
CHAUNTICLERE

THE MAGAZINE OF ST PETER'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, CREMORNE

NEW SERIES NO. 38

PETERTIDE 2007



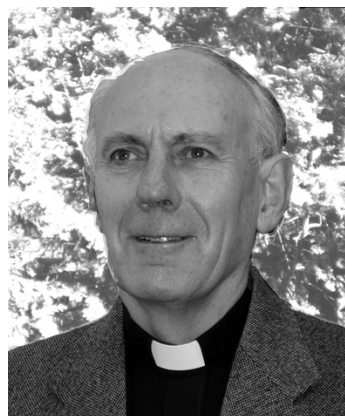
The Eucalyptus Grandis that once stood in the Rectory grounds has been carved into this Celtic Cross.

A Letter From The Rector

Dear Friends,

We live in interesting times. Throughout the twentieth century there were loud voices predicting the demise of religion. The human race had outgrown it in all its manifestations and rightly was about to throw off its shackles. In more recent times globally there has plainly been a resurgence of religion which continues to gather pace. Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, none of them show any sign of going away, and a growing number of their adherents, whether they like it or not, find themselves living alongside each other.

An old Latin tag says *The corruption of the best is the worst*. It is borne out in religion in a multiplicity of ways as the noble teachings of a religion are misinterpreted and partial understanding are given a status they do not deserve. Then again there is generally a measure of disjunction between faith and practice (saints with a capital S are rare human beings), and extreme cases involving gross bigotry, selfishness and violence to others both within and beyond the religious community



understandably arouse the ire of observers. Little wonder that some reject all religion.

For some decades now in Australia the Churches and Christians have been faced with largely silent indifference from those citizens without religion. Such has also been the case in Britain and Europe, though I gather public scorn of the Christian Faith is well and truly on the march there now. We are seeing the beginnings of this scorn here now in the media. Statements are made from prejudice rather than calm reflection. Some politicians follow suit.

I would suggest we Christians need to see this as an opportunity rather than a deterrent. Through the inscrutable mercy of God we have received the gift of faith, a faith which seeks deeper

understanding. In these times we are called to be more knowledgeable of our faith. By way of contrast with the United States, in Australia Anglicans seem reluctant to embrace a serious engagement with the content of the Faith. This blunts our effectiveness as witnesses and also deprives us of the joy found through encounter with the rich treasure of faith and thought of which we are heirs. Listening to the Sunday sermon is not enough. There are stimulating courses about in this city, and there are always books, some of which are very good.

May I commend to you Archbishop Rowan Williams' *Tokens of Trust: an introduction to Christian belief* recently published in the UK by Canterbury Press. He is an accessible writer who brings wonderful things out of the Christian tradition of which he seems to have an encyclopaedic knowledge. Along with that he has a striking capacity to discern the general pulse in society.

St Peter's as a church building and community is cherished by its members. None of us should imagine that its long-term future is assured as a centre of vital, reverent liturgy and as a place

where people with differences of experience and temperament may enjoy the spaciousness of the Kingdom to which Christ give them entrée. I believe we all need to be concerned about this and to pray and talk together about it. Is it possible that our patterns of living may need to be modified in ways that enable us to be more available for the Church's mission through St Peter's? Being players in the resurgence of life-bearing religion, other-regarding faith, is surely what we ought to be about.

According to legend the aged St Peter, escaping from Rome in order to preserve his life for the sake of the young Church, had a vision of a beckoning Christ and turned back towards the city, rejoicing and glorifying God at the prospect of his inevitable martyrdom. Our times are very different, but there remains a strong need for faithfulness, courage and resourcefulness on the part of us all so that others may be attracted to join us, pilgrims together.

Yours sincerely,

Robert Wheeler

Thank You Anne



For 10 years Anne FitzPatrick has edited the parish magazine **Chaunticlere** at Petertide and Christmas; and the parish newsletter **The Cockerel** at Easter and Michaelmas. This has been a major undertaking for her in that prior to her appointment, *Chaunticlere* was typeset and printed commercially in Artarmon.

