

Two old men have been best friends for decades, when one of them falls gravely ill. His friend comes to sit with him and reminisce about their long lives. Then he asks: 'Listen, when you die, do me a favour. I want to know if there's cricket in heaven.' The dying man says, 'I'll try to do that for you.' and then passes away. A few days later, the surviving friend hears his dead mate's voice in a dream: 'The good news is that there is cricket in heaven. The bad news is that you're bowling on Wednesday.'

- Reprinted from the Newhaven
Community Newsletter

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Saints Alive

Newsletter of All Saints Anglican Church
Northcote
Parish of South Darebin

Volume 2 Number 8

The Cross and the Resurrection

The Venerable Andrew Oddy

Over Lent this year, I have been enjoying a new small book by Bishop Rowan Williams, former Archbishop of Canterbury. The book is called *God with Us – The meaning of the cross and resurrection. Then and now.*

It gathers together five Lenten addresses, the first three on the meaning of the Cross and the last two on the meaning of the Resurrection.

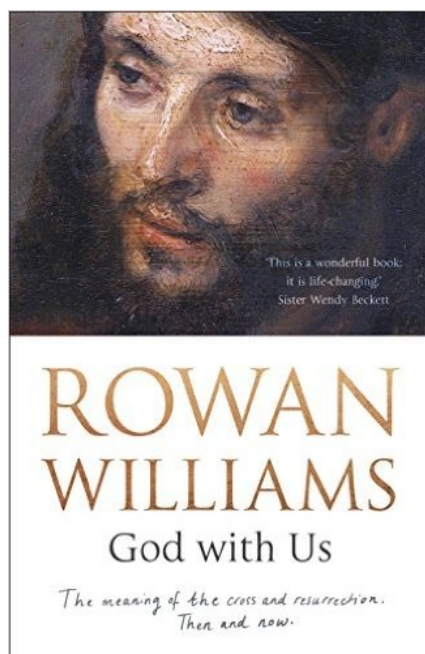
In the first address, Bishop Williams writes of the Cross as God's Sign. He notes that the Cross, which has become a commonplace for us as a religious symbol, began as nothing of the sort. It was a symbol of public execution

by an occupying power – a sign of humiliation and disgrace. That this "instrument of torture" became a sign of Christian hope, is truly remarkable. Briefly Bishop Williams turns to the text of St Luke's Gospel in which as Jesus is crucified, he says, "Father, forgive!" And in the Epistle of Peter, when Jesus is abused he doesn't retaliate. Williams writes, "The Cross, then, is a sign that we cannot deflect the love of God."

Pilate and the High Priest – acting on behalf of us all – push God in Jesus to the edge. God in Jesus pushes back doing exactly what he always did: loving, forgiving, healing. So, the Cross is a sign of the transcendent freedom of the love of God. This is a God whose action, and whose reactions to us cannot be dictated by what we do.

In one sermon in Lent, I have relayed the great illustration of this Sign of the unalterable love of God, recounted by Bishop Williams, and it is worth giving it again here:

There is a story from nineteenth century France of a young military officer who made a bet with some of his colleagues. He was to go to confession in one of the big Paris churches and just pour out all the sins he could possibly think of to the priest in the most vivid and detailed terms. He did just that, thinking he has been very clever. And on the other side of the grille there was a long silence and eventually the priest said, 'Now my son, I want you to go back to the middle of the church in front of the big crucifix over the screen and I want you to look up at the crucifix and say, "You did that for me and I don't give a damn." And I want you to say that as long as you can.' The young man went back and tried to do as he was instructed. He couldn't. He went off and joined a monastery.



Published in 2017 by SPCK, London.
Available from St Peter's Bookroom, East
Melbourne, or online from Amazon.com

In the two subsequent addresses, Bishop Williams looks at the Cross in terms of Jesus' Sacrifice and Jesus' Victory won for us. Both of these

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The Cross and the Resurrection—continued from page 1

“The Cross doesn’t stand still. Our understanding, our absorption of its meaning, is always a living process...”

addresses beautifully face what are real difficulties for us as we journey through Lent each year and I was delighted to find this comment at the end of the third address:

The Cross doesn’t stand still. Our understanding, our absorption of its meaning, is always a living process in which one image, one category, again and again, moves us into another.

