

Editor: Jan Wood
Phone: 6391 8890
Email: restwood@bigpond.com.au

My thanks go to Basil for standing in as Editor and producing the July edition of COMPASS. What a wonderful response to the call for articles. Thank you to everyone who has sent in a contribution. I hope that the articles will continue to roll in for the next edition.

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.



FAREWELL

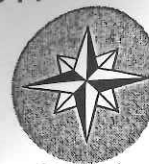
For family reasons I will be moving to Hobart on the 14 December so this will be the last Compass magazine I will be producing. I pray that someone will come forward to take over the editing and setting up of this magazine, as it now is established as a part of St. John's.

We will be very sad to leave Launceston and the friends we have made over the last six years but it is time to move on. Thank you St. John's for six years of caring and sharing. I will hold you in my prayers daily and someday we will meet again.

I take this opportunity to wish you all a very peaceful and happy Christmas. May the promise of the first Christmas shine through to reassure us that God's love will prevail and that peace will reign on earth.

"And the God of love...be with you" 2 Corinthians 13:11

Jan Wood



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

COMPASS

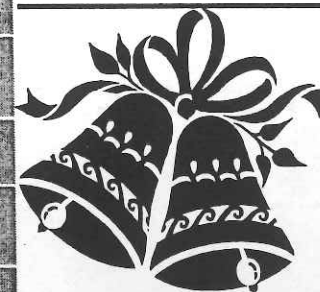
SHOWING THE WAY

Inside this Issue:

A Spring Prayer	2
Quamby Cottage	3
A Celtic Prayer	4
Top of the Mountain	5
Food for Thought	6
Evangelicals	8
Spring Cleaning	10
Mission 2002	11
A Church Service in the Desert	14
Serve the Lord with Gladness	16
Murder in the Cathedral	18

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

From the Rector—Greg Clifton



On Sunday 2nd December the season of Advent begins. This marks the commencement of the church's liturgical year. And what a year it will be in St John's Parish.

We begin with the traditional Advent Carols and Lessons Service on Sunday 2 December at 10.00 am. Our Parish Mission, conducted by the Church Army, will continue from Sunday 3rd February through to Sunday 10th February 2002. This time of the Parish Mission, will also begin the implementation of a number of the recommendations from the Parish Consultation.

This will be an exciting time of outreach, growth and change in our congregational life and I hope it will involve all members of the congregation.

(continued on page 2)

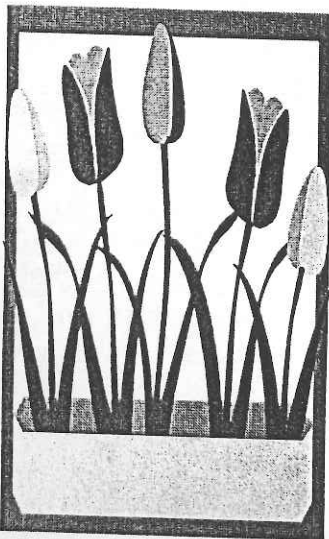
From the Rector (continued from page 1)

With the increasing amount of support, I have no doubt that we will be able to employ a children's and youth worker next year. This will mean the re-establishment of this vital ministry which has been in recess for some time.

As we begin the church's New Year, let us do so with expectation looking to God to use us to His glory and for the extension of His kingdom both here in Launceston and into all the world.

"Jesus told them, The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field" Luke 10:2.

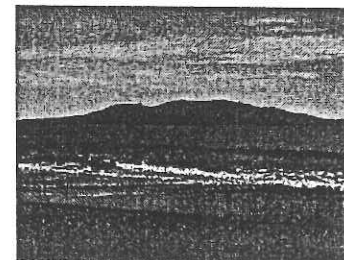
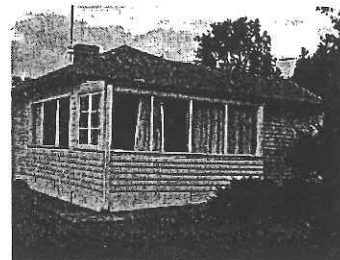
A SPRING PRAYER



Lord, help me to lay down my own ideas and plans for my life, to be willing to trust You, and to accept your plan for me. Show me how real hope comes through surrender to You rather than a fight for my rights. Give me a new beginning... a new life in Christ... so that I can forget what lies behind and reach forward to what lies ahead. Thank You that I can expect to receive the promises of Your Word because You never fail.