Anne has decided to retire as Editor of *Chaunticlere*, but [thank goodness] will continue to produce *The Cockerel*. The new editor has very big shoes to fill.

Anne not only put her huge talent into sourcing and writing items of wide interest but also spent very many hours over a week photocopying individual pages, folding and stapling them into the finished copy. And when she commenced this role, there were 3 editions of *Chaunticlere* each year.

There is not a lay role at St Peter's that at one time or another Anne has not taken on – even if only temporarily while someone is away. Her enthusiasm and commitment are widely recognised and greatly valued. To Anne we say: *Well done thou good and faithful servant*, and we send a very large Vote of Thanks in appreciation of an exceptionally well executed and mammoth effort.



Anne is the Honorary Treasurer of **Anglicans Together** .

The **Annual Dinner** will be held at
St Alban's, Epping
Friday 19th October
\$30 per person.
BYO Wine.

Guest Speaker: Christopher Roper
Director of Christian Life and
Formation at St James' King Street.

Chris is a former director of The Leo Cussen Institute, Melbourne, and The College of Law, Sydney. He holds a plethora of academic qualifications including a BDiv (Melbourne College of Divinity) and has wide experience of the Anglican Church at close quarters both within and without the Diocese of Sydney.

He is bringing his experience and qualifications to develop a parish-based educational program at St James'.

From The Parish Council

By William Nesham

Rector's Warden

The opinions expressed in this article are not necessarily those of the Parish Council nor might all statements be verifiable from the accepted minutes of proceedings.

I once tried to express this in the original French but got a wrap over the knuckles from a bilingual member of our choir for *Franglising*. The more it changes the more it is the same. Is it disappointing or satisfying for there to be no electoral tussle at the vestry meeting for seats on Parish Council? On the one hand a *non election* might indicate a harmonious, well run parish. On the other hand a lack of candidates might betray a lack of interest, an apathy. A lack of contention, apathy, is the most dangerous of all infections that can infect a community of faith.

Three members of the Parish Council stood down at the annual Vestry Meeting. Helen Fordham has moved away from the area but is happily close to another parish of like mind. I doubt that it will be long before it realises what a gem of wise counsel and ready volunteering



it now has in its midst. When Lois Ruth-Neaverson was with us she was always crisp, if somewhat weary, from the business offices of the city. When Lois was not with us she was not even in her home but in some forgettable hotel room on some forgettable corporate mission. It is amazing that Cheryl Dunn ever acceded to sit on Parish Council. Shift work is a bane of modern life. Cheryl's routine on 3rd Mondays was simple. Get up, have breakfast, go to Parish Council, go to work. As those of you who heard my report at the Vestry Meeting know, I was brought up short when Cheryl remarked at one meeting's close at about 9:30pm "Well, now to go and save some lives." Also Cheryl is one of the best flower arrangers in the business and how often do we kneel at the communion rail and, maybe unconsciously, absorb a little of His beauty and love expressed by Cheryl's skilful eye and hand.

However, we have three new members to give us a boost. It is symptomatic of our 21st century lives that Noreen Bernie has had to miss the first two meetings of our 2007-8 Council. But, we expect great things from the winner of the fun Christmas Conundrum.

The Parish Council welcomes back Martyn Chapman and Edwina Waddy. There is no presence like that of past Wardens to keep the current ones on their toes. But, and here I refer to the paragraph above, I am sure that both Edwina and Martyn would be happy if others had come forward to take up the burdens that they had once relinquished. On the other hand, perhaps in the coming year(s) such experienced hands will be invaluable to help guide our parish through the waters ahead.

The early part of this year was dominated by the removal of the Eucalyptus Grandis from our grounds. It had become a threat to the safety of the rectory and users of Gerard Street. John Ashworth performed Herculean labours to get a *construction certificate* organised with the local council permitting the removal of a tree declared by a leading arboralist consultant to be a

public danger. Local Precinct and Council meetings were attended. The press was notified. Small pieces appeared in the local papers. Nonetheless we had to take abuse in the letter columns for its *destruction* and the creation of a *totem pole*. It is, perhaps, a pity that the writers hadn't read the news pages in previous weeks; they would have been able to express their disquiet privately and/or publicly ahead of the necessary removal of a public danger. Maybe they only read their own letters. The opinions of my immediate neighbours, living within sight of St Peter's, vary from *beautiful* to *I made Mum come over for lunch so that she could see it*. Incidentally, the arborist who cut the tree and carved the Celtic Cross did, with our approval, sign his work at the back by carving with a chainsaw: HTS P O'Sullivan, 2007.

