

THE LINK

December 2020

The Year Book of St Luke's Anglican Church Modbury 2020



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Our Vision
St. Luke's will be an open community of faith which engages with the community and inspires and encourages people to know Jesus Christ

A message from the Parish Priest, The Rev'd Dr Joan Riley

This year of 2020 has been a year like none other, both in the church and in our private lives. Whoever would have thought at the beginning of the year that we would be plunged into the crisis of pandemic. The crisis has changed everything about the way we are accustomed to live and it has created a shock to us all. What I have seen at St Luke's through this year is the resilience of the people, the determination to carry on with the business of church and faith, even when the physical building was closed for three months. As a community of Christians, a family of believers, we are adapting together, rising to meet the challenges and moving with the necessary changes. I have noticed stronger bonds between people this year in the church, more reaching out to care for one another, and a willingness to step a little further out of comfortable spaces and to see things differently.

St Luke's is a good church community to be part of as we weather the storms of 2020 and look toward 2021, even as we are uncertain what this next year will bring. The sure foundation of our faith is carrying us through a transition in the church. Our outward-

looking community-focussed vision and clear mission action plan has enabled us to keep on track during the uncertain months of closure and to pick up strongly again afterward. It is essential that the church does not just survive the year and limp into the next, but that we thrive and flourish as the body of Christ and continue to do all we are called to do by God. I believe we are well on the way toward being a flourishing church community.

This year St Luke's has begun to live into the vision of creating a community space. I think there has been significant progress in understanding the church building, the op shop and the community garden as Luke's Community Precinct, a combined ministry entity. This means that the ministry of the church is not just contained within the walls of the building. We are graced here at Modbury with a large property, which two years ago, when the project of creating the precinct began, was underused. The side of the op shop which now is lined with vegetable beds was hard-packed dirt and rock. The sloping area in front of the op shop was mostly

empty or framed with a tangled mass of old shrubs. The op shop has always been well patronised, with a feast of good quality bargains, but now when visitors come, they are met with a lovely garden area to walk through, vegetables, herbs, fruits and flowers. There is now a garden shelter with paved pathways for people to enjoy a quiet time and reflect on nature. There is a sense that the church property is not just somewhere to walk through, but a place to spend time, to be.

The precinct is overlooked by a towering wooden cross, the powerful symbol of Christ crucified and risen, a not so subtle reminder that this is not a secular but a sacred space. I hope every person here at St Luke's is proud of the developing precinct and the hard work that is ongoing as it changes to meet the needs of those who come. It is good to celebrate when we are doing the work of the Lord. I hope and pray that the vision and mission we share will continue to grow and that as we listen to God, we will be shown the way onward. May God bless you and those whom you love and care for this day and always.

CHRISTMAS 2019

June Hindmarch

Every December we look ahead to the joy and chaos that is a modern Christmas season. Our Op Shop is transformed with a display of Christmas items, the Nativity scene is hoisted up onto the front wall and planning for the Christmas services goes into overdrive.

At the beginning of Advent a Christmas Tree is put up in the church and parishioners are invited to decorate it. This year we also had a tree in the foyer standing next to the nativity scene and a Christmas wreath was placed on the door of the Balcony room, the Christmas bookmarks were done and the 2019 Year Book printed and ready to hand out.

A Family Communion service was held at 6 pm on Christmas Eve that included a time for children to gather round for the blessing of the crib and to hear a Christmas message from Reverend Joan. During communion the video 'Mary Did You Know' was on the screen and this was followed by *The Angel Gabriel* sung by our newly-formed singing group.

At 10.30 pm on Christmas Eve there was carol singing prior to the midnight service. Midnight Mass began in darkness at 11 pm with the

lighting of candles held by the congregation and a solo from 14-year-old Jhanelle as the service opened with *Once in Royal David's City*. This was followed by the lighting of the Christ Candle in the centre of the Advent Wreath. During communion the video *O Holy Night* was on the screen, followed by the singing group with *The Angel Gabriel*. The lights were dimmed and the candles relit as the congregation knelt for the singing of *Silent Night*.

On Christmas Day there was a 9 am Service of traditional carols enhanced by the singing and dancing of our Bari congregation. It was a truly joyous occasion and on this most holy day our friend Ali Karimi was baptised by Reverend Joan and welcomed into our Christian family .

The church looked simply lovely with beautiful flower arrangements together with candles, lanterns and greenery. The Holy Spirit moved among us as we celebrated the birth of our Saviour in Bethlehem:

*'No love that in a family dwells,
No carolling in frosty air,
Nor all the steeple-shaking bells
Can with this single Truth compare –*

*That God was Man in Palestine
And lives today in Bread and Wine. '*

From 'Christmas' by John Betjeman



REFLECTIONS ON 2020

The Rev'd Dr Joan Riley

There have been many highlights and disappointments this year for my family and I. We were unable to go on our long-awaited overseas holiday which would have happened in September when Trigg had long service leave. However, we were able to travel to Queensland and had a lovely two weeks travelling from Cairns to Brisbane. I have continued each Friday to look after our grandson Jackson, which is an ongoing delight. We always manage to find something fun to do. Most recently we went to the Gorge Wildlife Park and had a wonderful day viewing animals and feeding kangaroos.

I have continued teaching at St Barnabas College in 2020. In semester 1 I taught Greek 1 online which was an unusual experience. I certainly had to adapt quickly to technology in a way I haven't used before. In semester 2 I taught Greek 2, this time back on campus. Throughout the year I have convened a Greek Reading Group which has been working its way through the gospel of John. I convene a family and domestic violence working group for the Diocese of Adelaide and in

February we had a training session for clergy at the cathedral. Wonderful people from St Luke's catered for the event and donated \$300 to the Women's Safety Services SA organisation with whom we partnered.

Each Saturday morning during the closure of the church I was joined by Darryel McLean and David Datson and was filmed as I celebrated the Eucharist. It was a surreal experience, and I was so grateful to have these companions during what felt like a dark time, especially over Easter, and especially when I could not share the sacrament. It was a testing time to be in an empty church when it should have been full of praise and worship, at the most special time of the church year. All of us who watched the online services witnessed the growth in confidence of Darryel, who shared the sanctuary space with me, and we were especially delighted by his dancing feet! Dancing Darryel doing the sanctuary shuffle is now an icon of St Luke's.