Laura Lewis Lanier

QUAMBY COTTAGE - Peter Newman



DID YOU KNOW??

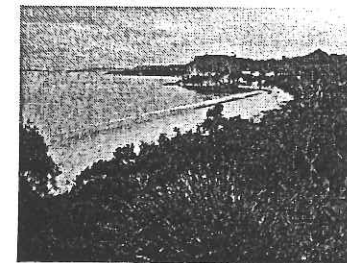
That we people of St John's Parish have access to a beautiful cottage at Spring Beach, Orford?

"Quamby Cottage" was a gift from the late Lawrence Denham to "St John's Parishioners and his friends" for their use and enjoyment. Because many people are unaware of it, Quamby is not being used to its full capacity. We need to "Use it or lose it!"

Quamby Cottage nestles into a cliff top overlooking Maria Island - a 270° view of magnificent seascape, with its own beach access. It is a place of great beauty and peace.

The cottage has all facilities necessary for a holiday - just bring your food and linen and follow simple instructions "to leave the cottage in the condition you found it".

Please contact the Parish Office for comprehensive details and bookings. Ph: 6331 4896.



CELTIC PRAYER - *Ed Love*



I recently attended a workshop-retreat on Celtic Christianity (Christianity as practiced in Britain prior to the coming of the Romans in about 500). As part of the week-end we were invited to ponder and experiment with the traditional prayers, many of which focussed on every day situations. In my experimentation I think I ended up with something that may more accurately be said to be 'inspired by' rather than 'modelled after' a traditional Celtic prayer.

A Prayer for Walking to Work

As I walk to work today, Lord,
Keep me in your care.
In each person's face I meet
Let me see your face there.
As I leave my house, Lord, give me courage.
As I climb the hill strengthen me.
As I criss-cross down the zig-zag give me vision.
As I walk upon the new, between the old give me wisdom.
As I amble through the park, restore me.
As I pass the shops and malls give me compassion.
And when I've crossed at the final light, Lord, surround me.

And while at work;
speak through me,
love through me,
give through me,
hold fast through me.

Amen.

THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

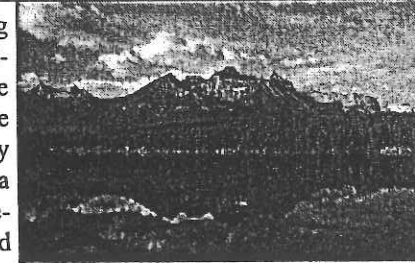
Author unknown Submitted by Olva Harris

Long ago, a young boy lived in a village nestled at the foot of a huge mountain. The boy had always had a dream that someday he would climb the mountain, a feat that had only been accomplished once many years ago by the wisest man in the village. The boy asked the old man for advice, so he could succeed where so many others had failed.

The old man said, "There's a very narrow and rocky path which leads to the top. It's not the fastest way, but it's the surest way. Never stray from the path and, if you believe you can do it, it will be done."

The next morning, the boy started out with his friend. They soon discovered the path and began to follow it. However, over the days and weeks that followed, the path became tougher and steeper and the friends became more and more exhausted.

Then the two discovered a smooth wide path leading off the narrow rocky one. The boy remembered the old man's warning and stayed on the original path. But his friend was con-



vinced the second path was a shortcut and took it. However, the smooth path turned into a dead end and the friend gave up and went back down the mountain.

The boy encountered many obstacles and trials as he followed his path. But he kept climbing, his faith never wavering. Finally, one night, he had to stop because a fog descended, hiding the path. But he wasn't discouraged, because he knew the path was still there and he could follow it in the morning.

But the next morning, the fog lifted, and when the boy awoke, he found himself surrounded by plush grass and only a few feet from a beautiful mountain stream. He was at the top of the mountain. His dream had come true.

