

SKY PILOT NEWS Oct., 1964

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SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP

POSTPONED SALE OF WORK and 16th ANNIVERSARY RALLY

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

MARELLA MISSION FARM

Acres Road, Kellyville, N.S.W.

SATURDAY, 28th NOVEMBER, 1964

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
PONY RIDES and MOTOR BOAT TRIPS ON THE LAKE FOR CHILDREN

This Sale of Work was postponed because of bad weather on 31st October.
Proceeds in aid of our work for needy aboriginal children.

Do your Christmas 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, s'ippery dips, pony rides and motor boat trips.

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: 8.49 a.m., 11.05 a.m., 12.29 p.m., 1.15 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P. O. 11.47 a.m., 1.33 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.07 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 to left is Acres Road. The Mission Farm is the third home on the left in Acres Road.

Gifts for stalls will be greatly appreciated. They should be railed to the "Sky Pilot", 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.

GEORGE'S OPERATION: FROM THE SKY PILOT'S LOG, 2CH BROADCAST

Joe was taking the utility into Mataranka, the nearest township to the mission. It was a rough track in those days and there were dangerous washaways and creeks along the 170 mile route. I was nervous about his driving but as usual he was full of confidence.

"Don't worry," he said, 'I'll be all right. You just leave it to me."

"It's a bad road, Joe and I've seen you drive before. When you and the road turn in the same direction it is sheer coincidence."

Joe was hurt. "You think" he said, "I can't drive because you once saw me drive over a silent cop."

"It was the only one in the whole of the Northern Territory. Anyhow it was lucky for you it was a silent cop. Well, off you go; but don't forget what I told you before. Don't try to cross the Strangways at the old crossing — you'll find a better crossing five miles down-stream."

"Look, Smithy, you've told me that about a dozen times already. I won't forget. You leave it to me."

A few days after Joe left the mission, a boy came with a note from George, a stockman who lived some distance down river, saying that he had been "taken crook" and thought he was dying; could I come at once. It took very little time to reach his hut and I found him lying on his green-hide bunk groaning in pain.

"Oh-h-h I thought you were never comin'. Where have you been?"

"I came as soon as I got your note, George."

"You're in time to bury me I suppose." George groaned loudly. "Oh this pain is awful. I feel as if my stomach is on fire."

"Have you been eating burrawongs again?" I asked, "or some other bush tucker?"

"No I haven't. I ain't eaten a thing but beef and damper for weeks." He groaned again. "Anyway it ain't no ordinary stomach ache, it's all on one side."

"I'm glad it's only on one side. If **all** your stomach was aching at the same time it would be very serious. I suppose it's the right hand side that's painful?"

"Let me see. Yes, I believe you're right. It is the right hand side. How did you know?"

"I just made a guess. Now," I said, "let me have a look at it. Turn over. That's better. Now tell me where it is most painful. Can you feel this?"

George yelled. "Hey! go easy! Of course I can feel it!" he groaned loudly. "You've nearly killed me now, so I hope you're satisfied. Do you know what's the matter with me? Have I been poisoned or something?" He groaned again.

"Not the way you think. You have acute appendicitis, that's what's the matter with you."

"Well," he exclaimed, impatiently, "don't just stand there lookin' at me! Can't you give me some medicine or somethin' for it? I've only got quinine and epsom salts in the hut; I don't suppose they are any good."

"No they're not! Whatever you do, don't touch epsom salts or castor oil or anything like that, it might be fatal. The only thing to save your life is an immediate operation."

"An operation?" George was startled. "You mean to cut me open?"

"I'm afraid so. If you have an abscess on the appendix the only thing is to remove the appendix without delay. Would you like me to operate?"

"No darn fear!" George was always definite. "I haven't forgotten how you pulled out a tooth for me once. I'm hanged if I'll let you cut me open. Have you ever operated for appendicitis before?"

"No, I haven't; but there always has to be a first time."

"No fear, there hasn't. Not with me anyhow. I'd sooner die slowly if I have to die at all. But you might practise on Lefthand. You wouldn't mind would you, Lefthand?"

"By golly, boss" exclaimed the startled Aboriginal, "no more me. Me too muchee old fellow now."

