

# **SKY PILOT NEWS** April, 1967

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## **SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP**

# **RALLY and SALE OF WORK**

to be held (D.V.) in the grounds of

## **MARELLA MISSION FARM**

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**ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.**

# **Saturday, 6th May, 1967**

**10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.**

**PUBLIC MEETING, 2.30 p.m. – FREE PARKING**

**ALL THE USUAL STALLS: REFRESHMENTS AND HOT PIES  
AVAILABLE ALL DAY**

Proceeds in aid of our work for needy aboriginal children.

Do your Mother's Day shopping while you enjoy a day's outing in the country; at the same time you will be helping this work for the dark children of our own land.

Make up a car party, including your friends. For children there will be swings, pony rides, and motor boat rides on the Mission Lake.

If you are unable to come by car, there are buses from Parramatta to Kellyville Post Office. The Mission Farm is about one mile from the Post Office, but transport between the Mission Farm and Post Office bus stop will be arranged for the following buses:—

Depart Parramatta Station: 9.06 a.m., 10.06 a.m., 11.06 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.20 p.m., 1.12 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 11.50 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 1.23 p.m., 1.53, 4.16, 5.16 p.m.

If coming by car, turn off Windsor Road at President Road, follow to end, then turn left into Greens Road and first turn left is Acres Road. The Mission Farm is the third home on the left in Acres Road.

Gifts for the stalls will be greatly appreciated. They should be railed to Marella Mission Farm, Parramatta Railway Station, or brought direct to the Mission Farm before or on the day of the Rally. For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 634-2427.

Please pray for a fine day.



## SILENCE: From the Sky Pilot's Log, 2CH Broadcast

Joe and Dick were camped on the coast of Arnhem Land in country which they had not visited previously. It was barren country with some saltbush and stunted grass but few trees. Now both of these men were used to the noise of cattle and mission stations; the laughter of native children, the sound of corroboree, the lowing of cattle, the rattle of hobble chains and the tinkle of horse-bells. Here on the coast, near the great salt pans, the silence was something they had not experienced before and they did not care for it. Dick voiced his uneasiness.

"This is an awful place, Joe," he remarked. "The silence fair gets on a man's nerves. I find myself talking in a whisper almost as if I didn't ought to speak out loud."

"The same here. There's not a sound or movement of a living thing within miles and miles. I think I will go mad if I have to stay here much longer."

"How long did Smithy say it would be before he brought the lugger round and picked us up?"

"He said about the end of the week. This is only Wednesday and anyhow the lugger may be late. We might have another week of it. If I'd known it would be so quiet here I wouldn't have hurried. I hate this place. There's not even the sign of a native. I haven't seen any smoke from a fire since we've been here."

"Funny thing you speaking of smoke; I've been watching over there to the left and wondering if that was smoke I could see or only the heat waves. Have a look at it yourself."

"I can't see anything. No, wait a minute, I'm not sure now. Yes, maybe it is smoke. It's so far away it might only be a mirage. Even if it is smoke it would only be some native camp. That wouldn't help us much."

"I don't know. It would be better to have a few natives for company than to sit down here for maybe a week until the silence drove us mad. What say we take a walk over that way? It's better than doing nothing. We can hide the canoe and if Smithy happened to be early he would wait here for us."

"All right. A good walk would be better than sitting here doing nothing. Come on, let's go!"

For perhaps five or six miles the men tramped over the spongy soil that gave no sound of footfalls. The same monotonous vegetation of stunted salt bush lined their path. The same unbroken silence wrapped itself around them until it was only with an effort that they spoke to each other. Gradually the faint haze in the distance became clearer and they recognised it unmistakably as

smoke from a fire. Where there was a fire in this country there was a man. They pressed forward with renewed energy and before sundown reached a depression in the sandhills which disclosed a roughly made shelter of stunted bushes woven together with saltbush. Joe paused and wiped the sweat from his eyes.

"You were right, Dick; it's a blackfellow's wurley all right. It's better made than any I've seen before. Look! there's the blackfellow himself."

"That's not a blackfellow, it's a white man. He's got a wash-basin fixed up alongside the wurley. I ain't never seen a bush blackfellow that was so keen on keeping clean. He's looking at us now. Better speak to him."

"Hullo, there, stranger!" Joe called. "Can you put up with a couple of visitors?"

"Good day!" the man replied. "I didn't expect visitors here."

"We were camped by the mouth of the river and saw your smoke — thought it was a blackfellow's fire. Anyhow we came along to fill in the time. You don't live here do you?"