We all have dreams we want to pursue. At times it may seem too difficult or even impossible to reach these dreams. But God can show us the way to make those dreams come true and if we believe in ourselves, refuse to give up, and keep our faith in God, we, too, will find ourselves at the top.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT !-FROM THE INTERNET

On 'The Truth' on National TV in U.S.A.- Billy Graham's daughter was being interviewed on the Early Show and Jane Clayson asked her "How could God let something like this happen?" And Anne Graham gave an extremely profound and insightful response. She said "I believe that God is deeply saddened by this, just as we are, but for years we've been telling God to get out of our schools, to get out of our government and to get out of our lives. And being the gentleman that He is, I believe that He has calmly backed out. How can we expect God to give us His blessing and His protection if we demand that He leave us alone?"

I know there's been a lot of emails going around in regards to 11/9/01, but this really makes you think. If you don't have time, at least skim through it, but the bottom line is something to think about.... in light of recent events...terrorists attack, school shootings, etc.

- Let's see, I think it started when Madeline Murray O'Hare (she was murdered, her body was found recently) complained she didn't want any prayer in our schools, and we said OK. Then, someone said you better not read the Bible in school... the Bible that says thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and love your neighbour as yourself. And we said, OK.
- Then, Dr. Benjamin Spock said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave because their little personalities would be warped and we might damage their self-esteem. And we said, an expert should know what he's talking about so we said OK.
- Then, someone said teachers and principals better not discipline our children when they misbehave. And the school administrators said no faculty member in this school better touch a student when they misbehave because we don't want any bad publicity, and we surely don't want to be sued (There's big difference between disciplining and touching, beating, smacking, humiliating, kicking, etc.) And we said, OK.
- Then someone said, let's let our daughters have abortions if they want, and they won't even have to tell their parents. And we said, OK.
- Then some wise school board member said, since boys will be boys and they're going to do it anyway, let's give our sons all the condoms they want, so they can have all the fun they desire, and we won't have to tell their parents they got them at school. And we said, OK.
- Then some of our top elected officials said it doesn't matter what we do in private as long as we do our jobs. And agreeing with them, we said it doesn't matter to me what anyone, including the President, does in private as long as I have a job and the economy is good. And then someone said

FOOD FOR THOUGHT !-FROM THE INTERNET

let's print magazines with pictures of nude women and call it wholesome, down-to-earth appreciation for the beauty of the female body. And we said, OK.

- And then someone else took that appreciation a step further and published pictures of nude children and then stepped further still by making them available on the internet. And we said OK. They're entitled to their free speech. And then the entertainment industry said, let's make TV shows and movies that promote profanity, violence, and illicit sex. And let's record music that encourages rape, drugs, murder, suicide, and satanic themes. And we said it's just entertainment, it has no adverse effect, and nobody takes it seriously anyway, so go right ahead.

Now we're asking ourselves why our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't bother them to kill strangers, their classmates, and themselves. Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out. I think it has a great deal to do with "WE REAP WHAT WE SOW."

- ◆ Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell.
- ◆ Funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says.
- ◆ Funny how everyone wants to go to heaven provided they do not have to believe, think, say, or do anything the Bible says.
- ◆ Funny how someone can say "I believe in God" but still follow Satan who, by the way, also "believes" in God.
- ◆ Funny how we are quick to judge but not to be judged.
- ◆ Funny how you can send a thousand 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing.
- ◆ Funny how the lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene pass freely through cyberspace, but the public discussion of God is suppressed in the school and workplace.
- ◆ Funny how someone can be so fired up for Christ on Sunday, but be an invisible Christian the rest of the week.

Are you laughing? Are you thinking?

EVANGELICALS IN ENGLAND

Basil Tkaczuk

Many Australian Anglican churches, and even whole dioceses, follow "evangelical" traditions, among them, St. John's in Launceston. It is worthwhile to investigate the roots of the evangelical movement in the Anglican Church, and of course churches established in Australia in the early 19th century had direct links to the Church of England. The evangelical movement which swept the Church of England from the late 18th century through to the mid 19th century had a profound effect on not only the church of the time, but on the whole nature of English society, and on countries which were then part of the British Empire.

