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Once again, your contributions have resulted in a full and interesting COMPASS. I am especially impressed by the quantity of poetry forthcoming. This was the winter edition, so perhaps people had a little more time to write. Don't forget your contribution towards the next issue! Jan Wood will hopefully be back at the helm by then. We would especially like a few letters to the editor. Perhaps you would like to air your feelings on one or two thorny issues? *Closing date for next issue: 24th October.*

*Basil Tkaczuk—Acting Editor*

*The points of view in this publication are not necessarily the views of the editor or the staff at St John's. Please pass the magazine on to a friend and encourage them in their faith as I hope those who have shared in this issue have encouraged you.*

**BOOK REVIEW by Tiny Kennedy**

**HARRY POTTER - YES OR NO?**



I have read and heard about "Harry Potter" books in Christian and non-Christian circles. I wondered what all the fuss was about. A friend loaned me copies so I could read for myself and make up my own mind.

Well, what pure fun! I loved them – fresh, invigorating, imaginative. The "good guy", Harry Potter, always wins. He has good friends to help him. Loyalty and trust play a big part here. Good teachers are respected.

Personally, I think if you

can get folks away from the "Bash 'em up" media of many films and video games, it's a good thing. If you can encourage "right, not might" winners, it's a good thing. What do you think?

PS I know the Bible has all kinds of illustrations of these same principles, but many children have no access to or experience at home of Bible reading, which is sad indeed, so they have to learn somewhere.

*Tiny Kennedy*



St. John's  
 Anglican  
 Church  
 157 St. John Street  
 Launceston

6th August 2001  
 Volume 3, Issue 3

**COMPASS  
 SHOWING THE WAY**

*THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL....*

*From the Rector - Greg Clifton*

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Diana and I spent eleven weeks of our Long Service Leave driving throughout the United Kingdom and on a bus tour of Western Europe with stop overs in Singapore and Bangkok. After thirty years of marriage, this was our first trip overseas. We are most grateful to God for the wonderful holiday we enjoyed. Not only did we see many places of great beauty, history also came alive for us as we visited places of historical interest. God has certainly created a wonderful world for us to enjoy.



*Diana and Greg Clifton adding to the view of the white cliffs of Dover*

Throughout Great Britain, in particular, we were able to visit places of Christian interest. There were places where vibrant Christian congregations were meet-

ing week by week. In these places it was obvious that the church was growing and making an impact on the society in which they met. Sadly, there were other places where faith had flourished in the past, but now tourism was the main event.

Sometimes there were buildings of great beauty still in use, but tourists far  
*(Continued on page 2)*

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outnumbered the congregation, if any. At other times there were ruins of buildings which has been once great centres of Christian worship.

As I consider the situation here at St. John's and as we go through the processes of the Parish Consultation, there

is much food for thought. What legacy will this generation at St. John's leave for the generation which follows? A centre of vibrant Christian worship or a beautiful building admired by tourists but with no active Christian service?

*Greg Clifton*

## "DIDN'T NEED TRANQUILLISERS!"

*Submitted by Marj McNair - source unknown.*

*Grandmother on a winter's day,  
Milked the cows and fed them hay,  
Did the washing, mopped the floors,  
Washed the windows and did some  
chores,  
Cooked a dish of home-grown fruit,  
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit,  
Swept the parlour, made the bed,  
Baked a dozen loaves of bread,  
Split some firewood and lugged it in,  
Enough to fill the kitchen bin,  
Cleaned the lamps and put in oil,  
Stewed some apples she thought might  
spoil,  
Cburned the butter, baked a cake,  
Then exclaimed, "For goodness sake,  
The calves have got out of the pen!"  
And went right out and chased them again,  
Gathered the eggs and closed the stable,*

*Went back to the house and set the table  
Cooked a supper that was delicious,  
And afterwards, washed up the dishes  
Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes,  
Mended a basket full of bosc -  
Then opened the organ and began to play,  
"When you come to the end of a perfect  
day."*



## DANCE LIKE NOBODY'S WATCHING

*..... A true story submitted by Tiny Kennedy*

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself.

Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death. The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings.

An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy farmer Fleming had saved. "I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

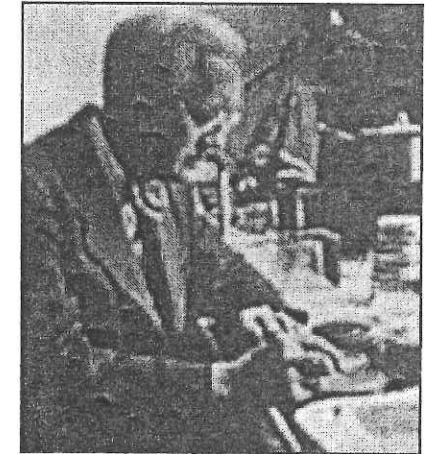
No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" the nobleman asked.

