



ST. JAMES' CONNECTIONS

Bicentenary 2019-2024

December 2024-January 2025

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St James' Church Spire
(Image: Chris Shain, Images for Business)

NEXT EDITION

The next edition of *St James' Connections* will be published on Sunday 2nd February 2025.

Deadlines (advertising and editorial):
Monday 13th January.

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Front cover photo: A Service at St James' King Street
Chris Shain, Images for Business

From the Rector



This edition of *St James' Connections* is published to coincide with Advent Sunday and the beginning of the new liturgical year. This is a season of preparation and of waiting. Advent is positioned just before our yearly remembrance of the incarnation, but in fact this season is pointing us to the return of Christ, and our preparedness for his return.

As Christians, we are a waiting people. We do not know the day nor the hour of Christ's return, but we are told to be watchful, alert, awake. In Advent we are encouraged to rise from our slumber, to shake off our spiritual complacency and to be ready. The Rev'd Catherine Eaton reminded us in her sermon a few short weeks ago that we are people of prayer, and encouraged us to reconnect with our prayer life, attending to our inner lives. Prayer is a dialogue, a conversation with God. Prayer takes many forms, of course. We can pray alone or with others, at home, at church, on the train, on a walk. We pray silently, aloud, in song, and even in our very actions. Advent is a particularly suitable time of the year to attend to our prayer lives, and yet it is a challenge to do so because this is one of the busiest and most hectic times of the year. What if we could find some time to stop, to catch our breath, to stop chasing our tails? What if we could find some time to quieten the distractions of our lives and listen for the still small voice of calm? To listen for God's voice to us and to be attentive to his call on our lives?

There used to be a notice in the pew sheet at the church I grew up in, which you may have seen before. It said:

Before the service talk to God;
During the service let God talk to you;
After the service talk with one another.

Perhaps it's the middle line that we tend to struggle with the most. To be attentive to God's word to us, to listen for his voice in the words of the scriptures, in the hymns, in the prayers, in the liturgy, even in the silence.

We tend not to be very good at silence and stillness. Sister Maria Boulding writing about the significance of silence in the business of life described this as the gift of peace. An extract of her writing was included in *The Little Book of Advent* (William Collins, 2015), in which she writes, 'If you are to be able to respond to the invitation in prayer, "Be still", you need a measure of silence in your life. In today's

world silence is in short supply; this is a serious problem for our society, and anything we can do to help people recover a sense of silence as a necessary and positive element in human life is a contribution to the general sanity.'

Advent is a particularly good time of the year to seek that stillness and silence. The liturgy is punctuated by stillness and silence. The Advent Carol Service (Advent Sunday, 7:30pm) begins in stillness and darkness. We wait in the darkness. We wait for the light. In these weeks we will be told again to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light, to repent, to be prepared, to be awake, to be alert.

As we begin this new liturgical year in the life of the church, in this edition of *St James' Connections* we take a moment to pause, give thanks, and recall the things we have shared and experienced as a community of faith. It has been a huge year for us. We have celebrated the bicentenary of our consecration, shared the bicentennial celebrations of our neighbours at the Supreme Court of New South Wales and the New South Wales Parliament, we have lived through major building works in the church as we watched the installation of the new pipe organ and have delighted to hear it. There have been baptisms, weddings, funerals, large-scale services, and tiny services of prayer where two or three are gathered. And God has been with us every step of the way.

I would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to everyone who contributes to our shared life here, those whose contribution is seen and recognised, and those whose contribution is silent, often hidden away, but no less vital or valued. Thank you.

Above all, let us give thanks to God, who has made us in his own image, and has restored us in His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name we meet and pray together, awaiting the day of his triumphant return.

I wish all our readers near and far a blessed and holy Advent, and, when it comes, a joyful and peaceful Christmas.

The Rev'd Christopher Waterhouse is the Rector of St James'

Tell Out My Soul:

Reflections on Becoming an Anglican

Elaine Farmer

I am an Anglican but not what people sometimes describe proudly as a 'cradle Anglican'. I'm not so sure how many could claim that title now; certainly, there will likely be fewer in coming years in this era of Christian decline—decline in Australia at least. I was not born into Christianity or Anglicanism. I chose the former in my early thirties and I chose baptism in an Anglican church.

Christianity had barely featured in my growing years. Neither Christianity nor Anglicanism played any part in my parents' daily life, though both came from Anglican backgrounds. One grandmother from Sydney attended Christ Church St Laurence; the other in Brisbane fell out with her Anglican parish over alleged 'popery' and took herself off to a Presbyterian church—except for high days and feast days, said family lore, so one suspects some lingering loyalty to tradition despite the ambivalence. For their children, my parents believed a dose of religious education a necessary thing, so we were duly delivered to the local Presbyterian church for Sunday School. My memories of that experience are slight, nothing more than a minister missing a finger, an organist swaying alarmingly as she played and a Sunday School teacher screeching "desecration!" at me for wishing the pictures in my Bible weren't coloured so I could colour them in. Bible stories? Perhaps, though I cannot be certain.

The 'dose of religion' was only for a couple of years; thereafter, through my teenage years, I fell happily into public protestations of atheism. But, although apparently of minimal influence, the business of God was always around. In the books I read. The history I studied. The poetry that made me cry. The questions these things raised I kept secret. As the years and university passed, I did not dare expose them or myself to the ridicule of friends. Somehow, I thought my questions were important but I knew I would not be able to defend them, or myself, from scoffing and laughter. My friends and I were all so young, but we felt immortal and invincible and certainly thought we were wise—only we were not. After all, I feared, I might be wrong about my questions and preferred to hide.

So I drifted, until the time when I thought my own young children should have their 'dose of religion' and I met the priest whom I thought I could trust. I began to sense something profoundly bigger than anything I had known before, and poetic metaphors gave gravitas and meaning to memories. My first memory at three—standing in the hall of my grandparents' Brisbane home, the walls covered with spears and shields and fearsome masks; my great-aunt, an Anglican nun, in full regalia, carving knife and fork in hand,



The Rev'd Elaine Farmer
(Image Supplied)

smiling at me, asking would I come to dinner. The artefacts and the strange robes might all have terrified a child, but it is a memory warm with invitation. My second memory not long after—in hospital with polio, punished for crying, told I was bad, could not have a balloon like the other children, and a man, his face and form obscured by the sunlight behind him, saying he would give me a balloon, any colour I wanted. It is a memory warm with comfort and compassion. Perhaps, I wondered years later, Christ sometimes carries balloons. Another memory, from my twenties, of an ordination ceremony in an English cathedral. Grandeur, elegance, stunning music, and an incomprehensible service. A question fell into my mind: "who is this God for whom so much is deemed worthy, to whom so much is offered?" I had no answer, but the question left a memory of being charmed, excited, intrigued and—of being soothed. Why the latter I was not sure.

I realised this was all just the retrospective interpretation of a searching adult, but the metaphors helped give purpose to the memories and these three, and others, were good memories. Shining comfort among the less good memories of growing up. Nevertheless, not even they made the decision to accept Christianity and baptism easy. In time I did, but with a mind still troubled by uncertainty and doubt and, during the small ceremony in a cathedral baptistry, I felt little more than embarrassed. It was worse when I was confirmed. No, no need to wear white, I was told. So I didn't, my life at the time being rather ruled by the events of a diplomatic life with my husband. Clothed in cocktail-party black, I went to the service between a reception and a dinner, only to find myself a sole large adult in black surrounded by cherubic children in white, their

faces shining with innocence and wonder. What did I think I was doing? My face flushed crimson, I could only cling to the steady assurances of that wise priest with whom I'd had long discussions in earlier days about this thing called Christianity. And to cling to my happy memories, the poetry of them, and a newborn fascination with the gospel of love to which I'd been introduced. What a treasure of human endeavour and aspiration it seemed.

So why did I choose Anglicanism? Partly happenstance; there was a large Sunday School for my children at the Anglican cathedral near where we lived. Partly history and my reading; rollicking tales of religious wars and the Reformation and a king's lust for women and power. Partly the power of the poets as they sang of 'the divine'. Partly the biases of childhood; although Anglicanism played no active role in our lives it was there in family stories. My father's stony-faced avoidance of the local Anglican priest intrigued. Some ancient perceived slight, I supposed. My father's periodic feuds with the local Catholic priests also intrigued. Why, I wondered but could never ask, was the Catholic Church so disliked? These feuds might have explained my parents' choice of Presbyterian Sunday School for their children. No explanations were ever given for all the antipathy, but the secrecy was enough to focus the attention of a curious child. Perhaps also in my choice of Anglicanism might have been wistful memories of sighing sadly over the pretty white dresses friends in long-past school days got for their confirmations. They'd chattered excitedly with ill-disguised pride and preening, and I'd felt keenly my status as the 'heretic outsider'. Maybe, as the grown-up baptismal candidate I later became, I did not want to wear white but nor did I want to continue bearing the status of 'heretic outsider'. A *mélange* of reasons, not necessarily all rational, but rationality has never ruled exclusively in any human life. It's a challenge to become a Christian—and an Anglican—as an adult. One brings to this new identity so many formed opinions which do not always sit well with the opinions and doctrines of either faith or institution. There were the friends I knew and loved before I learned they were gay. The Church's rules on homosexuality were the first I quietly ignored. Then there was the Church's attitude to women, its models and symbols and silencing, so at odds with the strength and power and grace of so many women I knew and admired. These were early issues that set me wondering about truth; what it means, what it is and is not. The Bible helped with Pilate's question, "what is truth?" Pilate wondered about that long before the Anglican Church and others decided they knew, and could define, truth. So, too, did literature help. There were, for example, the wise open-hearted words of Morris West in his play *The Heretic*:

...I claim
No private lien on the truth, only
A liberty to seek it, prove it in debate,
And to be wrong a thousand times to reach
A single rightness ...

That's the attitude I'd expected to find enshrined in the Anglican Church which I'd joined. 'No private lien on the truth'. No 'single rightness' but a continuing search for new treasures to be revealed. Not a claim to know all truth. Only to be the purveyor of 'a word about God', not to be a definer of rigidities. Not to be the setter of boundaries and the maker of rules, but the opener of doors and the comforter of souls. This Anglican Church had defined itself as the *via media*, the place with space for all people of all points of view. That, in the end, is why I became an Anglican, to be in that space with others searching for what Rudolf Otto so famously called the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*. The transcendent Other who could be sensed but never pinned down, who could be believed in, if one chose, but the hem of whose garment could never quite be touched. Once more, my glimpses of The Holy in childhood memories found resonance in literature. Morris West again:

We are all haunted by a poetry of living: by lullabies half-remembered, the sound of train whistles in the night, the scent of lavender in a summer garden. We are haunted too by grief and terror, and memories of random cruelty and the macabre dissolutions of age.

The poetry of living. This was where I caught glimpses of truth, and the beauty of Anglican liturgy gave expression to those glimpses. There was about it an intentionality of encountering The Holy. The God who haunts, invites, but never coerces. That was the God I sensed, and sought, and whom I still seek each day. But that is not a God who can be subjected to doctrinal rules and dot points—and never escape. I became an Anglican because I thought that idea of searching for God was enshrined in Anglican doctrinal thinking. After all, the Church was developing its thinking at the same time as John Locke's 1689 *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* was engaging English thinkers. The things that people disagree about, and argue about, concern judgment and opinion, not definitive knowledge and certainty. The former two are the whole point of argument and they will hide themselves from those who would coerce them into straitjackets.

Have I found truth in the Anglican Church? Yes and no. Do I regret becoming an Anglican? No. Will I remain an Anglican? Yes. This business of God and truth will continue to haunt me because it fascinates and draws me on and makes me imagine the hand of God reaching out to me in so many ways, courteously, respectfully, invitingly. I am as like to miss the moments as not, but faith tells me there will always be other moments, moments when I can sing, "My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord!" It is the Anglican Catholic form of Church's liturgy that reassures me of the 'truth' of this feeling, just as I imagine others feel a similar reassurance within Anglican Evangelical liturgical forms. This diversity, this **Anglican** diversity, attests to the diversity of humankind as created by God, more than it does to the rightness of any institutional opinion.

Because whether Catholic or Evangelical, none of us can ever know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of God. That is what intrigues. That is what has long united Anglicans. That is what needs more than ever to be nurtured and believed in no matter what the differences or battles. The only mantras for Anglicans should be "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth" and "the Anglican *via media* is the path upon which all people, all children of God, may walk".

The trouble will always be 'truth' and Pilate's question. Truth, people, and power have ever been a dangerous mix, and the worst mix is when they get involved with institutional forms. Institutions plus power will always kill truth if it threatens their dominance, their authority, their preferred opinion or perspective. It killed Socrates who chose poison and suicide in defence of his beliefs. It killed Bonhoeffer, and Martin Luther King Jr and Oscar Romero and countless others.

And it killed Jesus.

Perhaps all we can say is that nobody owns truth. Can we Anglicans agree on that? I once heard Morris West proclaim in a speech that what the Church needs are critical lovers and a loyal opposition. West was a Roman Catholic, but his words are as applicable to the Anglican Church as to any other. Can the Anglican Church accept its need for critical lovers and a loyal opposition? I pray it can, for that is where I stand. It is the only place where this loyal and

committed Anglican who is saddened, frequently irritated, and permanently perplexed by disharmony and division can stand and sing, "Tell out my soul, the greatness of the Lord! ... In God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice".

Elaine Farmer is a priest of the Diocese of Canberra & Goulburn and has preached regularly at St James' for 25 years. She has been a guest preacher throughout Australia and internationally, including at Westminster Abbey and St Thomas Church Fifth Ave, New York.

Endnotes:

1. Morris West, *The Heretic*, a play published by Heinemann Educational Publishers, 1970. West chose this as the inscription for his commemorative plaque on the Writers' Walk in the forecourt of the Sydney Opera House'. (See Morris West, *A View from the Ridge. The Testimony of a Pilgrim*, HarperCollins Publishers, 1998, p.101 and Maryanne Confoy, Morris West. *A Writer and a Spirituality*, HarperCollins Religious, 1998, p.80).
2. Rudolf Otto, *The Idea of the Holy. An Inquiry into the Non-Rational Factor in the Idea of the Divine and Its Relation to the Rational*. Trans. by John W. Harvey. Revised with Additions, Oxford University Press, London, Sixth Edition 1931.
3. Morris West, *A View From the Ridge; The Testimony of a Pilgrim*, HarperCollins, Sydney, 1998, p.3.