Treasury: You would have thought that the Parish Treasurer with the task of selling his home of 30 years, buying another home in the district in order to keep his family part of ours while not disrupting his day job, might have made a minor hiccup in the even flow of the Financial Reports. Not so. As always we track up and down but are generally close to

expectations. As always we ask for regular giving, regular being the watchword. But the good news for missions this year is that we are in *Election Heaven* – the general public come to our 2 Market days (and to vote!)

Building and Grounds: Notwithstanding what was reported above we are definitely outspending our income in this area. The only comfort in this is the question *how often do the gables under the tower have to be painted?* The repainting of all external painted surfaces of the Church and Memorial Hall is a job that needs to be organised for our needs and also those of our wonderful weekday tenant in the Memorial Hall. We cannot have the remains of a *sand and paint job* in a kindergarten sandpit. More than once I have driven past on my way to work, seen the ALM.... number plate of John Ashworth's car and wanted nothing more than to stop to join in the project of the day, be it scaffolding quotes or changing the notice board signs.

Early warning: A Centenary Committee has formed under the leadership of Greg Loveday (former Wardens and Parish Councillors cannot escape). The early warning is: Keep May – June 2009 pretty clear in your

calendars. The present warning is: Expect to be asked to participate in our parish's centenary. Think yourselves lucky, there are parishes in England having to organise their first millennia celebrations.

It seems, especially when re-reading the last two *From the Parish Council* reports, that these reports are mainly my personal report on the recent events and deliberations. Hence my opening sentence: but admit it – you read the rest of this piece.

With thanks to all from the Wardens and Council. We move on in joy and harmony in His work in this place.

Happiness Cake

The Children of St George's School Windsor.

Ingredients

1 cup of good thoughts
1 cup kind deeds
1 cup consideration for others
2 cups sacrifice
2 cups well beaten faults
3 cups forgiveness

Method

Mix thoroughly
Add tears of joy, sorrow and sympathy
Flavour with love and kindly service
Fold in four cups of prayers and faith
Blend well. Fold into daily life
Bake well with the warmth of human kindness and serve with a smile.
It will always satisfy the hunger of starved souls.

SHO'AH Memorial Service

By Barrie Edwards

For Christians and all people of compassion to remember 1933-1944

Held at Six o'clock on Monday 30.April 2007 at St.Mary's Cathedral in the city.



To the mournful notes of a solitary viola, the lights are dimmed; it is time for the annual service of the NSW Council of Christians And Jews in memory of the Sho'ah to begin.

The altar is dressed in black and white: black for the darkness of the Sho'ah, white for the Jewish liturgical colour of holiness and atonement. A yellow Star of David attached to the black drape recalls the badge that Hitler ordered all Jews must wear.

There are nine candles on the altar and these will be progressively lit during the service. Six will burn for the six million Jews who died during the years of the Nazi regime from 1933-1945; one will represent the non Jews who died - gypsies, homosexuals, the handicapped, the imperfect. The eighth candle

will honour the righteous gentiles - and at the end of the service a ninth candle will be lit as a sign of peace.

As the first six candles are lit, the whole congregation recites the Shema. Said by Jews at daybreak and at nightfall for thousands of years, these words came to be the last words of many going to their deaths: *Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, The Lord is One: and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul and with all your might. And these words which I command you this day shall be upon your heart: and you shall teach them diligently to your children and you shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise up. [Deut 6: 4-7]*

The penitential Psalm 51 is next read - "my sin is ever before me, against You, You alone have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight, so that You are justified in your sentence and blameless when You pass judgement" - and this is followed by The Witness Of The Voices, speaking out of the holocaust - voices that for years could not speak because their lips were sealed with memory and silence....

