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Janet, Lynn and Rita with Heather Warwick.

THE CURE, PART 2: From the Sky Pilot's Log, 2CH Broadcast.

Yesterday, on this radio session, we told the story, or part of the story, of Mr. Dickson, the

man who had left his home and travelled 2,000 miles in search of peace. Of course his name was

not Dickson, but the rest of the story is true. After he had been staying with me as a guest for some days Dickson told me his story. I had not asked for it; it came quite naturally.

"You know, Smithy," he said, "I'd like to tell you my story. I didn't think I would ever tell a soul, but . . . well, here it is: there's nothing remarkable about it really. I was just an ordinary, successful, business man. I married happily and saw our four children grow up and start life on their own. All my life people had come to me for help or advice. I don't know why it was, but they did. And I found a lot of pleasure in helping them when I could."

"That means," I said, "that you were giving out all the time. Helping others, advising others, comforting others. I know what it was, or I think I do, and the time came when you felt you had nothing more to give. You had exhausted yourself and were in need of comfort yourself; and you had no one to turn to. No one ever dreamed that you had need of comfort. Was that it?"

"Well, maybe it was," Dickson admitted. "Perhaps the mental strain was too much as I grew older. I felt a hypocrite, even though I was not conscious of anything wrong in my life. People still seemed to derive help from my advice; but it was as if there was something crying out inside me in protest. I could help others; why couldn't I help myself?"

"The will and the power to help others is a God given asset. But assets can be used up. Maybe you were giving out all the time and not taking in. It would be only natural that a time would come when you felt you had exhausted all your assets. Unless you could receive new help and strength and comfort for yourself, you couldn't pass it on to others."

"Perhaps so. It may have been psychological; I don't know. But a time came when I learned to hate my comfortable home and surroundings. I hated myself. I even began to fear that if I didn't do something drastic I would come to hate my wife, with whom I had lived happily for over twenty-five years. Rather than have that happen I just packed up and came away to the bush."

"Did you explain your feelings to your wife?"

"I tried to several times. All she said was that I was run down and she would take me away for a holiday. Well, that was the last thing I wanted. She would have been hurt if I had told her so, but I couldn't face a holiday with her. We would have gone to some fashionable place and met people and talked politely — oh, I just couldn't stand that. I wanted to be alone; away in some place where no one knew me or would come to me for advice or help. I wanted to think. Or perhaps it was that I **didn't** want to think; I don't know."

"Perhaps you were afraid that you would be asked for that advice or comfort that you felt

you had exhausted. You were burning up your nerves."

"That's what it felt like. I had tried reading books on philosophy and theology and somehow they left me cold. They were all clever reasoning; I didn't want something from the brain, I wanted — how shall I put it? something **outside** of mere reasoning. I don't suppose you can understand what I'm driving at?"

"I think I do. A sick child doesn't want reasoning. He wants his mother to sit by him, to hold his hand or smooth his pillow. Even the great men of history had their weak moments. What they needed was not someone to reason with them but someone to love them and comfort them. There's something of the child in every man and at times he needs just to rest his head on a woman's lap and be soothed and comforted like a little child. I don't know why it should be so, but it is."

"Maybe you're right; but if I had done that my wife would have thought I was going mad and advised me to see a specialist. Oh, we are still fond of each other, but — well, we are not young now. I was wrapped up in my business and she was interested in the children and her social gatherings, and I suppose we gradually grew apart in some ways. I was never interested in any other woman and people say what a happy couple we are but . . . well, there it is."

"Yes, and that's the dangerous period when many marriages seem to go on the rocks. What a pity people couldn't forget their dignity and pride and act — —well, unreasonably, you might say, like they do when first they are in love. But it's easy to give advice and very hard to follow it out oneself."

"I think it went too far before I realised it. But still I feel that even if we got back something of our first — well — understanding of each other that is not all I am looking for. I want something you might call peace or happiness or . . . to tell you the truth I don't know how to express it or even if such a thing exists."

"It exists all right, and the longing for it is deeply implanted in your soul. We humans are incomplete without God. We can't do without Him. I don't mean what is usually referred to as 'religion'. We need a personal experience of the forgiveness of sins and the love and the power and the fellowship of God in our lives. We don't want a God created by reason; we need a God to whom we can go and pour out all our troubles and worries and leave them there. We need to become as little children and lay our heads in the lap of God and feel His touch soothing away our cares."