St James' Church
(Image: The Rector)

Reminiscences

Sue Mackenzie et al.

This article is a little different. It is a compilation of thoughts and memories from several parishioners within the St James' community. Some of the contributors have been part of the scene for many years, others have joined us only recently. As the period of our bicentenary celebrations draws to a close, I thought it fitting to look back and see how St James' has changed from the point of view of the parishioners. You may agree with our memories and opinions; some may disagree. The problem with reminiscing is that it is never perfect because our perceptions of people, places and events are never perfect. Not to mention the impact of ageing on our memories!

Although I have asked each participant the same questions to give shape to the article, some questions have more relevance to a particular person than others. The questions are:

Question 1: When did you first come to St James', and what attracted you?

Question 2: Who was the Rector when you first came along to St James'?

Question 3: How has St James' changed since you first came along?

I have arranged people's answers according to when they first came to St James' and in relation to the rector that was the incumbent at the time. This will give a sense of what each period was like, from the perspective of one or more parishioners. The answers people have given to Question 3, however, will be dealt with in a separate section.

EDWIN JOHN DAVIDSON (1938-1955)

Margaret Farry: I was baptised by Canon Davidson in 1946. My godmother was responsible for the choice of St James' as where this took place. However, I did not attend the church after that until 1965 when a friend invited me to Evensong on a Sunday after Christmas. Members of Young Anglicans (YAs) greeted us and invited us to come to their meeting on Friday evening. I have been coming to St James' ever since. So, I really became a parishioner when Frank Cuttriss was Rector.

FRANK CUTTRISS (1962-1975)

Nanette Danks: I came to Sydney in late 1963 having just completed studying for a Science degree in Western Australia. I was singularly unimpressed with our local suburban Christmas Service. A friend suggested St James' as Phillip Newell was senior curate, and he was not only a priest but a science graduate. My parents and I were always very stimulated by the sermons at Evensong and we enjoyed the quality of music and form of worship. I first attended in 1964.



David McQuoid: I was working for a shipping company when friends who attended St James' asked me to join them for the patronal festival in July 1964, when Canon Frank Cuttriss was Rector.

I was going to a suburban church at the time, but I was so impressed with the service, sermon and music at St James', together with such friendly people, that I made this my parish church. St James' has been my second home ever since. The teachings, St James' Institute, music, liturgy and people make this Church so uplifting for me each Sunday. Our sermons continue to be rewarding and of a high standard. Many priests and bishops accept our invitation to preach here.

Chris Cheetham: I first came to St James' in 1966. I had moved from Melbourne via Queensland where I attended St Anne's School in Townsville run by the Anglican nuns, and the lunch time weekday Eucharists at St James' were in my tradition. At weekends I attended St Clement's Mosman.

Later, my first husband was a product of St Andrew's Cathedral School where he had a scholarship and was the soloist during his school years, but St James' was my spiritual refuge. We went to St Andrew's on Sundays!

Helen Cook: I came to St James' in about 1971. I had met Frank Cuttriss on a flight with Qantas. He was flying to Hong Kong and then to the Holy Land. I was employed by Qantas at the time and had been based in Sydney for a couple of years. I lived in Vaucluse (Diamond Bay) and attended a church nearby. I was brought up in Adelaide and had always attended church but found that Sydney churches did not appeal to me. I spoke to Frank Cuttriss about my dilemma, and he suggested that I to come to St James' when I had time in Sydney between flights, and the rest is history.

Geoffrey Danks: As a server at St Jude's, Randwick throughout my teens, I didn't go to any other parishes for worship. When St Jude's changed from high to low church, almost overnight, the parish gave the servers' cassock-albs to St James'. In 1965 I travelled overseas and spent some of that time in England, where I soaked up the liturgies and style of the Cathedrals and major churches. On my return to Sydney, I 'tried out' St James' for the Midnight mass at Christmas (not knowing that Nanette was also in the congregation). After meeting Nanette, we tried out a few other churches but stuck with the two we knew. For a while we oscillated between St Jude's and St James' as it was geographically practical, but when we built our home on the North Shore, I visited the local parish on our first Sunday and I returned home and said, "St James's is our parish church". That was in 1972.

Chris Cook: I arrived in Australia in 1974 from the UK and attended St James' on an infrequent basis due to work and house renovations. My wife Helen was already a parishioner and my attendance became more frequent. I felt very much at home at St James' as I had attended an Anglican School in the County Town of Bedford as a boarder and we went to St Paul's Church in the Town Centre every Sunday. I was confirmed in that church. On leaving school I went to St Alban the Martyr in Golders Green; whilst not the closest Anglican Church to home, it had a very active youth group run by Desmond Tutu.

HOWARD HOLLIS (1976-1983)

Chris and Helen Cook: In the late 1970s, Howard Hollis baptised our first child, Alexandra.

Robert Bevan: My first attendance at St James' would go back to the early 1980s. Due to my organist's duties elsewhere, I was unable to attend morning services, so I was restricted to occasional Sunday afternoon Evensongs. I also recall attending at least one (perhaps more) Advent Carol Services also held on a Sunday afternoon. The reason for my attendance was the high standard of music for which St James' had a well-deserved reputation.

The Rector at the time of my spasmodic attendance in the 1980s was Howard Hollis. In the mid-1990s I was, for a time, able to attend morning eucharists more frequently and this was in the latter years of the incumbency of Peter Hughes. It was not until 2015, when I officially retired as a regular church organist, that I was able to regard myself

as a regular worshipper at St James', this being during the incumbency of Andrew Sempell.

PETER HUGHES (1984-1997)

Val McMillan: I first came to St James' in 1994. It was the style of the services and atmosphere of worship that I found very impressive, and the duo of Peter Hughes and Erica Mathieson.

I first attended the nine o'clock service when I came to St James'—a Sung Eucharist. I enjoyed the variety of musical settings for that service.

I was impressed when on entering the Church each Sunday, there was this atmosphere of quiet and a feeling of prayerful preparation before worship.

RICHARD HURFORD (1997-2001)

Anne Innes: I first came to St James' around 1999/2000 as a 'refugee' from my local parish church. I was attracted by the attention to detail at St James', particularly the attention to the different Church seasons, the changing of the altar colours, for instance. I started going to the 9am service, but now go to the 8am service, which I find very personal and quiet. I used to enjoy singing hymns (in harmony) and used to sing with the St James' Singers, but instead of the alto line which I had sung most of my life, I was placed with the tenors. Eventually as my mobility became more difficult, I left the St James' Singers.

PETER KURTI (2001-2009)

John Wiltshire: I first came to St James' on the Second Sunday in Advent in 2005. At the time I had been a parishioner at another Anglican church for about 20 years, but with the changes there, it was time to move. I was looking for a new parish that was traditionally Anglican in liturgy and worship, and a parish that was welcoming and inclusive. I had visited St James' on several occasions over the years, so it was an obvious choice to think about becoming a regular part of the congregation. Our daughter Charlotte was ready to start school, and so it was also appropriate that she should be able to attend Sunday school. At St James' we found a parish that welcomed and encouraged children and young people.

Charlotte Wiltshire: I first came to St James' just before I started school, in 2005. I didn't have much say in why we chose St James' at the time (as I was 4 years old!), but I would come with my Dad and my Gran each Sunday.

Growing up in a Parish like St James' was such a privilege. I would spend my Sunday mornings in a gorgeous old building, full of worship and song, and meeting people from all walks of life; from children my own age to all of the older parishioners who would talk to me during Morning Tea, and everyone in between.

I didn't know it at the time, but being in a church like St James' taught me so much about life, faith, the world and

issues close to me on my doorstep, being an inner-city church.

This is why when I was to be confirmed, I chose one of St James' long-standing parishioners, Mary Shuttleworth, to be my sponsor. My St James' family is just as important to me as my actual family in my life, to shape me into the person I am today; now 23 and working in the lighting department at the Sydney Opera House.

Stephen Samild: The Samild family attended a local Anglican parish every Sunday, but we came to St James' very occasionally during the 1980s and 1990s for music and liturgy special treats. We also knew the Cheethams. My mum (Jenny Samild) has been coming regularly since 2022 having gotten to know more parishioners during Covid through Morning Prayer.

I started regular attendance in the period between Peter Kurti and Andrew Sempell in 2009, so John Stewart was the Acting Rector, and Andrew Bowyer was also on staff. My parents started to visit more often when I became a regular parishioner. As is the case with many parishioners, my involvement has changed further over the years. I joined the Servers early on; then became Head Server; and now I am also a Church Warden.

Sue Mackenzie: In 2009, I was invited to join a St James' Institute Bible Study group, which I found stimulating and encouraging. The fellowship of my fellow participants also attracted me. I felt welcomed. In January 2010, I attended my first church service at St James'. It was an Orchestral Mass and I was blown away by the music; I also enjoyed the sermon and the liturgy, which was very different to that at the Presbyterian Church I still attended (although there were echoes of the liturgy from the Presbyterian Church of my youth). It was in September 2010 that I became a regular parishioner at St James', a few months after Andrew Sempell became Rector.

ANDREW SEMPELL (2010-2022)

Carolyn Lawes: I came to St James' at the end of 2011, because I found it to be a church of prayer and peace.

CHRISTOPHER WATERHOUSE (2023-)

Tina Ruygrok: St James' had been recommended to me. The beauty of the Church and its inclusivity also attracted me.

HOW HAS ST JAMES' CHANGED?

I begin this section of the article with quotes from Geoff and Nanette Danks about what St James' was like in the mid - 1960s. Nanette recalled:

At that time, Evensong attracted a large congregation and street parking was easy and free. The ladies of the choir slipped unobtrusively into the choir stalls after the boys and men had processed into the church. The choir was large and not paid, although I think the boys

got a small allowance. The fluorescent lighting was very garish. Midnight Mass at Christmas meant extra chairs were brought in to accommodate the overflow. Two curates were on the staff for two year terms, so there was an interesting variety for those of us in the pews, and a ready supply of priests formed in the style of our worship, who went on to lead other parishes. The priest still celebrated with his back to the congregation.

Geoff commented:

Internally the church was different. The side chapel was rather dark with walls lined with cedar. The small altar was on a raised platform at the east end and the 6 or 8 pews sat two people a piece. The nave lighting was, as Nanette says, very bright fluorescent. There was only the service bell, no peal. A full-length coloured curtain lined the apse and was changed according to the liturgical seasonal colour.

The crypt was damp, and the corridor ceiling was lined with electrical conduits. The floor was a dark timber. Some of the bay walls were lined with the cedar from the old box pews, so it was very dark, as was the Columbarium.

The Rector always took a while to respond to his doorbell because his office was above the priests' vestry. The two curates, secretary, vergers and head of music had their offices in the crypt. Evensong was every Sunday night and well attended.

St James' Hall was the venue for The Phillip Street Theatre and was managed by Miss McCracken and Miss Llewellyn Carter. They provided breakfast after 7:30am Eucharists and befriended many of the young lawyers who worked in the building.

On the top floor of the St James' building was a curate's residence. The other curate had a suburban unit which could have accommodated a small family. The rectory was on New South Head Road in Double Bay.

As you will see, people's answers to this third question have varied. Some have drawn attention to the physical changes in the building, as Anne Innes has commented: 'The interior of the church has been repainted, we have a superb new organ, bells have been installed, the roof has been extensively repaired, the memorials have been cleaned.' The new Dobson pipe organ, installed this year, was mentioned, too, by Tina Ruygrok.

I can recall when the bronze statue of the homeless Jesus was installed beside the church wall. This happened when Andrew Sempell was rector and attracted a lot of interest from passers-by, especially during the week.

Others have mentioned the changes in liturgy. Margaret Farry noted that these have been slight and occurred with each change of clergy. Helen Cook commented: 'Every so often clergy would make a change (female servers comes to mind).'

The number of worshippers at each service was influenced by these changes, as Helen Cook observed: When an older style of worship was axed, many parishioners could not tolerate this and left. Chris Cheetham mentioned the fall in numbers at weekday Eucharists. In the 1960s there would be 40-50 people attending, she said, and Margaret Farry noted that there are fewer young people attending St James' than in the past. Val McMillan commented that when she first came, the 9am service drew the largest numbers of attendees.

It is interesting how numbers attending church each week have fluctuated over the years. Of course, Covid and the lockdowns we all suffered affected numbers greatly. Charlotte Wiltshire has provided a comment on this from the perspective of a young person. She notes:

St James' has changed throughout the years as people grew older. Both young members like me and the older parishioners who are no longer with us. Covid threw us a curveball no one saw coming and changed everything (for better or for worse). Kids@Church still kept on going during Covid, doing weekly Zoom sessions on Sunday mornings and then occasional games nights and online parties during the week.

However, when we came back into the church, coming into church on a Sunday was not a priority for a lot of families, as things like dance, sport and school activities took over. This has impacted us a lot, having many weeks with no children. Hopefully we can get the next generation of children to come to church, as there is something very special about St James', and it will always be a big part of my life.

Another perspective on the time of Covid and beyond was provided by Stephen Samild:

There were many strange months where the eight or nine of us who were allowed to attend St James' every Sunday as 'essential services workers' conducted the service in an empty building for livestreaming. God's presence felt quite tangible to me during those services, although of course the experience of participating in them didn't feel the same without a visible congregation. That said, it was nice to be able to park right outside.

One large change directly influenced by Covid was the introduction of livestreaming of services each week. This has meant that those who are ill or can no longer make the journey into the church can still participate in services and feel part of the life of the parish. We even have people attending in this way who live interstate or overseas. New people have continued to be welcomed to St James' in person since Covid, despite the initial fall in numbers; Tina Ruygrok is one example.

Covid also led to the introduction of Morning and Evening Prayer from Monday to Friday each week on Zoom. This has increased the depth of fellowship amongst parishioners.

Robert Bevan offered a more substantive comment on liturgical changes: 'By the time I was able to attend Sunday eucharists during the incumbency of Peter Hughes, he had made what some may have regarded as radical changes to the liturgy. He used the same liturgy for all eucharists as found in the *Prayer Book for Australia*, which continues to this day, with Evensongs retaining the liturgy of the *1662 Prayer Book*. As some long-time parishioners have indicated to me, many changes introduced by Peter Hughes, such as the Holy Week, Good Friday and Easter Vigil Services continue to this day.'

David McQuoid commented that 'within the liturgy today the priests face the people with the altar brought forward. Previously the sacred ministers faced east.'