Jozek's Fedora

*That morning they sent us
to sort out headgear
in that hut, you know,
near the crematoria.
All sizes, shapes, colours,
caps, hats, bonnets,
hoods, berets, biggins.
Piles and piles of them.*

*Near one edge I spotted
my brown fedora
bought in Krakow
four years before
on Grodzka Street.
I stared, thinking:
is it possible?
am I still alive?
It stared back at me
as if in disbelief
that I was still alive.
I said to Mietek,
pinch me, pinch me.
I need to know
if I am still alive.*

Eddie Jaku, a holocaust survivor, talks to us. He speaks calmly, almost matter-of-factly and with great dignity in a rather cultured middle European accent, of indescribable experiences; of being left for dead at the age of thirteen, of how he alone lived out of a pile of corpses. He speaks against hate and asks us for a new tomorrow. He does not speak for long and has no need to raise his voice. With a self effacing gesture he steps down, a kindly, shrunken little old man transfigured by suffering and survival into a giant of History



This image shows the arrival of Hungarian Jews from Carpatho-Ruthenia, many of them from the Berehovo ghetto. It was taken by Ernst Hofmann or Bernhard Walter of the SS. Courtesy of Yad Vashem.

The Mourners' Kaddish is next sung, as the names of the principal death camps are

read out - Treblinka, Bergen-Belsen, Majdanek, Sobobor, Chelmo, Belzec, Dachau, Sachsenhausen, Ravensbruck, Mauthausen, Flossenberg, Auschwitz, Buchenwald. And there are prayers - that the Sho'ah may not be forgotten, that there may be those who will stand up for the oppressed - that we may allow for differences in race religion and outlook - for refugees, for the lost and stolen generations, for those who have had to flee, for those whose families have been killed - prayers for forgiveness for the sin of silence, indifference and prejudice - prayers for healing and a change of heart - for those who deny the holocaust - prayer that racism will be a thing of the past and that we will remember we are all children of the One God - and a prayer for compassion.

*First they came for the communists,
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a communist.
Then they came for the socialists,
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a socialist.
Then they came for the trade unionists,
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a trade*

*unionist.
Then they came for the Jews,
And I did not speak out
Because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for me,
And there was no one left
To speak out for me.*

Pastor Martin Niemoller

The service concludes with the lighting of the last candle, for peace. Its light will overcome the darkness, never again will there be a Sho'ah, the congregation pledges, let the light of peace shine in our world. The Peace Candle is placed in the middle of the altar between the other candles and off it we each light a taper, greeting one another with "shalom - peace". We are to take the taper home to light it in memory of the holocaust and as a sign of commitment to hope, as we are bidden in the words of St. Francis of Assisi to go forth to be instruments of God's peace.

*here in this cartload
i am eve
with my son abel
if you see my other son
Cain son of man
tell him that i*

*[inscription at Yad Vashem near
memorial of the cattle cart]*

Book Review

By David Galbraith

The Outcasts' Outcast

Stanford, Peter (2003). *The Outcast's Outcast : A Biography of Lord Longford*. Stroud: Sutton Publishing, 512 pp. ISBN 0-7509-3248-1.



The above is the title of the biography of Francis Aungier Pakenham, seventh Earl of Longford. Peter Stanford, the author of this biography, is Director of the Frank Longford Charitable Trust, and the portrait he paints is affectionate. However, the book is not just useless hagiography. Pakenham's admirable qualities are noted, as are his failures, and the book offers some none too flattering explanations for some of these failures.

Like most biographies (Cosgrave's *The Lives of Enoch Powell* being an exception), this one adopts a chronological approach in erecting a framework for the subject's long life; Pakenham died on 3 August, 2001, aged 95. Accordingly we have recounted his birth as the

second son of the fifth Earl, his progress through the pre-tertiary schooling we would expect from one of his background, and then, after a bit of a rocky beginning, a very good first in Modern Greats (now PPE) at Oxford.