"But is there such a God? And if there is, how are we to approach Him?"

"Through simple faith. As you were saying to me the other day the world today is crying

out for a simpler life of love and trust and happiness in everyday surroundings. The attempt to build a new world can only begin in our own hearts. If we all, as individuals, cultivate peace and contentment in our own hearts it will affect the nation — and the world — as a whole."

"Yes, that's all very well, but how can we do this?"

"By coming to God in simple faith in Jesus Christ and confessing our sin and need for Him. If we make Him our Lord and Saviour the peace of God which passes all understanding shall fill our hearts and minds and nothing on earth or in hell will be able to take away that peace from us."

"I would like to believe that, but I can't. Somehow I can't. I believe in God and I believe that Christ died for the sins of the world; but somehow I can't get beyond that. As I said, I am not conscious of sin in my own life though I recognise sin in the world. I may be selfish, but I'm not worried about the world at the moment, I'm worried about myself. I want peace in my own life, and I can't find it."

Somehow I couldn't get any further with my strange guest. I realised he was mentally worn out, his nerves all on edge in spite of his calm and collected manner in front of people. Only when we were alone did he let the barrier of reserve down for a moment and let me glimpse the tortured spirit within. And in the end it was not I, but Lily, the little quadron child who unconsciously saved him from a nervous breakdown and brought him to find peace through the love of Christ.

It was Christmas time. Many of the natives had only a vague idea about the customs of white people in their celebration of Christmas; but Lily had been studying the matter for weeks past. She had exhausted all George's knowledge of Santa Claus and Christmas trees and then she begged me to make her some snow — or to go away and get some in the aeroplane. The best I could do was to supply synthetic snow in the shape of cotton wool. Then she pounced on Dickson and ordered him to take an axe and get her a Christmas tree. Ted, the Constable, was staying with me at the time and he came with the news.

"Guess what, Smithy. I've just seen poor old Dickson in singlet and shorts, dripping with sweat, trying to cut down a cypress pine tree. You never saw anyone use an axe like he does! He never hit the same place twice; looks as if a rat had been gnawing the stem of the tree. Shall I go and give him a hand?"

"No, Ted, leave them alone. I hope Lily keeps him at it; it'll be the making of him. I guess she will, too; she's a determined little thing."

From that moment Dickson's time was no longer his own. For the first time in his life he hadn't had time to shave before lunch. But the climax

came on Christmas morning when Dickson helped Lily to open the parcels. Strangely enough the Constable was the man to see the final act in the drama.

"Smithy," he said, "you'll never guess what I saw just now. I was watching through the window when Dickson helped Lily open the presents; they didn't see me. When all the parcels were opened Lily made Dickson shut his eyes while she thanked God for Christmas. She even made him repeat the Lord's prayer — but he only got half way."

"How was that, Ted? He must know it all. I know he attended Church regularly in the city. Surely he hadn't forgotten it?"

"I don't rightly know. But when he got to that part, 'Forgive us our trespasses', he sort of choked and buried his head in Lily's lap. Last I saw she was stroking his head and — well, kind of mothering him. And Smithy, you mightn't believe me, but he was crying like a baby."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the Kingdom the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen".

MARELLA MISSION FARM BADGES: We have ordered a number of easy-to-fix car stickers depicting the little Aboriginal boy watching the billy boil, similar to that on the wrapper of this leaflet only that the sticker will be in three colours, black, yellow and red and it will be approximately three inches in height. These attractive stickers should be very popular with the young car owners who collect souvenirs from the various places they visit. They should be available towards the end of August and will be posted to interested friends for thirty cents post free.

VOLUNTARY WORKERS: Valuable voluntary work has been done for us by various organisations. **The Lions Club** of Hornsby put in a stainless steel twin bowl sink in the pavilion and also built a long bench, with a shelf, for the refreshments at our Sales of Work. This is a great boon to us and we are most grateful for what the members have done, all without any cost to us. **The Apex Club** of Castle Hill very kindly painted the back of Onslow House. This has needed doing for a long time and the work put in by the members of this organisation is much appreciated. **The Junior Chamber of Commerce** came along in force and cut a lot of firewood for our use. In fact they did this on two occasions. All through the wet month of June we have had enough firewood to keep the open fire going all day in the mission house. This was the only way we could get some of the washing dry. **The Catholic Youth Organisation** came back again and did further valuable work painting. No one seems to like painting and yet it is a very necessary job. We are deeply grateful for these

men who so willingly take to the paint brush to help us out.