"Yes" the farmer proudly replied.

"I'll make you deal. Let me take him and give him a good education. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to be a man you can be proud of." And that he did.

In time the farmer Fleming's son graduated from St Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become know throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin.



*Sir Alexander Fleming,  
the discoverer of penicillin*

Years afterward, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. What saved him? Penicillin. The nobleman's name? Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said, what goes around comes around. Work like you don't need the money. Love like you've never been hurt. Dance like nobody's watching.

## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—*Judith A. Hughes*

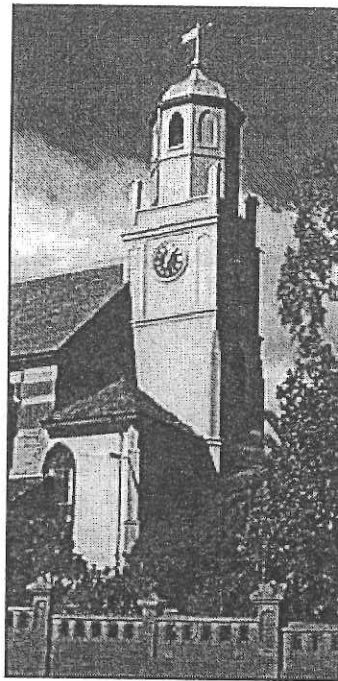
*St. John's Church, built many years ago,  
Is a beautiful "House of God"  
Whose holy presence we feel here  
And he assures us of His abounding love  
As he watches over us, so lovingly  
From His home in heaven above.*

*We're so very happy here  
And are assured by Him  
That there's no need to fear anything at all,  
And he wants us to trust in Him  
And to listen and do His will  
So we, who truly love our wonderful  
Once crucified, risen, Lord and Saviour divine  
Are so joyful in Him and our own church  
We have been for years, and are full of joy yet.*

We can all take inspiration from Judith's love of God and His people, and her loyalty and commitment to our church!

Ed.

*Judith writes,  
"Here is a photo of me as a  
child riding my two  
"horses", my long deceased  
brothers, Bill and Gordon.*



## OUR GARDEN

*A reflection by Stephanie Imlach*

I often wander into our garden and feel so blessed with the pleasure it always brings. Seven years ago there was absolutely nothing around our new house - just bare, sandy soil covered in places with sawdust. It was quite a challenge for us, coming from a very established, smaller garden, crammed full, to this property of just over 3/4 acre, and starting from scratch, as we intended to plant it all out in garden. It was a huge undertaking, we soon realised. The soil was all right, but to improve it in preparation for a garden it needed better soil, so, many truckloads later, the task of planting began. My husband, Errol, designed the garden, and slowly and surely it began to take shape. The three levels of property were planted out with shrubs and many trees. We sowed lawn, and the garden beds

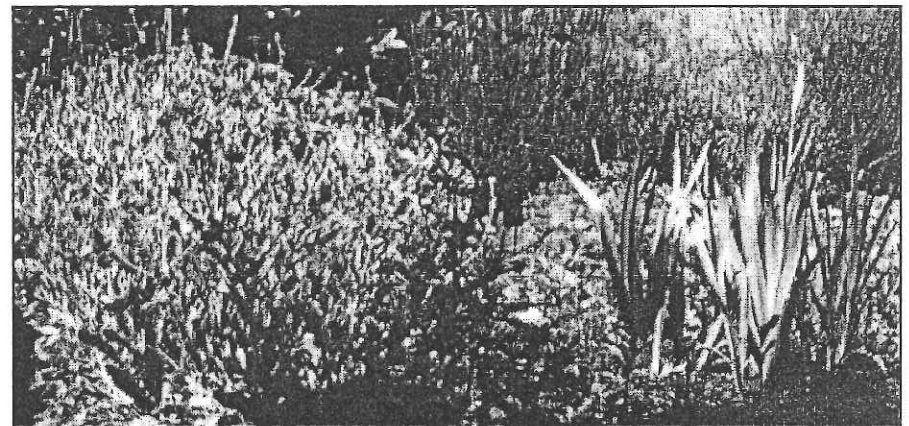
started filling up. It was very exciting watching everything come together, and it reminded me of a painting growing on a canvas - a lovely landscape appearing, with the Lord guiding the paintbrush.

What a wonderful Lord He is, and how beautiful is His creation!

