



Saints Alive

‘Aren’t we forgetting the true meaning of this day – the birth of Santa?’

—Bart Simpson

Newsletter of All Saints Anglican Church
Northcote
Parish of South Darebin

Volume 2 Number 7

In Honor of the Birth of Our Saviour, Try-N-Save is Open All Day Christmas.

—Convenience store sign, *The Simpsons*, Fox TV.

Reflecting on Advent

The Venerable Andrew Oddy

We have come once more to the Church’s season of Advent – the beginning of the Church’s year and the four Sundays before Christmas arrives. Last year, as an Advent discipline, I took the eight verses of the hymn, *O Come, O Come Emmanuel*, and used them to explore the universal longings expressed in the passages of scripture from which these eight verses come. They are based on quotations from the book of the Prophet Isaiah.

Isaiah’s prophecy comes from the Southern Kingdom of Judah with its capital city Jerusalem. A familiar prophecy comes in the reign of King Ahaz when Jerusalem is besieged by a combining of the forces of the Northern Kingdom of Israel and its Syrian ally. Ahaz is

tempted to call upon the major political force of the period, the kingdom of Assyria, to resist the attacking forces. Isaiah seeks to reassure Ahaz of victory and offers a sign from God. Ahaz refuses and Isaiah speaks:

The Lord himself will give you a sign. Look, the young woman is with child and will bear a son, and shall name him Emmanuel ... before the child knows how to refuse evil and choose the good, the land before whose two kings you are in dread shall be deserted (Isa 7: 14–17).

Isaiah’s assurance is a defence of Ahaz and Jerusalem against the world empires. Isaiah is right. Syria and Israel withdraw from their attack and Jerusalem is spared and presumably before the young woman’s child reaches years of discretion. This protection of Jerusalem, by God himself, gave rise to a belief that Jerusalem would never fall – a belief that collapsed in 587 BCE with the conquest of Jerusalem by Babylon, some 200 years after Ahaz. The refusal to allow that belief to die is expressed in the Messianic hope of Israel.

Some 700 years after Ahaz, there is again a crisis. It is on far more a domestic scale. The crisis concerns Joseph, also of the tribe of Judah. His betrothed is pregnant. Joseph, righteous and being unwilling to expose her to public disgrace and possible execution, faces his own dilemma. In a dream he is assured. He is not to fear – for the child, the gift of God, which will be his by adoption, will be named Jesus, which means *YHWH (God) saves*. Matthew’s Gospel interprets this as appropriate for one who will save his people from their sins.

Matthew’s Gospel also interprets this assurance as the fulfilment of Isaiah’s prophecy to Ahaz – not the immediate fulfilment of Jerusalem’s deliverance 700 years before, but a fulfilment for the Messianic age. This will be the birth of one who is truly Emmanuel, God with us.

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The Prophet Isaiah
Raphael, 1512 Basilica di Sant’Agostino, Rome
<https://en.wikipedia.org>

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Advent...continued from page 1

“The Gospel of Matthew will begin and end with the idea that Jesus is ‘God with us.’”

The Gospel of Matthew will begin and end with the idea that Jesus is ‘God with us’. It will end with the assurance of Jesus to his disciples that he will be with them ‘to the close of the age’. It will contain the promise of Jesus to the Church that wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, he will be there in the midst of them.

The word Advent means ‘coming’ or ‘arrival’. In Advent the Church keeps in mind what Bishop NT Wright calls the ‘second advent’, *the coming of God in order that the whole creation shall be renewed, and the earth will be full of the knowledge and glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.*(1) Many of our readings will be from the messianic prophecies of Isaiah to remind us of this. They will draw our attention away from the domestic and the personal towards the universal and the ultimate purposes of God.

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between our preparations to celebrate the ‘first advent’ – the birth of Jesus –and this ‘second advent.’ More, it is almost impossible in a world where the celebration of the first advent is anticipated in the shops from late October!