MRS. LANGFORD-SMITH: Following a long period of ill health Mrs. Langford-Smith had a trip to Hornsby Hospital for a slight operation. Her heart condition caused some anxiety when she had to have an anaesthetic. She is making slow recovery but we hope when the warmer weather comes she will pick up more rapidly. Her sister, Mrs. Hodges, very kindly helped us out with the cooking during this period.

RALPH MERRITT: We have had considerable difficulty with Ralph who had had most of the illnesses which are possible to a small boy. Careful nursing and expert medical attention have brought him round on many an occasion when there seemed little hope. Above all we feel that God has answered our prayers on his behalf and we continue to uphold him in this way. However, not content with unavoidable illness, Ralph recently poked a piece of cardboard so far up one of his nostrils that it could not be removed except by a visit to the hospital, an anaesthetic and a specialist to do the job! Ralph is so used to hospitals that he felt quite at home and was heard ordering the nurses to "read him a story".

DARK CHILDREN: Several of the children have had discharging ears which, unfortunately, is very common amongst the dark children. It has meant many a trip to the doctors and to the hospital. Some of them will probably have a slight operation later to close up the perforation in the ear drum. Mrs. Round, the sub-matron, has had to spend a great deal of her time taking children to doctors, hospitals and clinics for examination. Although there has been no serious illness amongst the children these time-consuming trips are a real problem. On each occasion it means that Mrs. Round is away from the Mission for the best part of half a day.

There have been several admissions of recent months amongst which are Geraldine (12), Jasmine (5), and George (3). This brings our total to twenty-eight, which is rather more than we can accommodate comfortably. We have had to use the main house as an overflow from the children's quarters in Onslow House.

NEW WING: It is hoped to build a new wing for a Boys' Dormitory. Plans have been submitted to the Child Welfare Department for advice and approval. It is hoped to be able to begin building by the end of the year if these plans are approved. We have not yet enough money in hand, but the need is urgent and we feel sure that God will provide. When completed this building will give us the required 500 cubic feet of space for each child. Please pray that these plans may be overruled of God for His glory.

DR. J. B. DICK-SMITH: For over twenty

years Dr. Dick-Smith has been the Honorary Physician to Marella Mission. He has seen it grow from the time we cared for the first teenage Aboriginal girl to what it is today with nearly thirty boys and girls in residence. He has attended Mr. and Mrs. Langford-Smith and their family and Mrs. Warwick and her daughter as well as all the Aboriginal children. We owe more to him, perhaps, than to any other man and mere words cannot express our gratitude to him for his skill and devotion over the years. Dr. Dick-Smith has now given up his private practice in order to specialise in Arthritis and we extend to him our very best wishes for his future success.

Dr. G. Ross Winton and Dr. M. G. Nelson-Marshall have very kindly agreed to care for the health of our children in the future. As they have a surgery at Kellyville as well as at Castle Hill this will be very convenient. As these doctors were previously partners with Dr. Dick-Smith and have all the cards and records going back many years it is a very happy arrangement.

REVIVAL PRAYER MEETING: After much prayer and consideration it has been decided to commence a monthly prayer meeting at Marella for the convenience of friends who would like to join with us in prayer for revival. This is apart from the customary prayer that we hold twice each day with the staff and children. The meeting will be held on the **THIRD** Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Marella Mission Farm, Acres Road, Kellyville. The Aboriginal children will sing one or two items when possible but the meeting will be for prayer and Bible study. If you are able to come we will be delighted; if not, perhaps you would like to send us notes for prayer or praise. These will be treated in the greatest confidence and no names will be mentioned except on special request.

We have received many requests for prayer over the years and there have been wonderful answers. Seemingly impossible petitions have been offered to the God of the impossible and the results have strengthened our weak faith. Sick people at the point of death have been restored; loved ones converted; problems solved. Yet not all prayers are answered in the way we ask or expect. God has His own way of dealing with people or situations and no prayer is in vain if we are content to follow God's leading and seek His will. We want revival in our own hearts, revival in our district, revival throughout the whole country as we prepare for the visit of Dr. Billy Graham. If you believe in prayer and are unable to be with us please join in prayer in your own home on the Third Tuesday of the month at 8 p.m. The first meeting will be held on 19th September 1967 but there will be no meeting in December or January.