As we slowly came back to church, first as ten, then twenty, we reopened the op

shop one day a week. I had a lesson in operating the till and learning all the processes of serving and putting the money away. I was joined by Carmen and my sister Heather, both community volunteers. I must say I enjoyed the experience. It was so good to meet people, to greet anyone who came and to chat with them. It was a different ministry role than any other I have experienced, and I realised I could also drive a hard bargain! I was soon supplanted by other workers when the shop returned to normal operation, but Colin knows I'm always ready to step in when required.

Apart from Dancing Darryel, I have wonderful reflections this year on sweating Jean emerging from the church toilets, mop and disinfectant in hand, Lyn bent over envelopes stuffing them with pewsheets for hand and postal delivery, Harry with pick axe in hand, David Owen on his knees trying to fix a run of water leaks ... There are more serious reflections of course, but for now I will leave you with the enduring images of these people.

THIS YEAR IN 2020

For a myriad of reasons 2020 has been an anxious and unreliable year for me. The year began with bushfires that devastated parts of an already parched country, then we started to get information from State and medical officials pertaining to an horrendous virus out of China, as a result of unhygienic food preparation. The fear of becoming ill! The elderly and vulnerable were the most likely to become unwell. Friends, who returned from 'the trip of a lifetime' on board the *Ruby Princess*, became sick after returning home to SA from NSW. Roger died, having succumbed to organ failure as a result of Coronavirus. Neither his wife, daughters nor son-in-laws were allowed to visit him or to have a funeral. Thank God his wife Veronica has faith in the Almighty to give Roger eternal peace.

My husband John doesn't have good health and we were advised by his cardiologist that if the virus got worse, to stay home and lock the doors, so we did. Consultations were over the phone, prescriptions faxed to and dispensed at the pharmacist and home-delivered by their staff, all paid for over the phone. Thank goodness for the phone, we could at least talk to loved ones and friends

and although we weren't going out, we could still keep check on a couple of neighbours.

It was soon to be realised that we were in a world-wide pandemic, most people in lockdown including schools, business and churches. I think that not being able to give thanks for the Risen Christ hit me harder than I thought it would, at Easter.

The world seemed to close down and people were dying by the thousands. The sadness of aged care homes in lockdown, without visitors for loved ones. Some were celebrating special birthdays, the arrival of great- and great-great-grandchildren and there was sickness and death.

Places of learning and churches closed around the nation. Business and retail suffered with job losses and consequent loss of regular income and had it not been for our generous government propping up wages, we would be in a much worse position.

We prayed for our brothers and sisters in Victoria who unfortunately were hit with a severe second wave of the virus. Many more died and there was the realisation that a tested vaccine would not be ready for a year or

Jean Rechner

more. It is good to know that the world's scientists are working around the clock to successfully create a vaccine.

Like many others, I have prayed so hard for the people around me to stay strong, don't give up, strive to be happy, carry on giving, loving and caring for people. I continue to give thanks to the Lord that now six-and-a-half months on, our lives are slowly returning to whatever normal will be. We hope and pray that out of this recession we restart our foundries and factories to create employment. We have the people and the materials to sustain this wonderful country.

I pray for myself, my husband, family and all others. With the help of the Lord we will continue to think about the positive sections of 2020 but be reminded of the sadness of the year gone.

MY YEAR IN 2020

Normally my week is quite busy, exercises twice a week, creative writing twice a month, Op Shop twice a month, Bible study each Monday, cleaner each fortnight and gardener every four weeks. As well as things like doctors' appointments, physio-therapy, etc. Early this year Covid 19 put a stop to what was usual and I was forced to apply myself to a task which had been asking for attention for some time.

I had up to 20 photograph albums waiting for a

decision to be made about the contents. The small family album was the least concerning as I knew that my little sister was most likely to appreciate the family photos. Records of my travels around Australia and half way round the world were not likely to interest anybody else, so sorting began to destroy records of much of my earlier life and to set aside what might be of interest to family members and friends.

The recycling bin accepted much which was likely to be

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MY 2020

Well, my 2020 started on a high as I left Adelaide on 9th January bound for Northern Ireland and France. Both destinations offered the enticement of visiting family and friends, firstly my brother Stanley and his wife Muriel in Bangor, Co Down, and the occasion was the wedding of their grand-daughter Natasha Robinson to Johnny Reid. I was also to visit my son Ian and his partner Fanny who live in Chantilly, France (pronounced *Shontee*, and the home of Chantilly lace and Chantilly cream), which is about a 40 minute journey from the centre of Paris – but more of that later.

The journey can always be a bit trying, as sleeping on an Airbus is not the most comfortable situation to be in, but the thought of what lies ahead keeps ones spirits up. I flew to Dublin via Doha, which I had thought until recently was quite a decent airport. It was a very welcome break to stay overnight in Jury's Inn Dublin before the last step of the journey which is a two hour train ride to Belfast. How joyful it was to see my brother and my sister-in-law and to feel warm and relaxed with them in their home, where I am treated both as family and a precious guest.

Ngairé Stitchbury

of no interest to others and I made at least 15 small packets to mail to family and friends who might be interested in the contents.

A covering letter explained my intention and suggested that if the contents were of no interest the recipient was to feel free to discard.

I do know that my over-stacked book cases need the same treatment sooner rather than later. Watch out Op Shop, you are about to have a little influx but maybe it will take another epidemic to motivate me to action.

Margaret Curd



When Natasha and Johnny planned their wedding the family reaction was "fancy having a wedding in January in Ireland" but as it turned

out it may have been the best decision, as in January we didn't know then what we now know, how Covid would cut across life and many wedding plans were ruined in 2020. The day came and it didn't disappoint, it was cold and windy. However, the wedding was conducted in Newtownards Methodist Church, and I was privileged to be asked to give one of the readings. The bride was stunningly beautiful and the groom was handsome, he is a tragic Bon Jovi fan, so he sported a new earring for the day. The four little bridesmaids were dressed in soft pastel shades of lavender, pink, blue and green, with floral wreaths as head-dresses. The reception was at Le Mons Golf Club, and the party went on into the night for some!



The following day with Stanley and Muriel, and after a good Irish breakfast, we headed off to Letterkenny, a small provincial town in Donegal, it was lovely to relax there for a few days, to take in the beautiful scenery that just passes by, to enjoy the craic and live music and of course good Irish hospitality.

Back in Bangor I had time to catch up with some of the friends of my youth in Belfast, particularly with my friend Eveline Bell and her husband Brian. Eveline and I, back in the day, sang together and played guitars, we sang for church groups, at Christian coffee bars, and once did a stint with a seaside open air gospel team. It was a good time, but life moves on, and Brian has now replaced me in the singing duo.