Bishop Wright puts it this way: *With the first advent, it was clear that God’s rescue operation for humans and the world had been decisively begun but not yet completed. Jesus did launch God’s kingdom “on earth as in heaven” in his public career, his death and his resurrection. But it was clear, because of the sort of thing that kingdom was, that it that it would need then to make its way through the humble, self-giving service of Jesus’ followers, until the time when Jesus would return to finish the work, to put all things right, to banish evil and death forever and bring heaven and earth completely together. ...We celebrate Jesus’ first coming and use that sense of fulfilment to fuel our hope for signs of that kingdom in our own day. We live between the first Advent and the second.* (2)

I look forward to our keeping of Advent together. It serves to put the birth of Jesus into its universal setting.

1. Wright, T 2016 *Advent for Everyone—a Journey through Matthew*, SPCK
2. *Ibid.*



Having a summer clear out? To have large items picked up, phone **1300DONATE (1300 366 283)**



Fr Gerard Tucker, founder of the Brotherhood of St Laurence

Saint alive: Laurence—patron saint of the poor

An extraordinarily revered saint, the third century Roman Deacon Laurence is surrounded as much by legend and folklore as by what we know about him historically. What we do know is that he spent his life serving persecuted Christians in Rome and eventually died for it. When the Pope who protected him was overthrown, the Roman authorities demanded that he hand over to them the treasures of the church. He assembled all the poor, to whom he had given all the church’s money, and said: ‘These are the treasures of the church’. During the period of imprisonment before his execution, his patience and fortitude so impressed his prison guards that they became Christians. He is the patron saint of the poor. It is no accident then that in 1930, during the Great Depression, a social activist Anglican priest, Fr Gerard Tucker, chose St Laurence as the spiritual model for a new Australian religious order devoted to service of the poor and to social reforms that would bring about a more just and caring society.

It was the Brotherhood that helped establish support for single mothers, established the first Victorian family planning clinic, and provided childcare for mothers in public housing. Today, no longer an order of priests but a large organisation made up of professional and volunteer workers, the Brotherhood is a great Anglican institution still involved in the social advocacy and action that its founder envisaged. The Brotherhood continues to tackle the root causes of poverty, family breakdown and social disadvantage.

You can donate directly to the All Saints Community Store (even on a Sunday) or by arranging online or by phone to have larger items picked up. To donate books to the BSL’s wonderful online bookstore, leave your books at the Community Store and they will be collected.

Good information about all Brotherhood services and retail outlets is available at: www.bsl.org.au

Rounding Cape Horn

An excerpt from the prolific writings of Jenifer Watson's ancestor Ethel Heddle, this time a fragment of her account of her honeymoon journey around Cape Horn, in the days when people sought to capture their experience in drawings and express their feelings in verse.

Sunday July 28 1901

Yesterday we passed Diego Ramman Island early in the morning, so I broke the record in being up early to have a look at the first bit of land, or rather, rocks, that we have seen for many, many days. A few hours later we rounded Cape Horn, and it was a splendid sight. the long chain of blue-grey islands, all covered with snow, gleaming through the water under the light of a queer misty, half invisible cold sun that gave absolutely no warmth at all.

We were watching the land as we passed, from the poop. And it was simply perishingly cold. And although I had endless clothes on, big cloak and fur collar turned up, and woollen gloves, and so on, my fingers, feet and face were nearly nipped off. The skipper convulsed with mirth at the brilliant crimson tip to my nose and the pale green of the rest of me. I yearned to try a sketch of the snow covered land as we passed but my fingers were useless in that temperature, away from the fireside, so Robbie did a sketch on a visiting card in miniature, which later on we hope to enlarge and finish from memory as a memento of Cape Horn and our honeymoon trip past its inhospitable shores.

Ode to Cape Horn

by Capt. Robert Moodie Heddle

Cape Horn, thou dark and [...] cliff
Reared lofty o'er the Southern Seas
Thou monarch of Antarctic wave
Thou stern browed warrior of the breeze
Cold, cold the blasts that howl around
The barren crags raised to the sky
Thou dark faced sentry of the South
I hail thee as I pass thee by.