"I've been here about three months. I'll be going further inland before the wet season."

"Lived here for three months! All alone, too! We've nearly gone mad with the silence in a couple of days. How can you bear the awful silence?"

"What silence? I don't understand what you mean."

"The silence of this desert, of course. There's not a living thing — not a bird or an animal or even an insect to break the silence. I'm going dippy with the silence."

"I see," said the stranger, "that you are new to this country; you don't understand."

"We've lived in the Northern Territory for a few years but we've never been in this kind of desert country before."

"Then perhaps you can be excused for speaking about 'silence'. There is no silence here. You only imagine it because your ears are not able to recognise the little soft voices that are all around you."

"Little soft voices . . ." Dick was bewildered. "Say, mate, I think you've been here too long. If you can hear voices around here you've gone dippy already."

"No, I'm quite sane. But I've learned to shut out the noisy sounds that drown small voices and my ears are tuned to hear the little folk."

"What little folk? I haven't seen a living thing for days except Dick and you."

"If you like to stay with me for a day or two



I'll teach you. But it is supper time now. I can only offer you salt junk and damper and a drink of tea, but you're welcome to stay."

"We've brought some tucker with us," Dick said. "All we could carry, but there's mobs more back at the canoe. Hand over that bag, Joe. We can pool supplies."

"We appreciate your invitation no end," Joe added. "By the way my name's Joe, and this talkative creature I brought with me is Dick."

"Talkative!" exclaimed Dick. "I like that!"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Pete. I'm pleased to meet you both. But the billy is boiling so I'll make the tea."

After the meal was finished Joe leaned back with a sigh of content. "I enjoyed that," he said, "Dick and I were getting a bit nervy with the silence back at the river, but it doesn't seem so bad here. You seem so quiet and restful."

"Too right," Dick added. "You don't seem queer neither, even if you do talk about little soft voices and the little folk who live in the desert."

Pete smiled. "Well, some people would call me queer, but I'm not mad in the way you were thinking. I am a zoologist and I came here specially to study the marsupial mice and other small creatures. This sandy country abounds with mice of all kinds. Did you notice that I swept the sand all round the wurley before we had tea?"

"I did," Joe admitted. "It seemed a funny thing to do, but I didn't say anything. I thought it was just a fad."

"No, it was done with an object. Now I'll light the lamp and we'll go and have a look for tracks. If I can convince you that the little folk, as I call them, are real enough to leave tracks you might be more ready to expect them to have voices too. Come along."

Pete led the men to the carefully swept patch of sand and holding the lamp close to the ground pointed out what looked like little fairy footsteps, as delicate as cobwebs.

"See," he exclaimed, "there are the tracks. They were made by marsupial mice — little flittering forms that dance and play in the moonlight."

"Lummel!" exclaimed Dick. "There must be a mob of them! This ground is covered with tracks."

"I didn't hear a sound," said Joe. "And unless I had seen this I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Steady," cautioned Pete. "Don't walk on them! I will make drawings of these footprints in daylight. But come away from the wurley a bit and if you are perfectly still you'll hear the voices of the little folk."

Pete led the men some distance from the fire and sat down on the sand. He motioned to the two men to do likewise and then he turned out

the lamp. Dick began to speak but Pete silenced him.

"You mustn't speak," he whispered. "When a man is speaking himself he cannot listen. You must be very quiet."

The men sat in absolute silence and strained their ears. But they heard nothing. However to humour their host they remained for perhaps 20 minutes without speaking. Gradually, as their ears became accustomed to the quiet, they detected faint rustling sounds and tiny squeaks; the voices of the marsupial mice. As an ever increasing murmur came the soft sounds and with ears becoming tuned to the slight sound it was possible for the men to distinguish occasional individual sounds. Pete spoke and immediately the spell was broken.

"You heard them?" he asked. "One has to be very still to hear them properly and to understand them."

"You don't mean to say," asked Dick "that you can understand what they're saying?"

"In a way I can. They do not use words, of course, but I can tell from their voices when they are happy, or frightened or hurt. Yes, I can understand their voices."

"It must have taken you a long time to learn all this."

"I have been interested in nature all my life. For the past three months I have lived here alone with the mice and day and night I have studied them."

"I thought mice only came out at night. How could you study them in the daytime?"

"I study their tracks in the sand. I find their homes. Sometimes I make pets of them and learn what they eat, how they behave . . . oh, there is a lot to learn."