In the final two addresses, Bishop Williams turns to the resurrection. He begins there with the preaching of Peter on Pentecost in the Acts of the Apostles. There, Peter speaks of the last days which commenced when God raised Jesus up. Bishop Williams writes:

Believing in the resurrection is believing that the new age has been inaugurated. The resurrection of Jesus means that the last days have begun. This also means that after the resurrection there is never going to be any new framework, any different way of seeing God in the world. This is it.

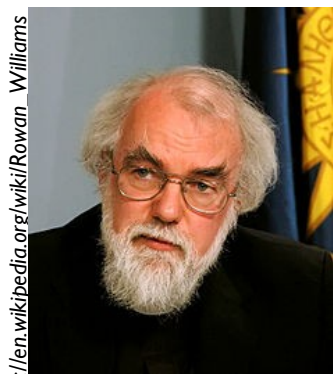
And drawing further on this whole idea of the inauguration of a new age, Bishop Williams turns to the idea of the Church.

Belief in the resurrection is what makes the Church more than just the Jesus of Nazareth

Society. Because believing in the resurrection and the new creation, the new age, the final phase of God’s action, means that those who relate to Jesus, relate to him as a contemporary, not as a memory...

Think of the typical identifying actions of the Church: the reading of the Bible, the proclamation of the Gospels, the baptising of people and the sharing of bread and wine at the Communion. None of these would begin to make sense unless we believed that Jesus was contemporary. We might read the bible in other terms. If Jesus was not alive and contemporary, we would read it as an historical document, we wouldn’t read it listening for a word which would create a present encounter...

I hope to have given you a taste of this small and remarkable book. In each year, I see Lent as a journey of discovery of the meaning of the Cross and Resurrection of Jesus for me. What does it mean that Jesus died for me? How does the Resurrection change the way I see things in the world? How is the life of Christ taking shape in the Church and the world? I have enjoyed travelling through Lent with these addresses and I recommend the book to all. To the extent that we walk this Lenten and Easter journey together, I offer some of its insights to you.



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rowan_Williams

Rowan Williams, the Welsh Bishop who became the first Archbishop of Canterbury to be appointed from outside the Church of England.

Help flood the Store



Our Brotherhood of St Laurence Community Store has had two flooding events recently, and these are far from isolated incidents. They are caused by inadequate drainage in our block, which slopes down towards the subsided entrance of the Store, causing all the groundwater and overflow from the church and meeting room to rush there during any heavy down-pour. We have a plan for the installation of new drains in the next few months to solve this problem, but in the meantime the volunteers and management staff of the Store must patiently clean up and dry out the area and generally try to hold back the tide of leaf litter and other rubbish.

Please support their efforts by flooding the Store in another way – with your donations and your custom.

Even if you have a more conveniently located charity shop, bring your donations to All Saints instead, and ask your friends and neighbours to do the same, even offering to bring their quality recycled books, clothing and small homewares with you on a Sunday.

To donate books to the BSL’s excellent 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**

**The BSL appreciates the donation of quality furniture and whitegoods and will collect them from you. To have large items picked up, phone
1300DONATE
(1300 366 283)**

Boarding the Loch Rannoch

Another chapter from the diaries of Jenifer Watson's grandmother, Ethel Paterson. Ethel married Robert Heddle in 1901 in Melbourne. Both were 28. They headed off for Orkney, so Ethel could meet her in-laws. Robert (known as 'Captain Bob') was skipper of the Loch Rannoch, and it was his first command. From Ethel's diary, this is the exciting beginning of her life with Captain Bob.



'Loch Rannoch', Hobson's Bay, 19 June 1901

Left Mentone today at 2.15. Left town 4.15 by Port Melbourne tram and arrived at the pier some 20 minutes later. The water looked very green and wavy and the small sailing boat waiting for us has a wobbly look, but was alright inside. It was half decked over, and I had a very sunny corner, warm and dry. All the others though, poor dears, were soaking wet. At least, their oilskins were, and Robbie's boxer hat was like a trickling fountain.