While aware Pakenham had been a Labour Peer, I had not known that before that his political allegiances had been with the Conservatives. In describing his conversion Stanford notes that Pakenham adopted an essentially intellectual approach in that, with his academic background, he probed the strengths and weaknesses of the Conservatives and Labour to determine where his long-term allegiance might lie. While these ruminations were leading Pakenham's toward Labour, in the end it was something visceral rather than intellectual

satisfaction that proved decisive; Mosely's fascists breaking up a Labour meeting in Oxford in May 1936 being the precipitating event. In the matter of political conversion Pakenham's wife, the former Elizabeth Harman, had a swifter journey.

In religion it was otherwise. Again Pakenham, who had been baptized and brought up as an Anglican, adopted an intellectual approach. Unlike other prominent twentieth century English converts to Roman Catholicism, Pakenham did not take the path to Farm Street, but received instruction from Fr Martin D'Arcy S.J. in Oxford. By the outbreak of WW II D'Arcy had not got Pakenham to the point where, intellectually, he was ready to take the final step. It was the combination of imminent war service and the prompting of that famous convert, Evelyn Waugh, that proved decisive. Also, at the critical time, D'Arcy was in the USA.

Reception into the Roman Church had its downside, as Stanford records that any "joy he may have felt was tempered by the prospect of telling Elizabeth what he had done". Stanford describes it as "the first significant decision in

their marriage that they had not shared", and, after noting Elizabeth's antipathy to organized religion in general and to the dogma of Roman Catholicism in particular, he describes it as "a colossal betrayal". Difficulties this created are recounted, as is Elizabeth's Easter Day 1946 reception into the Roman Church. However, one is left with the impression that Elizabeth's reception was not borne of the same commitment as was that of her husband.

His adopted religion remained of the utmost importance to Pakenham. Like Waugh, he was zealous and anxious to recruit others. Further, one is left with the impression that Pakenham's devotion to his new religion may have been a factor, though not a decisive one, in inhibiting his political career. More significant was that, after unsuccessful attempts to enter the Commons, he entered the Lords as Baron Pakenham of Cowley (succession to the Earldom came later). After referring to age as a factor after Wilson's victory in the 1966 election, his secretary said, "... [h]e didn't change. He didn't become any more organised or hardworking. He didn't master his briefs. He never got over the

conviction that if you carried papers around with you for long enough, they would be absorbed as a process of osmosis. He didn't read and study them and his PPSs used to have to make summaries of them for him." One is also left



Lord Longford

with the impression that patronage (or perhaps its removal at critical times) was a factor. In the immediate post-war years, Attlee's favourable impression seemed significant, and, Gaitskell's death appears as a probable blow to his hopes in the post-Macmillan era.

These faults were also evident in his literary career. His secretary says, "... in his usual terribly undisciplined and random fashion, whereby he'd think about it over the weekend and occasionally jot down a few notes then dictate quite fast something which really should have been just a working basis but which always went straight in verbatim". Roy Jenkins, a fellow Labour politician, while

praising the energy, gusto and eclecticism of Pakenham's writing, also criticized him for lack of meticulous scholarship and for his prose. Such criticisms are in contrast to the praise that was paid to Elizabeth's historical works.

While imminent war service was a catalyst for Pakenham's baptism into the Roman Church, his war service was very short. Of its end Stanford says, "[t]hough it was his body that was letting him down, Frank was suffering a mental breakdown" and, "[h]e fervently wanted to be invalided out as a means of enduring the mental torture he had endured". But, being invalided out of the Army came at a cost, as Stanford notes that, for Pakenham it was "absolute failure", and in a later conversation with Stanford, Pakenham said "[w]hen I meet people who society despises, I know what it is to be humiliated". This sense of failure was to haunt Pakenham well after the war ended, and Stanford argues that it caused him to look with compassion and understanding on the failings and past of others. However, this is not meant to imply that Pakenham's post-War years were without their successes and achievement.

There were to be plenty of both.

Although the Pakenham that emerges from this is a man whose political and literary careers might not have matched his ambitions, he emerges as an intensely humane and compassionate individual with considerable moral courage. Notwithstanding that his advocacy of causes may have earned him obloquy (as it did with Moors murderess Myra Hindley) or derision (as it did with his campaign against pornography), such things did not stop him from doing what he thought was right.