"You call them marsupial mice," said Joe. "A marsupial is an animal that carries its young in a pouch, isn't it?"

"Yes; but these mice are not all marsupials like the little tufted-tailed honey eating mice. Some carry their young suspended from their teats. They run about over the rough ground and the babies bump over sticks and stones but never lose hold, otherwise they would die."

"And are the mice the only living things in this desert?"

"No, not by any means. This country teems with life. But you would not be able to hear the voices of the smaller creatures without much practice and careful study. First, one must learn to be silent. It is not possible to hear little soft voices when one is talking or making a noise. If you stay with me for a few days I will teach you, but you must be very patient; yes, very patient. But it is late now, and you have heard enough for one night. There is always tomorrow."



And so Joe and Dick learned that there were little soft voices in the desert where they thought there was no living creature.

Some people, who do not understand, laugh at the thought that we can hear the voice of God. To them prayer is useless and foolish because they think they are speaking to someone who does not exist, or who is not interested in them. But millions of Christians have learned to hear the voice of God. They know when God is pleased or displeased with them and He guides them in the right paths. If we cannot hear the voice of God maybe it is because we are making too much noise ourselves. Even when we pray we do too much talking and too little listening, always asking for things we want and rarely asking what God wants us to do. We do not take time to "be still and know God". To the tribal Aborigines radio is foolish; they cannot believe that voices and music are in the air around them. They cannot tune in. Some people are like that with God; they refuse to believe in Him because they have never "tuned-in".

God said: "Be still and know that I am God." If we take time to be still and seek God in prayer and in the reading of His word we will soon find Him and begin to understand what was a closed book to us before.

And the final entry in today's log is taken from the 19th chapter of the First Book of Kings: "Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

**DARK CHILDREN TO THE ZOO:** On 1st April members of the Paulian Society took our children for an outing to the Zoo. This was a great treat for the children who enjoyed themselves thoroughly. We do appreciate the kindness of these friends who have already done so much for our children. In the January issue of this paper there was a photo of little Robert standing next to a clown at our last Sale of Work. It was one of the members of the Paulian Society who took this part.

**ANOTHER GRANDSON FOR MR. & MRS. LANGFORD-SMITH:** To Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hinton a third son was born on 23rd March. We extend to them our sincere congratulations. Mrs. Hinton (nee Margaret Langford-Smith) is the eldest daughter of the "Sky Pilot" and his

wife. This makes the sixth grandson in the family; the first granddaughter has yet to appear! Both Mother and baby (Richard Ivan) are doing well.

**SHOW PIGEONS:** In past years a great many of the Marella pigeons were exhibited and they have won many Championship Awards, First Prizes and Gold and Silver Medals and other trophies. Owing to lack of time and for other reasons the flock has been greatly reduced and now only two varieties are exhibited. At the recent Maitland Show Marella birds won a First and Second with the only two Short-faced Tumblers sent; at the Royal Easter Show Marella birds won two Firsts, two Seconds and two Thirds.

**WOMEN'S AUXILIARY PICNIC:** The members of the Parramatta Women's Auxiliary of the Sky Pilot Fellowship entertained the Blue Mountains Auxiliary to lunch at Wentworth Falls in March. About 45 women were present (and a few men) and it was a time of happy Christian fellowship. The Rev. W. R. Brown opened the meeting with prayer and Mrs. V. Onslow spoke about "Sunshine and Shadow" as it affected the progress of the work at Marella. Her address was most instructive and entertaining.

**THE DARK CHILDREN:** There has been a steady improvement in the health of the more recent arrivals at Marella and it is very encouraging to see them growing into happy, sturdy children. Above all there is amongst them an awakening interest in spiritual things. Two of the children, aged five and three years respectively, went home for a short time and they refused to eat their meals until the parents said grace!

**SALE OF WORK:** We shall be very grateful for gifts for our various stalls at the Autumn Sale of Work on 6th May next. These gifts should be mailed to Parramatta Railway Station or posted to Box 29, Post Office, Castle Hill, if it is not possible to bring them to the Mission Farm. We are always very short of cakes for the cake stall. So many of our supporters live at a distance and carrying cakes is a difficult thing. May we suggest that if you will be coming by car to the Sale that you endeavour to make a cake as a contribution towards the cake stall? And please pray for a fine day on 6th May.

**CONCLUSION:** We do praise God for the wonderful way He has provided for us over the years. As we reach the end of our financial year (31st March) we echo the words of Joshua: "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken; all came to pass."