In our garden it is so easy to feel God's presence, and He brings me great joy and peace, knowing He is with me whenever I need Him.

The garden in winter is certainly not drab or dreary. There is always some sign of life in it - small dainty mauve winter iris bloom, polyanthus flower in shades of magenta, yellow and blue, and colourful pansies in pots

*(Continued on page 6)*



## OUR GARDEN *(continued)*

*(Continued from page 5)*

cheer us at the sliding door. The promise of early spring is imminent with early camellias bursting into delicate flowers of pink and red among shiny, green foliage. Early daffodils awaken, daphne opens, and all about are birds, large and small, which delight us with their company. At all times the garden is alive, just as Jesus is alive and is with us.

As gardeners, we put faith into what we plant, and expect these plants and trees to grow well, to mature and, where applicable, to produce healthy flowers. The way we care for them, watering, pruning, fertilising etc., helps produce, we hope, a perfect result. It is like that, I feel, with our lives as Christians. The tiny, tight buds, closed up and clinging on the stems, and the firm, green bulbs of tulips, sparaxis, hyacinth and snowdrops (*galanthus*) pushing through the earth, remind me of those who say they believe in God, but make no commitment to Him.

It takes a long time before we see the bulb slightly open, and the start of a flower inside the bud or bulb. To me, this resembles people who have taken a step towards Christ. They are learning about Jesus, and beginning to serve Him. They are discovering a Saviour who loves them.

Finally, the bud bursts forth into a beautiful flower, full radiance showing as the Christian is filled with the Holy Spirit, totally committed to Jesus, loving Him wholeheartedly and serving Him faithfully and in obedience to His will.

The more we give to God, the more prolific and choice blooms we yield. We please Him when we serve Him with gladness, and as we live by faith we have the wonderful promise of eternal life.

Yes, I give thanks and praise to my friend, my Maker, the Lord of Creation, and I feel so privileged as a I walk around our garden.



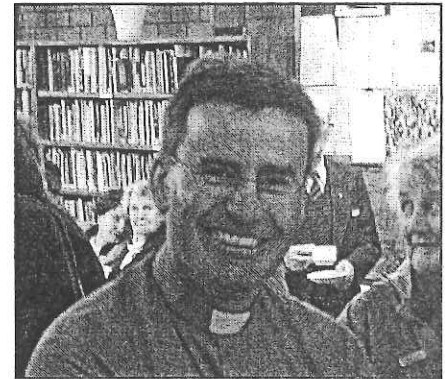
## THE CURATE'S CORNER - IS THE CHURCH DIVIDED? - *Scott Sargent*

People have said to me "Why should I bother with the Church when the Church is divided?" Or, "If you lot in the Church can't sort out what you believe than why should I believe?" Adding fuel to the fire, so to speak, to that kind of thinking is the recent debate over opinions expressed by the new Anglican Primate. His views on some matters of doctrine differ from those of other prominent Anglicans. And so a debate rages between the strongly evangelical diocese of Sydney and those from other Anglican traditions.

Each individual Christian will have their own theology, hopefully formed by their own reading of Scripture. However, we are also products to a higher or lesser degree of the Churchmanship we grew up with, the rectors we've sat under, etc.

On fundamental issues; the first order questions of life such as "Why am I here?", "What will happen to me when I die?", "Who is this Jesus?", we need to look primarily to the only reference God has given us, His Word, the Bible. Jesus Christ is the supreme revelation of God's will and purpose for the world. We find out about God's will and purpose by studying the Jesus of history as detailed for us in the Bible.

So to the question, "Why am I here?",



*Scott Sargent on the occasion of his recent ordination. Contrary to media reports, he is not "taking over"!*

I can answer that the very purpose in existing is to live in a relationship with God through Jesus Christ and to glorify God,

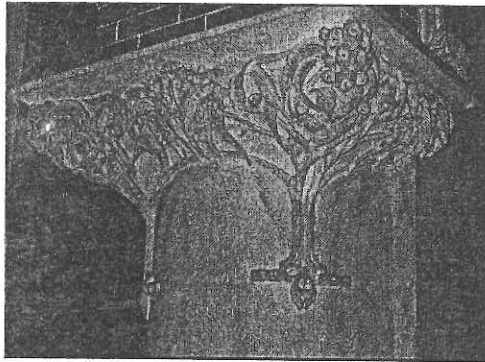
"What will happen to me when I die?" The Gospels tell us how God sent his Son to earth to live amongst us, to die in our place so that we can be forgiven by God and restored to a relationship with Him. The Gospels go further and state that this crucified person rose from the grave, both spiritually and physically, and after appearing to many witnesses over many days was taken to heaven where he now rules with God over us. These facts assure me that I will one day be with Jesus in Heaven.