The 'Furious Fifties'

Sailing around Cape Horn is still a notoriously challenging task because of its extremely low latitude (56 degrees South), where the winds are known as 'The Furious Fifties'.

Paul Heiney said of it: 'Every sailor is rightly fearful of Cape Horn, and I am no exception. Of all the headlands in the world, none speaks more of dread and danger than this southern tip of the American continent.' Polar explorers have said 'below 60 degrees there is no law. And below 50 there is no God.'

Photo: <http://www.sailingtoday.co.uk/cruising/cruising-stories/rounding-cape-horn/>

Saints Alive

Journey of the spirit

The Rev'd Philippa Wetherell writes about her recent travels

“...I see it as a whole and as a marvellous spiritual experience.”



**St Paul's Cathedral
London**

Photo: Alan McFaden
www.britainfromabove.org.uk/

Even though my overseas trip in September/October this year centred on three diverse places, I see it as a whole and as a marvellous spiritual experience. I spent time in London, Cambridgeshire and Eire; in London alone at both the beginning and end of the time, in Cambridgeshire with a school friend of 60 years ago who has lived in England since the sixties, and with my friend Wendy I explored Cork and Dublin.

In London I had a room in a place managed by the Franciscan Sisters of the Heart of Jesus, a Maltese Order, in a wonderful location just down from the Victoria Coach Station. As a lover of theatre, opera and choral music I had booked in Melbourn for the Garrick, Covent Garden and the Verdi Requiem at the Royal Albert Hall. Twenty-seven years ago on my only previous visit to England, as an impoverished College tutor I could taste none of these places, so it was indeed magical to be watching Kenneth Branagh on stage, listening to renowned singers perform *The Barber of Seville* in the Royal Opera House, and simply being in the home of the Proms under that vast dome. I also managed to see the Royal Shakespeare Company perform *The Alchemist* of Ben Jonson at the Barbican.

Another London delight was walking across the wonderful Thames bridges. On Westminster Bridge I softly recited Wordsworth's sonnet, and on London Bridge, the old nursery rhyme. Renewing acquaintance with St. Paul's Cathedral was a joy, and attending a Festal Eucharist at Southwark Cathedral on the embankment was very special. I discovered that it was in honour of Lancelot Andrewes, saintly Bishop and Biblical scholar, one of the translators of the Old Testament

for the Authorized Version of the Bible, who is buried in the Cathedral.

Simon Barraclough had given me a book of the Bishop's prayers, and so to share in the Eucharist with a large multicultural congregation, the choir singing a Palestrina Mass, the Bishop of Southwark presiding and preaching, was a rich experience indeed.

Two quite diverse places in London that fed my spirit were the Florence Nightingale Museum near St Thomas's Hospital and John Keats' House at Hampstead. Florence was so much more than the 'Lady with the Lamp', a deeply religious woman who demanded of herself and her nurses complete dedication to the task, and imposed standards of hygiene considered questionable, and only later practised in London hospitals. I also learnt more of the life and death of Edith Cavell at the Museum, a nurse and a really heroic woman, whom I would meet again at Norwich Cathedral. I had already encountered her at our own St Paul's Cathedral where a bronze memorial can be seen on the aisle wall just inside the Swanston Street Door.

John Keats is one of my favourite poets and I was delighted to take a bus ride past Camden markets to the Royal Free Hospital at Hampstead where my friend Wendy had worked as a medical scientist, and to find his former home only a short walk away. There I learnt more of his brief life, and felt how anguishing it must have been for him when, having initially trained as a doctor, he realised that he, like the brother he had nursed, had succumbed to TB. I walked on nearby Hampstead Heath amidst glorious Autumn trees and recited Keats' *Ode to Autumn* in his honour.



Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core...