A few people mentioned changes in the music at St James'. Robert Bevan said, 'With the introduction of a paid choir, the musical standards have reached even higher levels, such that I believe that the Choir of St James' is at least the equal of the best liturgical choirs in the country.' David McQuoid referred to the Choir too: 'Our choir rivals some of the world's best and are mostly paid professionals. The choir used to consist of boys and men who were volunteers'. Val McMillan enjoyed the variety of musical settings used in the 9am Sung Eucharists. Now the Sung Eucharist only appears once a month at the 9:30am service.

One thing that impressed both Val McMillan and Carolyn Lawes is the 'atmosphere of quiet and a feeling of prayerful preparation before worship', to quote Val. They both were 9am worshippers in days gone by. Val regrets that this atmosphere cannot be experienced at the 11am eucharist. Both Anne Innes and I now attend the 8am service, where this contemplative and peaceful style of worship can still be found.

The nature of refreshments offered to parishioners and visitors after each service has changed, too. After the 8am service, breakfast ('a veritable feast' said Anne Innes) is offered once a month, with toast and tea or coffee available on other weeks; after 9:30am, only toast and tea or coffee are available, although there used to be a more substantial morning tea once a month. After 11am, wine is offered as well as nibbles, with tea and coffee now provided too. These all give opportunities for people to get to know each other better, an important factor when parishioners live far away from each other.

St James' Institute (introduced early this century) also has given people more opportunity to become better acquainted, especially with activities like the Annual Parish Retreat (a casualty of Covid until 2025). Lent and Advent Studies have continued, fortunately; they continue to provide occasions for learning and fellowship, even online.

A consequence of the St James' Institute, as well as the location of the Church beside the courts and what is now a pedestrianised area, is that 'St James' has become more visible to the local community' to quote Carolyn Lawes.

David McQuoid has said: 'Our involvement with the city's legal fraternity and the St James' Institute also bring many others to our door.'

I conclude with these words of John Wiltshire:

St James' has a unique position as a city church in Sydney Diocese. When so many traditional parishes have closed, I think that St James' takes its role of offering high quality liturgy and worship very seriously. I believe that we continue to be acutely aware of our role in the city. In the years that I have attended St James', so much about our world has inevitably changed, but the parish has been steadfast in its mission. Little has changed, but change has brought improvements in the services, programmes and activities.

As Helen Cook noted: 'a church that does not change and grow really does not have a future.'

Sue Mackenzie with the help of Margaret Farry, Nanette and Geoff Danks, David McQuoid, Christine Cheetham, Chris and Helen Cook, Robert Bevan, Val McMillan, Anne Innes, John and Charlotte Wiltshire, Stephen and Jenny Samild, Carolyn Lawes, and Tina Ruygrok.



Parish Photo 2011
(Image: Chris Shain, Images for Business.)



Parish Photo 2007
(Image: Chris Shain, Images for Business.)

2024 at St James' King Street: A Look Back at our Bicentenary Year



With the new Pipe Organ still under construction, our Bicentennial celebrations could only utilise half the space in the church.



The Team at Dobson worked hard to ensure our Organ was in and working by the Patronal Festival.



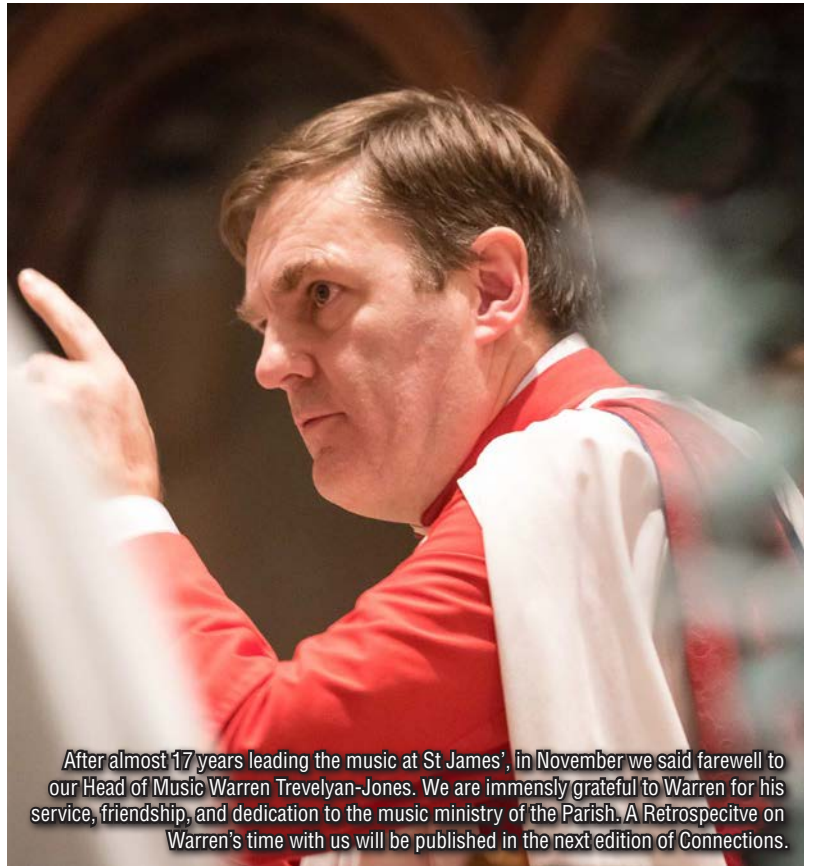
Voicing the Organ .



The Choir had to perform in the Chapel of the Holy Spirit during construction.



Former Rector The Rev'd Peter Kurti gave the sermon at the Evensong for the Bicentenary of the Supreme Court of NSW.



After almost 17 years leading the music at St James', in November we said farewell to our Head of Music Warren Trevelyan-Jones. We are immensely grateful to Warren for his service, friendship, and dedication to the music ministry of the Parish. A Retrospective on Warren's time with us will be published in the next edition of Connections.



Evensong for the Bicentenary of the Supreme Court of NSW.



Bishop Andrew Proud visited us as our Holy Week Preacher.



The 6am Easter Vigil.



The Easter Vigil begins outside the Church



The St James' Guild of Bellringers



Organist James O'Donnell, who gave the inaugural International Organ Festival performance at St James'.



Former St James' Organ Scholar Sarah Kim returned and gave the fourth and final performance in the 2024 International Organ Festival



The Orchestral Mass during the Octave of St James'.



The 2024 Parish Photo
(Image: Chris Shain, Images for Business.)

St James' Institute Update



I have very much appreciated the support of Fr Christopher as Rector, the Wardens, my Board, our Institute subscribers and many others since taking on the role of Director (half-time) in February this year. The role has been demanding, especially combined with my main role as Professor of Economics and Theology at Alphacrucis, but I have enjoyed most of it and hope that it has been a blessing to

those who have participated in our Sunday seminars and enrolled in Trinity in Sydney units. The Institute I believe is important to the future of St James', as well as to thoughtful Christian witness in our city.

We are just starting the season of Advent, so please have a look at the beautiful, illustrated edition of the Psalms produced by Australian artist Fiona Pfennigwerth which is available from the St James' Parish office for the special price of \$40. Please register with the Institute online at events.humanitix.com/advent-studies to be part of one of our Advent study groups, which commenced in the week of 25th November, and make sure you have a copy of the study booklet (available from the Parish office) which I have written to accompany Fiona's edition of the Psalms.

On Sunday 3rd November Professor Mark Hutchinson gave us a thought-provoking preview of his commissioned history of St James' Church. It was the best attended Institute seminar this year with 47. Every chair in the Hall but one was filled. Mark emphasised the city and diocesan context of what has gone on at St James' over the last two hundred years. The idea of reviving St James' Grammar School was floated—something that would be financially viable with government funding, a well-located building, and a church community on which it would build and contribute to.

Our partnership with Trinity Theological School within the University of Divinity is an important part of the Institute's work. After a marketing effort that included Kara Martin and I securing a HOPE103 radio interview about the unit, a video introduction to the unit that I recorded for Trinity, and social media promotion by Trinity, we ended up getting seven students for 'Faith Work and Economics' in October. Discussions were rich and at times challenging. Some of the students were at significant life or career crossroads, and the feedback we had was that the course was helpful for them. Both Kara's Institute seminar on integrating faith and work and my opening public lecture on the difficulties of the conversation between economists and theologians were well

attended. Connecting faith and work could be an important part of St James' ministry to the younger professionals who work in the streets around our church.

The Dean of Trinity Theological School, The Rev'd Canon Associate Professor Robert Derrenbacher, and I have planned the 2025 Trinity in Sydney programme which includes a unit entitled 'Jesus in Film' in March to be taught by Robert Derrenbacher, and a unit on 'Ecotheology' to be taught by Professor Neil Ormerod and Dr Sally Shaw in August. We conclude with the biennial unit on 'Anglican Church Law and Governance' split between Sydney in September and Melbourne in November.

I am working on the Institute's 2025 programme. So far it includes 'Local Indigenous History' with Professor Grace Karskens; 'Synoptic Gospels' with Robert Derrenbacher; 'Why Theology Matters to Australia' with Professor Peter Sherlock; 'Hope and Hell' with Dr Tony Golsby Smith; 'Shame and Genesis 3' with Dr Helen Blake; 'Theology in the Novels of Marilynne Robinson' with Dr Belinda Summers; 'Genesis' with Rev Dr Matthew Anstey; 'The Future of the Cosmos' with Professor John Behr; and 'God in the Poetry of Emily Dickinson' with Professor Ben Myers. There will be quiet days on 'Praying with Icons' and 'Julian of Norwich' and our postponed 'Beating the Bounds of the Parish' when we walk and pray for the fruitfulness of all that goes on in our city—art, music, politics, business, finance, etc. We hope to offer some studies on the Apostles Creed, one of the ancient statements of the Christian faith. Lent and Advent studies will be based on poems for these seasons selected by Malcolm Guite.

You can beat inflation by subscribing for 2025 at the 2024 rate by contacting the office or on the Institute website. If friends or family might be interested in subscribing, please pass on the programme information. You might like to bring them along to our final event of 2024 with Dr Leisa Aitken on 'Hope' 2-4pm this afternoon (Sunday 1st December).

An Institute subscription of course would make a fine Christmas gift.

Paul Oslington is Director of the St James' Institute.

Reflections on Institute Events

Faith and Work - 13th October

Keith Carpenter

At a recent St James' Institute event, Kara Martin spoke on 'Faith and Work', arguing that secular 'work' was a ministry that Christians tended to devalue, as it was not sufficiently 'spiritual'. Subsequently I was asked to write of my experience in the workplace, as someone who had worked in areas different from those that normally attract Christians. I worked in two major trading banks and, subsequent to my formal retirement from full-time work, in other financial institutions. Banks benefit both individuals and society, but they are not perceived as having the same personal impact as the 'caring' and 'teaching' professions. I detected an unstated question in the request: 'Was such a work-life "difficult" for a person of faith?' I did not see this as particularly so: life is a challenge, by definition, work, is a part of life, so work is also a challenge. Being a person of faith adds another dimension to the challenges of living in what is largely a secular world.

Banks are fiducial institutions. Trust is their 'stock-in-trade'. They are ethical entities and align their actions to their words. As a result, they cultivate an atmosphere where denigrating others is not acceptable. In my professional life I rarely came across any direct antagonism to my faith. More commonly, I encountered disinterest or apathy. Earlier in my

life, I worked as a labourer and a driver—that was a different world. There was much more open antagonism to any hint of an expression of faith. This came mostly from (young) men with 'chips' on their shoulders, alleging wowsersism, as they vented their own insecurities. A young and inexperienced person might find such attitudes hard to deal with. I did.

How does my faith relate to my work-life? Being a Christian, a follower of the Risen Christ, is central to whom I am as a person. I approach my work as a person of faith, in the same way as I approach my life. Life is a vocation—I am called to be both faithful and committed. Work is also a vocation. This means that I should strive to do the best that can in all that I touch. To strive for excellence; to keep on striving, even as I fall short of that aim. I seek to follow the example of Brother Lawrence, a worker in a hospital kitchen in 17th century Paris. He 'practised the presence of God' in all that he did. We meet God in the 'ordinariness' of life, whether that is in 'life' or 'work'. God meets us in the 'ordinary' things of our daily life.

In both faith and work, I seek to live the Gospel, the Good News, on a day-to-day basis. The challenge is: 'How am I to live as a Christian in this world?'

Dr Keith Carpenter is a parishioner at St James'.

Psalms - 20th October

Gordon Cooper

In October about 40 participants took part in Fiona Pfennigwerth's seminar on the Psalms. For the last 20 years, Fiona has been on a "mission from God" to make the Bible "more inviting for Australian readers"; by seeking to change the way in which they encounter Scripture so that it no longer seems to readers to be an "impenetrable brick of words." She has changed the way in which the text appears on the printed page and, most importantly, illustrated the text using her own watercolour illustrations of the Australian landscape, flora, and fauna. To date, she has published three books each containing sections of the Bible: namely *The Book of Psalms*, *The Scrolls* (the Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes and Esther) and *The Gospel According to John*.

Fiona outlined to participants the process involved in producing her book on the Psalms. Having selected the English Standard Version translation of the text she removed from it all the subheadings—but not attributions—traditionally added to translations of the text, and eliminated the verse numbers. Psalms is really five books and Fiona incorporated suitable illustrations reflecting the dominant theme of each book.

To give participants a tiny taste of the process she adopted in preparing and illustrating the text, they were each handed copies of Psalm 96 and asked to read it and then to respond to the text by outlining their personal impressions. All were then asked to read the psalm aloud, responsively. In this way, Fiona wanted participants to see the shape of the psalm, suggesting the manner in which the text was laid out and "delineating all the illustration boxes (to the mm)" We were then introduced to the process of incorporating the illustrations, choosing appropriate ones to reflect the text. Each participant was then given a plain sheet of paper and invited to draw a picture, share some music or write a description of a scene that the psalm conjured up for them. These we were then invited to share with others and thus reflect upon how it affected each of us.

For the participants this was a truncated process—under 2 hours—but Fiona dedicated many years to it and the time and effort all this took reflects her dedication to the task she feels called to—to "make the Scriptures more inviting to readers" by "connecting Australian readers emotionally through depictions of our own natural world." In this she has succeeded!

Gordon Cooper is a parishioner at St James'.