Another friend I caught up with is the Rev. Jim Rea, Jim had sent me a copy of his book "On The Streets" which is an account of his Ministry in East Belfast during the very troubled 70s, 80s and 90s. East Belfast is an industrial area which was in decline, and overshadowed by two giant shipyard cranes (Goliath 1 and Goliath 2). In the Methodist tradition of "meeting people at their point of need" Jim started the East Belfast Mission, with a lot of prayer and on a shoestring. The Mission assisted those who were

struggling with many social issues such as; the power of the paramilitaries; unemployment and a sense of not belonging. Programs for youth such as homework assistance were instigated and many others found a refuge in a time of need. The Mission received a huge injection of cash from the British Government and the patronage of HRH Princess Diana.

Moving right along it was time to visit Ian and Fanny, it was again a joyful reunion to see their new apartment in the typical French village of Chantilly (a street with boutique type shops and restaurants), and since Chantilly was the equestrian centre of France, there is a beautiful park which surrounds Chateau Chantilly, a very popular summer destination drive for Parisiennes. I was also intrigued to find that there is an Anglican Church in Chantilly, from the time when many English people travelled there for the equestrian events. I am glad to say the church is still open. Fanny is very passionate about French history so I get lots of local information. On a cold blustery January day we walked on the beach from where Harold embarked on his trip to Hastings in 1066. Of course you cannot have a trip to France without enjoying the cuisine which is always outstanding. We also

did a couple of other day trips (one is never far from a chateau in France) and again we were not deterred by the January weather.

Then I returned to NI to spend the last few days with my brother, it was a very special time, I had some thoughts that I might have

been able to return in December for his 80th birthday, but with the present Covid situation that cannot be.

As I travelled from Belfast to Dublin to start that long plane journey to my Australian home I was struck by the winter beauty of the

countryside, still green except for the trees, but with history shouting from the land. It really pulled on the heartstrings.

Yes, 2020 started on a high, but the rest you know dear readers. I feel blessed to have enjoyed that journey and the company of family and friends.

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IT'S HARD

These are the days of the virus;
The days have no shape,
What day is it today?
Can this be Sunday with no sacred feast,
What is the point of getting out of bed?
It's hard

This virus causes pain
Not just to those who die
But all of us who cry
Huddled in our lonely beds
It's hard

It's not a good time to be alone
When close human contact is forbidden;
Reading and music keep me sane,
Sudoku tests my brain
It's hard

I find respite in my garden
Trees stand tall, birds still sing;
Bulb shoots push through the soil
Promising beauty in the days to come -
It's all about hope, but -
It's hard

I pray for all those who mourn
I have been down that lonely vale of tears;
We can but hope that this will lead
To a better world, but now -
It's hard

June Hindmarch

A FAMILY WEDDING IN LOCKDOWN

This year on July 27th our son Bradley was married to Annabel Hollande in a beautiful church in East Sussex, UK. Unfortunately, due to travel restrictions my family was unable to attend the wedding or any of its celebrations as planned. However, we were able to watch the ceremony via livestream on the day. It was a small, intimate ceremony with only their closest friends and Annabel's family attending due to the restrictions at the time.

Bradley set up his phone on one of the front pews and gave my family the best seats in the house. We watched happily as he waited for Annabel to arrive at the church. Then followed a beautiful exchange of vows and a very touching sermon by the priest, which included acknowledging us as Bradley's family stuck here in Australia and made us feel as if we were there.

The newlyweds had photos taken in the nearby Hundred Acre Wood as the sun went

Christine Archer

down and then continued the celebrations back at Annabel's family home for the remainder of the night.

We felt as if we were there celebrating the moment with them and are grateful that due to technology, we were able to watch it happen through live-streaming.

Congratulations on your marriage Mr and Mrs Archer, and welcome to the family Annabel.

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## OUR 60<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY 2020

We decided to celebrate our 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary by flying up to Cairns for a two-week holiday. We made a booking early in February before the virus caused all State borders to close. Luckily we were able to go after Queensland opened its border to our State. Over 20 years ago we had made a couple of trips to Cairns, staying at its six star Caravan Park.

When we entered Cairns Airport we were greeted by police officers who asked us for our border declarations. We didn't know what they were talking about. Then we saw most passengers showing their mobile phones to them. We then spent 20

minutes with two officers as we made our declarations on our phones.

We couldn't book in to our hotel until 2 pm so we went to the RSL Club around the corner to have lunch. After lunch we went looking for the new beach we had been told about. Cairns didn't have a beach last time we were there over 20 years ago; when the tide was out all you could see were mudflats. Lo and behold the mudflats were still there, with lots of pelicans and seagulls searching for food.

There are a lot of high-rise hotels and apartment blocks there now and a new Cairns Central Shopping Centre.

*Tony Tyler*

We did a lot of walking; it only took us 15 minutes to walk to the shopping centre.

On our anniversary day, 17<sup>th</sup> September, we had morning tea at the local RSL Club. There is a swimming lagoon, land side of the esplanade walk-way. The lagoon is split into a number of individual pools of various



depths catering for all ages. With the temperature being around 30°C there were a lot of people using it. Alongside of the lagoon there is the beach we were told about; it is just the right size for a game of volleyball.

Just across the road from our hotel there is a lovely Aquarium; we spent a couple of hours looking at all the exhibits.

There is a lot to see and do around Cairns for those who have never been there. Port Douglas is only an hour away; driving by car you follow a beautiful coastline all the way there. There are whale watching trips, snorkelling trips, Atherton and Daintree trips, along

with the Kuranda train and cableway trips. We did the rail trip up to Kuranda in the hills which takes around 90 minutes, stopping a couple of times to take in the amazing views of the Barron Gorge and Stoney Creek Falls. We spent a couple of hours wandering the Kuranda Village looking at a lot of stalls. Then we travelled back down on the SkyRail Rainforest Cableway. The views looking out from both cableway and the train were amazing.

When we arrived back in Adelaide two weeks later we had to do another border declaration for South Australia. There were two planes arriving minutes apart

making a very large queue of passengers being checked in with the police. Most of them had their declaration on their phones, and those, like us had to make them with one of the several civilian typists. When we went to collect our luggage we

found the carousel stopped with one of our cases on it and several others lying on the floor alongside it; fifteen minutes later it was working again.

On both our flights everyone was given a mask to wear because planes were full and there was no isolation at all. Apparently the aircraft air-conditioning kills all viruses.