The doctrine of salvation by faith in the atoning death of Jesus Christ and a strong personal experience of one's sins having been forgiven, accompanied by a personal assurance of salvation and a desire to share the gospel, were the central tenets of the evangelical revival, which had its origins in a series of parallel but apparently spontaneous conversion experiences in a number of Anglican clergy in the period 1735-1760. These included John and Charles Wesley, originators of the Methodists, Howell Harris, George Thompson, William Grimshaw, Henry Venn and William Romaine. Their lives are well worth reading, but for the purposes of this article, it is worth noting that there was strong resistance within the more influential areas of the Church of England, leading to breakaway groups such as the Methodists, and by the end of the 18th century, William Romaine, lecturer at St. Dunstan's, Fleet St., was the only regular clergyman preaching in London in the spirit of the revival.

The influence of the evangelicals in the life of nation and empire was enormous. One only has to mention the names of two of the most prominent to acknowledge this: William Wilberforce, the leader of the anti-slavery campaign, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, proponent of numerous Christian causes, including improving the lot of factory workers, and campaigning against slavery. Others who had an evangelical upbringing and remained profoundly influenced by it, despite in some cases renouncing its creed, included Lord Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, W.E. Gladstone, John Henry Newman, Henry Manning, Archbishop Tait, Sir Henry Havelock, General Gordon of Khartoum, John Ruskin, George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the Bronte sisters.

The evangelical movement, unlike the Wesleyan revival, was not one of great

(continued on page 9)

EVANGELICALS IN ENGLAND

(continued from page 8)

preachers, but was characterised by the conversion of influential figures who, through the Clerical Education Society, and by buying "advowsons", or nominating rights, used their resources to make sure "serious" candidates were trained and presented for the clergy, and then dispatched into key livings in England, but also overseas. The missionary movement, including the C.M.S., grew enormously, and Wilberforce, among other achievements, pressured for an evangelical chaplain to accompany the First Fleet to Botany Bay.

An article of this length cannot hope to list the achievements of the movement. Apart from the direct call to holiness, largely through tract ministry, the evangelicals fought for the reform of all aspects of society, including reviving old laws on the keeping of the Sabbath, and campaigns on slavery, public indecency, excessive drinking, public house hours and licences, prostitution, censorship of literature, pornography, duelling, blasphemy, gambling, the theatre, racing, fairs, even cruelty to animals (bear baiting and cock fighting) through the R.S.P.C.A. So eminently successful were their campaigns that older citizens complained that life in England had become too serious. The legacy of the movement was the strict and sombre Victorian era, now caricatured as prudish and hypocritical, and perhaps a warning to us that once faith has departed from a believing generation, legalism and hypocrisy are likely to remain.

We owe a great deal more to the Evangelical Revival in England. The reform of the British civil service, previously corrupt and nepotistic, the pattern of training and behaviour, even to some extent clothing, of clergy, the restoration of the Holy Communion as a frequent service of worship, a growth of interest in the direct study of scripture by laity, the Sunday School movement and many of our present church societies and organisations, City Missions (begun in collaboration with "nonconformists", - other protestant denominations), all owe their origins to revival within the Church of England in that period. Yet, as has often been said, God has no grandchildren, only children, and tradition kept for its own sake becomes slavery. We must seek God's renewal of the church in our own times, to His glory, and to arrest and turn around the moral decay so prevalent in our nation. Like the evangelicals of old, let us be moved by a conviction of our sinfulness, and the sufficiency of the cross for our salvation.

SPRING CLEANING *by Alison Wallace*

Some time after our last move, we decided to clean some of the light fittings in the house. These aren't ordinary light shades, as they are made up of many pieces, varying in size and shape. I had looked at them many times since we had lived in the house, and really loathed them. They were covered in grime, and had a generous coating of nicotine as the previous owner was a heavy smoker - not a very attractive sight. I really couldn't imagine how we would ever be able to clean them - it all looked too hard and complicated. But one day I had had enough.



Once the decision was made, the job was relatively easy, and I wondered why I had procrastinated as long as I did. Some bits were quite awkward to get at, some sections could be taken apart and cleaned separately, and one had to be done still attached, almost turning the fitting upside down and dunking it in the cleaning solution.

However, all the discomfort and awkwardness was well worthwhile, as afterwards we had light sparkling through the fittings. The contrast was enormous - before they stopped the light showing through and really were most unattractive, but following cleaning they were things of great beauty, and I loved having them in my house.