— John Keats

Leaving London I travelled by train to Huntingdon where Wendy met me and introduced me to her charming village of Hemingford Grey on the river Ouse. I had told Wendy that one place I must visit was Norwich, so that I could meet the Lady Julian in the Place where she had lived as an anchoress in the 14th century and written her *Revelations of Divine Love*. Ever so thoughtfully, Wendy had arranged for us to stay overnight in Norwich, so it was on my 78th birthday that we found our way to St Julian's Church and entered that sacred space. Such a powerful sense of presence there, God's presence, Julian's presence, and the presence of thousands who over the centuries had prayed there. I had gazed transfixed at the lofty heights of great Cathedrals, but here I could do nothing in this humble place but fall to my knees. Love and awe were palpable. Julian called her writings 'Showings', believing that in these sixteen visions God was revealing his love and goodness to her. She spoke of God in Trinitarian terms as Maker, Keeper and Lover rather than as Father, Son and Spirit. 'Live gladly and gaily because of God's love', she wrote.

The city of Norwich proved a fascinating place with at least 30 medieval churches, only eight of which are now used for worship. History was all around us as we walked the cobbled

alley ways. The Cathedral was a grand edifice with its Romanesque structure and Gothic vault, its ambulatory and many chapels, and leading from it a long cloister and on the green a labyrinth. Again I met Julian in a stained glass window and a modern sculpture. Just outside a door opening from one of the chapels was the memorial to Edith Cavell who was born in Swardeston near Norwich in 1865. Flowers and a soldier's wreath were left beneath the stone Cross from the commemoration of her death the previous day. I feel a special link with her as the date of her death in 1915 is the date of my birth, and I honour her as a courageous woman of faith who helped more than 200 Allied soldiers escape from occupied Belgium, and was shot by the Germans as a traitor.

I believe that I think of my travels as one, as an overall spiritual experience, because of the many people I encountered, not in the flesh, but through their art, their voice, their poetry, their writings, their strong faith and courage, and through the conviction of others that God continues to make his love known through the beauty and resilience of stone, stained glass and ornament. These people and places live as I reflect on them, giving thanks to God for them, for Wendy, and for a marvellous experience.

Image: <https://citydesert.wordpress.com/>



On the night before her execution, Nurse Cavell was visited by an Anglican clergyman. After asking him to tell her friends she was not afraid to die for her country, she said: "But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards any one."

Picture: Norwich Museum Service

A prayer of the English anchoress, Julian of Norwich, b. 1343

In you, Father all-mighty, we have our preservation and our bliss.

In you, Christ, we have our restoring and our saving.

You are our mother, brother, and Saviour. In you, our Lord the Holy Spirit, is marvellous and plenteous grace.

You are our clothing; for love you wrap us and embrace us.

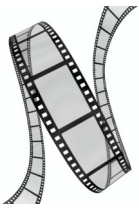
You are our maker, our lover, our keeper.

Teach us to believe that by your grace all shall be well, and all shall be well,

and all manner of things shall be well. Amen

Saints Alive

FILM REVIEW



“...a kind of Christmas story, one that reminds us of the power of strangers to heal and change lives.”

“...it reminds us that our liberation lies not within the objects of our consumption, the food and wine. Rather it lies within our social relations...”

Rediscovering the spirit of Christmas: *Babette’s Feast*

Despite difficulties with technology failure, Bruce Clezy sends his regular film review from Indonesia

Babette’s Feast is a truly a stunning film. Based on the novel of the same name by Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) and directed by Gabriel Axel, the film hosts an all-star international cast and won Denmark its first Academy Award for best foreign film in 1988. Simply put, it tells the story of a small, remote, protestant sect in nineteenth century Denmark, whose world is turned upside down by the arrival of a stranger from distant lands. The year is 1871 and Babette (Stéphane Audran) has fled from Paris to find shelter in Denmark. Tired, exhausted, wet and bedraggled she is taken in by two kindly sisters Martine (Birgitte Federspiel) and Philippa (Bodil Kjer). Martine and Philippa are the daughters of a now dead religious leader and prophet. They lead a life of austerity, serving the poor in the small community around them. Life here is harsh and isolated, a fact that the film captures beautifully through its stunning images of the remote Danish coastlands, but also in the wizened faces of the local inhabitants. Not being able to pay for her services, the two sisters agree to let Babette live with them for free as their housekeeper and maid. Fourteen years pass, and after having been initially greeted with some suspicion, Babette is at last nominally accepted in her commu-