The comical part was when we reached the ship and the boatman couldn't take us to the side where the gangway was dangling down, because the wind or the water was somehow wrong. I heard some blood curdling suggestions about pulling me aboard with a line, as if I were a fish, or a bundle of cheese. I was wondering what would happen really, when 'BUMP', 'WHACK', we were up alongside the 'Rannoch'.

There was much shouting and rushing of many feet on the ship's deck above us, and then Bob

hauled me out of my corner down below and I saw a crazy sort of rope ladder dangling in the breeze.

The next thing that happened, I was scampering up it for all I was worth, in my best hat, and Mr Collins was at the top, standing on the railing to catch me if I fell, and he observed: "This way, Mrs Heddle, and mind your hat – you'll spoil it against those ropes."

Mr Davidson was on the inside ladder steps, and grasped my paw as I poised in mid-air, and the deck was sopping wet with the falling rain. I nearly disgraced myself by falling flat, but didn't, then, thinking of my hat, I ducked my head and fled swiftly, not looking which direction I took, and completely forgetting the ship had turned around.

I heard Mr Holland calling to me, and turned around to discover I was heading for the foc'sle! Mr Holland politely advised me to go the other way, which I did, and here I am!

"This way, Mrs Heddle, and mind your hat..."

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test and asked his father when he could count on using the family car. His father proposed a deal: 'You bring your grades up from C to B, study the Bible, get a haircut, and then we'll talk about the car.' The boy thought about it for a moment, and decided he'd accept the offer. Six weeks later, the father said: 'Son, you've brought your grades up, and I notice you've been studying the Bible, but I'm disappointed that you haven't had your hair cut yet.' The boy said, 'You know Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my Bible studies that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, and maybe even Jesus had long hair.' The father nodded wisely then leaned over and whispered: 'Did you also notice they walked everywhere?'

—From the Newhaven Community Newsletter, courtesy of Jenifer Watson

A little boy was in church and a terrible storm broke out during the service. Suddenly the lights failed. The kindly old preacher said, 'Don't be frightened, my dears, it's only a display of God's elements.' The little boy turned to his companions and whispered: 'It's only a play by God's elephants.'

— From a 1945 newspaper archive, clipped by Aileen Fielder



Saints Alive

Introducing Bishop Genieve

“Genieve said she had thought about exploring this ‘sometime’. The answer came: ‘Why not now?’”



Marmingatha?

‘Marmingatha’ means ‘divine, supreme being’ in the local Woi Wurrung language. The name is used with the permission of the elders of the Wurundjeri tribe, following consultation between the Diocese of Melbourne and Indigenous elder Aunty Di.

Our parish is in the Episcopate of Marmingatha, and in April we will welcome our Bishop, The Right Reverend Genieve Blackwell, to All Saints for the first time, as we participate in the joy of a Confirmation service. Recently Bp Genieve spoke to the Community of the Holy Name at Cheltenham, about her life and journey towards ministry; thank you to the CHN Associates Newsletter for permission to reprint some details here.

Genieve was born into a family of five children, the daughter of a Methodist minister in Port Hedland and Perth, WA. The family moved to NSW, and shortly after that her father died when she was only six. She and her siblings were raised by her mother, who worked as an Infant Welfare Sister. She recalls how her mother relied on her strong faith, how involved she was in community issues, and how she lived out her beliefs as a model for her children. She saw how her mother stood up for people when necessary and advocated for their needs.

Belonging to a church community was the norm, growing up. On going to the University of Sydney Genieve made some good friends, including some Anglicans, and she began visiting St Barnabas’ Broadway, where she grew in knowledge of the Bible and in understanding of the scriptures. Here she met her future husband, John.

After graduation she worked in the Public Service and travelled. On return, some friends approached her and asked if she had any sense of a call to ordained ministry. Genieve said she had thought about exploring this ‘sometime’.

The answer came: ‘Why not now?’

That was the impetus she needed, and it led her to enrol at Moore Theological College in Sydney. As it turned out, it was a pivotal time to be studying: women had just been ordained for the first time in NSW and the former principal of Melbourne’s Ridley College, Graham Cole, was teaching there.