*(Continued on page 9)*

## ON TALENT FROM GOD AND THE BEAUTY OF HIS CREATION — *Jenny Gill*

There are some wonderful talents around us at St John's. There are teachers, preachers, singers and musicians, Some can rush up a meal for a friend in need while others take part in the prayer-chain and others read the Bible in church. In some way all using their talents for public delight and enrichment.

The people who built our church had a talent and a vision. True, the workmen were paid, some as much as £1 for a day's labour. But they had talents; a true eye for a straight line, a special way with brick and stone or a steady hand for carving. And have you considered the talents required for constructing the stained-glass windows. And who made the one that is so different?



*Carved column capital in the nave of St. John's Church. Twelve different Tasmanian flowers are depicted.*

Whatever their talent and whatever the rewards the workers of last century built for the love of God. They did something special, something fine and lasting so that our generation and all those that come after us could see their talents and vision of the Glory of God.

In St John's the European tradition of statues, angels and gargoyles has been broken and the figures of the Tasmanian bush have replaced these things and can be seen clearly in the talents of two principal craftsmen, Hugh Cunningham, 1902-1910 and his pupil, Gordon Cummings who worked until 1945.

Although their work may never be completed, there are hundreds of examples of their work. Both men carved in wood as seen in the prayer desks, the two Communion tables and the delicate floral motifs on the pews. Mr. Cunningham worked alone on the choir stalls, and there in their special place are four pairs of God's tiny creatures. Eight Tasmanian possums in different attitudes. Imagine the delight of the Girls' Friendly Society who gave the funds for these to be made. The choir stalls with their possums were placed in God's service in 1910.

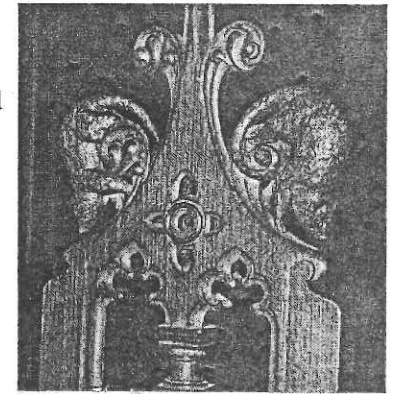
## ON TALENT FROM GOD AND THE BEAUTY OF HIS CREATION — *(continued from page 8)*

*(Continued from page 8)*

In more recent years Mr. Cummings stood on a table in front of each nave pillar and created the wonderful display of Tasmanian flowers in drying cement; Blue Gum, Wattle, Christmas Bells, Dendrobium and our own Tasmanian Waratah, only seen in the state's south west these days. Twelve different flowers are depicted.

All this beauty and display of talent is now ours to reflect upon, to wonder at and to be reminded that all talents come from God.

*Jenny Gill*



*An example of the skilled wood carving portraying Tasmanian animals.*

## *FROM THE CURATE* — *(continued from page 7)*

To the question, "Who is Jesus?", the Bible assures us that he is truly God and was truly man. He is the only guarantee to eternal life. Jesus said that he was the way the truth and the life and that no one could come to God the Father except through Him, His Son.

Despite the appearance that the Church is divided, these truths are eternal, and are also fundamental beliefs within all the major Christian denominations. Here in Launceston all the major denominations, from the Pentecostal Churches to the traditional Churches would assert these things. I remember with joy the night I and about 10 other pastors stood on the stage of the Devonport AOG Church last year and all read out the Apostles' Creed together as a sign that the Church is anything but divided.

We have God to thank that many in this city are maintaining the faith and following Christ as Lord and Saviour.

Yours in Christ,

*Scott Sargent*

## ST. JOHN'S WELFARE AUXILIARY—Farewell!



*Cutting the farewell cake. Well done, ladies!*

The Breakup of St. John's Welfare Auxiliary was held on 14th May, 2001. The occasion was marked by a service in the chapel led by Revd. Peter Kemp. Past members, members and guests participated. The service was followed by afternoon tea. A special cake was made by Auxiliary president Mrs. Nona Whittle, who was unable to attend due to illness.

In 1987 Mrs. Molly Page, president of St. John's Auxiliary to St. Luke's Hospital, negotiated with St. Luke's Anglican Association regarding the need for further donations to the hospital, now under new ownership and it was decided that welfare work would continue in other ways. It was a busy period for Mrs. Page as she consulted with the hospital and the Reverend John Brook. On 1st June 1987 she held a meeting at her home, and it was decided that the group would in future meet at St. John's Parish Centre and would be called St. John's Welfare Auxiliary.