nity for some of her skills. On receiving the somewhat shocking news that she has won the French lottery, Babette decides to spend her entire winnings on preparing a magnificent French meal for her hosts and neighbours, in celebration of the centenary of their prophet’s birth. During the many courses of the splendid meal, old community tensions disappear and rivalries melt. As viewers we literally see the austerity fade from the harsh faces of the often previously cruel villagers. Their lives and relationships are changed forever by the warmth and generosity of Babette’s gesture.

Much has been made of the transformative power of food and celebration within the film and the ‘*Quails in Sarcophagus*’ are indeed something to behold. I want to suggest, however, that *Babette’s Feast* is itself a kind of Christmas story, one that reminds us of the power of strangers to heal and change lives. For much like Mary and Joseph, Babette is a refugee. Having witnessed the brutal murder of her husband and sons in the wake of the Paris Commune, she flees Paris. But now, having found sanctuary, she brings ‘new life’ to the small world that took her in. Babette has a secret. She was once the acclaimed chef at the Café Anglais in Paris, and her skills and talents, her way of being in the world have the power to heal souls and transform lives. Babette is in a sense a kind of miracle worker, who gives up her life and the promise of a lottery win to save her world.

Babettes’ Feast is not a movie about Christmas *per se*, but it carries an important message for those of us who like to celebrate with large quantities of special foods and wine. For it reminds us that our liberation lies not within the objects of our consumption, the food and wine. Rather it lies within our social relations; with our friends, our families, and perhaps more importantly, the strangers who live within our communities, if only we welcome them in.

Merry Christmas everybody!



Stéphane Audran in *Babette’s Feast*, directed by Gabriel Axel (1987). Pope Francis has said that this is his all time favourite film.

Synod 2016

Laura Tsakmakis

As an enthusiastic, young Anglican lawyer, whose professional life is Parliament and legislation, Synod was just my cup of tea. It started with a grand service in St Paul's Cathedral and it was a pleasure to feel part of the very large family that is the worldwide Anglican Communion.

Following the service, the Archbishop delivered his Charge to Synod. He spoke of the importance of constitutional recognition of Indigenous Australians; the responsibility of the Church to act on the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse; the work of Anglican agencies trying to eliminate poverty from Australia; and the international refugee crisis.

And then it was down to business. The first three nights were spent on motions and legislation, with the Saturday covering the budget, strategic directions, and left over business. The legislation passed by the Synod included a Bill for the Interpretation of Diocesan Legislation, three Bills relating to the Cathedral and Cathedral lands, the Professional Standards Uniform Act Adoption Bill and the Age Qualification for Election Repeal Bill.

The Cathedral Bill covered matters such as the mission of the Cathedral community, use of the Cathedral, and other administrative matters such as proceedings of Chapter. During debate, this Bill gave rise to what I found to be one of the most interesting debates of the Synod – whether or not the Cathedral is a

'home church' for all Melbourne Anglicans. The Uniform Act, which was adopted by the Synod, has as its overriding purposes the just, quick and inexpensive resolution of the real issues in a complaint or matter, and the regulation of fitness for ministry for the protection of the community. While a small number of members of Synod thought that this Act was too secular for a spiritual body, the vast majority agreed that any steps towards preventing abuse are welcome and necessary.

The motions covered a wide variety of topics, including protection of the environment, anti-poverty week, and refugees. There was even a standing ovation for the Archbishop's tenth anniversary.

Unfortunately there was so much business to get through that a number of motions were not considered. These included end of life choices, Anglican kindergartens, legal aid funding, and same sex marriage.