In January 1993 she was married; in February she was ordained Deacon and appointed to an Assistant Minister post. By 1998 she was ordained priest, in the Diocese of Bathurst. She had a series of appointments in NSW, with John’s support in caring for their two children. In 2007 she was appointed Archdeacon in Rural Ministry and then Archdeacon, Goulburn and Rural Ministry.

In 2012, in a historical moment for women’s ministry, Genieve became the first woman to be consecrated Bishop in NSW. In the making of her cope and mitre, the fabric of her wedding dress was used.

Bp Genieve now serves as Bishop of the Marmingatha Episcopate, a group of parishes within the Melbourne Diocese. She has other responsibilities, such as membership of the Board of Anglicare Victoria and the Preventing Violence Against Women Steering Group. She is only the second woman to take up an appointment as Bishop in the Melbourne Diocese.

She commented that her training and preparation for her various ministries was enriched by the many expressions of faith within the Anglican community. She has been exposed to both evangelical and Catholic thought, and has developed an understanding and appreciation of both.



Lynne’s grandchildren James and Isabella will be confirmed at the end of April. We look forward to sharing this occasion with them.

A few cracked walls

Alma Ryrie-Jones

In the September issue last year the wardens talked about the challenge of addressing structural faults in the building in which the Brotherhood of St Laurence operates the Community Store. We can report now that the large crack in the brickwork of the north east corner, caused by subsidence where the wall was not founded on rock, has been rectified. The wall has been raised, and a new concrete foundation, down to the rock, has been put in. During the work, which took just over a week, the Store was closed to ensure complete safety for staff and customers, but we were on site for the whole time in order to greet customers and accept donations. It is just the start of the major repairs that are needed, but it is good to have achieved this first step.

We now need to work on the next problem in this building, and to implement a drainage solution across the site that will address persistent issues of soil moisture and instability, which is the underlying cause of subsidence and movement in our buildings. It is frustrating not to be able to give top priority to the interior of the church, but we cannot put this ahead of the health and safety of those working in the Store building and those entering it to shop.

In recent travels in Italy I reflected on the relentless demands our buildings seem to make on us, and how difficult it is for us, as your wardens, to manage so many competing tasks. However, I stopped worrying about this after visiting the church of Santa Chiara (Saint Clare) in Naples. This is a huge landmark church, the largest ever made for the Order of Clares, built by the King of Naples over a period of 27 years and finished in 1340. It has been visible in paintings and drawings and maps of the city for well over six centuries.

Not knowing its history, at first sight I was surprised by its uncharacteristically light and plain interior, compared with many other Italian churches, with their successive layers of rich embellishment from the medieval period through the renaissance to the baroque. In fact, Santa Chiara once was heavily decorated, and in the most ornate style.

But after 27 years in construction, many decades of artistic effort, and six centuries of dedication to worship, a single bombing raid in 1943 left the church in the condition shown here.

It is a sobering thought for a British, American or Australian visitor to recognise that this heart-breaking destruction was caused by bombs dropped by our side, and in our name. The historical material in the church hardly mentions this, directing our attention instead to what is there now. Under the rubble, the well-preserved remains of a Roman bathhouse were discovered, and archaeologists have unearthed them for all to see. The church was rebuilt without the weight of its baroque decoration, and many regard it as more beautiful than it was before. And the cloister, with its exquisitely tiled columns and benches for the rest and contemplation of the Sisters, and for which the church has long been famous, was left untouched.

This was a very helpful and inspiring experience and it certainly put things in perspective. What seemed like insurmountable problems began to look like nothing worse than a job for a plumber and a few cracked walls.



The Church of Santa Chiara, Naples, in 1943

<http://humanities.exeter.ac.uk/history/research>



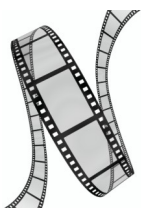
The light and plain interior of this magnificent fourteenth century church today, and one of the many wonderful 'majolica' tiled benches in its cloister garden



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Santa_Chiera,_Naples

Saints Alive

FILM REVIEW



"I can assure you ... that the film leaves you feeling decidedly uncomfortable, if not with sweating palms."