Lenten Retreat in Hobart

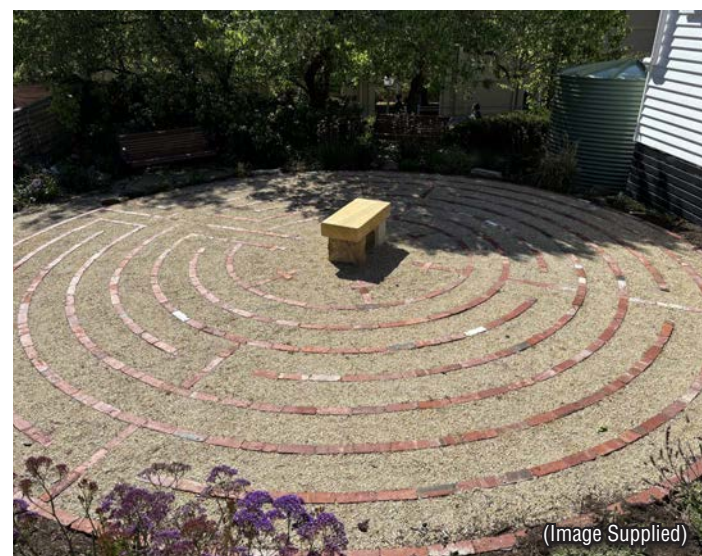
The Rector will be leading a Lenten Retreat in Hobart, Tasmania, from Friday 21st March to Sunday 23rd March, 2025. With thanks to the generosity of the clergy and communities of All Saints South Hobart, St Raphael's Fern Tree, and St David's Cathedral, the retreat programme is focused on prayer and reflection with time for quiet, and time to be with others. Fr Christopher will give a series of short talks about three gardens of the Bible: The Garden of Eden and The Fall (Genesis 2 & 3), The Garden of Gethsemane where Christ prayed on the night before his crucifixion (Matthew 26, Mark 14, Luke 22), and the Garden of God in the new creation with the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations (Revelation 22).

The retreat programme begins on the Friday with a Quiet Day in the church and garden of All Saints South Hobart. On Saturday afternoon we'll head into the foothills of kunanyi/ Mount Wellington to St Raphael's Church in Fern Tree where there are some walking tracks and an opportunity for prayer in the peaceful surroundings of the church. On Sunday morning we'll worship with the congregation of All Saints South Hobart, and in the afternoon there's a tour of St David's Cathedral followed by Evening Prayer.

All Saints South Hobart has a beautiful prayer garden with places to stroll and plenty of places to sit. There is also a prayer labyrinth, and we'll have access to the church and the Parish Library.



St Raphael's Church
(Image Supplied)



(Image Supplied)

Retreatants will need to make their own travel arrangements to and from Hobart, but transport from All Saints South Hobart to Fern Tree and to the Cathedral will be arranged. A list of suggested places to stay is available from the St James' Parish Office on 8227 1300 or at office@sjks.org.au.

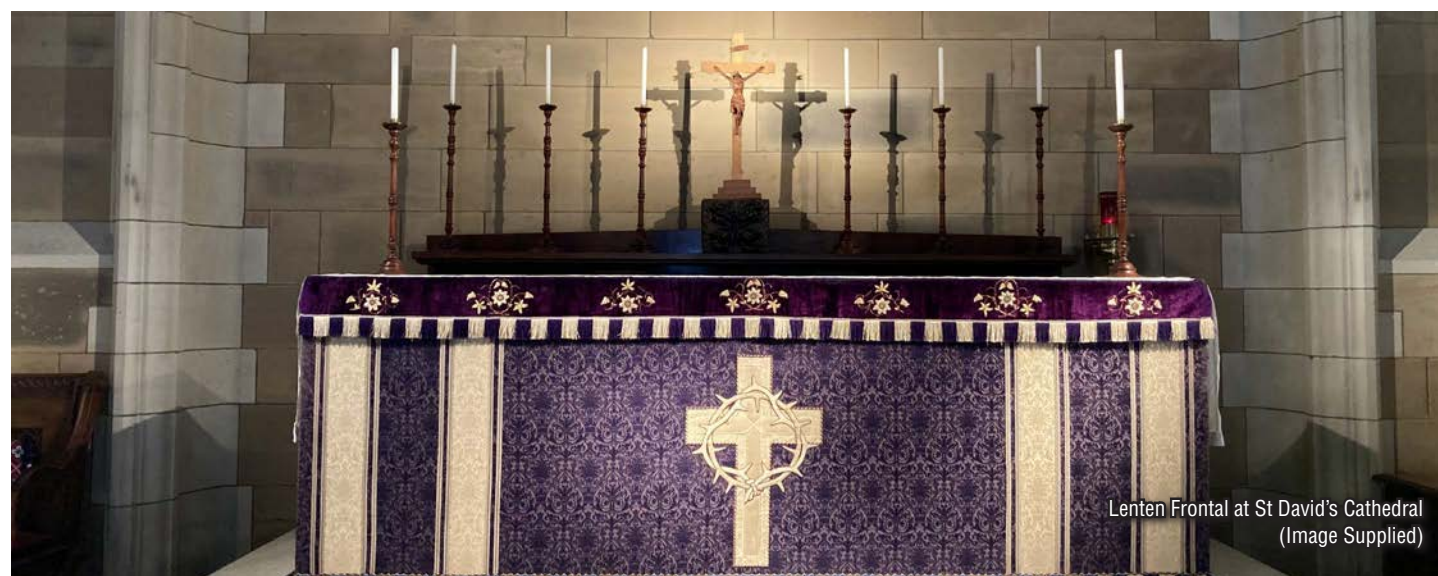
We ask for a contribution of \$100 to offset the costs of running the retreat programme, noting that in addition to this, retreatants will need to arrange their own travel, accommodation, and some meals.

Friday 21st March—Quiet day at All Saints South Hobart

Saturday 22nd March—Prayer at St Raphael's Fern Tree

Sunday 23rd March—Worship at All Saints and St David's Cathedral

To book, please visit: events.humanitix.com/lenten-retreat or contact the Parish Office for further information. An information session will be held in the New Year.



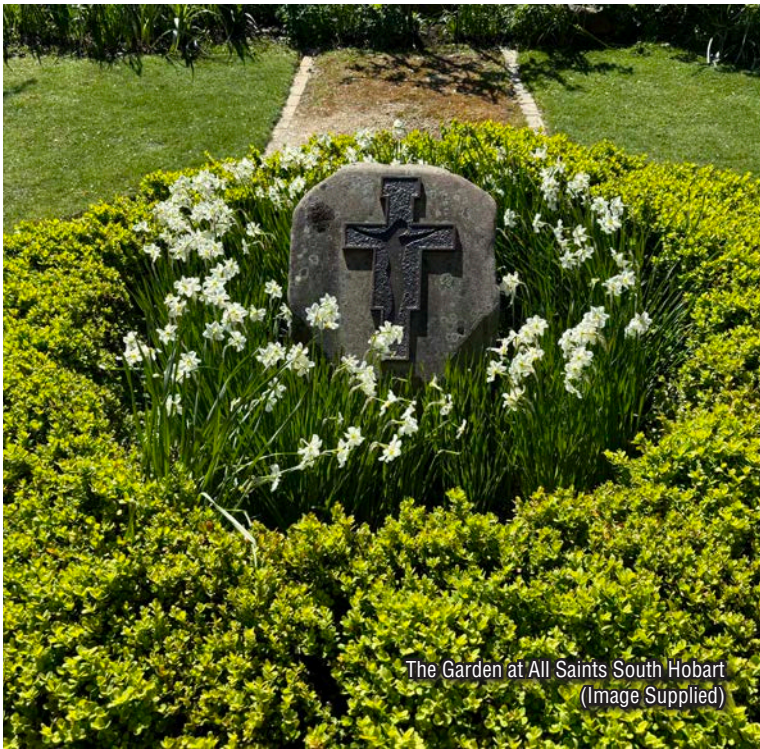
Lenten Frontal at St David's Cathedral
(Image Supplied)



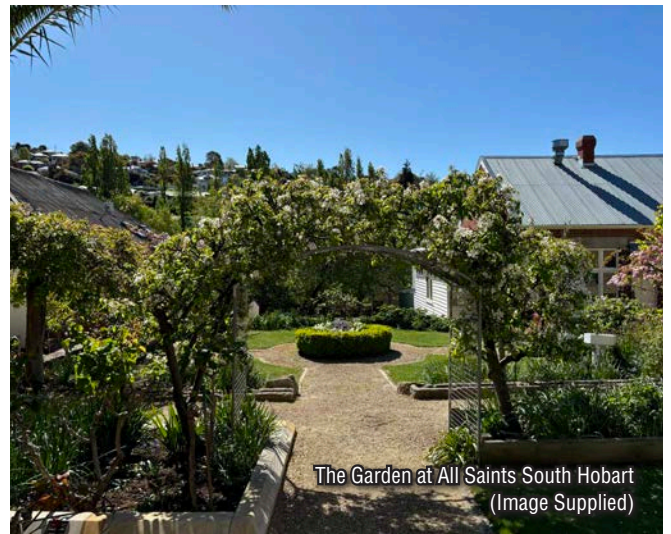
Cathedral Exterior
(Image Supplied)



St David's Cathedral
(Image Supplied)



The Garden at All Saints South Hobart
(Image Supplied)



The Garden at All Saints South Hobart
(Image Supplied)



Inside St Raphael's Church
(Image Supplied)



Retreat Path
(Image Supplied)

Soujourner Truth: Social Activist or Preacher Lady

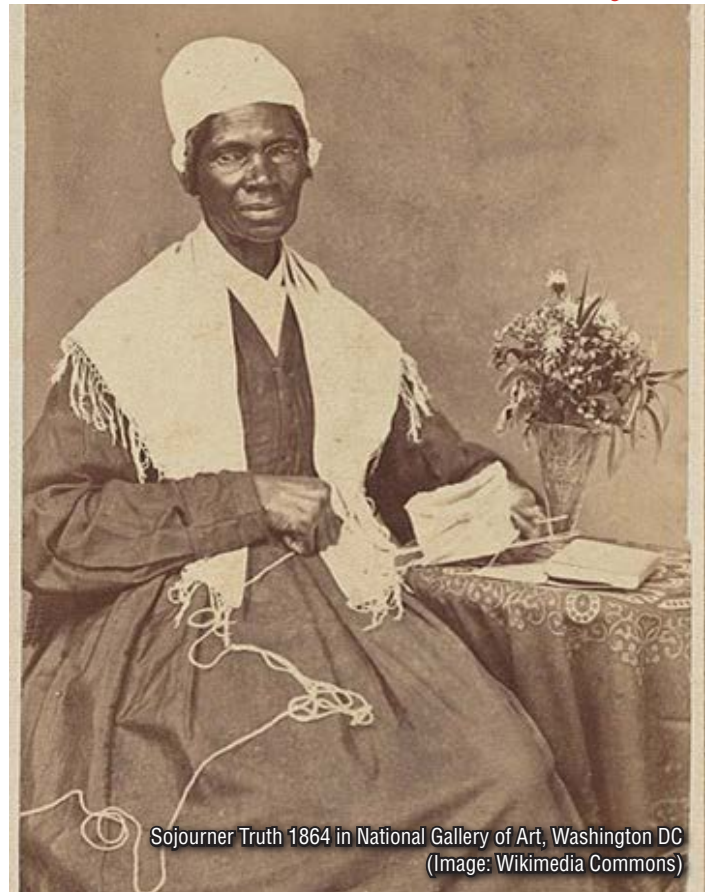
Elaine Farmer

This is an account of Sojourner Truth, an illiterate black American woman and former slave, who became a renowned preacher in the Pentecostal tradition. Her message remains potent today.

Until recently, works about her focused almost exclusively on her as feminist and anti-slavery abolitionist. Both *personae* are accurate. She did associate with abolitionists and feminists, and speak for their causes which she would have claimed as her own. I suggest, however, that these causes were, for her, less purposes in themselves than contexts within which she was able to respond to the call to evangelise that had revolutionised her life. This woman was not a preacher who expounded the scriptures directly—she could neither read nor write nor therefore study them in depth. She was an evangelising preacher who set out to save souls for Jesus. She was motivated through the Holy Spirit initially by what she experienced as a Creator God and the God of Justice. She felt compelled to preach 'the truth about God and Jesus' and spoke about, and out of, her life. Her experience, both before and after emancipation, merged with her Pentecostal faith into understanding God as love, and Jesus as a personal companion whom she could trust to help and support her in all things.

Until recently, that call has been given insufficient weight, ignored or downplayed as less important than more easily recognisable and definable social and cultural influences. The self-declared itinerant preacher may be difficult to see among the shadows cast by the grand causes of abolition and women's rights but she is there among them. Abolitionists used her powerful black presence and innate authority to rout their opponents. Feminists used her powerful voice and integrity to plead the justice of women's rights—and they continue to do so. Modern black womanist scholars use her powerful if enigmatic memory as an inspiring symbol of strong independent black womanhood. While these interpretations are legitimate presentations of parts of her life, interpreting her as a preacher is equally legitimate.

Sojourner Truth was born into slavery in New England in about 1797 and named Isabella. Between 1806 and 1810 she was sold four times. She remained with her final 'owners', who had bought her for \$300, until 1826 when she ran away and took refuge with an abolitionist family. Under their protection, she gained her freedom, adopted their name, and was thereafter known as Isabella Van Wagenen. As a child she spoke Dutch before English, was beaten, and was abused, including by the wife of one 'owner'. Such abuse made her super-vigilant about violence and desperate



Sojourner Truth 1864 in National Gallery of Art, Washington DC
(Image: Wikimedia Commons)

to avoid it by gaining approval from those around her. She was similarly vigilant about truth and the honesty of others, vigilance that would be undermined in her adult life by her own abuse-bred insecurity and inability to resist superior moral claims by others.

With her final 'owners' Isabella became involved with the 'holiness tradition' of the Methodists. Nineteenth-century Methodism was distancing itself from its eighteenth-century roots among the crying, fainting enthusiasts given to trances and wild singing on street corners. It was instituting structures, adopting society's materialistic values and beginning to disdain its innocent beginnings. The early nineteenth-century's Second Great Awakening began attracting thousands of fresh converts to 'holiness', especially poor whites and black slaves. Controversy followed quickly, as the new enthusiasts clashed with more established Methodists who wanted to see their denomination become more respectable and socially acceptable among mainstream denominations, rather than remaining tied to society's fringe elements. The 'holiness' movement converted Isabella from youthful rackets and liquor. Her adoption of asceticism, humble dress and simple living place her firmly and permanently within the holiness movement. In 1827, while still a slave, she helped found the Kingston Methodist Church which

stood foursquare within the 1820s' and 1830s' brand of holiness that came to be called 'perfectionism', better known today as 'Pentecostalism'.