Due to the very long and slow queue for voting on Saturday morning, I missed nearly the whole budget and most of the strategic directions 2014 – 2016, and 2017 – 2025. However, I do have the papers if anyone wishes to borrow these.

Throughout the week I thought many times about what a privilege it is to have a say in how our Church is run, and it was also a wonderful opportunity to meet new friends (and some old ones) and to be exposed to the diverse range of people who make up the Melbourne Diocese.



Privacy policy

With Laura's help the vestries have adopted a parish-wide privacy policy to govern the collection, use and disclosure of personal information. To have such a policy in place and to follow its guidance is a requirement of the Diocese, to ensure that the church is a safe place.

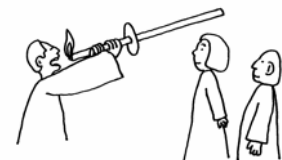
The underlying principle of the policy is that information will only be used for the purpose for which it was collected (for example, for registering a baptism, or staying in touch with parishioners as part of our community life), and only on the basis that a person consents to our using that information. The policy will be published on the website and your feedback is welcome.

HEALTH AND SAFETY

THE THINGS THAT WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO DO ANY LONGER



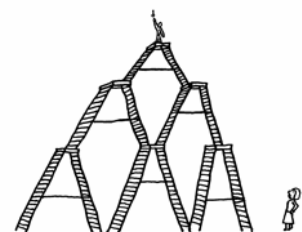
HYMNBOK HURLING



ACOLYTE FLAME - SWALLOWING COMPETITIONS



RACING BLINDFOLDED CHILDREN DOWN THE AISLE



CHANGING LIGHTBULBS USING INGENUOUS STEPLADDER COMBINATIONS

Dave Walker (originally in the Church Times) Cartoonchurch.com



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NEXT ISSUE: March 2017



1860 — 2015

*We acknowledge the
Wurundjeri people as the
traditional owners of the land
on which our church was built,
and pay our respects to their
Elders, past and present.*

Welcome!

We seek to share with others our experience of God and to make of All Saints Northcote a place of permanent welcome, a refuge and anchor for the human spirit.

Welcome the Lord – worship

Reverence for liturgy and joy in music are central to our worship. The observance of season and feast has continued in unbroken service in this place for 156 years. We seek to be close to God in the celebration of Baptism and in the breaking of the bread, and to draw others into a sense of the sacred. We hold to a middle way, resisting extremes, allowing for difference and listening to new ideas, but always anchored in prayer book and hymnal, in parish and Diocese, and in the great Anglican tradition.

Welcome the stranger – relationship

The defining spiritual features of our community are love, tolerance, warmth and inclusiveness. We are less concerned about numbers, money, appearances, power or status than about hospitality, participation, and the gifts each person brings, regardless of their age or abilities or sexual orientation or any other personal characteristic. We love children and young people. We treat outcasts and fringe dwellers compassionately and support church agencies of social action.

Welcome the friend – partnership

We are enriched by our connection with St Paul's Fairfield and St James the Great Thornbury as part of a united parish, and we respect the different identities of each community. We are developing our relationship with St Philip's Collingwood and St Mark's Fitzroy. We value our partnership with the Brotherhood of St Laurence and are willing participants in ecumenical exchange and inter-faith activity.

Saints Alive is published on our website along with other information about All Saints

allsaintsnorthcote.org.au

Rejoice! Rejoice!

All raise our voice and rejoice! rejoice!
From the sun shining bright,
To the starry starry night,
To the creatures fair,
To the birds on the wing,
For the birth of Jesus,
Our Saviour, our King.

All raise our voice and rejoice! Rejoice!
From child and mother,
To sister and brother.
To all the nations fair,
Let's praise our Father for having sent,
The birth and celebration of our King,
At this joyous time of Advent.

—Rob Lane



Image from :<http://bustedhalo.com/blogs/joseph-hope-and-joy-the-first-ever-advent>