bilston - a poet  
who knows it. He writes  
about the human  
condition, relationships,  
and buses.*



## From the UCA Assembly

*Adapted from an article by Andrew Johnson, Act2 Project Lead*

In a preview of the 50th anniversary of the Sydney Opera House, which was celebrated on 20th October 2023, the CEO (Louise Herron) asked “Could Sydney build something as bold as the Opera House today?”.



The Opera House was a controversial piece of architecture coming out of the mind of an unknown architect from Denmark. It stretched both the boundaries of what an opera house looked like and the limits of engineering and political will. There were time and cost blowouts, and ultimately, architect Jørn Utzon resigned prior to completion.

It is now a World Heritage listed site and recognised globally as one of the most remarkable pieces of architecture. Despite all the challenges, no one today would question the value of that enterprise.

It has not always worked as designed. Anyone who has seen those awful looking perspex rings in the Concert Hall knows the acoustic limitations only recently rectified. However, those limitations are not often remembered when we see soaring shots of the Opera House on occasions of great national significance.

It got me thinking about our life as a Uniting Church. We are between the 50th anniversary of the Basis of Union, which we marked in late 2021, and the 50th anniversary of our inauguration in



2027. This period is an important time for us to reflect on our life. We have not been World Heritage listed but both the vision of our life as described in the Basis of Union and the reality of bringing it to fruition are remarkable.

Have we become like the city workers on the Manly ferry, ignoring the wonder before us as we go about our daily grind? Do we value the gift God has given us and continued to renew in us through the past 50 years?

Not everything has worked out as designed for us either. We have a few of our own ‘perspex rings’ and we continue to deal with issues we haven’t quite worked out how to address.

Louise Herron does ask a provocative question, one which we could ask ourselves also – do we have the capacity, the imagination, and the courage to repeat such a bold, adventurous experiment?

This is the question before us in the Act2 Project. However we shape and order our life, at its heart is an invitation to reimagine our life together. Structures like the Opera House do more than simply contain a space to hold a concert. They inspire our imagination and invite us to think differently. I believe in Act2 we are being invited by God to think differently about ourselves and our life together. Now is the time for you to contribute to that imaginative task.

Between now and the end of November is a critical opportunity to ensure we are able to think again about our life and explore what God is asking us to be and do with this bold, adventurous experiment called the Uniting Church.

If you would like to know more about ‘Act2’ go to <https://www.act2uca.com/>

## Growing Tomorrow

*Read during the Royal Carol Service at Westminster Abbey 2023*

As trees we are shaped by the gardener’s nurture:  
by the warding of Jack Frost, by the watering done.  
Our vigour determined by the soil we’re sown on.  
As hymns we are tuned by the composer’s hand:  
by the pressure applied as a pen makes its strokes.  
Our melody determined by those first careful notes.

As adults we are fashioned by those first moments in life:  
the patient hug when we cry and bawl.  
The encouraging smile in the nativity hall.  
It’s those childhood moments that make us all:  
the recommended book,  
the parents that listened  
the first-time snow made our whole world glisten.

What a world it could be if we all equally received...  
the composer’s musical thought,  
and the gardener’s growing care.  
The spirit of Christmas woven tight in our hair.  
If every child could be read to  
with that first festive tale  
could our world come together  
to listen and regale?