In 1828 Isabella moved to New York City, and continued to be involved with the 'perfectionists'. These passionate Christians aimed to 'cleanse' Methodism, which they regarded as a degenerate group to be despised and rejected, rather as Wesley had hoped his Methodism would cleanse Anglicanism. With the 'perfectionists' Isabella began preaching, and was quickly recognised as a powerful preacher with a remarkable capacity for engendering conversions. Her presence and stature, magnetic speech and deep powerful singing voice were all strongly appealing.

Sojourner spoke little about life in her New York City between the mid-1830s and 1843, when she left on the day of Pentecost, to become an itinerant preacher. Economic times were tough. She thought New York no more than a place where 'the rich rob the poor, and the poor rob one another'. Proclaiming that "the Spirit calls me and there I must go", Isabella did just that:

... taking the rising sun for her only compass and guide, she 'remembered Lot's wife', and hoping to avoid her fate, she resolved not to look back till she felt sure the wicked city from which she was fleeing was left too far behind to be visible in the distance ... and when she first ventured to look back ... she thanked the Lord that she was thus far removed from what seemed to *her* a second Sodom.¹

There was no need to cling to a name that was only partly hers and laden with connotations of slavery and being owned. New being, freedom, new purpose all demanded a new name so Isabella Van Wagenen became Sojourner Truth. Harriet Beecher Stowe described Isabella's name change as being steeped in biblical allusion and its profound significance:

My name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked Him to give me a new name. And the Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterwards I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.²

Beyond the importance to her of biblical foundation for her new name, there was significance grounded in this world. Neither word related to the realities of her old life, either as slave or as free woman but both reflected the certainties and insecurities of those lives. As a slave she had been nothing, without security or certainty. As a free woman her need to earn a living when she had no training for anything but manual labour and domestic service—the most poorly paid work, and often the only lot for a black woman—kept her tied to money troubles and the good will of others. Her experience trying to survive as a free woman was hard and disillusioning; she was naïve, trusting and ingrained with a slave's wariness and subservience.

That being said, her mission when she left New York City was perfectly clear to her:

[It] was not merely to travel east, but to 'lecture' as she designated it; 'testifying of the hope that was in her'—exhorting the people to embrace Jesus, and refrain from sin, the nature and origin of which she explained to them in accordance with her own most curious and original views.

Sojourner Truth used more than words in her preaching; she also used songs, her labour, and the struggles of her own life as witnesses to the gospel. There is both power and ambiguity about this woman but she was not a figure of politically prescribed symbolic usefulness alone. She was driven by the Holy Spirit, had given her life to Jesus, and endeavoured to use it for God's glory and to win others to Jesus. A letter of introduction written for Sojourner by a fellow 'Perfectionist' gives a contemporaneous snapshot of a woman motivated by passion for her call:

Sister, I send you this living messenger, as I believe her to be one that God loves. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands unto God. You can see by this sister that God does by his Spirit alone teach his own children things to come. Please receive her, and she will tell you some new things. Let her tell her story without interrupting her, and give close attention, and you will see she has got the lever of truth, that God helps her to pry where but few can. She cannot read or write, but the law is in her heart.³

Gender and race-based opposition was integral to Sojourner Truth's journey with Jesus. Up and coming young black males, eager to enjoy what they saw as the fruits of education and opportunity enjoyed by whites, and abolitionists on behalf of all black people, were nevertheless traditionalist about women. Sojourner Truth, sometime associate of white cultists and self-proclaimed prophets, separated from 'the black community' by dint

1 Brekus, Catherine A., *Strangers & Pilgrims; Female Preaching in America 1740-1845*, University of North Carolina Press, 1998, p.100. Gilbert, Olive, *Narrative of Sojourner Truth, a Northern Slave, emancipated from bodily servitude by the State of New York, in 1828*. Published by the author in Boston, 1850, p.100.

2 Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 'Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl', *Atlantic Monthly* XI, April 1863. Also found at http://www.kn.pacbell.com/wired/BHM/sojourner_truth.txt.

3 Based on a statement in a letter of introduction written for Sojourner Truth by H.L.B., a 'spiritual brother' in Bristol to friends in Hartford. Gilbert, Olive, *Narrative of Sojourner Truth, a Northern Slave, emancipated from bodily servitude by the State of New York, in 1828*. Published by the author in Boston, 1850, p.106.

of circumstance and penury, uneducated but powerful and increasingly unafraid to speak her mind—including to quip at black men and women who aspired to acceptability from white society—not only embarrassed the men by her unsophisticated ways but questioned their motivations. Writing of Isabella's New York City days, one scholar says:

Her religious unorthodoxy would have struck the leading coloured men as something to be hidden rather than prized, lest her lack of respectability feed the fires of racist stereotype that such men saw as part of what was keeping the race down. Prominent black ministers and citizens also would have deplored Isabella's lack of interest in abolitionism, for they often railed against their contemporaries who gave insufficient support to the large and noble causes of political activism.⁴

Unlike her black critics who looked to society, business, money and class to set direction for their lives, Sojourner Truth looked to the Holy Spirit as guide. In remaining true to what she was—an uneducated black countrywoman—Sojourner Truth and numbers of other itinerant black women preachers in nineteenth-century America—operated outside the constraints of social, cultural and racial groupings.

The women's struggle within black versus white racism, of more interest than women preachers to general historians, plus her illiteracy, partly explains the blurred memory of Sojourner Truth. Her dependence on others to record her story and her work placed her identity in their hands, at the mercy of their agendas and subject to distortions and contradictions that portrayed her as both northerner *and* southerner, gifted speaker *and* rambling illiterate, intelligent interpreter of people and life *and* quaint, naïve and ignorant countrywoman. She tried to show what she wanted them to see: a powerful, dynamic and engaging personality who had overcome the abuse and traumas of slavery. She was no timid victim but realised reporters were interested mainly in her rejected slave past; black slave narratives sold well. Unsupported as she was by interest from newspapers and white abolitionists—unlike many male ex-slaves—she became her own agent and distributor. She maintained scrapbooks of newspaper cuttings to promote sales of the *Narrative* written about her and utilised the new art of photography to present herself to the world in postcards as a dignified respectable Quaker-like figure. All kept her in the public eye and financially afloat.

There are no extant copies of Sojourner's speeches or sermons; she was an extempore speaker and the only versions of her speeches were written by others. Despite the

pseudo-dialect the writers adopted, Sojourner Truth's power, vibrancy, wit, humour, passion, soul and keen awareness of the dynamics of racism are obvious. Her critique was not confined to whites. In a speech to the American Equal Rights Association in 1867, for example, she pointedly attacked black men over an issue that is still being aired and debated in modern black American politics: "[Black women] go out washing, which is about as high as a coloured woman gets, and their men go about idle, strutting up and down; and when the woman come home, they ask for their money and take it all, and then scold because there is no food."

Truth was extremely specific in defining *Jesus* as her preaching text but, though illiterate, she used the Bible extensively in her addresses. She had imbibed its stories and her language was infused with biblical usage and rhythms. In preaching, she invoked both Old and New Testaments, adroitly combining Bible stories, her spiritual encounters with Jesus, childhood experiences and political perceptions into highly effective and memorable wholes. Jesus is the constant flavour of her reflections; hence she demonstrated a theological perspective that her language and simple presentation belie. At the 1867 Equal Rights Association she said:

I used to hate de w'ite pepul so, an' I tell ye w'en de lobe came in me I had so much lobe I didn't know what to lobe. ... Den I said, "Yea, God, come, an' I'll lobe ev'ybuddy an' de w'ite pepul too. ... Ain't it wonderful dat God gives lobe enough to de Ethiopins to lobe you?"⁵

At another conference, she countered opposition to women's rights with her own version of incarnation, Eve, original sin and the creative power of God and humankind:

Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing' to do wid Him. If de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn do world upside down all alone, dese women togedder ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again!⁶

'The idea of Sojourner Truth' has been appropriated by others but the inspiration of her life, though it may have been neglected or dismissed, has not been extinguished. "You read books," she told Wendell Phillips.⁷ "God himself talks to me" and this conviction directed all she did. As a result, she often floats outside history, a symbol without a life, an isolated black woman among a mass of educated whites. Unmoored by possessive descendants, the idea of Sojourner Truth has been put to a multiple uses.

4 Painter, Nell Irwin, *Sojourner Truth. A Life, A Symbol*, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 1997, p.71.

5 Montgomery, Janey Weinhold, *A comparative analysis of the rhetoric of two Negro women orators*, p.102. Appendix IV: Truth's Address at the Commemoration of the Eighth Anniversary of Negro Freedom in the United States.

6 Montgomery, Janey Weinhold, *A comparative analysis of the rhetoric of two Negro women orators*, p.95. Appendix I: Truth's Address at the Woman's Rights Convention, Akron, Ohio, May 29, 1851.

7 Painter, Nell Irwin, *Sojourner Truth. A Life, A Symbol*, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 1997, p.255

Abolition, human rights, equality for women and blacks, and becoming a follower of Jesus: all were the ultimate virtues for her, but the power of the last undergirded the other three, though they have dominated her memory. Truth's image fell irretrievably into the hands of politically-minded reformers whose religious sense was different or non-existent. Such groups have turned her into a symbol of dreams other than of Jesus, an icon of hopes other than of the kingdom of God. Ironically, her fellow Perfectionists were as little interested in retaining Truth as part of their story as they were in other women evangelists, white or black; effectively, they were written out of Perfectionist history.

The fact that she has become a symbol of others' dreams does not alter what was for her the dominant theme: Jesus, her 'good master'. Him she followed without deviation and it was his story that she brought into union with her own in a way that is the bedrock of a preacher's work. It was this union that inspired the conversions that followed in her wake as she followed her primary mission to proclaim Jesus.

Sojourner Truth died in Battle Creek, Michigan on 26th November, 1883. There are various claims about her last days. Some say she said, "I'm not gonna die. I'm going home like a shooting star".⁸ During the last meeting she had with a member of the public (a journalist) she is said to have sung a favourite song:

"It was early in the morning,
It was early in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
When He rose, when He rose, when He rose,
And went to Heaven on a cloud."

Still others claim Sojourner Truth's last words were "be a follower of the Lord Jesus".⁹ Whichever claim is true, her mind seems to have been on Jesus. Perhaps it could be safely said that Sojourner Truth did have the last word on her life. The Preacher Lady had spoken.

Elaine Farmer is a priest of the Diocese of Canberra & Goulburn and has preached regularly at St James' for 25 years. This paper, based upon Elaine's MTh, is to honour St James' focus on women preachers.



Abraham Lincoln showing Sojourner Truth the Bible
(Image: Public Domain)

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⁸ Berger, Rose Marie, 'Slave ways no more', in *Sojourners Magazine*, September/October 2001, Vol. 30, Iss. 5, p.45.
⁹ Painter, Nell Irwin, *Sojourner Truth. A Life, A Symbol*, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 1997, p.254

Culinary Creations at Clergy House Chatswood



Christmas Fruit Mince Cake

The Collect of the week between Christ the King and Advent Sunday is as follows:

Stir up, we pray you, O Lord,
the wills of your faithful people,
that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works,
may by you be plenteously rewarded;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

I well remember my grandmothers galvanising themselves into action from 'Stir up Sunday' to prepare the Christmas puddings and cakes. Here is a delightful variant on the traditional mince pie. I ended up cutting it into small pieces, which went down a treat at the first Advent Study Group!

Ingredients

- 230g plain flour
- 200g room temperature butter
- 100g caster sugar (plus a little extra to sprinkle on top)
- 1 tsp ground cinnamon
- 200g fruit mincemeat (bought, or if inclined you can make your own)
- 1 large egg

Instructions

Heat the oven to 180°C (perhaps 170°C fan-forced).

Whisk the butter and sugar together until light and creamy.

Add the egg and mix thoroughly.

Stir in the flour and cinnamon, mixing until combined (this creates a soft dough).

Grease, with butter, a 20cm non-stick cake pan (a spring release is ideal) before placing half the dough into the pan. Spread evenly into the edges.

Put your 200g fruit mince into a small bowl and warm in the microwave for sufficiently long enough to ensure it's easier to spread. Not too hot!

Use a knife to evenly spread the fruit mince across the dough in the tin.

Now, for the final layer, try to evenly spread the remaining dough across the top, using the back of a spoon or knife to spread it evenly over the mincemeat. If you think it needs it, use your thumb to run a small indent around the edge to neaten (you can see in my photos that I overlooked this).

Bake in the oven for 20-25 minutes, until light golden brown. Let it cool in the pan for 10 minutes before carefully transferring to a chopping board, before gently sliding onto a cooling rack. Sprinkle (lightly) the top with caster sugar. Don't worry if it's still soft in texture, like that of a biscuit, it will firm up as it cools.

Enjoy!



The Rev'd John Stewart is Associate Rector at St James' and a keen cook. He resides at Clergy House, Chatswood.

Caesar and Christ

Robert Willson

In the last edition of *St James' Connections*, I wrote of the joys and values of travel, especially in places which help us to understand our Biblical and Christian heritage. Many years ago, my wife and I explored Italy, and I have been transcribing the diary I kept on that journey. Keeping a travel diary is so valuable.

We began this journey in Rome. After we settled into our Hotel we went for a walk. We crossed the Tiber to the *Ara Pacis Augustae*, a treasure of Ancient Rome preserved for centuries in the mud and slime of the river. It was built by the first Emperor, Caesar Augustus, to commemorate his supposed reign of peace and prosperity after the brutal civil wars of the Republican period.

Close by this temple to peace is the mausoleum of Caesar Augustus, who is of course mentioned in the Birth narrative in Luke's Gospel (Luke 2:1). Luke was a very careful and precise historian. When I saw the tomb I got a shock. It was a shattered mound of masonry with bricks and foundations visible and cats running about and homeless fellows snoozing in the sun.

I looked across the River Tiber and saw on the hill the dome of St Peter's, a great basilica honouring one of those who, as he said, had nowhere to lay his head, born in a remote part of Caesar's Empire. The verdict of history is memorable.

In fairness I must record that, since we saw Caesar's mausoleum, it has been restored by the Italian Government, and I am told that it is now much more impressive.