I sometimes think my life is like those light fittings. I was just getting by, struggling to get any light out, and very unattractive. But I had to make the decision to clean up my life, getting rid of the grime. It was hard to do, and I put off doing anything for many years. Just like my light fittings, different areas needed different methods of treatment. I couldn't manage on my own - Jesus came into my life and did the dirty work for me. Although I still get dirty, and need constant spring cleaning, God can now shine his light through me, as a beacon to others, and my life can be something of great beauty. I pray so, and praise God that it is possible.

MISSION 2002 *by John Smith*

I wonder what the name conjures up in people's minds?

I would think I am not unique but I immediately think of tents or stadiums filled with people and a "Billy Graham" type evangelist talking over sophisticated amplified sound systems. In the St John's Anglican Church context it is a much less grand affair, but has been shown to be just as effective if we do it right.

The concept is really quite simple. The Church Army evangelists do the talking and we the congregation do the organising. We get the people into a position where the evangelists can talk to them either one on one, in small groups or address them in larger groups.

Our evangelists may come to dinner at your house to talk to some of your particular friends that you have invited over say, for a barby. On the other hand your friends might be keen on bush dancing and so you might approach them to come with you to a bush dance - most of the night will be spent bush dancing - only a few minutes will be set aside for some talk about the Good News of Jesus Christ. The organising committee has tried to get a menu of events organised, hopefully, at least one of them will appeal to your friends.

The function to which you bring your friends will allow them to see that Christians can enjoy the same things that they do, that they will hear something of the Gospel and they will enjoy the experience. This is but the first link in the chain. The next time we can encourage them to join an Alpha Course or Christianity Explained or some other similar course that will fit into their lifestyle. If they are Christians who have fallen away from the Church perhaps they might like to go on a Cursillo to be enriched and encouraged again.

The culmination of the Mission is to have people turning to Christ. We'd love them to come to St John's, sure-but that is not the priority. The priority is that they commit themselves to Jesus so that they may be saved. It would be nice if they all came to St John's and as a Church we must be ready to welcome them. To do that we need to have a range of worship patterns in which they will feel comfortable.

(continued on page 12)

(continued from page 11)

MISSION 2002

Some will prefer traditional services, others will seek to have more involvement or more contemporary worship. As individuals we must be ready to talk and share with each one, to make them feel at home, just as if we were all the hosts at a house party.

Please consider! (as they say in the adverts.) What would your friends like to do best? Would the fact that they will hear about the Gospel stop you inviting them? Of course they would know that your church was putting on the function and therefore would understand and even expect, before they came, that they were likely to hear something about Christianity. Choose your guests now and pray about them.

FORGIVENESS

Remember, when you don't forgive your enemy, you are still being controlled by that person. As long as you hold a grudge against another even though you may feel it is justified you let him or her hold you in bondage and give them an opening to hurt you further. When you forgive you take his or her weapon away.

Rita Bennet "Emotionally Free"

When dying on the cross: Luke Chp.23 v.34

"Jesus said, Forgive them Father for they don't know what they are doing."

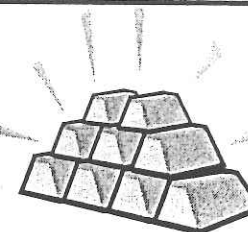
Matt. 21.20-22

"And when you stand and pray, forgive anything you may have against anyone, so that your Father in heaven will forgive the wrongs you have done."

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Last Wish

There was a rich man who was near death. He was very worried because he had worked so hard for his money and he wanted to be able to take it with him to heaven. So he began to pray that he might be able to take some of his wealth with him. An angel hears his plea and appears to him in a dream.



Soon afterward, he dies and shows up at the Gates of Heaven to greet Saint Peter. Saint Peter, seeing the suitcase says,

"Hold on, you can't bring that in here!"

"But," the man explains to St. Peter, "I have permission."

He asks him to verify his story with the Lord. Sure enough, Saint Peter checks and comes back saying,

"You're right. You are allowed one carry-on bag, but I'm supposed to check its contents before letting it through."