**2020: ANNUS HORRIBILIS?**

*Colin Fidock*

In 1992 Queen Elizabeth, speaking on the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of her reign, made this statement. The year was to her *Annus Horribilis* (a horrible year) as she reflected on the destruction of the Great Hall at Windsor Castle and the failure of three of her children's marriages.

Is 2020 *Annus Horribilis*? Is it a year that none of us will ever forget and is it one that for many is filled with fear, sorrow and for so many, the loss of loved ones in so many places throughout the world?

The Covid virus has covered the world with a blanket that seems insurmountable. It has created, and continues to do so, feelings that we have perhaps never felt before. Anger is one such feeling when we have seen some world leaders show indifference to the plight of their people.

So what good has come from this year so aptly named by our Queen? For myself it has been one of ups and downs given my health situation. Lockdown, rest, stay at home has been the order of most months. However, there have been many moments and occasions where we, as God's family, have continued to be united in prayer and God's call despite so many obstacles. Thank goodness for the TV and for the opportunity to share online worship from our armchairs, receiving the spiritual food and blessings from Joan, our Priest. I thank her for her dedication in reaching out to each of us despite all technological difficulties overcome, thanks to David.

Modern technology and the ability to speak to one another, especially our family, has been a blessing.

Dany and I were delighted to share in so many streaming programs brought to us from all around the world and often from young people sharing their joy and love for the Lord in music and prayer.

With respite in South Australia, some normality resumed and it was great to once again meet with friends, eat out and to worship together again. I was so pleased to welcome back our OpShop friends who couldn't wait to visit and returned with smiles on their faces and were greeted by our wonderful OpShop team.

Yes, we can say 2020 was and is unforgettable but give thanks for the many blessings we have received.

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***This year St Luke welcomed to our Christian family in Holy Baptism***



**Ali Karimi (on 25.12.2019)  
Kiara Stephanie Bastiaens  
Senna Malik Ahmed Aziz  
Cassius Hawler Ahmed Aziz  
Azrael Brian George Jones**

## OPEN GARDEN 2020

There were many casualties of Covid-19 in 2020 which resulted in the cancellation of much-loved events. Thankfully, Carolyn and Max Pontifex were able to open their beautiful garden on 31<sup>st</sup> October. The flourishing display of flowers and produce was an absolute delight and part proceeds from the Open Garden went towards supporting Luke's Community Garden.



## St Luke's Patronal Festival



*We welcomed Assistant Bishop Denise Ferguson who celebrated the Eucharist at St Luke's Patronal Festival on 18<sup>th</sup> October 2020. This was Bishop Denise's first visit to the Parish.*

## FIFTY YEARS AT ST LUKE'S

*Beryl Stenhouse*

Fifty years ago our family migrated from England. We hadn't been here many days when my husband called me to watch the news, saying he had found me a church. It was the chapel from the Royal Adelaide Hospital which was to become St Luke's, Modbury, and was being manoeuvred around a roundabout.

We found out where Smart Road was and attended a service. We were made very welcome and soon became part of St Luke's family, participating in Sunday

school, cleaning, catering, as a server and at various functions, picnics and outings.

At the dedication service of the new church, our son wanted to go to the toilet but wasn't back before the Bishop and the Clergy processed into church, followed by a very serious 6-year-old who I managed to grab before they reached the altar. "I wanted to be one of them," he explained. Many years later the boys were asked to play duets at concerts. Once they wanted

to play the Can-Can, which I didn't think was suitable but was told that it was a concert, so that was okay and they played their favourite piece.

As time went by our two granddaughters were christened at St Luke's and then attended the Pet Services with us.

It is a very different building from the 1790 church we attended in England but still one which I happily attend.

## "THINGS WERE DIFFERENT FROM TODAY"

*Terry Stoneman*

When I was a child in the 1950s things were different from today. We did not lock our back door, we played on the back lawn in the evening, often sleeping there in the hot weather.

The milkman delivered fresh milk to our front door with his horse and cart, we had our fruit and vegetables delivered by the greengrocer and meat from the butcher up the street. The roads were not bituminised and after rain they became muddy and wet.

My family consisted of Mum, Dad, two girls and two boys. I was the eldest. My father was a moulder and Mum looked after everything in the house – cooking, washing, ironing clothes, making beds and numerous other things required for a family of six.

For entertainment we children played freely in the local neighbourhood. I swapped comics with friends in the surrounding streets and the girls had a cubby at the back of the house in which they played.

The local primary school was just across the street and once a week we would be given one shilling (about 10 cents) to buy lunch, which usually consisted of a pie and Coca-Cola.

On Christmas Eve we sang carols and left a bottle of beer under the Christmas tree for Father Christmas. Very early the next morning we opened our presents, strewing paper all over the floor.

These are only a few of the things I remember. What are your childhood memories?

## AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHRISTMAS

*Ann Inglis*

I am a fourth generation Anglo-Indian with an Indian maternal great-great-grandmother, a Portuguese great-great-grandfather, and successive generations on both sides making me a Colonial cocktail. I was born in Madras (now Chennai) and lived in India until the age of 23.

When I was growing up Christmas was a very special time in the Anglo-Indian community. Preparations began in November when Christmas cakes were made. My grandmother, who never did anything by halves, insisted on making nine cakes every year, so my mother just let her get on with it. This involved going to the market to buy bags of sultanas, raisins, currants and glacé fruit. The fruit had to be picked over to remove stalks and debris, then washed and dried under nets. Every family had a secret recipe; despite Prohibition my grandmother's cakes contained an indecent amount of illicit brandy. The cake mixture was put into tins kept solely for this purpose and carefully conveyed to the bakery to be cooked at a certain temperature in the large ovens. Ladies booked times with the baker well

before the required date because failure to do so meant the cakes may not be ready for the influx of festive season visitors.

Anglo-Indians visited each other incessantly and at Christmastime every visit involved fruit cake and kul-kuls, which were curls of sweet dough, deep-fried and sugar-frosted, of Portuguese origin. The family sat around the dining table for many days before Christmas and made acres of kul-kuls, a scene played out in Anglo-Indian homes across the country. Needless to say no-one wanted to look at a kul-kul for the next 12 months.

Guests were offered a glass of my father's homemade wine, sweet and strong, which fermented for months in ceramic jars in defiance of Prohibition and my law-abiding mother's anxiety.

Christmas fare was shared with our Hindu and Muslim neighbours who in turn reciprocated at their festivals. We lived peaceably in a multi-faith society.