At that meeting Mrs. Dulcie Butler was elected President, Mrs. Norma Smith, Secretary and Miss Betty Parramore, Treasurer.

Sixteen members attended the next meeting in August. The first money-raising morning tea was held in October and as a result \$450.00 was donated to the Roland Boys' Home. Visits to Barclay House, the aged-care ward at St. Luke's, continued and residents were presented with posies on St. Luke's Day, as well as birthday gifts.

*(Continued from page 10)*

The Reverend John Brook was helpful with suggestions for future welfare work and the role of the auxilliary. The Reverend David Hayman, Chaplain at the then T.S.I.T. and TAFE, also spoke on the needs of students.

### Recipients of donations

In 1988 Coats-Patons factory donated wool which was knitted into jumpers and caps for children at Roland Boys' Home.

The Auxiliary was now working well and in the years ahead two fund-raising morning teas were held each year in the Parish Centre, and over twenty charities were supported in the name of the church. When the aged residents of Barclay House moved to the newly completed nursing home, the Manor, the auxiliary continue to donate posies to them and the Hospice patients on St. Luke's Day. In June, 1992 Mrs. Doris Dicker was elected President and continued in this role until Mrs. Nona Whittle was elected in 1997.

The auxiliary raised approximately \$13,246.00 for charities, plus small amounts for petty cash and \$50.00 each year to St. John's Parish Council for use of the centre.

Mrs. Pat Murray has been Honorary Treasurer for the last four years and Mrs. Jean Green, Honorary Secretary for seven years.

Mr. Terence Butler and Mr. Jim Green have acted as Auditors.

Members of the public have given good support by attending money-raising functions and by donating goods.

Due to a decreasing number of members the auxiliary has found it difficult to continue raising money and made the decision to retire on 14th May, 2001.

Roland Boys' Home  
Klomp Club  
Camp Quality  
St. John's Community Care  
Reverend David Hayman, T.S.I.T.  
Miss Tania Stephens for missionary work in India  
Cancer Appeal  
Bishop's flood relief appeal  
Spurr Wing  
Anglicare  
Chaplaincy Fund, (University)  
St. Luke's Anglican Association Inc.  
The Manor Hospice  
George Town parish for rebuilding after fire  
Heart Foundation  
Missiondale  
Masonic Home Bed Appeal  
Launceston College Chaplaincy Fund



*Years of service by the Welfare Auxiliary were celebrated with the help of these handsome gentlemen!*

## POET'S CORNER

*How Can I Tell Them?*

How do I tell my friends and those people I see  
That I have a Saviour and friend who loves me?  
How do I tell them, this joy that I feel  
Because Jesus, he lives - His presence is real?  
That He is light in my darkness,  
And strength for the day.  
The reason I sing  
And the reason I pray?  
How can I tell them,  
He longs to know them too  
If they would come to Him by faith  
They'd have a friend, so true.

Would I be rejected,  
Would these people turn away?  
Would I lose my friends, would they laugh in  
my face  
When I told them He is The Way?  
That I give thanks for a Lord, merciful and  
kind,  
Who I bow to on bended knee  
Who sacrificed His son for us  
So we could all be free?  
And why I love Him with all my heart  
The God of all creation  
The God of power, The God of love  
The God of our salvation.

By faith he heals me every day,  
I need God's word, so I make time to pray.  
Oh dear Lord, give me strength today  
To bring these people into Your Way.

Stephanie Imlach

*Sweet Peas*

Let us think about sweet peas  
And see what simple lessons  
We can learn from these.  
The colours are so beautiful  
And sweet in their perfume  
That even just a little vase  
Of these will fill the room.  
I believe God wants our lives  
To be, fragrant and sweet  
So we can be an influence  
To everyone we meet.  
As we look closely at the plants  
There are curls that all entwine  
And cling so very tightly  
Along the sweet pea vine.  
So let us cling to the Bible  
And also let us claim  
The many precious promises  
He gives us in His name.  
If we would learn a lesson  
From the beautiful sweet pea,  
We could be the Christian influ-  
ence  
He would have us be.

A portion of a poem  
- author unknown.

*My Soul's Journey*

My soul in deep darkness lay  
Racked with remorse and despair  
"Dear God, if you are there", I pray  
"Deliver me from torment this day."

I was ill when it all began  
This turning away from God to man  
Overseas, away from all I knew  
But he brought me safely home  
To a destiny different from what I  
thought  
In me through illness he wrought  
Salvation.