Have you noticed that the months of the year include the month of August which commemorates the Emperor Augustus? There is something rather odd about the calendar. After August comes September, which should be the seventh month as its name indicates. But it is in fact the ninth month. October has a name indicating that it is the eighth month, but in fact it is the tenth month.

Originally, the Romans had a year of ten months. But apparently for political reasons Julius Caesar, and Augustus Caesar had their names inserted into the sequence, thus creating a discrepancy. My diary ignores this interesting fact.

Of course we visited St Peter's Basilica but what can one say about it? Those who have an idea to slip in for a quiet prayer

and meditation need to think again, they will be in company with thousands of others. I recall seeing a piece of one-upmanship in St Peter's. Lines in the floor indicate the size of other famous shrines, smaller than St Peter's!

Near the entrance, I was fascinated by the Memorial to Bonny Prince Charlie, who aspired to restore the Royal Stuarts to the British throne but lost the Battle of Culloden in 1746. When Governor Arthur Phillip took his oath of loyalty at Sydney Cove in 1788, not far from the site of the future St James', he "renounced the Pretender", not knowing that Charles was on his deathbed, an alcoholic wreck, one of the last of the Royal Stuarts or Jacobites.

I love Rome. It is a great place to learn about the layers of history that still speak to us today, wherever we live.



Domine, quo vadis?
Painted by Annibale Carracci in c. 1601-2
Location: National Gallery, London, where it is titled
Christ appearing to Saint Peter on the Appian Way.
(Image: Wikipedia)

One final vivid memory comes back to me. After inspecting one of the famous 'Catacombs of Domitilla', where early Christians worshipped and many were buried, we set off along the Appian Way. It is a long road connecting Rome with Brindisi in southern Italy.

St Paul completed his journey to Rome on this road after he had appealed to Caesar and been told, "To Caesar you shall go", as recorded by Luke in Acts 25:12.

But as we travelled along the Appian Way, our guide casually pointed out a small building called the *Quo Vadis* Chapel. This stirred a childhood memory. As a teenager I came across a novel by a Polish author with that title. It is taken from the Latin and means literally 'Where are you going?'.

There is a legend that the apostle Peter met the risen Christ on the Appian Way at that place. Peter had been facing crucifixion at the hands of the authorities and fled the city. There he met the risen Jesus heading to Rome, and asked where he was going. The answer was that Jesus was going to Rome to be crucified again. These words confronted Peter with his cowardice and he returned to Rome where he was crucified upside-down. There is a famous painting of this encounter by 17th century artist Annibale Carracci.

Some may remember the film with that title in Latin *Quo Vadis*. I reflect that it is a question that every Christian needs to ask.

Fr Robert Willson has been a priest, school chaplain, and freelance journalist in Canberra for many years.

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Image: Chris Shain
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*The *St James' Connections* Editing Team welcomes submissions from readers, whether parishioner or not.

All submissions should be sent to:
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Any editing queries should be sent to Sue Mackenzie.

75 Years of Bringing Hope to Displaced Families

Aimée Keay

Act for Peace is an international humanitarian agency specialising in addressing displacement through locally-led programmes and amplifying the voices of people uprooted by conflict and disaster. As the international humanitarian agency of the National Council of Churches in Australia, Act for Peace is committed to confronting injustice through the global ACT Alliance.

For 75 years, church communities have been uniting through the Christmas Bowl to give hope to families who are displaced.

In 1949, Rev. Frank Byatt first laid a bowl of remembrance on the Christmas dinner table asking his family to “share your good dinner with hungry children in other lands”. From this simple act of compassion, the annual Christmas Bowl appeal was born—a much-loved tradition in churches across Australia.

The Christmas Bowl legacy runs deep—in families, across generations, cultures, denominations and nations—countless lives have been changed and bridges of solidarity built.

Brian and Jillian Polkinghorne were married over 60 years ago and have been supporting the Christmas Bowl since Brian was the congregational minister in a South Australian country Uniting Church Parish in 1965.

Brian’s faith has motivated him to continue supporting the Christmas Bowl all these years later.

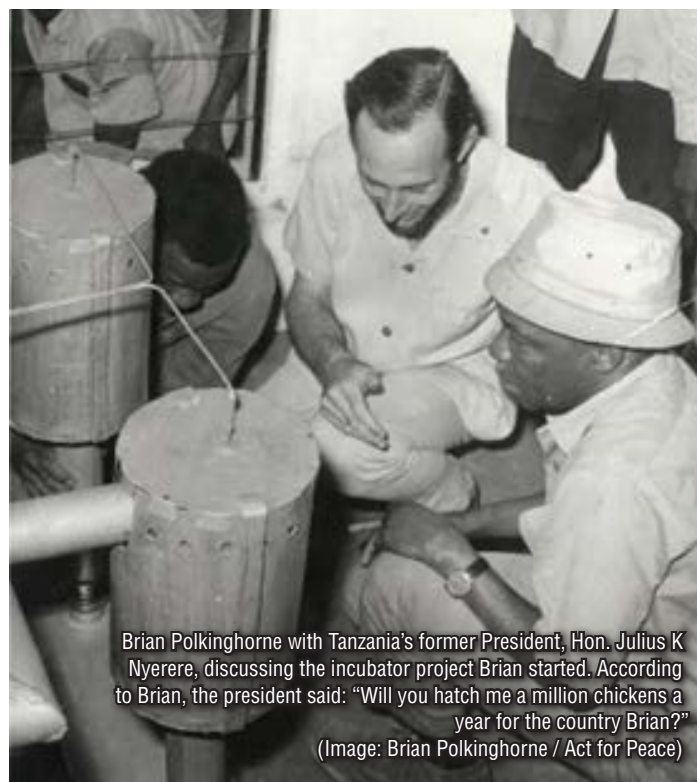
“It’s probably the most effective witness to Jesus,” he explains. “Love for the poor, the outcast, the widows, and the orphans. It is a matter of applying the love of God on a global dimension.”

For the Polkinghorne, their faith in action has defined their lives. 50 years ago, they were supported through the Christmas Bowl to start an agriculture production and training centre in Tanzania.

“It’s been part of us being Christians all our lives, and it’s part of the call of the gospel to be there for your neighbour.”

“I just think we’re so lucky in this country. We have so many blessings, and we see the injustices. We see the oppression, we see the unfairness of it all, and we just feel that we have to respond.”

Across oceans, families like Brian’s have been providing much-needed support for families displaced by conflict and disaster.



Brian Polkinghorne with Tanzania’s former President, Hon. Julius K Nyerere, discussing the incubator project Brian started. According to Brian, the president said: “Will you hatch me a million chickens a year for the country Brian?”
(Image: Brian Polkinghorne / Act for Peace)

Families like Jane’s* in Zimbabwe.

When Cyclone Idai hit in 2019, Jane tragically lost everything—not only her home but her three children.

“The cyclone started around 8pm when I was asleep with the children in the house,” says Jane.

“I woke up to find the house shaking and about to collapse. I was taken up with the water. I fractured my skull and hurt my leg.”

Jane was heartbroken to discover that she had lost her three children. She spent two years living in a tent after the disaster. In the aftermath of Cyclone Idai and then Cyclone Ana in 2021, Jane was one of 700 displaced families who required relocation.

For 75 years, generous families like Brian’s have been helping families like Jane’s to rebuild their lives.

Thanks to Christmas Bowl supporters, Act for Peace’s local partner the Zimbabwe Council of Churches (ZCC) could improve services like electricity, water, schools, health clinics and sanitation and hygiene for relocated families. Jane and her family now drink safe, clean water from the new piped water scheme. They also have access to social support services. The programme ensures people who have been displaced have control over their lives and can thrive in their future, helping them to find safety, dignity and belonging in their new homes.

For 75 years, churches and individuals across Australia have been giving hope and practical support to people who need it most. From supporting refugees after World War II, to caring for families affected by famine in Ethiopia in the 1980s, and more recently, supporting people fleeing Ukraine —through the Christmas Bowl the church has made an incredible difference in the world.

Act for Peace partners with local organisations around the world, working together to create lasting change, helping empower people to regain the peace that comes with having a safe place to belong.

The Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, is home to some of the most vulnerable refugees in the world. Earning a reliable income in the capital is extremely challenging for both refugees and host community members, and this lack of secure employment increases protection risks including survival sex, exploitative work environments, and forced migration.

Act for Peace partners with the Ethiopian Orthodox Church Development and Inter Church Aid Commission (EOC-DICAC) to implement the *Tesfa* programme. The *Tesfa* (meaning ‘hope’ in the local language) project provides a pathway out of poverty, using a holistic approach that gives coaching; support and training for families on finances; life skills; and business and technical skills. Families also receive financial support for the first nine months, so they can meet their basic needs while focusing on starting their income-generating project. They also receive psychosocial support and access to social services, as well as grants to start businesses, and assistance to register their small businesses. 50 vulnerable families (approximately 75% refugees and 25% host community members) have been selected to participate in the two-year project.

Tsehay* lives with her husband and two children in Addis Ababa. Her eldest daughter is nine years old, and her youngest son is 18 months old. She moved to Addis Ababa

in search of a better life. Her husband works many different odd jobs, and Tsehay tried to earn a living selling food and coffee. But because she didn’t have a legal shop, the police destroyed her equipment and shut down her trade. She sells potatoes and corn and washes clothes to try and earn an income, but it is difficult to earn enough to meet the family’s needs.

Rent is expensive, their home doesn’t have electricity or a stove for cooking, and water is scarce. Tsehay worries they won’t be able to pay the ever-increasing rent and will face eviction. When Tsehay’s daughter became sick with typhoid they had to take loans to access expensive health care.

“I want my children to reach a better stage, not the stage we are in now. I want them to live a better life,” says Tsehay.

Joining the *Tesfa* project has given Tsehay hope for a brighter future. She is excited to build a better life for her family, where her children can be educated.

“I hope to get changed by the *Tesfa* project. I think my life will be better in the future. I think I will change, and also bring change to the people around me as well. I want you to see me continue on this path and also bring change in the lives of my children.”

This Christmas, we invite you to join us in praying and acting for peace in the world. As we celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Christmas Bowl we reflect on the many lives changed, thanks to generous supporters and church communities.

To find out more and give today, visit christmasbowl.actforpeace.org.au

Aimée Key is the Content Lead for Act for Peace.

**Names have been changed for privacy reasons.*



Jane* and her miracle child—after losing her three children in the cyclone, she gave birth to her son at the age of 43. (Image: Tobin Jones/Act for Peace)



Senior Development Manager at Act for Peace, Stephanie Lenert meeting Tsehay* (Image: Genaye Eshetu / Act for Peace)



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Women who lead us in Song: Part 2

Michael Horsburgh

In the first part of this series, I was surprised by the biographies of the women whose verse found its way into the *New English Hymnal* (NEH). This chapter completes the series by considering the contributions of:

Harriet Auber (1773-1862)

'O praise our great and glorious Lord' (NEH 116)

Maud Oswell Coote (1852-1935)

'The "Son of Consolation"' (NEH 167)

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)

'Just as I am, without one plea' (NEH 294)

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (1836-1897)

'Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown' (NEH 465)

Rosamond Herklots (1905-1987)

'Forgive our sins as we forgive' (NEH 66)

Mary Maude (1819-1913)

'Thine forever! God of love' (NEH 463)

Love Maria Whitcomb Willis (1824-1908)

'Father, hear the prayer we offer' (NEH 357)

Harriet Auber



Harriet Auber
Attributed to John Linnell the Elder
(1792-1882)
Bonhams Auctions
10th November, 2021
(Image: © MutualArt.com)

Harriet Auber, baptised as Henriette, but preferring Harriet, was born in Spitalfields, London, on 4th October, 1773. Her father was the Rev'd James Auber of Hackney, but little is known of her family apart from speculation that it may be of French Protestant origin. Auber led a largely private life, the earlier part of it with her sisters, but later with her partner, Mary Jane McKenzie, a novelist, beside whom she was buried when

she died, on 20th January, 1862, aged 88.

A prolific poet, her only publication was the 1829 *The Spirit of the Psalms; or, a Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David*. As its title page showed, the volume's author was not attributed, as was customary for women. When some of the hymns began to be reproduced, hymnal compilers confused her work with an 1834 volume of the same title by the Rev'd Henry Frances Lyte (1793-1847), the author of 'Abide with me' (NEH 331), 'God of mercy, God of grace' (NEH 366) and 'Praise my soul, the King of heaven' (NEH 436).

Auber's contribution to NEH is a metrical version of Psalm 78:

PSALM 78.

1 O PRAISE our great and gracious Lord,
And call upon His name;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim.
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promis'd land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.

As the NEH notes, her verses were 'improved' by the NEH editors. Amongst other changes, they rewrote the second quatrain of Auber's first verse to read:

Tell how he freed his chosen race
From Pharaoh's heavy hand,
And led them by his sovereign grace
To seek the promised land.

Readers may be more familiar with another of Auber's hymns that appeared in the *English Hymnal* (157), but was omitted from NEH. It appeared in a section of hymns for festivals at the end of *The spirit of the Psalms*:

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

Early 20th century hymnologist, John Julian, described her work as using 'evangelical interpretation freely' and having 'several renderings ... full of gentle melody'. A 1903 American volume on women hymn writers concluded, 'No unusual incidents in her life have been recorded. She possessed uncommon diffidence, cared nothing for the blandishments of the world, and lived a quiet and secluded life'.

Maud Oswell Coote

Born Maude Oswell in Shropshire in 1852, little is known of her. Her NEH contribution, 'The "Son of Consolation"' is about St Barnabas, using the description given of him in Acts 4:36. Originally written for the use of St Andrew's Church, in Frankton, Shropshire, it appeared later in *Church Hymns* (No. 176), published by SPCK in 1871.

Like Auber's entry, this hymn was also subject to NEH editorial improvement, replacing the original second line with, 'Saint Barnabas the good'. Coote died in the City of Westminster on 18th March, 1935.

176 "We have great joy and consolation in thy love."—
PHILEM. 7. 7.6.

I THE Son of Consolation!
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the Holy Spirit
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self-oblation,
For Christ an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the Apostles' feet.