We went to the Carols Service and Midnight Mass or Holy Communion on

Christmas morning in St Matthias' Church, complete with organ, choir, incense and acolytes.

Christmas lunch was usually chicken biriyani or duck vindaloo. The Portuguese also brought vindaloo to India. They marinated meat in a mixture of wine and spices called *vinha de alhos* and used wine vinegar as a preservative. This was eventually tweaked into a spicy-sour curry using tamarind in place of wine vinegar which was in short supply. Anglo-Indian cuisine has a strong Portuguese influence.

I migrated to Australia and arrived on the 17th of September 1968, which I consider the luckiest day of my life. At that time migrants from a Commonwealth country could apply for Australian citizenship one year and one day after arrival. On the 19th of September 1969 I went to the Department of Immigration on North Terrace and applied to become an Australian citizen. I think I am very fortunate: I appreciate my Anglo-Indian heritage but Australia is my home.

### The Archbishop's Visit to St Luke's

On Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> July St Luke's received a visit from the Most Reverend Geoffrey Smith, Anglican Archbishop of Adelaide. The Archbishop had been due to visit St Luke's during Holy Week but this had to be postponed. The delayed visit nevertheless provided an opportunity for the Archbishop to bless the outdoor wooden cross in the precinct.



After an inspection of the community garden, where Mrs Smith was presented with a cauliflower (more useful than flowers), the visit concluded with Covid-safe morning tea in the Balcony Room.

### *The Pet Service was held on 4<sup>th</sup> October*



*We sadly said goodbye to Jhanelle Dionela when her family moved to NT*

## BLANKETS FROM SQUARES

*Yvonne Brumley*

For many years now generous parishioners have knitted squares, which are later joined together to make blankets. I think it started out as an activity by the Women's Fellowship and has carried on from there.

The blankets were initially sent to Anglicare and later the Magdalene Centre. Now they are sent to Quickest Warmth, where they are gratefully received for those in need.

I have kept a record of the number of blankets we have provided from 2007 until October 2020 and it comes to an amazing 636! Even more have been sent if you count those prior to 2007. It



is a wonderful effort by all concerned, to make these warm, colourful blankets that are so desperately needed.

This is an ongoing project and squares are always welcome.

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## VALE

### Helen Mary Brown

*June Hindmarch*

On September 29<sup>th</sup> 2020 our dear friend Helen left us to be with her Lord. Illness had cast a shadow over the end years of Helen's life, but what a life she had lived. Over the years there were tough times and Helen struggled, but her strength and determination carried her through. Helen trained to be a teacher and in the course of her training met up with Sue and Peter at their farm. This relationship became very important to Helen and Harry as it developed into a long close

friendship and Christian influence.

Helen and Harry were married in 1973 and they set up home in Redwood Park. They joined our St Luke's family in 1975 and their family grew to include two children, Linda and Simon. Sunday worship was a family affair with activities for the children; during the week there was CEBS for the boys and GFS for the girls. During those early years there was a lot of fundraising, fellowship and outings and

Helen was always eager to participate.

When Home Groups were introduced Harry and Helen offered their home and I joined their group which proved a great success in 'getting to know' each other better and sharing home communion. After I retired I was able to join Helen in the Monday morning Bible Study. As Helen's faith grew she maintained a daily prayer diary and she also completed a four year course called EFM Education for Ministry

Helen was a wonderful mother and worked tirelessly with schools and health authorities to support her children as she was determined that they would have the best education, and both Linda and Simon have made their parents proud.

When the refugee assistance programme was introduced in the 90's Helen put up her hand, this was work she really wanted to do. Over a few years she and Harry met 34 refugees at the airport, drove them to a flat or house provided by SA Housing and gave them support over their first six months in Australia. Through this work Helen was approached by the late Archbishop Ian George, to Chair the Diocese Refugee Committee which she did for several years. Helen also became involved with Aborigine issues and human rights. Quite often a letter would be sent to the Editor of the Advertiser and published.

Harry and Helen were travellers; with a young family they travelled widely around Australia with a camper trailer and Helen really enjoyed getting away and exploring the countryside. In later years they upgraded to a poptop caravan giving them more comfort in their travels, and when the family went overseas and Helen was overwhelmed and thrilled

with the history and beauty of the world.

When they were in France Helen was deeply moved by the Taize movement and she continued to love their music. When Helen wrote instructions for the conduct of her funeral, she included two Taize songs. Incidentally, Helen could be quite forthright and stated that her choice of music for her funeral was to be adhered to - it was!

Helen eventually found sporting activities she loved, swimming, bush walking and hockey, she joined me in playing for the local Tea Tree Gully Hockey Club. Helen was a fearless and determined player and a great team member; I can picture Helen now, those long legs pounding down the pitch, giving the ball one mighty whack towards the goal! We used to play rain, hail or shine and often arrived home wet and muddy. Helen was awarded two trophies during her time with the club one for the 'Most Determined Player' and the other for 'Most Improved'.

Our other connection was writing. For many years we were both members of the Tea Tree Gully Library Writing Group. Helen thrived in this environment and was a prolific writer of stories and a talented poet. Helen was a nature lover,

every day she would take her dog Spotty for a walk along the paths of the local creek area amongst the gum trees and this was reflected in her writing. She also possessed the gift of weaving her Christian faith into her writing and this is an extract from one of her poems that was read out at her funeral:

*Sunrise over the river  
The river so calm, So still.  
It mirrors the trees on the bank  
And soft pink from the sky -  
Low fine mist floating softly across  
Four ducks land gracefully  
Then glide silently along  
Barely rippling the water  
A house boat sleeps just beyond the sandbank.  
I am held transfixed by the beauty  
Of this slither of God's creation,  
Offered to me  
As if I am all there is  
Just me on a river bank  
And four ducks on the river  
In the new light of day.*

Helen has passed on her artistic talents to daughter Linda who writes poetry and to son Simon who is an artist.

Helen's funeral was a celebration of her life and the photo of her on the service sheet and up on the screen, that big beaming smile, was just how we remembered her, full of the joys of life.

Helen, you *have* fought the good fight, *finished the race*, and *kept the faith* – rest in peace.



*GOD is with me now,  
Closer than breathing  
And nearer than hands and feet  
GOD has made me for himself  
I come from GOD,  
I belong to GOD,  
GOD knows me  
GOD loves me  
GOD has a use for me  
Now and forever. AMEN*

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### VALE Christopher Travis

*Deborah Travis*

Christopher Roderick James Travis, or Kit as he was known to his immediate family, my husband and partner in life for 51 years, was a gentleman, a man of integrity with a strong sense of duty, a great storyteller, an extrovert with an infectious sense of humour which touched people in many different ways, spiritual, had an inquisitive mind, great general knowledge and loved a good debate.