St. Peter opens the suitcase to inspect the worldly items that the man found too precious to leave behind and exclaims,

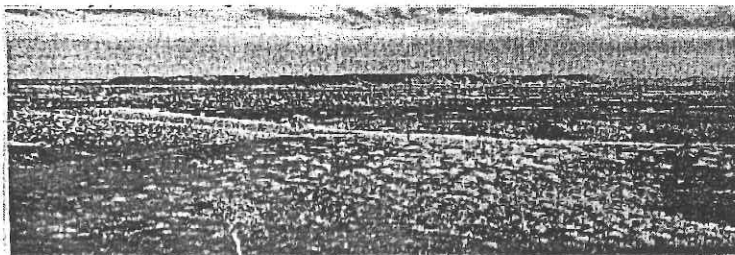
"What! So you brought the pavement?"

Submitted by Peter Renshaw

Answering Machines!!!

- ♦ "Hi I'm not home right now but my answering machine is, so you can talk to it instead. Wait for the beep."
- ♦ "Hello I am David's answering machine. What are you?"
- ♦ "Hello you are talking to a machine. I'm capable of receiving messages!"

BEV ALLEN RELATES HER IMPRESSIONS OF A CHURCH SERVICE IN THE GREAT SANDY DESERT, W.A.



I sit with the others on the warm pink sand at the Wednesday night church service, assembled as we are in a raggedy arc, clapping our hands and swaying back and forth in time to the rollicking gospel tunes that we sing, throaty and husky voiced, in time to the electric guitars that the musicians bash – unsure and uneven but loud anyway, just to be on the safe side – as they stand up front, behind the communion table, an ironing table where some mangy dogs snarl and sniff about, on the scent no doubt of the communion bread laid out on foil coated plates, sitting upon its flowered tablecloth.

There is no moon and in the blackness on that warm, dusky night all that can be seen are the stars and the lights left on inside the houses that surround us. And, as well, the children who, ignoring the performance up at the communion table, play marbles under lights set up on tall poles dotted around, or else run and jump about, throwing up the soft pink sand as they do that the glaring light turns golden with each kicking spray. They are catching the darting little white crickets attracted by the lights' strong white rays – and yelp with glee each time one is caught. Then, crouching down, they inspect closely their catches before letting them free again; or else squash them with their fingers and, flicking them away, bounce up again after another one.

I can't see the others in the congregation – only their bright swaying clothes – so dark is the night and so dark is their skin, so that the two blend together and become part of the other. But there, clear as day, sitting right next to me, is my neighbour, dressed as usual in his blue cap, striped cowboy shirt and jeans and sitting on the same steel chair that he uses to water his garden for hours everyday, leaning on his knees, holding the hose, not speaking to anyone, just watching.

A CHURCH SERVICE IN THE GREAT SANDY DESERT, W.A.. (continued from page 14)

And jammed right next to his, is another steel chair. It belongs to a much older man with a silver goatee beard and whose hair is flapped, in thick white pieces, over a red 'kerchief tied around his head. He is called Nabiru Lane – the way that many things are called 'Nabiru' in this community, when a disaster has befallen someone, or some object or place, with that name. Like my neighbour, he too is usually found for much of the day sitting on his steel chair, positioned outside the public phone box, dressed in a cowboy shirt and boots, and his skinny legs, clad in tight black jeans, twisted around the other. Those brown leather cowboy boots of his flip up and down to the beat of the songs we are singing with such gusto: "We Are One Big Happy Family", "There's a Holy Spirit in This Place Tonight", "In the Name of Jesus", and "We are Living in a Parable", and so too does my neighbour's hose-holding hand.