Charlotte and Emily Elliott



Frontispiece, Selections from the
Poems of Charlotte Elliott (1873)
(Image: © hymnologyarchive.com)

With these two women hymn writers, we enter the world of the 19th century Anglican Evangelical establishment, the 'Clapham Sect'. Located around Holy Trinity, Clapham, the group was home to William Wilberforce and other reformers in the fields of anti-slavery, prison reform, child labour, as well as the Church Missionary Society (CMS). Its principal founder was the Rev'd Henry Venn. Charlotte was Venn's granddaughter, Emily his great-granddaughter and Charlotte's niece.

Charlotte

Charlotte Elliott was born in Brighton on 18th March, 1789, but spent the first 32 years of her life in Clapham. In 1821 she became seriously ill, a challenge that brought her to a religious conversion experience in true evangelical style. A relapse in 1829 led to what has been described as a life of suffering. She died back in Brighton on 22nd September 1871. Modern interpreters suggest that she suffered from chronic fatigue syndrome.

Charlotte's most famous hymn is as much a favourite at St James', King Street, as it is elsewhere. 'Just as I am' appeared first, with six verses, in the 1836 annual edition of the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, which she began to edit that year.

XXXV.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

A seven-verse version, with a new final verse, appeared the same year in her *Hours of Sorrow cheered and comforted*.

Hours of Sorrow cheered and comforted.

POEMS

BY

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

The hymn we now sing follows the seven-verse version but omits the second verse. You will be struck by the titles of the two publications, which must relate to Charlotte's own serious illnesses. The preface to the 1850 edition of the *Invalid's Hymn Book* dwells at some length on the consolation that appropriate hymns will bring to the sufferer. In addition, it emphasises the evangelical credentials of the collection against the Tractarians, called the 'Oxford edition of Popery [that] bears the brand of Antichrist stamped on it'. Despite this proclamation, Charlotte's hymn has had a universal appeal.

I am always moved by this hymn, especially when it is sung unaccompanied on Good Friday. I am particularly moved by what is now its second last verse:

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

I imagine that Charlotte refers to barriers between us and Jesus, what we might call vertical, but my mind extends the barriers horizontally to those human-created divisions that the Lamb of God also breaks down.

Emily

Emily Elliott (published as E.S. Elliott) was born in Brighton, Sussex, on 22nd July, 1836, the third daughter of the Rev'd Edward Bishop Elliott, brother to Charlotte Elliott. Later married to William Godsmark, with whom she had five children, she died suddenly on 3rd August 1897, after an operation conducted in her home. Her death followed a period of heart problems, for which there is no specific diagnosis.

'Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown' was first published privately in 1864 for use by the choir and Sunday school of her father's church, St Mark's Brighton.

It then appeared in the December 1870 edition of the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor*, a monthly publication of CMS, of which Emily was the editor, and then in her 1873 *Chimes of Consecration*.

HYMN.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy Nativity:
Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Rosamond Herklots

Rosamond Herklots was born into a missionary family in North India in 1905. Originally educated to be a teacher, she ultimately became a secretary, working at Unilever and, after World War II, for the Association for Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus. A parishioner at St Mary's Church, Bromley, she began to write hymns in about 1940. Herklots died in 1987, after the publication of NEH in 1986, so she appears there without the date of her death.

'Forgive our sins' was written in 1966 and first published in her parish's magazine. The *Canterbury Dictionary of Hymnology* says that:

this hymn was inspired by digging up weeds in [Herklots'] nephew's garden; she perceived that their deep roots resembled the bitterness and resentment that mar so many human relationships and hinder Christian growth. Since its first appearance it has become widely valued for its perception of the difficulties involved in forgiving one another, while upholding the necessity of forgiveness and ultimately pointing to God's grace and mercy.

Herklots' hymn began to appear in hymnals in about 1970, and now appears in more than 60 of them. British hymnologist J. R. Watson has noted that, after 1978, when an unauthorized inclusive language version was published in the USA, the author modified the third and fourth verses:

3. In blazing light your Cross reveals
The truth we dimly know:
How small the debts men owe to us [What trivial debts
are owed to us,]
How great our debt to you!

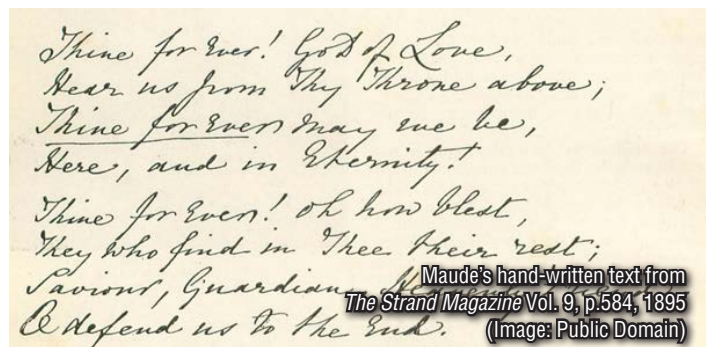
4. Lord, cleanse the depths within our souls
And bid resentment cease;
Then reconciled to God and man, [Then, bound to all in
bonds of love,]
Our lives will spread your peace.

Mary Maude



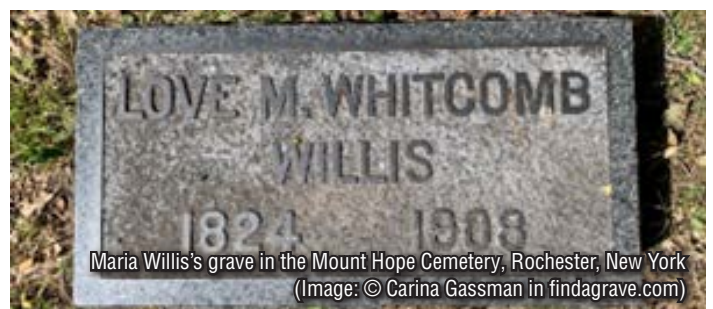
Mary Fawler Maude
(Image: Public Domain)

Born Mary Fawler Hooper on 25th October, 1819, she married, in 1849, the Rev'd Canon Joseph Maude, when he was curate at St George's, Bloomsbury, and later vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight. While there, Maude wrote 'Thine forever!' in 1847 for her Sunday school class as they were preparing for confirmation.



With some other verses, this hymn was privately published by Maude in 1848 and 1852. Retaining her position as a clergy wife and not a literary figure, Maude nevertheless had published by SPCK several books on scriptural subjects. She died on 30th July, 1913 in Overton, Cheshire.

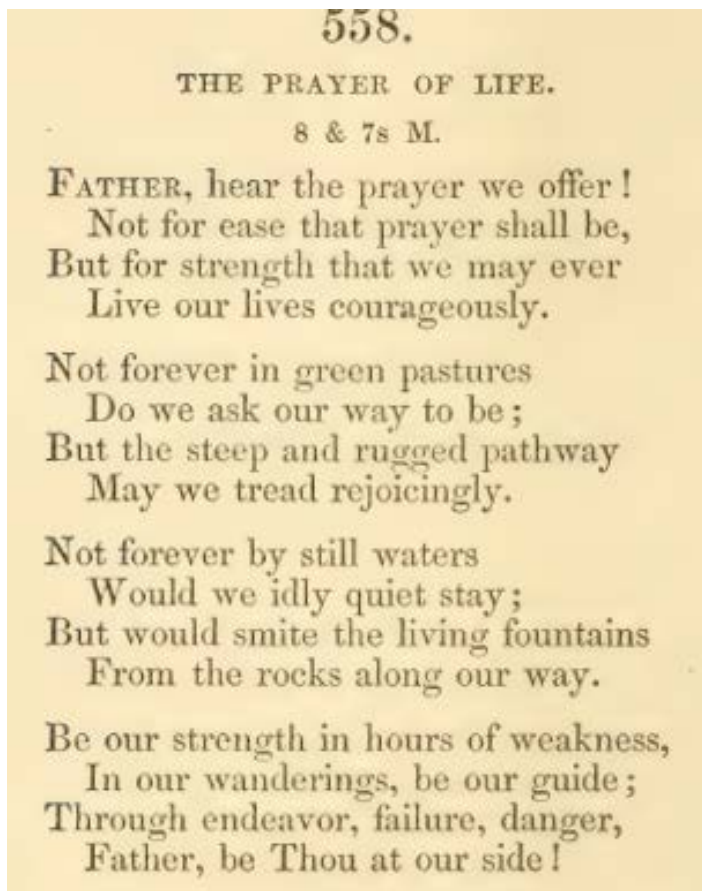
Love Maria Whitcomb Willis



Willis was born on 9th June, 1824 in Hancock, New Hampshire, USA and died on 26th November, 1908 in Elmira, New York. The daughter of a Unitarian minister, she married, in 1858, Frederick Llewellyn Hovey Willis (1830-1914), who claimed to be the original for Laurie in Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*. Expelled from Harvard Divinity School, Frederick later became a spiritualist minister and medical doctor.

'Father, hear the prayer we offer' was first published in 1858 in *Tiffany's Magazine*, a publication devoted to 'the Investigation of Spiritual Science'. From there, it made its way into *Hymns of the Spirit*, published in Boston in 1864

by Samuel Longfellow, a Unitarian minister and elder brother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Samuel Johnson, his fellow student and minister:



From Hymns of the Spirit, Boston, 1864
(Image: hymnary.org)

John Julian (editor of *A Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1902 edition) says that the original text was largely rewritten, probably by Longfellow. It is the rewritten text that we now sing. I could not find Willis's original text.

This ends our survey of hymns in NEH written by women. It is often said that women must do better than men to ensure their recognition. It can come as no surprise then that the hymns that I have surveyed are amongst the most popular in our hymnal.

Notable in the accounts of these women is the presence of chronic ill-health (hysteria). It is argued that the 19th century medical establishment used such ill health to justify the marginal position of women in society. They were irrational, over-emotional, physically weak and, therefore, unfit for wider social roles. This is not to doubt that ill health was endemic in the 19th century, it is to note how our women used their hymn-writing to give them a place in the valued world of the church. It also accounts for the content of some of their hymns. The presence of clergy wives among our authors also raises the suggestion that, chronically ill or not, these obviously capable women found a way to exert their independence in a world bound by conventions about the role of women in the rectory.

Associate Professor Michael Horsburgh AM is a parishioner and Parish Lay Reader at St James'.

Christmas

at St James' King Street

FEATURING THE CHOIR OF ST JAMES'



CAROLS

Wednesday 18th December

1:15pm - Lunchtime Lessons and Carols

Wednesday 18th December

6:30pm - Candlelight Lessons and Carols

Thursday 19th December

6:30pm - Friends of Music Carols

Sunday 22nd December

7:30pm - Nine Lessons and Carols

All welcome
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S.^TJAMES'
Bicentenary 2019-2024

Colin's Corner: from the St James' Archives

80 YEARS AGO at St James' Church

Why 80 years? you are asking.

December 1944 has special significance for me. It is 80 years since the birth of Colin John to parents, Roy and Anne Middleton of Thirlmere. My cousin, Suzanne, and I were to be baptised together by the Rector of Picton, the Rev. Fred Shaw, at St Stephen's Church in Thirlmere.

Accordingly, I thought it appropriate to go to St James' Church's *The Monthly Church Messenger* of that month, rather than the usual century gap.

The Rector's Christmas letter is reproduced below:

RECTOR'S LETTER.

Those of you who love the works of Charles Dickens will, no doubt, turn to him again at Christmas and find in his "Christmas Carol" a never-ending source of joy and gratification. I am sure that you will revel in re-reading the spirited defence Scrooge's nephew put up when his uncle replied to a cheerful "Merry Christmas" with a muttered, "Bah! Humbug" And I am equally sure that you will heartily agree with that irrepressible nephew when he says:—

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say; Christmas among the rest. But I am sure that I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it, can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forging, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it **has** done me good, and **will** do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

Scrooge's nephew had the right attitude towards Christmas. It is the one season in the year when we rejoice for the sheer joy of rejoicing, when

our spirits catch the friendliness and neighbourliness that abounds on all sides, among all people in their nobler moments, and when we feel that, for once, we can lay aside our worries and pause to greet those who move through this strange scene with us.

This spirit, of course, is not confined to Christians. One of the most pleasing aspects of the season is that its spirit touches so many people in so many different walks of life. Of all human festivals it is the most universal. But we do well to ask ourselves—and others—from whence comes this gaiety, this brief burst of common humanity? It is not something we ourselves have fashioned, though much that we enjoy at Christmas may have its origins in the simple fact that all men, despite differences in colour, race and education, are made of one blood. There is a sense in which Christmas reflects the deep, underlying unity of our race and recalls us from our divisions and differences to remember what we have in common. But the real root of Christmas joy is found in the story of a God who so loved us that He stooped from His greatness to enter our world, taking upon Himself the form of a Child, and becoming one with us, touched the littleness of our lives with something of His majesty. It is this—the coming of the God-in-man—that ultimately provides the basis for our rejoicing. Apart from the Incarnation, Christmas, great and noble though it may be as a season, has no sure and permanent foundation. We can say with Scrooge's nephew, "God bless it!" because He **has** blessed it with His own presence. That, more than anything else, explains why we sing our songs and carols even in the midst of a world at war. God is with us.

Hope, we are told, rises eternal in the human breast. Were it not so we should indeed be doomed. Life would become unbearable because all goals would appear too remote, all ideals too difficult, all faith worthless. We would sink into despair like the native at whom the "death-stick" is pointed. Hope keeps the flickering flame of endeavour burning when the winds of disaster and adversity threaten to extinguish it. But hope is based on the strong feeling that will not be denied, the feeling that back and behind all things is a great purpose, a power that motivates life and slowly but surely works out its

will through history. To deny this purpose is to die. Men may live on, compelled by some inner dynamic of their being, but their life is without joy, a thing of compulsion and of duty. They become Stoics, brave perhaps and courageous, but living joylessly and with no song rising spontaneously to their lips. It is otherwise with the Christian who brings his tribute of praise to the God Who comes at Christmas. He knows that God is at work in His world and, though men may seek to set limits to His love, the work of God will go on till the day when all things are completed. This feeling of certainty, of calm assurance, is not born of wishful thinking. It is firmly established upon the rock of fact. Something of tremendous import happened on a certain day, in a certain year. That something was the birth of a Child, and is of the very substance of history. "Very God of very God . . . incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary . . ." Our hope is grounded in historic fact. That is why we can look beyond the bounds of time, beyond the prison-bars of our private griefs and disappointments, and see the light of God shining upon the distant hills. Christmas is the source of hope that, in spite of evil, good will triumph and right prevail.