Chris was adopted as a baby and his childhood was spent on a 48-acre farm at Kulnura in the mountains between Sydney and Newcastle where his parents had an orange orchard and about 30,000 chooks. He went to school locally until 12 years of age when he was sent as a boarder to Shore Boys' School in Sydney. On leaving school he joined P&O Lines as a junior office boy

delivering mail, making tea, running errands, etc, with a wage of £13 a week. Due to his outrageous laugh he was moved to another department for upsetting prospective passengers when the sales staff were trying to close deals. He boarded in Sydney, went home at weekends and said the country dances on Fridays and Saturdays were great fun. If he didn't have a partner, he would dance with a broom.

When Chris was 20 he was conscripted into National Service and served his time in the Royal Australian Engineers.

Chris and I met in 1969 when I went to work at P&O. We married in 1973 and moved to Adelaide in 1980 when he was promoted to SA State Manager. We welcomed our daughter

Chantelle in 1986 and then our son Jeremy in 1990.

We enjoyed travelling and camping and bought a 1985 NB Pajero, joining the Mitsubishi 4WD Club which opened the door to meeting new friends and 4WD adventures. Chris loved this car with a passion. It was mentioned in formal speeches at significant birthdays and weddings.

As a child Chris was a Boy Scout and as our children grew they too joined, and so commenced our involvement in both Scouting and Guiding. In 1998 Chris became an assistant leader with Ridgehaven Scouts and he attended many Scout camps. Chantelle joined "Carry on Guides," the only female Gang Show in the southern hemisphere, so here was another area to be involved in. The 2004 National

Scout Jamboree was held at Woodhouse Activity Centre with thousands attending and he was quartermaster for Ridgheaven Scouts, a challenging job. Many friendships were formed and have endured through these activities, with a lot of fun and laughter. Chantelle joined the Legion of Frontiersmen army cadets so Chris became a member. He was a very proud member of the National Servicemen's Association and marched several times on Anzac Day also attending Youth Vigils on Anzac Eve.

In 2005 he retired from P & O after a long career of 44 years and 19 days, unheard of these days. He had been a loyal and dedicated employee and was grateful for the enormous experience and diversity he'd experienced.

Chris joined the Police Scouters and was up for all challenges, especially events involving car parking where he would execute his duties in an authoritative manner, waving his traffic wand around. During "Carry on Guides" rehearsals and the show at the Shedley Theatre he had two nicknames, one was Roger because that's how he ended communications on the two-way radio and the other was "Papatelle" as he was Chantelle's father. He would use his whistle on many occasions and was a great favourite with the girls.

We attended St. Luke's Church where we were warmly welcomed into the community.

By now our children were both working for Big W and we welcomed their partners into the family. Our adored

grandson, Hudson, was born in 2017.



In 2016 Chris was diagnosed with lung cancer and a four year battle with the disease commenced which claimed his life on 17<sup>th</sup> October. Optimism and humour were his greatest strengths in life. He loved talking to all and sundry, with much laughter and frivolity. He was a loyal friend, devoted father, loved me and his children immeasurably and was so proud of all their achievements in life. He will live on in our hearts and minds forever.

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Some of the **44 hampers** filled by St Luke's parishioners with Christmas fare and non-perishable items and delivered to the Anglicare Mission in Elizabeth on 7<sup>th</sup> December. A fantastic effort!



## INTRODUCING CAMERON BURR. ORDINATION CANDIDATE



It's a pleasure to meet you all. My name is Cameron Burr. I am an Ordination student currently studying full-time through St Barnabas College. Those of you whom I've already met would know that I was a chef in a previous life and it's been a long and interesting journey from then to now.

With a mother and father who come from Catholic and Anglican backgrounds respectively but don't attend church, I was raised with

Christian values but didn't grow up in the church.

In my teenage and young adult years I went a little off the rails. I have always had a love for motorcycles and unfortunately I got caught up in that life. In my mid-20s I suffered an injury and a life-changing experience and after that I decided to hang up the knives and get involved in community services. Through that I met some great Christian people who showed me that God

uses all things for His glory, leading me on a journey through hospital chaplaincy, drug and alcohol and mental health counselling, and now to parish ministry. My driving force every day is to journey alongside people who are hurting, lost or in need of help in the hope that God will use me to bring some love, comfort and guidance into their lives. I look forward to spending the next year at St Luke's both learning and getting to know all of you.

## SCHOOLS MINISTRY GROUP TEA TREE GULLY

*Carolyn Datson and Denise Robinson*

The Schools Ministry Group TTG (SMG TTG) currently supports 15 Pastoral Care Workers (PCWs) who work in both primary and secondary schools in our district. Each PCW supports the needs of their particular school community, providing pastoral and practical support not only to students but also to staff, families and across the breadth and length of the school's community life. Their work as God's hands and feet in our schools is wide-ranging and often very challenging.

The changes brought about by Covid-19 restrictions and regulations has made 2020 an especially challenging year for each of the PCWs and for all at their schools but the PCWs showed their resilience and faith by finding alternative ways to support others at their schools. To quote from a couple of their term reports: -  
'What a wild ride the last two terms have been. I've had so many opportunities to talk about faith and life with staff and students. While programs were grounded, there were still so many great conversations. It has been really hard, negotiating with keeping my family and friends safe, and being an effective witness to the school community.'

Another wrote: 'The term has been tough for all, but in a positive way has also been a time to show how the PCW role can really be highlighted. Many times through this term I was able to show the love of our Loving Father and support my school community in every way possible, **especially through prayer.**' And another - 'Due to the cancellations of my programs I was able to support my school in different ways that were actually very positive and practical.'

2020 has also been a difficult year for the Schools Ministry Group TTG. As part of our support for our PCWs, SMG TTG pays for additional hours for PCWs whose schools can make use of them. Sadly, however, our major fund-raising event, the bi-annual Christmas Tree Festival, had to be cancelled and regular church donations to support SMG have been significantly reduced, largely due to the Covid-19 forced closure of local churches and their consequent reduction in income. We are seeking other ways to raise funds for this ministry.

We at St Luke's particularly support the PCW at Fairview Park Primary School, Amber

Fauser. In August, after some easing of Covid-19 restrictions and with the help of some wonderful cooks from St Luke's, we provided a 'thank you' morning tea for the staff to thank them for their support of Amber and for the wonderful work they do with the children in their care, especially in this difficult year. The staff were most thankful and really enjoyed their morning tea!