Responding to times of trouble: *Doubt* (2008)

Welcome back to Bruce Clezy and his regular film review

"What do you do when you are not sure? That is the topic of my sermon today."

Father Brendan Flynn
(Philip Seymour Hoffman)

We live in troubled times. Fundamentalism is on the rise. Britain is adrift. An avowed misogynist now inhabits the White House. A brutal war continues in Syria. In Burma, Buddhist monks attack one of the most persecuted minorities in the world today. Meanwhile in Australia, churches continue to collectively reel in the wake of the Royal Commission. These are troubling times indeed.

How are we as individuals supposed to make sense of all this upheaval? How do we decide to live? Do we live in faith? Or do we simply rely on blind optimism? These are some of the compelling questions asked by the intriguing film, *Doubt*.

"The world is crashing ... I have never known a wind like this. The wind has changed"
Sister Aloysius Beauvier (Meryl Streep)

Doubt is set in 1964, a time not unlike our own. President Kennedy has just been shot, and America is being ripped apart by the

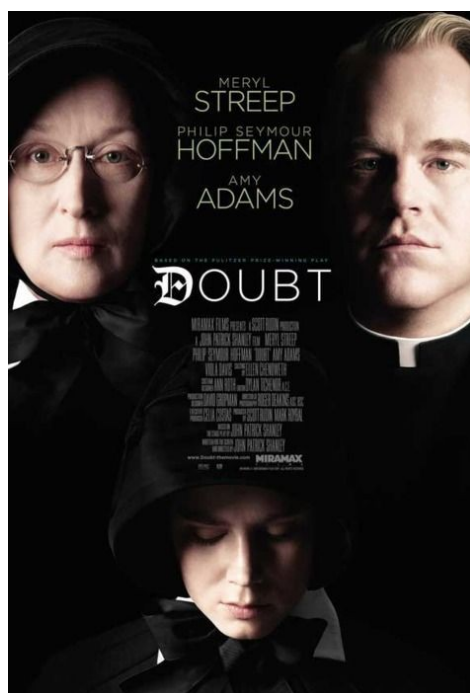
Vietnam war, the counter-cultural revolution and the movement for civil rights. The stormy winds of Vatican II are also just about to blow. In the Bronx, New York, Sister Aloysius runs her high school with an iron fist, determined to safeguard the ways of the old and resist the tides of change. Her suspicions are raised when the local priest begins preaching doubt in his service on Sunday mornings and soon a cavalcade of lies, truths, half-truths, gossip and rumour all come tumbling out. Father Flynn is suspected of child abuse and Sister Aloysius will not stop until she succeeds in having him removed. The question is, though, is he actually guilty of anything?

Doubt is not a 'whodunit'; nor is it a thriller. I can assure you, however, that the film leaves you feeling decidedly uncomfortable, if not with sweating palms. Based on the stage play *Doubt: A Parable*, the drama is intense, with Streep and Seymour Hoffman locked in a battle of words and ideology. They are joined by a stellar cast that includes Amy Adams (*Julie & Julia*, *Arrival*) as the innocent young nun Sister James; and Viola Davis (*The Help*, *How to Get Away with Murder*) in a truly stunning performance as the mother of the young boy caught up in the scandal.

Doubt does not try to answer the questions it raises. But watching the film, I became intensely aware of my almost obsessive need for certainty; to know who is right and who is wrong. I do this so that I can somewhat childishly align myself with the forces of good, and feed my own fairly superficial sense of moral superiority. Instead I became racked with self-doubt. This is the power of the film. *Doubt* moves us away from a sense in which doubt is a kind of moral weakness, towards a sense in which doubt is the hallmark of wisdom and spiritual inquiry. As Father Flynn concludes:

"Doubt can be a bond as powerful and sustaining as certainty."

Doubt attracted huge critical acclaim. Meryl Streep, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Amy Adams and Viola Davis were all nominated for Academy Awards for their roles in it. Its author, John Patrick Shanley, received the nomination for best writing, and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the play on which the film is based.