David Galbraith, a parish nominator, holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Law from the University of New South Wales for his thesis "Just Enough Religion to Make Us Hate – an Historico-Legal Study of The Red Book Case".


Dates for Your Diary


Trivia Night
Friday 27 July

Children's
Fashion Parade
Sat 8th September

Anglicans Together
Dinner 19 Oct
(Details see page 5)

 **Brandenburg**
Orchestra's
Noël Noël Concert
at St Peter's
Sunday 16 December

Eucharist to celebrate the
40th Anniversary of
Fr Robert's Ordination
to the Diaconate
followed by supper
Monday 17th December

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Climate Change

By Barbara Dutton

I recently attended a seminar on the above subject at "The Grail", North Sydney. This organisation [and I quote from its website] "is a spiritual and cultural social movement of women, grounded in Christian faith and committed to the vision of a world transformed into a global community of justice and peace".

There were some fifty people present to hear two speakers: Sister Geraldine Kearney of the Good Samaritan Sisters and Nic McLellan, a "significant writer on global issues affecting Pacific Nations" - amongst other things.

Sister Geraldine had worked for several years in Kiribati and spoke very much from the heart, aided by an excellent Power Point presentation, about problems associated with the already existing threat to the land and lives of the people due to climate change. Kiribati (formerly the Gilbert Islands) is part of Micronesia and comprises many small islands over a vast area of ocean. The highest land is only two metres above sea level. The people exist mainly on



subsistence crops and, with the increasing rise in sea levels, much of the land is becoming too saline to permit their cultivation. The islands are very narrow and there is nowhere to retreat when the sea invades the coast.

Kiribati is not the only low lying Pacific nation concerned. Most will have heard of Tuvalu and Tokelau as being especially threatened. But how many of us are aware that the Torres Strait Islands are in a similar position? This should be embarrassing to those of our leaders who, over the last ten years, have been instrumental in making us the only country in the region continually to refuse to sign the Kyoto Protocol.

Nic McLellan spoke of the historic movement of peoples,

giving as examples Blackbirding (Melanesians brought forcibly to work the Queensland sugar cane) and Indentured Labour from Asia (to Hawaii, New Caledonia and Fiji). Contemporary movement involves the search for 3 Es: education, employment and enjoyment, the work often being of 3 Ds: dirty, difficult and dangerous nature and mainly involving 3 Ms: Mobile Men with Money. Polynesians move to Auckland, Sydney and the West Coast of USA; Micronesians to Hawaii and Guam; Indo-Fijians to Australia, NZ, Canada and USA; Melanesian Fijians to the Pacific, UK and Iraq (British, UN & private armies). Tuvalu and Kiribati send seafarers. It has to be said that many of these small countries rely on remittances from overseas workers, e.g. they provide 31% of Tonga's GDP.

The often long absences from family and cultural ties provoke many social disruptions.

These small countries will be the most affected by global warming, even although they cannot be considered to have contributed to the huge problems. The foreseen extreme weather conditions will affect food security as well as damage to reef and coast and access to land. Such peoples

have traditional ties to their land and it will not be a question of simply moving them to someone else's lands, which fact could well be the cause of conflicts.

There is a need for these problems to be considered from a human and social point of view, not simply an economic one. Australia, as the largest country in the region, has much responsibility to ensure that we are not just **in** the Pacific, but truly **of** the Pacific.



Barbara is a member of our Choir along with Barbara Burkitt, Jenny Guthrie, Robyn McKellar and Scott Jessup. The Choir usually sings on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month under the direction of David Coburn.



Parish Profile: Penny Wheeler

By Edwina Waddy

Fr Robert and Penny arrived at St Peter's in December 1999. The parish had not had a married priest for 20 years. We have grown to know and admire Penny for all she gives to, and does for, the parish – but what else do we know about her? The editor set out to learn more.

Penny Sharr was born in Epsom, England and lived there until her family immigrated to Australia when she was 7 and her brother Roger was 11. Her father came to a job in Melbourne and the family settled in Beaumaris, a Melbourne suburb not far from the sea. The Sharrs built a home there and Penny went to school at Beaumaris and Elsternwick. In those days it was semi-rural, with unmade roads and lots of tea-tree. They joined in the life of St Michael's - their local parish church.