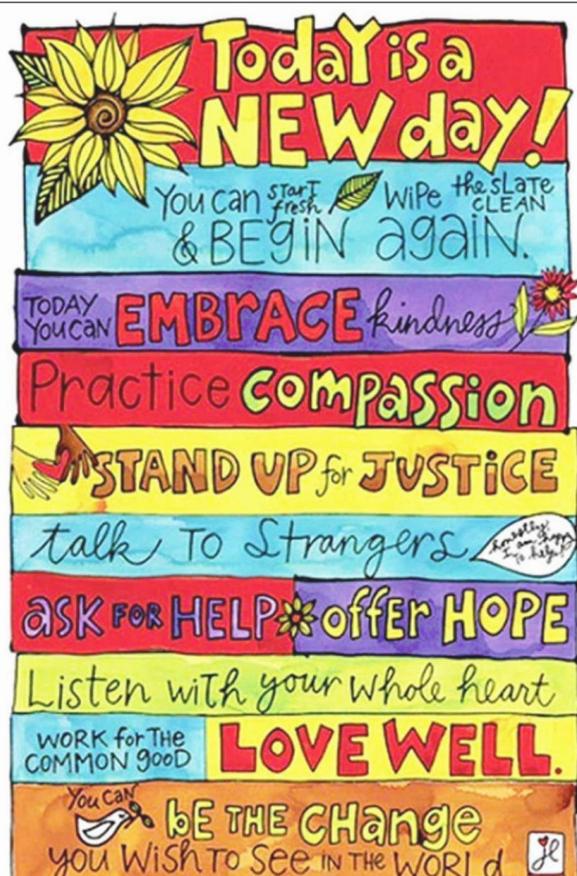
Could stories be our currency?  
Could imagination be our homes?  
Could every single one of us evade the chill of being alone.  
What a world it could be if every child - a gift  
was unequivocally shown,  
that no bridge is too far  
and from a sleigh ride’s height  
their own shining star.  
It is a world that is waiting –  
a cracker fizzing to be popped,  
a carol jingling to be sung,  
a world that exists  
in the hopes of our young.

*Joseph Coelho (b 1980) Children’s Laureate*

## It just is not justice

People are crying  
I dry my eyes  
People are dying  
I don't hear their cries  
People are my neighbour  
I see them as stranger or threat to my comfort  
and choose not love  
People are starving  
I go to the kitchen for a snack  
People are oppressed  
I feel trapped in my routine  
People cry out for justice  
I complain that I can't find anything to do  
People are so unwell  
I am sick of so many trivial things  
People are refugees  
I covet a better house  
People are in poverty  
I waste my money  
People don't have enough  
I still want more God,  
Hear my prayers  
That I might listen to myself  
Discover my confession  
And find my repentance  
So that I might actually change  
To help the world do the same.  
Amen

(Source: Jon Humphries, Uniting Church Minister – Prayers that Unite)



## Annette (Marie Sarah) Kellermann (1886 – 1975)

Another in our series "Forgotten Women of History"

Annette was an Australian professional swimmer, vaudeville star, film actress, and writer. She was one of the first women to wear a one-piece bathing costume, instead of the then-accepted pantaloons, and inspired others to follow her example. Kellermann's swimming costumes became so popular that she started her own fashion line of one-piece bathing suits.



Annette Kellermann was born in Marrickville, NSW to Australian-born violinist Frederick Kellermann, and his French wife, Alice Charbonnet, a pianist and music teacher. At age six, a weakness in her legs necessitated the wearing of steel braces to strengthen them and her parents enrolled her in swimming classes at a tidal swimming pool in Lavender Bay. By the age of 13, her legs were practically normal, and by 15, she had mastered all the swimming strokes and won her first race. At this time she was also giving diving displays. At 16 she won the ladies' NSW 100 yards and mile championships in record time and in the same year, her parents moved to Melbourne. She was enrolled at Mentone Girls' Grammar School, where her mother had accepted a music teaching position.

While still at school, Kellermann gave exhibitions of swimming and diving at the Melbourne baths, performed a mermaid act at Princes Court entertainment centre, and did two shows a day swimming with fish in a glass tank at the Exhibition Aquarium. In June and July 1903, she performed sensational high dives in the Coogee scene of Bland Holt's spectacular, *The Breaking of the Drought*, at the Melbourne Theatre Royal.

At aged 19, she was one of the first women to attempt to swim across the English Channel. After three unsuccessful swims she declared, "I had the endurance but not the brute strength."

Kellermann married her American-born manager, James Sullivan, in 1912 at Danbury, Connecticut.

She and her husband returned to live in Australia in 1970, and in 1974, she was honoured by the International Swimming Hall of Fame at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Kellermann was a key advocate for the right of women to wear a one-piece bathing suit, which was controversial at the time. According to an Australian magazine, "In the early 1900s, women were expected to wear cumbersome dress and pantaloons combinations when swimming."

The popularity of her one-piece suits resulted in her own line of women's swimwear. The "Annette Kellermanns", as they were known, were the first step towards modern women's swimwear.

She continued to swim and exercise until a short time before her death and she died in the hospital at Southport, Queensland, Australia, on 6 November 1975, aged 89.