He rescued me from remorse and despair  
He did indeed show himself to be fair  
He brought me to a new and alien land  
But in every step He Himself was at  
hand  
With others in his way I walked  
With others of his love I talked.

Day by day I changed and grew  
A miracle each day I knew  
In all this He showed Himself good and  
true  
Faithful to each as each is faithful too  
God of wonder.

Vicki Rjette

*Words of Comfort*

Feel no guilt in laughter'  
They know how much you care  
Feel no sorrow in a smile  
That they're not here to share

You cannot grieve forever  
They would not want you too  
They hope that you would carry on  
The way you always do

So talk about the good times  
And the ways you showed you cared  
The days you spent together  
All the happiness you shared

Let memories surround you  
A word someone may say  
Will suddenly recapture  
A time, an hour, a day

That brings them back as clearly  
As though they were still here  
And fills you with the feelings  
That they are always near

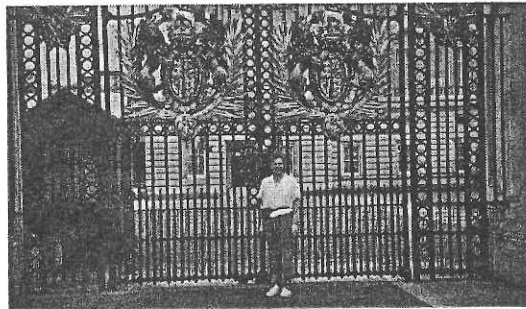
And if you keep those moments  
You will never be apart  
And they will forever be  
Locked safe within your heart.

--anon

## SEARCHING FOR ANCESTORS

—A JOURNEY WITHIN A JOURNEY *Diana Clifton*

It is only after we have been back for a month that I have started to get some perspective on our time overseas, and to become aware of the great privilege we had by travelling so much. As you know, Greg's Long Service Leave allowed us to visit Britain, Western Europe and Dublin.



*Outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, London. It was the only day during our five weeks in Great Britain that we didn't need long sleeves or a jacket.*

Part of the reason for wanting to go to Britain in particular, was because we had parents or grandparents who had come from there. It was a bit like finding our roots, but not the actual tracing of a family tree, more just getting a feel for the past, of seeing places and learning about events that might have been part of the experience of our ancestors.

The history of Britain, and of Europe too, are part of our history, though we like to think of Australia and the Australians as being independent of the ancient and sometimes suffocating institutions typical of the old world.

We found ourselves overwhelmed by the grandeur, the size, the age of so many of the buildings we visited. When we toured the Tower of London, or Hampton Court Palace or Leeds Castle, we walked along the same corridors, and climbed the same stairs that kings and queens and powerful statesmen had used. We saw the rooms in which world-changing decisions were made, where negotiations between rich

and powerful (or hopeful) rulers were made. Here wars were planned, the Church of England created, or the British Navy established. The Crown Jewels, the throne, the sceptre used by the reigning monarch were there to see and admire.

In other places, such as Scone Palace (in Scotland) we marvelled at the magnificence of the tapestries on the walls, the ivory and marble figurines, and the fine collections of porcelain. Fantastic furnishings and furniture were on display, paintings and weapons adorned the walls, all suggestive of the trade and prosperity of the former owners. It was hard to imagine our ancestors in these sorts of places. It was doubtful that they had uncovered a plot against a monarch or been so heroic in a battle that they had been given the deeds to such a property.

Perhaps our forebears didn't stride along

*(Continued on page 15)*

*(Continued from page 14)*

the hallways, but scurried up the servants stairs with the myriad of staff that were needed to keep these places functioning. Perhaps they worked in the gardens, producing the vegetables that were needed or tended the ornamental gardens, so that the noble families had pleasant places in which to relax.

It wasn't only stately homes and mansions we were able to see in Britain, but also ancient, and more middle class homes. Oliver Cromwell's home was one example, and there were others which were homes of merchants, farmers and 'commoners', dating from the 1200's. The preservation of these buildings was all the more amazing because they had not been occupied by famous people. One property had a huge tithe barn 400 years old, big enough to house a small village!

Sometimes we would stand or sit in a church or cathedral in which Christian worship had been offered for a thousand years, and perhaps even longer on that site in a former building. Again, we could imagine the faithful listening, as the monks chanted the service, or the bishop gave the blessing.

The size of the cathedrals was always a mystery, not only the mechanics of the construction, but the availability of money to build them so many centuries ago. A tour guide observed us reading some of the memorials in one cathedral, so he remarked that 'there were so many worthy people in our city'. He said that many citizens wrote their own memorials (before their demise), having made 'contributions' to cathedral funds.