"But," I explained, "you wouldn't feel it, Lefthand. I would give you something to smell that would put you to sleep first. Suppose I . . . Here, come back! Stop him someone! Oh, it's too late, he's gone bush."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed George, but the laugh changed to a groan. "Don't make me laugh Smithy, it's cruel. The pain was better for a while, when you were talking about cutting me open, but it's come on again." He groaned loudly. "I'm dying," he insisted. "Where's my old mate Jim? I'd like to see him again before I pass out."

"Jim went to Mataranka with Joe," I told him. "But I'll tell you what; I'll get the blacks to carry you down to the boat and we'll row you to the mission. If I can get you into the aeroplane I'll have you safe in the hospital at Marranboy within a few hours. How about it?"

"I ain't keen on it but I'd sooner that than have you cut me open." He groaned again. "The pain's gettin' worse. Hurry up can't you."

Joe and Jim drove up to the Strangways crossing and Joe pulled on the brake. The crossing did not look too bad though there was water covering the track. Joe looked at it thoughtfully. "That crossing" he said, "doesn't look too bad. I

think we can get over all right.

"It don't look too bad," Jim admitted, doubtfully, "but Smithy warned us against it. He knows this track and he told us to look for a better crossing further down stream. Better do as he said."

"But" said Joe, "that crossing is five miles down stream. That would add ten miles to our trip by the time we got back. I think this crossing is all right now. Probably there was more water in it when Smithy passed last time."

"I still think you had better try the other crossing."

"No, I'll try to rush it. Hold on. We'll be over in a few seconds."

Joe put the car into second gear, let it roll down the steep approach then revved up the engine, let in the clutch and tried to rush the crossing. There was a splash, the car lurched awkwardly, then suddenly the two wheels on the near side slipped into deeper water and the car almost turned over. The engine stalled.

"Now" Jim exclaimed, "look what you've done! The water's up to my knees. I'm **sitting** in water. If we don't get out in a hurry we'll be **all** under water. You've run into a quicksand or something. Come on you fool! Don't sit there with your mouth open."

"I'm sorry" Joe apologised, "how was I to know that hole was there. My heavens! what will Smithy say now? We'll have to swim for it. Come on!"

"Now you've done it young fellow," said Jim as he swam ashore. "You've got us stranded miles from nowhere and I know you can't fix that car even if you get it out of the creek. What will we do now?"

"Listen!" Joe held up his hand. "I can hear a truck engine. It must be the mailman. He's been down to the bottom crossing. Lucky for us he's coming our way; we can get a lift into Mataranka. He might tow the utility out of the creek, too. It's an answer to prayer."

"Maybe" said Jim, "but if I was you I'd save up my prayers till you have to tell Smithy what you've done to his utility. You'll need 'em then!"

* * *

We got George into the aeroplane and took off for the hospital. As I flew over the Strangways I saw my stranded utility on the bank and guessed what had happened. I dropped a note at the township as we passed over, so that they could wire for a doctor and be ready at the hospital. A utility with a mattress in the back was waiting at the landing ground when we arrived and before long George was safely in bed, where he looked strangely out of place between snowy white sheets. The doctor arrived a couple of hours later and while he was preparing for the operation Jim and Joe arrived in a borrowed car. It was no time for

explanations about the utility; we had to watch George, who showed signs of stage fright, and we half expected him to go bush, as Lefthand had done. Jim took charge.

"It's all right George old fellow" he said, soothingly. "They'll soon have you fixed up nice and comfortable. (Better shut that window, Joe; it's a big temptation to a man in George's state of mind). I'll duck outside for a few minutes but I'll come back before they operate. There's nothing to be afraid of George. You won't feel a thing. They keep the knives and things real sharp, so you needn't be afraid of them hacking you about with blunt instruments."

"I don't want to be opened up with sharp knives or blunt knives," George complained. "I don't want to be opened up at all! I hate the thought of it. Let me out, quick, afore that nurse comes back. And lend me a pair of pants Joe, she took and hid me clothes."

"This is the only pair I've got. But they'll give you an anaesthetic to put you to sleep. You won't feel anything. Hush! here's the doctor now."

"Well, well, well," said the doctor breezily, "How's the patient now? We won't be long. I'll whip out that infected appendix and you'll be as fit as a fiddle in a week or two."

"Will I?" George sounded doubtful. "Somehow I feel this will be the end of poor old George."

"Not a bit of it" exclaimed the doctor. "I've operated on hundreds of cases and never yet lost a patient in an operation. Not one."

"Maybe some of 'em died later," George suggested. "I ain't used to operations."

