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New Home and Offices, York Road, Kellyville.

JIM'S CLOSE SHAVE: From the Sky Pilot's Log, 2CH Broadcast.

George and Jim had been out mustering on the borders of Arnhem Land, Northern Territory. They had been away for several months, working the country near the Limmen River, and we could watch their progress by the fires they lit as they burned off patches of rank grass. Every few days I received a report from our natives, who kept in touch with the natives in the mustering camp by means of signal fires. I thought it would be a good idea to test the efficiency of this method of sending messages, so I told one of my boys to let George know that I would fly down the following day to see how they were getting on. A little later he came back looking very pleased with himself.

"Well, Millewarra," I asked, "did you send the message to George?"

"You-eye boss, I bin sendim all right."

"Yes, but did George get the message? I want an answer. You go back to your smoke signals and try to get an answer. You say that you can send messages over fifty miles; well I can talk to the man in the moon, though he doesn't answer me. Ask George if there's anything he would like me to take down tomorrow."

"All right, Boss; me askim George."

It was some time before Millewarra came back. He hesitated a bit as if not sure of the message he had received. He had lost something of his confidence and appeared puzzled.

"Well," I demanded. "What did George say? Does he want me to take anything down?"

"Yes, Moningna, him askim for somethin' all right but . . . might be somethin' wrong . . . me no savvy."

"How do you mean 'something wrong'? What did George ask for?"

"George bin ask you to take down . . . me think . . . a knife."

"A knife? What sort of a knife?"

"Me no savvy, Moningna. That's all I got. George wants knife."

"That's a silly sort of message. George's got plenty of knives with him; skinning knives, beef knives, jack knives and both he and Jim usually have a couple of pocket knives. What other kind of a knife would he want?"

"Me no savvy, Moningna. Message say George want a knife — that'll do."

"Oh, I think you're only kidding me. George wouldn't ask for a knife. It doesn't make sense."

"Him wantin knife all right, Moningna. I talk true fellow."

Millewarra was so sure of the message that I puzzled over it all the rest of the afternoon. I thought of carving knives and scalpels; beyond that there was nothing I could think of in the knife line that might be of use to George. Any-

how, the following morning I flew down and landed as near to the mustering camp as I could. I tied the aeroplane down and by that time George and Jim cantered up.

"Hullo, Smithy," said George. "We heard you was comin' down this mornin'. Did you get my message and bring what Jim ordered?"

"So it was Jim that wanted it? Well I'm hanged if I could make out what you asked for. Millewarra told me it was a knife. I brought a carving knife and a scalpel — I don't know what kind of a knife you want; you should have plenty."

"Ha, ha ha," laughed George. "He's brought a carvin' knife, Jim, and a scalpel!"

"A carvin' knife!" Jim exclaimed. "And a scalpel! A fat lot of good that's goin' to be to me."

"Well," I replied, "you ought to be more definite in your requests. What do you want a knife for, anyhow?"

"I didn't ask for no knife. I asked for a **razor**. A razor. Don't you know what that is? Just a simple R-A-Y-S-E-R, razor! And you fetch down a carvin' knife!"

"And a scalpel," added George. "Don't forget the scalpel. Never mind, Jim, it wasn't a bad effort. The natives got the message pretty near right. You'll have to keep your beard now till we get back."

Jim was certainly in need of a razor. His beard had grown out in all directions and the hair was twisted and curled like the hair on a bull's forehead or the creepers and undergrowth in the jungle. He was naturally a hairy man, like Esau, and his reddish beard made him look very like a frilled lizard. Hair even sprouted from his ears and nostrils, while his eyebrows were like the wings of a bird. I had never before seen so much hair on so little space.

"It's a pity," George remarked, "that you didn't get the message right. One of these days there's goin' to be an accident. Every time Jim lights his pipe we stand by with a bucket of water in case there's a grass fire. Ha, ha, ha."

"It's all right for you to laugh," said Jim ruefully. "You could do with a shave yourself. But your beard seems to grow down towards your boots instead of straight out like mine."

"I don't think there's anything **straight** about your beard, Jim."

"Well," he replied, "you know what I mean. If George hadn't lost the hair clippers I'd of been all right. There ain't even a pair of scissors in the camp. I'd like to know what I'm goin' to do now. Another couple of weeks and I won't be able to see."

"Couldn't you lay your head on a log and with a sharp hatchet . . ."