Many cathedrals were built in honour of a particular saint. Pilgrims were encouraged to visit these shrines and expect various favours from that saint, and further contribute their offerings. Perhaps our ancestors had been among the many who travelled along the narrow cobbled streets of Canterbury, York or Shrewsbury for instance to do just that. Perhaps they stayed in the houses built especially to accommodate pilgrims, with the upper floors projecting on to the streets, so that the owners paid tax only on the smaller ground floor area.

It would be nice to imagine that our ancestors had been involved in the 'creative' side of cathedral building or additions, such as the stained glass or the carved woodwork, but it is just as likely that they were operators of one of the bakeshops or



*Greg in the kitchen of Oliver Cromwell's house. The kitchen is the oldest part of the house, having been built in the 1200's. There have been many additions and alterations to the house during the centuries, and it is currently the Tourist Information Office. An excellent display there gives insight, not only into the history of Cromwell's time, but into his character. The prayers he wrote show the depth of his Christian conviction.*

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## SEARCHING FOR ANCESTORS *(Continued from page 15)*

ale houses, which supported the workers. Cathedrals were certainly good for the growth of towns.

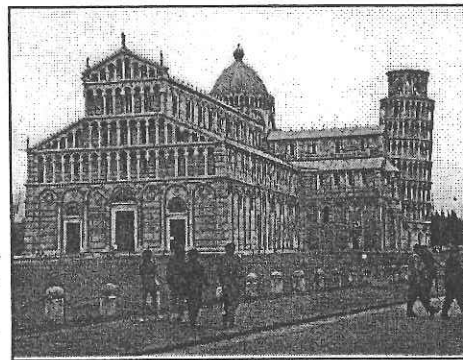
As we continued around Britain, we became more aware of the waves of migration (or invasions) that had entered the country. Perhaps our ancestors arrived with the Romans, and helped build the famous baths at Bath, in England's south. Maybe they came with the Vikings and settled in York, constructing the roads and houses that modern archaeologists have uncovered fairly recently. Possibly they were already in England, participating in whatever rituals may have been conducted at Stonehenge. Could they have belonged to the 'barbarians' that Hadrian's wall had to keep out of England, or to other 'wild tribes' so that cities such as Chester, Conwy, or Edinburgh were obliged to build city walls for protection?

I wonder where our ancestors were when the Black Death made one of its periodic invasions of the country. City walls were no protection then. How did they feel as the 'death cart' came along the streets, taking away their family or friends, or as they watched homes being burnt in an attempt to stop the disease? Did they see London burning in the 1600's during one particular episode of the plague, or were they part of the crowd that came to see the new buildings in London including St. Paul's Cathedral?

Perhaps we have relations in Britain today who wonder what all this fuss about ancestors is all about. After all they are surrounded by history everyday, and still have to cope with the modern world, just as the past generations obviously dealt with their situation. We may not have family trees to follow, but the fact we are here today means that our ancestors survived, and we can imagine them in any setting or circumstance we desire.

Yes, it was a great privilege to travel as we did, and I feel we have been able to travel in time as well as in place, seeing history come alive, and marvelling that God preserves much of his world and the people he has created.

*Diana Clifton*



*View of the Cathedral at Pisa. Construction was planned from 1064, and continued well into the 13<sup>th</sup> century. There is a separate baptistry (with dome roof, in the background) also from the same time, and the famous leaning tower, which is the belltower. Its construction began in 1173, and was completed two centuries later. It is 60 metres tall and 5 metres of the perpendicular. Its characteristic inclination is not recent, having begun almost as soon as the project got under way.*

## ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

*No matter how old a mother is, she watches her middle-aged children for signs of improvement. —Florida Scott-Maxwell*

Submitted by Tiny Kennedy, whose comment was "True!"

### KNOW YOUR COMPUTER JARGON

- BIT:** A word used to describe computers, as in "Our son's computer cost quite a bit."  
**BOOT:** What your friends give you because you spend too much time bragging about your computer skills.  
**BUG:** What your eyes do after you stare at the tiny green computer screen for more than 15 minutes. Also: what computer magazine companies do to you after they get your name on their mailing list.  
**CHIPS:** The fattening, non-nutritional food computer users eat to avoid having to leave their keyboards for meals.  
**COPY:** What you have to do during school tests because you spend too much time at the computer and not enough time studying.  
**DISK:** What goes out in your back after bending over a computer keyboard for seven hours at a time.