"You don't need to be. All you've got to do is to trust me and go quietly to sleep. I'll do the rest."

"Haven't I got to do anything at all to get well?"

"Not at first. I'll see to the operation. Afterwards I'll need your co-operation. You'll have to eat what's good for you and keep cheerful, and carry out the nurse's instructions from day to day. There's nothing difficult about that. Nothing at all."

"I left half a bottle of brandy back at my hut" said George wistfully. "It's been there for months. I don't drink much but I could do with it right now. Good heavens! here come the nurse dressed up like Ned Kelly with a mask over her face. Let me out of here!"

"Quick," yelled the doctor, "grab him you fellows! Now hold him still a minute while I put him to sleep."

"Help! Help! Help!" George called, but his cries were choked off as the anaesthetic took effect.

* * *

Of course the operation was a success and in after years George often boasted about how simple it all was, and he showed his scar to all who were interested and many who were not.

But I often thought of the parable of the operation. To begin with George had to do nothing but trust in the skilled surgeon to remove the infected part. Later he had to do his part in obeying the nurse's instructions in eating only what was good for him and in gradually building up his strength.

Not every man has an infected appendix but if he has it must be removed or healed. The Preacher said: "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." Yes by breaking God's laws and by the abuse of powers given, man has landed himself in a mess from which he cannot extract himself. The one thing necessary is to surrender oneself to the will of God. To cast all our care upon Him for He careth for us. To trust our past, our present, and our future to Him — and all else worthwhile will follow.

And the final entry in today's log is taken from the sixth chapter of Matthew: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

SALE OF WORK. After 16 years we actually had a wet day for our Sale of Work on 31st October. This was not altogether unexpected and we had mentioned that possibility in our last leaflet. However we have arranged to hold the postponed Sale at the Mission Farm (D.V.) on Saturday, 28th November, 1964. This will be exactly as arranged for the October Sale, with the same stalls, pies, refreshments, pony rides and (we hope) motor boat trips on the artificial lake.

But what about the wet day? Did God forget us, or was it merely a test of our faith? Look at the results: we took only some of our goods to the Church of England Hall at Kellyville and in the cramped quarters there, with the rain pouring down, we carried on, hoping to sell at least the perishable goods. And the result? We made about £850 clear profit after all expenses had been allowed for—the best financial result that we have had at any Sale of Work in the past 16 years. God tested our faith, but He did not let us down; He never does. Many friends phoned on Saturday morning, during heavy rain, to sympathise with us: little did they know that God had a special blessing in store for us in spite of the weather.

Goods for many stalls could not be sent to the Church Hall and those stall-holders who were able to carry on and had very little space; but there was a wonderful Christian spirit in evidence and many visitors remarked on the happy atmosphere. We wish to thank the Rector, the Rev. W. Girvan, for permission to use the Hall; also for the way he led during the public meeting

with the Bible reading and prayer.

God was good in giving us a couple of hours of fine weather which enabled us to hold the Public Meeting in the Church Grounds (the hall would have been far too small). About 300 people attended the public meeting and the hall was still filled with workers and customers! It is with a sense of deep gratitude to God for His wonderful goodness that we rejoice, not only at the financial success of the improvised Sale but in the fact that God's name was honoured in a wonderful way, and His blessing on this work was obvious to all who attended.



STALLS

POSTPONED SALE OF WORK: as mentioned above we hope to hold the postponed Sale on Saturday, 28th November, at the Mission Farm, Kellyville. We ask all our friends to rally round and make this an even greater day than ever before. The money is needed urgently; we still have quantities of articles for sale, and we expect to receive a great deal more before the 28th November.

BUILDING FUND. Though only launched officially on October 31st our special appeal for £5,000 for urgently required buildings has had an encouraging reception. When this paper went to press only a week later, the amazing amount of £1,755 had already been received; and a legacy of £500 will shortly be available in addition. Needy dark children beg for admittance and we have to turn them away; yet Christ said: "Feed my lambs". But it is not only a matter of feeding and clothing the children (the Government would do that) but here at Marella they are prepared for assimilation; and the record of those who have gone on to responsible positions speaks for itself.

Soon it will be Christmas and we shall be thinking of: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men". Does this exclude the Australian Aborigines? After the tragic treatment of the early settlers and the mess Governments have made of the spiritual and character-forming training of these people, let us show that we ourselves are faithful in carrying out our Lord's commands.