Because they came from the UK, both Roger's school and Penny's school put the children in a year above their Australian age group with the result that Penny and Roger both matriculated aged 16. Roger



went straight to St Michael's House at Crafers in the Adelaide hills; Penny, who had decided to take up nursing, had to wait a year before she could start at 17½ at The Alfred Hospital in Melbourne. So she worked at a pharmacy which proved to be very useful for her future career.

Life for a trainee nurse in the 60s was different from student nurses' life today at university. Penny had to live in the Nurses Home for 3 years. One was not supposed to marry, and one late pass a week to midnight was allowed. There was no self catering, food was provided, and the uniforms were sent to the laundry. Penny feels she had a very comprehensive training, covering almost all aspects of medicine; she made lots of friends, and found

communal living very therapeutic – always someone there to go over things with – sort of group therapy! After graduating, she went to the Royal Women’s Hospital to do midwifery for a year and delivered the regulatory 20 babies; then returned to The Alfred to do theatre training.

Like most girls at that time, the mandatory trip abroad loomed on the horizon. After working two jobs at different hospitals, she saved enough to travel with other nursing friends. During 17 months away she did some nursing and saw much of Europe. For 6 weeks, she worked on a kibbutz on a volunteers program: the main work was picking citrus fruit but when it was discovered that this Australian group were nurses, they were asked to inoculate 100s of chickens against a respiratory disease. The kibbutz was self sufficient, non religious per se but taught guests a little Hebrew, had separate accommodation for children and was patrolled at night with armed guards. A highlight of the trip was travelling home to Australia on a bus from London to Delhi. A drive down the Khyber Pass at dusk is a vividly beautiful memory of the journey.

Arriving home in Melbourne penniless, as one does, Penny worked locally and lived at home. By this time her parents had moved to neighbouring Cheltenham, and Robert Wheeler, a friend of Roger’s, was a visitor who had stayed with the family on his way between St Michael’s House in the Adelaide hills, and his home in Sydney.

Penny and Robert were married at St Matthew’s Cheltenham in 1973. Having served in the outback at Mitchell in Qld, Robert was appointed Vicar of Norlane in Geelong. There were two churches – one in a housing commission area and one in North Geelong. Penny worked full time at the Geelong Hospital until their son Michael was born in 1975. One thing Penny remembers well was the incredible energy of the Women’s Group at Norlane which ran a catering business to raise money for the parish. It catered for non church events with massive logistical challenges: eg how to keep the food hot while taking it to a venue.

In 1978 Robert was invited to return to Sydney to be an Associate Priest at St James’ King Street. Robert and Penny

lived in a unit at Drummoyne. I asked her how she felt about leaving Melbourne: *I missed my family and friends, but we had Robert's family and I was busy with our young children. And St James' was so different to Norlane. Anna was born in January 1979 and later we moved to a parish home at Concord West. It was the only time that we have not lived beside the parish church.*

In 1983 it was time for Robert to lead a parish again, and the Wheelers moved to St John's Dee Why. After a 10-year break, Penny took up part-time nursing as a theatre sister firstly at Delmar Private Hospital and secondly at Manly Waters Private Hospital. She retired in 2006. She is thankful that the family stayed at Dee Why while the children completed their education.

After coming to Cremorne, in 2001 Penny started a course in Spiritual Direction at Morpeth. *I took 5 years to complete the 4 year course over 4 weekends per year. I learned a lot personally and I enjoyed living in a community with a wonderful, diverse ecumenical group, she told me.*

I asked Penny what changes she sees in the role of clergy

wives. She noted that the former traditional role was beginning to change in the 70s and the expectation was not the same for her generation as it was previously. She feels that her role is to support Robert and to use the gifts that God gives her to help foster the growth of the Kingdom.

St Peter's may have missed the bus in not having a rector's wife for 20 years before Penny came, but with Penny we have not only caught up with the driver but established an entire transport network.