Over the past few years, during term 4 and with the support of SMG, the PCWs have run two full-day 'Year 8 Preparation Day' events for the Year 7 students in this district. These will again be held during November this year and are expected to be attended by approximately 500 to 600 students.

The purpose of the day is to help provide a smoother transition for students into secondary school by bringing them together and helping them to team up with other Year 7 students who will be attending the same school. Christian groups such as Life Matters, Beyond Limits or Hope Downloaded provide 'get to know you' games and exercises designed to acknowledge and help alleviate the anxiety and other feelings which can go with the change from

primary school to secondary school and to support the building of new relationships. SMG volunteers prepare fruit for the students' recess, provide, prepare and serve

morning tea for the staff and volunteers and prepare, cook and serve a BBQ lunch for the students. It's an exhausting but very rewarding day.



*Denise and Carolyn with Amber Fauser, the PCW at Fairview Park Primary School*

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## THE RAGMAN

*A story from Jan Walton*

I saw a strange sight. I stumbled upon a story most strange for which nothing in my life, my street sense, my sly tongue had ever prepared me. Hush, child, hush now, and I will tell it to you.

Even before the dawn one Friday morning I noticed a young man, handsome and strong, walking the alleys of the city. He was pulling an old cart filled with clothes both bright and new, and he was calling in a clear tenor voice, "Rags!" Ah, the air was foul and the first light filthy to be crossed by such sweet music! "Rags! New rags for old! I take your tired rags! Rags!"

"Now this is a wonder," I thought to myself, for the man stood six feet four and

his arms were like tree limbs, hard and muscular, and his eyes flashed intelligence. Could he find no better job than this, to be a ragman in the inner city? I followed him. My curiosity drove me and I wasn't disappointed.

Soon the Ragman saw a woman sitting on her back porch. She was sobbing into her handkerchief, sighing and shedding a thousand tears. Her knees and elbows made a sad X. Her shoulders shook. Her heart was breaking.

The Ragman stopped his cart. Quietly he walked to the woman, stepping around tin cans, old toys and Snugglers. "Give me your rag," he said so gently, "and I'll give you another."

He slipped the handkerchief from her eyes. She looked up, and he laid across her palm a linen cloth so clean and new that it shone. She blinked from the gift to the giver.

Then as he began to pull his cart again, the Ragman did a strange thing; he put her stained, snotty handkerchief to his own face and then he began to weep, to sob as grievously as she had done, his shoulders shaking. Yet she was left behind without a tear.

"This is a wonder," I breathed to myself, and I followed the sobbing Ragman like a child who cannot turn away from a mystery.

"Rags! New rags for old."

In a little while, when the sky showed grey behind the rooftops and I could see the shredded curtains hanging out of the black windows, the Ragman came upon a girl whose head was wrapped in a bandage, whose eyes were empty. Blood soaked her bandage. A single line of blood ran down her cheek.

Now the tall Ragman looked upon this child with pity, and he drew a lovely yellow bonnet from his cart. "Give me your rag," he said, tracing his own line on her cheek, "and I'll give you mine."

The child could only gaze at him while he loosened the bandage, removed it and tied it to his own head. The bonnet he set on hers. And I gasped at what I saw: for with the bandage went the wound! Against his brow it ran a darker, more substantial blood – his own! "Rags, rags! I take old rags!" cried the sobbing, bleeding, strong, intelligent Ragman.

The sun hurt the sky now, and my eyes; and the Ragman seemed more and more in a hurry. "Are you going to work?" he asked a man who leaned against a telephone pole. The man shook his head. "Are you crazy?" he sneered. He pulled away from the pole, revealing the right sleeve of his jacket. It was flat, the

cuff stuffed into the pocket. He had no arm.

"So," said the Ragman, "Give me your jacket and I'll give you mine." Such quiet authority in his voice! The one-armed man took off his jacket. So did the Ragman – and I trembled at what I saw; for the Ragman's arm stayed in his jacket, and when the other put it on, he had two good arms, thick as tree limbs; but the Ragman had only one. "Go to work," he said.

After that he saw a drunk lying unconscious beneath an army blanket; an old man, hunched, wizened and sick. The Ragman took that blanket and wrapped I around himself, but for the drunk he left a new suit of clothes.

And now I had to run to keep up with the Ragman. Though he was weeping uncontrollably and bleeding freely at his forehead, pulling his cart with one arm, stumbling for drunkenness, falling again and again, exhausted, old and sick, yet he went very fast. On spider's legs he skittered through the alleys of the city, this mile and the next, until he'd come to its limits, and then he rushed beyond.

I wept to see the change in this man. I hurt to see his sorrow. Yet I needed to see where he was going in such

haste, perhaps to know what drove him so.

The little old Ragman came to a landfill. He came to a garbage dump. And then I wanted to help him in what he did but I hung back, hiding. He climbed a hill. With tormented labour he cleared a little space on that hill. Then he sighed. He lay down. He pillowed his head on a handkerchief and a jacket. He covered his bones with an army blanket. And he died.

Oh, how I cried to witness that death! I slumped into a junked car and wailed and mourned as one who has no hope – because I had come to love the Ragman. Every other face had faded in the wonder of this man and I cherished him; but he died. I cried myself to sleep. I did not know – how could I know? – that I slept through Friday night and Saturday and its night too.

But then on Sunday morning I was wakened by a violence. Light – pure, hard, demanding light – slammed against my sour face and I blinked, and I looked, and I saw the last and the first wonder of all. There was the Ragman, folding the blanket most carefully, a scar on his forehead, but alive! And besides that, healthy! There was no sign of sorry, nor of age, and all the rags that he had

gathered shone with cleanliness.

Well, then I lowered my head and, trembling for all I had seen, I myself walked up to the Ragman. I told him my name with shame, for I

was a sorry figure next to him. Then I took off all my clothes in that place and I said to him with dear yearning in my voice, "Dress me."

He dressed me.

My Lord, he put new rags on me, and I am a wonder beside him.

The Ragman! The Ragman!  
The Christ.

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## SHOE BOX GIFTS

*Denise Robertson*

For many years at St Luke's we have given shoe-box gifts to special children overseas. "Operation Christmas Child" is a unique project that brings joy and hope to children in desperate situations. Many people give in different ways, in partnering with a group and/or church groups to share and demonstrate God's love in a tangible way. These gift-filled shoe boxes are given to needy children in over a hundred countries.