My forgotten Bible

Rob Lane

From my childhood I was introduced early to the Christian Church through my mother Pamela. However, by the 1970s, for a variety of reasons, my faith began to fade, and in later years I found myself wanting to challenge Christianity at every turn. So I lived as a non-believer by this time with no idea what would happen later on.

My mother gave me a Bible for my twentieth birthday. My reaction was to think how daggy that was. At this point in my life I did not think like a Christian, or live like a Christian, yet I had a grounding of Church life as a little boy. Then in May 1998 came the day my cousin's baby daughter was Christened.

During the service I picked up a pew sheet and noticed the upcoming week's Bible readings were from the book of Romans. All of a sudden I had an interest to want to read from the Bible, so I took that pew sheet home and a few days later I got that Bible out and started reading.

The book of Romans told me about the way people were living, so wrong, so ignorant, just like I had been, and I said to my wife this book had been written about me. Those few readings from Romans would change my views towards Christianity. It was that start in 1998, from that Bible that I had put away for seventeen years, that would change me for the rest of my days. A present for my birthday in 1981 would in 1998 become the first Bible I would read in my life.



I have been a true believer in Christ Jesus since that time, and the Journey has been a lovely one, despite the days where things don't go well. These challenges have always brought me to my King more so than the easy days. Now I know that I am forgiven, I am loved, and I am known by the one who has always known me.

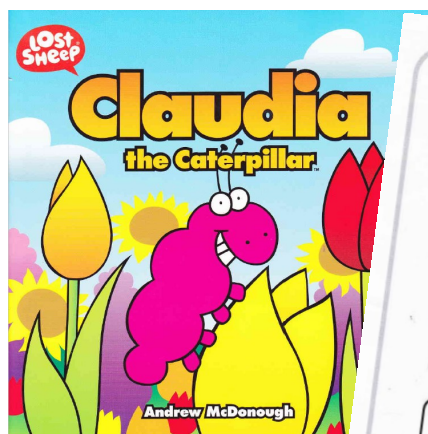
Pray always, always, that somehow a forgotten Bible can change a person's heart to want to know Jesus; it happened to me so I feel I can say it can happen to others.

Forgotten Bible? Maybe it was, but it was always pre-destined to have a purpose when I finally let some light shine on it. That Bible would be my first real step towards Jesus, and it can be for others. Remember, it does not matter who you are or what you have done, Jesus is crazy about you. Remember, or find a forgotten Bible today.

Small Saints

Claudia the Caterpillar spends her days looking at butterflies and thinking 'that's the life'. An early attempt at flight nearly leads to disaster. When God begins to wrap her in a chrysalis she is horrified, thinking she will die in there. Three weeks later, she emerges as a new creature, and now she can fly.

This is a child-sized reflection on the experience of Nicodemus, who was puzzled when told by Jesus that he must be 'born from above'. It was Nicodemus who helped bring Jesus' body down from the cross and place it in the tomb, not knowing what was to follow.





All Saints Anglican Church
Northcote
Parish of South Darebin

12A High Street
NORTHCOTE 3070

VICAR

The Venerable Andrew Oddy
47 Darling Street
FAIRFIELD 3078
Phone: 0419 395 389
Email: oddy1@eftel.com.au

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME

Send or hand to:
Alma Ryrie-Jones
Phone: 0409 339 046
Email: ryrie@ihug.com.au
NEXT ISSUE: June 2017

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



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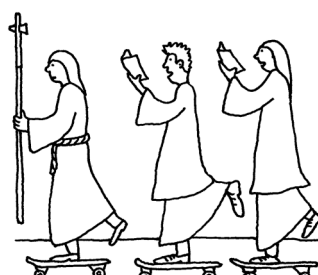
We acknowledge the
Wurundjeri people as the
traditional owners of the land
on which our church was built,
and pay our respects to their
Elders, past and present.

YOUNG PEOPLE

HOW TO STOP THEM LEAVING THE CHURCH



GET THEM INVOLVED



LET THEM LEAD THE SERVICE



ENCOURAGE THE CONGREGATION
TO BE MORE YOUTH-FRIENDLY



ADJUST THE SERVICE TIME



SEND THEM ON A
LIFE-CHANGING TRIP



LOCK THE DOORS