Finally "There's A Song in my Heart" finishes. It is the last in the bracket and while the musicians ping-ping-pong on their instruments, tuning them up for the next bash, Milton, our Mardu (Aboriginal) preacher, stands in front of them and, with one hand held up in the air swaying about, he calls into the microphone he holds in his other: "Praise the Lord." He calls, "We want more to be here, Hallelujah! Thank you Jesus, He's talking tonight. Forgive that man, forgive that woman. Oh praise God, praise God. I believe God is talking to you tonight. You come just as you are, thank you Jesus, for he is Lord. Thank you for dying on the cross, Jesus, that was shed for us. We gotta look after old ladies and old men, you know because we need Jesus in our heart. We are children of God..." and so he goes on, thanking Jesus for this and that, with odd bits of prayers tacked haphazardly together to form his own, unique in every way. And the microphone squeaks and squawks its response to it all and the white palms of his congregation, uplifted like his, appear almost luminous as they swish and sweep through the thick black air, with songs all of their own. And when Milton stops, finally, to hand around the communion bread, some young Mardus take turns to gabble and yahoo into the microphone, looking pleased that their voices are so easily amplified, so loud and important sounding, that they tap the microphone with their fingers occasionally, as if it to test that it is a real, living thing.

Finally another lay preacher, 'white fella bloke' Phil, reads from the Gospel of St Nabiru (because something terrible happened to someone called John a few years
(continued on p.17)

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS

by Tiny Kennedy

"Oh! That's pretty! Grandmother teach me please."

I was nine or ten and living with my grandparents and Grandmother did beautiful embroidery. That was the start of my sewing experiences – I learned first, simple embroidery – dishtowels – I think. Then came sewing at school and wonders of wonders, the sewing machine! That became a life long love affair!

God gives us all talents – everyone of us but we have to use and develop them and hopefully in ways pleasing to Him.

I'm absolutely fascinated with fabric; the glorious colours, textures, and kinds (cottons silks, wools, synthetics) each with its own qualities, each with its own abilities, just like people.

I started in a small way with that first dish towel – and then went on to all kinds of sewing – I was small and scrawny and couldn't find clothes to fit so learned and loved making my own – It was more economical, too, by far.

Then I learned to make quilts and they've been my passion ever since!



Every kind from bed quilts to kids quilts to wall hangings to vests – for myself and family and friends and for charity and for churches.

In my church banners I try to present my love for the Lord in simple, appealing ways, like the one that hangs in the side entry "His love to all the world". We, the committee, talk about ideas. On what did we want to reflect? What did we want to say? How could we best picture that in cloth? And the result was the banners. Come into the church, fill your spirit with his love and then take it out to the world so others, untouched, could be touched. The harvest festival banners are so simple – simply thanking God for his goodness to his people.

I've had the great fun and pleasure of giving quilt talks to so many groups; Catholics, Baptists, Anglicans, Red Cross, Probus, CWA etc. I always stress my Love of the Lord in these little talks and that it's He who gives me the ideas and the skills that make them possible.

(continued page 17)

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS

(continued from page 16)

I came to Australia in 1984 knowing hardly anyone -quilting has brought me friends all over town, state and even inter state – That's not to say I'm one of the great quilters of Australia. I'm not – but I do the best I can and I love doing it – There is always something new I want to try, another challenge just ahead – It makes life

interesting.

Right now I've been making things for the church fair in December – another way to serve our Lord and isn't that what life is all about? Serving the Lord? I think so.

A CHURCH SERVICE IN THE GREAT SANDY DESERT, W.A. (continued from page 15)

back). One by one, the children fall asleep to the sound of the foreign sounding words. They curl up on laps or on churned about rugs, nuzzled up against their sleeping dogs that jolt awake now and then to scratch at a flea or two. And still Phil reads on. In fact, he is still reading from St. Nabiru when, much later, the sky flickers purple and lights up the men's sacred site in front of us, a beautiful wide sandy river bed that winds its way close to the camp. He stops his reading then. Few of us remain anyway, sitting on the sand around the communion table as the first heaving plods of rain fall about us - and all that can be heard are the crickets and the "Sorry Business" wailing coming from a campfire behind us, close to the women's sacred site on the far edge of the town, just a dirt floored, shoulder high, sad old humpy made from rags and bits rusty iron.

Quickly the few remaining children are hoisted sleepily onto shoulders and carried to the lit up houses, and my neighbour and Nabiru Lane creep, with their steel chairs, back into the night.

A passenger jet was suffering through a severe thunderstorm.

As the passengers were being bounced around by the turbulence, a young woman turned to a minister sitting next to her and with a nervous laugh asked, "Reverend You're a man of God, can't you do something about this storm?" To which he replied, "Lady I'm in sales, not management."