WHY GOD MADE MUMS
Answers given by Year 2 school
children to the following
questions:

Why did God give you your mother and not some other mum?

1. We're related.
2. God knew she likes me a lot more than other people's mums like me.

How did God make mothers?

1. Magic plus super powers and a lot of stirring.
2. God made my Mum just the same like he made me. He just used bigger parts.

Motorcycling and Me

By John Halford

Some people are amazed at my response when asked: *Why do you ride a motorbike?* I reply: *For relaxation.* This usually causes them to shake their heads and mutter *and in all this Sydney traffic.* But it is true.

I have always had an interest in motorcycles and I have always noticed them. I did not purchase my first bike until 1986 some three years after selling my car which I never seemed to use. I had a very good friend who worked on the railway at the time so I asked him to take me for a ride and I fell in love with all the action immediately. I decided on that first day that I just had to purchase my own bike. This I duly did and attended a number of riding classes run by professional riders. Over time, I have attended advance courses that deal with all kinds of emergencies, and have owned a couple of wonderful bikes.

I love "working" a bike, that is, the braking, accelerating and cornering, constantly changing gears in traffic and watching the movement of all cars and trucks in front, beside and be



hind me. I always mark each ride I have, giving myself so many points out of ten. The worst score I gave myself was four out of ten after a particularly bad ride I had a number of years ago when nothing went right. It was just one of those days when my co-ordination was just non-existent. I have never given myself ten out of ten, although I once gave myself a nine out of ten. The fact is that no matter how well you ride, there is always something you could have done better.

To anyone wanting to ride a bike I would say the most important thing is to have the right attitude and be 100% fit, both mentally and physically. I have on the odd occasion taken the bus or train because I may have had a slight cold or may have been feeling a bit tired or unwell. Never become

upset about the actions of an inattentive driver and use each occasion as an exercise on how to deal with an emergency. Always use each time you come to a red light as a chance to practice stopping as you throttle down through the gears, and when the light turns to green it is your chance to improve your acceleration as you throttle up again smoothly and smartly to your selected gear. I always tend to run my bikes between 4,000 and 4,500 rpm.

Motorcycling can be fun, and you can meet some wonderful people. When stopped at the lights I have had someone in the van or car in the adjacent lane pass some comment about the bike. On one occasion I was on the Wakehurst Parkway when a car came out of a side street and followed me to the lights at Pittwater Road. The old gentleman left his car and came up to me to ask questions about the bright red VFR 750 I was riding. Unfortunately the lights caused us to have a somewhat abrupt end to our conversation – although none of the other drivers seemed to mind!!!

One of the great benefits of motorcycling is that you have

no distractions; no radio to tune, no CD to change, no mobile 'phone to use, no conversation and no chance of taking a swig out of a water bottle as you travel along. Your whole attention is devoted to your very being at that moment and you should train yourself to be constantly improving the use of the gifts you have been given. Motorcycling can return you many hours of joy, satisfaction and achievement. Of course it can be dangerous but so is crossing the road – and that is something we all do every day of our lives.

John is the altar server at the 7am Sunday Eucharist each week and a member of the Pastoral Care Contact Team.



This driver has clearly not completed John's advanced motorcycle courses.

From the Parish Registers



Holy Baptism

Chloe Michelle WHEELER	28 December 2006
Joshua Peter WHITELAW	14 January 2007
Ethan Mackenzie JONES	18 January 2007
Luke Charles BURGESS	24 February 2007
Bailey Jye BOWRAN	4 March 2007
William Stuart PRITCHARD	31 March 2007
Lara Jennifer June HAWKE	19 April 2007
Sienna Grace Yen MONAHAN	22 April 2007
Chloe Jean DUNNE	29 April 2007
Lachlan Gruner GINGER	20 May 2007



Holy Matrimony

William John KIRKBY and Susan Michelle REYNOLDS	24 February 2007
Kym Janette ELSEY and Brett William PELHAM	1 June 2007



Funeral Rites

Sir Robert Carrington COTTON	2 January 2007
Peter Desmond KEARNEY	1 February 2007
Mollie Lenn MOSS	21 February 2007
Barbara Patricia WEBSTER	27 March 2007