This act of generosity gives hope to children caught in the midst of war, famine, natural disasters and extreme poverty, showing children receiving perhaps their first gift that they have not been forgotten.

For example, each shoe box is packed with items from the following categories (each category is important):

- *Something to love* such as a cuddly teddy or doll or soft toy.
- *Something special* –

bangles, necklets, craft items, puzzles (in a small bag).

- *Something for school* – two exercise books, lead and coloured pencils, biros (for the 10 – 14 years age group), sharpener, eraser, Textas, ruler (all packed).
- *Book bag*
- *Something to wear* – T-shirt, shorts, skirts, underwear, beanie, hat or sports hat, socks (the nights can be cold).
- *Something to play with* – tennis/rubber ball, marbles (not for 2-4 years age group), skipping rope, Yo-Yos, matchbox cars.
- *Something for personal hygiene* – face washer, soap, toothbrush (no toothpaste), combs, hair brush, hair ties, scrunchies.

We do enclose \$10 per box to help with freight costs, and indicate on the label if enclosed gifts are for a girl or boy and the age group. Also it is a good idea to remove all packaging from

items; you can fit more in the shoe box. It is hoped to have something from each category in the box.

### **Hints and a reason:**

**Knitted beanie:** When a child feels lonely and wears the beanie or hat, they feel the love of the person who made it for them.

**Tennis/rubber ball:** This is like gold to the children. If they don't have a ball they fossick amongst the rubbish piles to find tape and string with which they can hopefully make a "ball" (this does not last very long!).

**Book bag:** This is important to keep all their gifts; the cardboard shoe box eventually deteriorates.

**A list of 'Not to Pack' items:** *crayons, shampoo and liquid items can melt in high temperatures when the shipping container is travelling to its destination.*<sup>4</sup>

We do encourage you to join us in packing a shoe box with gifts and/or give a donation towards items to

fill the box and freight costs,  
and share God's love in a  
special way.

If you have any queries  
please contact Denise  
Robinson or Yvonne  
Brumley.



*Shoe boxes from St Luke's*

**STOP PRESS!** We have been  
informed that this year shoe  
boxes from South Australia  
have been sent to children in  
Madagascar, one of the  
world's poorest countries.

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### The First Anniversary of the Opening of the Community Garden

A Garden Party was held on 1<sup>st</sup> December 2020 to celebrate the opening of Luke's Community Garden a year ago.



*Invited guests included Bishop Tim Harris, Assistant Bishop Denise Ferguson, Mayor of Tea Tree Gully Kevin Knight, together with parishioners and community volunteers.*



*David and Harry looked after the barbecue*



*The community garden is thriving*

## National Church Life Survey 2020



*Survey results collated by Toni Owen*

Our parish results from the **NCLS (National Church Life Survey)** conducted earlier this year provided some interesting reading. The demographic profile showed that the average age of people at the *St Luke's Modbury* is 71 years. Seventy-three per cent are female and 27% male. Twenty-three per cent of the congregation have a university degree, 43% have a trade certificate, diploma or associate diploma, and 34% have a primary or secondary school education. Fifty-nine percent of attendees at St Luke's were born in Australia, 41% were born overseas, and 7% of our members speak a language other than English at home. Interestingly, 98% of parishioners attend church services at least once a month. Long term attendees at St Luke's comprise 75% of the congregation, 15% have transferred from elsewhere, newcomers number 6% and visitors 4%.

Further feedback shows that most of the people of our parish value sharing in the holy communion and a

traditional style of worship and music are also important. Worship services that are nurturing and building a sense of community, are also seen as important. People particularly appreciate the hospitality at St Luke's, and communication (by writing or speaking) is seen as something our parish does well. Sixty-two per cent agree that their gifts, skills and talents are being used well.

The response to how people relate to God showed that 44% of attendees had experienced a strong growth in faith over the preceding twelve months, and 85% experienced a growth in understanding of God during worship services. Seventy-three per cent appreciate the music and 51% feel they are being challenged to take action.

Relating to each other, and a sense of belonging is one of the highest priorities for people at our local church. Eighty-eight per cent found it easy to make friends and felt valued and appreciated, while 93% have a strong sense of belonging to St.

Luke's. Involvement in community service, social justice or welfare activities is enjoyed by a number of people. Most people are satisfied with what is offered for their own age group.

How people relate to the wider community showed some interesting results, with 59% of people participating in wider community groups and 50% of people doing so through activities at St Luke's. On the subject of outreach during the preceding twelve months, 90% of the parish actively provided a helping hand to others, donated money to charities, visited people in hospital, and lent or gave money to individuals outside family.

The final section of the Survey on Vision and Leadership showed that 80% of St Luke's parishioners are willing to support new initiatives and ideas. On the topic of "*Performing Leadership or Ministry Roles*" – 43% are actively involved and most people were inspired by our leadership team and felt that they listened to and

took into account ideas and suggestions put forward by parishioners, actively encouraging them to participate in decisions relating to the future direction of our church.

Seventy-four% feel that we can achieve the VISION we have set. Whilst the above information makes for interesting reading, we look forward to further

discussion about how we continue to grow together as a parish, using and developing our gifts and skills; how we relate to God and the community and what we value and prioritise.

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### **AN OPEN LETTER TO ST LUKE'S FROM THE QUICKEST WARMTH PROJECT**

Dear People of St Luke's,

This has been a very confusing year during which the Quickest Warmth team has not always been able to supply requests from care agencies because of the Coronavirus lockdown. For many weeks we could not hold our regular sorting days because of restrictions on the number of people allowed in a private home. Nevertheless, our generous supporters – many of whom are part of St Luke's – continued to make, collect and buy. When the lockdown ended we were once again able to pass on these contributions to people in the community who need our help,

Thank you so much for your continued support. We couldn't do it without you! May God bless you and your Church community.



**Prue O'Donovan**

On behalf of the Quickest Warmth Team

*Pictures of the Quickest Warmth area at the Elizabeth Mission where donations, including blankets and other items from St Luke's, are stored and requests from care agency staff are packed by volunteers like Maria (below with Prue).*





## **CHRISTMAS SERVICES**

**Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> December**

**7.00 pm Community Carols in the Garden**

**Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> December**

**6.00 pm Family Communion and Blessing of the Crib**

**10.30 pm Carols**

**11.00 pm Midnight Mass**

**Friday 25<sup>th</sup> December**

**9.00 am Holy Communion**