But we ought to remember that the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem was the **beginning** of a great life. It was God's declaration that the fight was on, the battle joined. The Babe of Bethlehem, like all children, had before Him a long history of struggle and suffering, of joy and sorrow as He grappled with this evil that sought to defeat God's purpose in man. Work had to be done. And that should remind us that Christmas is a challenge. It does not begin and end with the singing of sweet songs. Nor is the peace it brings mere cessation from strife. Beneath the melody of the carols lies the deep diapason of the coming struggle which was to make the life of our Lord a life of battle even to the sunset, and its peace the peace of the warrior. Unless we see this and see it clearly, we run the risk of sentimentalising Christmas. It becomes a season unrelated to the rest of life. And that is precisely what we ought not to make it. Christmas is the beginning of that Incarnate Life which challenged the evil that was in the world and overcame it, and its message contains a stirring call to Christians to work and plan for peace, not merely to sing about it!

Let us come to our services in the spirit of those who rejoice in the assurance that God is with us, standing beside us to cheer and comfort, to console and encourage. Let us lift up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving that we do not struggle alone. And let us find in this happy time the inspiration to go out

and work for Him whose first days were spent in a carpenter's shop.

And, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, everyone."

E. J. DAVIDSON,¹
Rector

From The Monthly Church Messenger
December 1944

- ¹ The Rev. Edwin John Davidson was the first Australian born Rector of St James' Church. He was Rector from 1938 until 1955, when he was elected Bishop of Gippsland.

Colin Middleton is a former Archives Assistant at St James'.



"O come, let us adore Him."

(From page 3 of *The Monthly Church Messenger*, December, 1944)

In Basho's Footsteps to Kashima Shrine

Ian Westbrook

Pilgrimage has been something of a theme in *St James' Connections* this year, covering various journeyings to sacred places. We have become better informed about ancient Christian pilgrimage routes in Spain and Ethiopia, and Army Chaplain Cameron West told us about a pilgrimage route he is trying to establish between Goulburn and Canberra, linking indigenous and Christian sacred places.

Recently, my wife Heather and I took on an old pilgrimage route in Japan. Pilgrims over centuries in Japan have been visiting shrines and temples, some of which have origins before the time of Christ. Shrines relate to the Shinto religion, being places for veneration of ancestral spirits, and temples are Buddhist. There are differences between the two religions but the success of the spread of Buddhism, which came to Japan in the sixth century, was partly due to it not overthrowing ancient beliefs but combining them.

The route we took followed in the footsteps of Basho, a seventeenth century Japanese poet and writer. In 1687 he wrote *A Visit to Kashima Shrine*, a brief travel journal combining haiku, 17 syllable poems. Basho had become a successful haiku poet and leader of haiku sessions in Edo, the old name for Tokyo. At the time he was living in a hut in Fukagawa, a relatively isolated part of Edo then, across on the eastern side of the Sumida River. A friend of his, a Buddhist priest named Butcho who had been Basho's mentor in understanding Buddhism, had invited him to come to Kashima where he was living in a temple not far from the shrine.

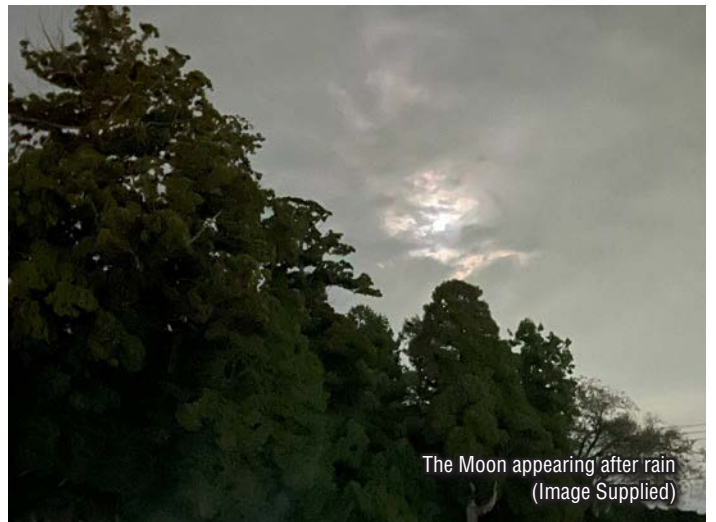
So Basho accepted, devising the intention also to see the autumn full moon rise over the shrine. He set off with two companions, Sora, who also accompanied Basho on *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*, and Soha, a wandering Buddhist priest. On the morning of beginning their pilgrimage, Basho in his journal humorously captures the spectacle of them setting off:

[The wandering priest] was clad in a robe black as a crow, with a bundle of sacred stoles around his neck and on his back a portable shrine containing a holy image of the Buddha-after-enlightenment. This priest, brandishing his long staff, stepped into the road, ahead of all the others, as if he had a free pass to the World beyond the Gateless Gate. I, too, was clad in a black robe, but neither a priest nor an ordinary man of this world was I, for I wavered ceaselessly like a bat that passes for a bird at one time and for a mouse at another.

Basho's journey involved walking and river boats. These boats thrived at the time from pilgrims heading to Kashima, 100 km east of Edo. There were three main shrines to visit, each over two thousand years old and after Ise, south from Nagoya, they were the most ancient and sacred shrines in the country. Near his house in Fukagawa, Basho and his companions took a boat to Gytoku, not far from today's Tokyo Disneyland. From there they walked nearly 50 km east to Fusa, a town on the Tone River, where another boat took them downstream to Kashima. They stayed a few nights and on the return journey walked over to Itako to visit a friend and then took a boat upstream the way they had come.

Basho's brief travel journal does not give a lot of detail about his walking route and it took some time to piece together, since these days it is not a common tourist route. It became clear we could not duplicate the boat journeys. Pilgrim demand has fallen off over the years and river transporting of goods to Edo is also history. The comprehensive Japanese train network would have to fill this gap, so we donned backpacks and walked in Basho's footsteps where we could.

We soon realised obvious differences compared with Basho's journey nearly 350 years ago. The planet has warmed since. Basho would have remarked on high temperatures if relevant, but our challenge was walking in 30-35°C and high humidity in the upper reaches. The only traffic in Basho's time would have been other pilgrims and the occasional horse, but the same roads he walked are now traffic-clogged, with narrow footpaths. Not ideal walking conditions, but such are the demands of pilgrimages on foot. Basho marvelled at the flowers of bush clover, the bell-ing of wild stags, and herds of horses trampling the grass. Our scenes were urban development, neon signs and fast food outlets, with cities replacing villages. This gave way to some farming country as we approached Fusa and a sight-



The Moon appearing after rain
(Image Supplied)

ing in common with Basho was Mount Tsukuba, rising in the inland distance above the plains.

Some Edo period landmarks remain. At Gyotoku on the Edo River are some poles in the water, remains of the old ferry wharf where Basho would have disembarked. Alongside now are berths for luxury leisure craft. In the distance to the south, Mount Fuji could be seen then, now all that can be seen is the Tokyo Skytree tower as the new skyline for the pilgrim. Along the Gyotoku kaido, Basho's walking route, an Edo period shop remains, now the headquarters of the local history museum. The kind manager gave us two bottles of cold water to ward off the sweltering heat. A number of temples are along the route, some over 1000 years old—we made time to stop and perhaps Basho did as well.

Our arrival in Kashima was timed, like Basho's, to see the autumn full moon. For him it rained and he could not see the moon rise but he stayed up all night until 'shortly before daybreak...the moon began to shine through the rifts made in the hanging clouds.' Our luck was similar, it rained the first night and the next, later in the evening, the full moon came out from racing clouds for a while before it was obscured. As Basho quotes one of his companions:

Regardless of weather,
The moon shines the same;
It is the drifting clouds
That make it seem different
On different nights.

Kashima shrine is ancient, with origins believed to be in 660 BCE, although relics from antiquity are not on public view. Shrine buildings are 400 years old and tall forests of surrounding cedar and pine inspired Basho to write:

In the days
Of the ancient gods
A mere seedling
This pine must have been

When it comes to pilgrimages there is often discussion about which is more important, the journey or the destination. In common with Basho, we would agree that Kashima shrine is a world treasure, getting there was just a means to a sublime spiritual experience.

Ian Westbrook is a parishioner at St James'.



Kashima Shrine
(Image Supplied)



A Stag in the process of belling
(Image: <https://www.visit-edo.com/tips-for-visiting-edo/belling-stags-in-edo>)

Recent Milestones

Baptism	Date
Albert Noel Roberts	9 th November
Funerals	
Patricia Lloyd Davies Zeppel	15 th August
Dr Peter Harper	1 st November
The Hon. Moreton Rolfe KC	7 th November
Stuart James Williamson	15 th November
Joyce Smith	21 st November
Service of Thanksgiving	
Frederick John Amor	8 th October



Easter at St James'
(Image: Chris Shain, Images for Business)

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Music at St James'

The Choir of St James' continues to offer inspiring choral music of the highest standard. Recordings of our livestreamed services can be viewed afterwards via our YouTube channel: St James' King Street.

Sunday 1st December – Advent Sunday

9:30am – Sung Eucharist

Setting: Dudman

11:00am – Choral Eucharist

Setting: Howells – *Collegium Regale*

Motet: Howells – *A spotless rose*

7:30pm – Advent Carols with Procession

Works by Weir, MacMillan, Bruckner, Britten, Martin, Manz, and others

Wednesday 4th December

6:15pm – Choral Evensong

Responses: Byrd

Canticles: Bevan – *Magnificat tone i*

Palestrina – *Nunc dimittis tone iii*

Anthem: Ord – *Adam lay ybounden*

Sunday 8th December

9:30am – Choral Matins

Responses: Byrd

Canticles: Gibbons – *Benedictus (Short Service)*

Boyce – *Jubilate in C*

Anthem: Gibbons – *This is the record of John*

11:00am – Choral Eucharist

Setting: Byrd – *Mass for four voices*

Motet: Thwaites – *I love the Lord*

Wednesday 11th December

6:15pm – Choral Evensong

Responses: Tomkins

Canticles: Gibbons – *Short Service*

Anthem: Anon. – *Rejoice in the Lord alway*

Sunday 15th December

9:30am – Choral Matins

Responses: Tomkins

Canticles: Sumsion – *Benedicite in B flat*

Stanford – *Benedictus in C*

Anthem: Handel – *And the glory of the Lord*

11:00am – Choral Eucharist

(Sung by The St James' Singers)

Setting: Webster – *Missa Dorica*

Motet: arr. Scott – *Creator of the stars of night*

6:00pm – Concert: A St James' Christmas

Handel – *Messiah* (Part One), works by Rutter, and favourite carols

Tickets, both in person & online: <https://events.humanitix.com/a-st-james-christmas-handel-and-rutter>

Wednesday 18th December

1:15pm – Lunchtime Carols

6:30pm – Candlelight Carols

Thursday 19th December

6:30pm – Candlelight Carols

Sunday 22nd December

9:30am – Choral Matins

Responses: Sanders

Canticles: Moore – *Benedictus*

Jackson – *Benedicite*

Anthem: Manz – *E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come*

11:00am – Choral Eucharist

Setting: Victoria – *Missa Alma redemptoris mater*

Motet: Parsons – *Ave Maria*

7:30pm – A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols

Tuesday 24th December – Christmas Eve

10:30pm – Night Eucharist of the Nativity

Setting: Malcolm – *Missa ad Præsepe*

Motet: Victoria – *O magnum mysterium*

Motet: arr. Willcocks – *Sussex Carol*

Wednesday 25th December – Christmas Day

8:00am – Sung Eucharist of the Nativity

(Sung by The St James' Singers)

Setting: Dudman

10:00am – Choral Eucharist of the Nativity

Setting: Mozart – *Missa brevis in D (K. 194)*

Motet: Sweelinck – *Hodie Christus natus est*

Motet: arr. Pearsall – *In dulci jubilo*

Sunday 29th December

10:00am – Sung Eucharist

Setting: Dudman

Sunday 5th January 2025

10:00am – Sung Eucharist

Setting: Dudman

Sunday 12th January

10:00am – Sung Eucharist

Setting: Dudman

Sunday 19th January

10:00am – Choral Eucharist

(Sung by The St James' Singers)

Setting: Darke – *Communion Service in F*

Sunday 26th January

10:00am – Choral Eucharist

Setting: Drury – *Mass*

Motet: Rimes – *It is well with my soul*

Sunday 2nd February – Candlemas

10:00am – Orchestral Eucharist

Setting: Mozart – *Mass in C major (K. 257) Credomesse*

4:00pm – Choral Evensong for Candlemas

Regular Choral Evensong will resume on Wednesday 5th February, 2025, allowing The Choir of St James' a break after Christmas until then.

ORCHESTRAL MASSES 2025



2nd February, 10:00am - Candlemas

Mozart- *Mass in C Major (K257) Credomesse*

27th July, 10.00 am - Patronal Festival Sunday

“The Splendour of Venice” – ceremonial music

by Gabrieli and Monteverdi

with cornetts and sackbuts

23th November, 10.00am - Christ the King

Hough – *Missa Mirabilis*

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

DECEMBER

- Sunday 1st 7:30pm Advent Carols
- Sunday 15th 6:00pm Concert: A St James' Christmas
Featuring The Choir and Orchestra of St James'
- Wednesday 18th 1:15pm & 6:30pm Mid-week Lessons and Carols
- Thursday 19th 6:30pm Mid-week Lessons and Carols
- Sunday 22nd 7:30pm Nine Lessons and Carols
- Tuesday 24th 6:15pm Christingle
- Tuesday 24th 10:30pm Night Eucharist of the Nativity
- Wednesday 25th 8:00am Sung Eucharist & 10:00am Choral Eucharist
Christmas Day

JANUARY

- Sunday 5th 8:00am Holy Eucharist & 10:00am Sung Eucharist
The Epiphany of our Lord
- Sunday 12th 8:00am Holy Eucharist & 10:00am Sung Eucharist
The Baptism of our Lord
- Sunday 19th 8:00am Holy Eucharist & 10:00am Choral Eucharist
- Sunday 26th 8:00am Holy Eucharist & 10:00am Choral Eucharist

Christmas at St James' King Street

FEATURING THE CHOIR OF ST JAMES'



CHRISTMAS EVE

Tuesday 24th December
6:15pm - Christingle

Tuesday 24th December
10:30pm - Night Eucharist of the Nativity

CHRISTMAS DAY

Wednesday 25th December
8:00am - Sung Eucharist

Wednesday 25th December
10:00am - Choral Eucharist

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