### RELIGIOUS BLOOPERS:

*Perhaps you have enjoyed these in the past. Well, here are a few more taken, so we're told, from church newsletters.*



Miss Charlene Mason sang "I will not pass this way again," giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

"Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Don't forget your husbands."



The peacemaking meeting scheduled for today has been cancelled due to a conflict.

Next Thursday there will be tryouts for the choir. They need all the help they can get.

Barbara remains in the hospital and needs blood donors for more transfusions. She is also having trouble sleeping and requests tapes of Pastor Jack's sermons.

## FROM THE ARCHIVES

Some things change, some don't! The *St. John's Parish Messenger* was published monthly in the 1950s. The following snippets were taken from the April edition for that year.

**Service Times:** St. John's – 8.00 am HC 11.00 am Morning Prayer except 1<sup>st</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Sundays HC, 7.00 pm Evening Prayer except HC on 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Wednesday 10.15 am HC, Thursday 7.30 pm Evening Service.

**Centres of Worship:** St. John's, St. Oswald's Trevallyn, St. David's Cormiston

**From the Rector's Letter (Rector was the Revd. Leonard N. Sutton):**

.... To those who accept our Lord's invitation, life in this world and hereafter has a new meaning. Good Friday and Easter Day are not holidays, but holy days, when we strive to realise afresh the meaning and cost of Redemption, and re-dedicate ourselves to that kind of living over which, as Christ's Resurrection shows, death has no final power.

.....changes have taken place in the parish. Miss I. Oates who has been associated with St. John's for the past seven years as Parish worker has taken an appointment on the staff of Broadland House School. Mr. F. Stewart, formerly a captain in the Church Army, has come as our catechist. While at St. John's he will study for entrance into Christ's College, Hobart, for theological training leading to ordination.

.....after the evening service on Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> March, a representative gathering of parishioners, church officers, choir members and other friends, met in the Parish Hall to express their goodwill and sincere appreciation for the long and faithful service rendered to St. John's over the past twenty-two years by Mr. Arthur Gee, our retiring organist and choir master. ....I asked (Mr. and Mrs Gee) to accept two lounge chairs as tokens of our thanks and best wishes for the future. .... Mr. Lindsay O'Neill, who has succeeded Mr. Arthur Gee, took up his duties on the last Sunday in March.

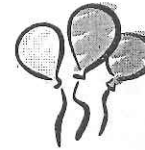
.....Much concern has been felt by us all at the condition of our old historic church tower. We hope that repairs to the plaster will prove effective in preventing any further deterioration in the fabric. It may well be that the tower will continue in its present state for many years without any more trouble developing.

**Sunday School:** The Sunday School reopened for the year 1950 at 10.00 am on 5<sup>th</sup> February. So that more time could be devoted to the work of the school, and to enable scholars and teachers to be out in good time to attend the morning service, it was decided that from the 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday in March, the commencing time be changed to 9.45 am. This new time is a great improvement and is working satisfactorily. .... It would be pleasing to see our numbers doubled in the near future. We appeal to all parents and friends for their cooperation in this direction.

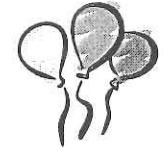
**Youth Ministry:** 19<sup>th</sup> March marked the first of the Fellowship Teas for 1950. .... As the speaker for the evening, Mr. Stewart (the new catechist) told something of the training and experiences of a Church Army captain, and reminded his listeners that we are all, or should be, ambassadors for Christ. The teas are informal gatherings on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday in each month, and we invite all young people over 14 to come, especially newcomers to the parish. – S.B. (probably the late Miss Sybil Brownrigg)

**Baptisms Marriages and Funerals:** There were 47 baptisms during the past month, and 23 marriages as well as 10 funerals.

## CLASSIFIEDS



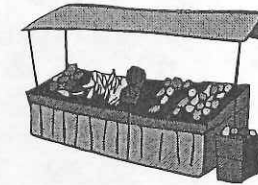
PARISH FAIR  
COMING SOON!  
One man's trash is another's  
treasure!



Don't forget to save yours for the Church Fair

Coming up before Christmas.

Date to be confirmed but it will be  
a Saturday in December.



## ALPHA COURSE

The Alpha Course represents the flagship of our evangelism effort and has seen several newcomers brought and many others restored to Christ.

Alpha is the name given to an eleven-week course designed by the Anglican Church at Holy Trinity Brompton in London, UK, to



introduce people to the teachings of Jesus and the basis of the Christian faith.

St John's Launceston runs evening and daytime courses. The next course starts on 25<sup>th</sup> September 2001.

**Contact:** John Smith on 63314896 or 63346494 ah, or enquire at the Parish Office.