"That's enough, Smithy. I ain't trustin' youse blokes with no hatchet."

"Well, what about a sharp butcher's knife?"

"I tried that," said George, and chuckled at the memory. "I got a few tufts off but Jim reckoned I was pullin' the hair out by the roots. He looked like the rats had been at him when I'd finished."

"Anyway," I said, "a razor wouldn't have been any use without a pair of scissors to begin with. We'd have to clear the undergrowth before we could get at the roots. Why not let an Aboriginal barber have a go at it, Jim?"

"Not on your life! They get two shells and pull the hair out by the roots, one at a time. That's no good to me."

"Sometimes," said George, helpfully, "the Aborigines put mud packs on their faces and when the hair has all dried in the mud they peel it off. It make a good close shave too; but we'd have to rope and throw Jim first."

"I'd sooner put up with my beard. I've got a thin skin and the Aboriginal ideas ain't no good to me. They can have 'em."

"Sometimes," George added, "the Aborigines shave with a bit of broken glass or a piece of flint; or they rub off the whiskers with a lump of pumice."

"Well," said Jim, "I ain't an Aboriginal. Hair clippers, scissors or a razor is what I want. If I can't get 'em — well, I'm stickin' to my beard."

"You mean the beard is sticking to you!"

George scratched his head thoughtfully. "We got to do somethin' about it," he argued. "I've heard that if rats don't get somethin' to chew, their teeth grow so long that it kills 'em. And I've seen a bullock's horn twist round the same way as Jim's beard and grow into the beast's skull. And I've seen . . ."

"Shut up, George! You've seen too much."

"Where," I asked, "did you lose the clippers? Why not send the trackers back and maybe they'll be able to find them?"

"Lefthand's out lookin' for 'em now; but we burnt a lot of country and it won't be easy to find 'em. Anyhow, here comes one of my boys with a spare horse. Come on, Smithy, forget Jim's beard and come and have a drink of tea."

"Right-o, but I have to get back this afternoon. Come on, Jim. I suppose you can still ride. But if that beard of yours gets caught in the monsoon it'll lift you out of the saddle."

After lunch a triumphant Lefthand rode into the camp and handed George a rusty and fire-blackened pair of hair clippers. Jim shouted with

relief. "Hooray! Now I'm set. Once I get these clippers to work I'll be a different man."

"Hold on, Jim," George cautioned. "Don't get over excited. These things is all rusted up with the dew and the fire. I can't get a movement out of the handles. I don't reckon they'll ever work again."

"Well I wish Lefthand had never found 'em instead of gettin' me all worked up. But can't you fix 'em, Smithy? What about a bit of neats-foot oil? That might ease 'em up a bit."

"I've got some engine oil," I told him, "in the aeroplane. It's a bit heavy but it might do the trick. Lefthand, you savvy the locker behind the back cockpit? Well bring me the tools and the tin of oil, will you?"

"You-eye Moningna, me savvy. Me go catchim now."

In no time we had the clippers working, in a sort of a way. George did the shearing but Jim, unlike the usual run of sheep, was anything but dumb. Every time the clippers jammed, his language was awful.

George lost his patience. "Keep still, can't you," he ordered. "How do you expect me to do the shearin' with you jumpin' about and cussing?"

"Wow! Go easy, George, you're pullin' 'em out by the roots. Wow! Go slow, can't you? You ain't tryin' to break a shearin' record."

"Sticks it out, Jim, We're goin' fine. This beard of yours is a bit tough but as long as the handles stand it's bound to come."

Eventually it was all over and Jim's face was covered in red stubble instead of a matted fleece. He rubbed in some bullock fat to take the smart out of his skin and then he offered to shear George.

"Who? Me? Not on your life, Jim, I'm keepin' my beard for the present. It ain't in the way and it keeps off the flies and mosquitoes. I'll have a shave when musterin' is over and we get back to my hut."

Jim looked wonderfully neat and tidy compared with what he had been before. He stared at his reflection in the billabong and was satisfied. Of course, he would not have been presentable in the city and I couldn't imagine him being admitted to dine at a club or first class restaurant as he was now. It's all a matter of comparison. He'd suffered considerably at George's hands and as a result his appearance was somewhat improved — but that was all.

Many a man whose habits and sins have made him uncomfortable feels that he really must take a pull and try to improve. He decides to turn over a new leaf and cut out the most

obvious faults and failings. Quite possibly the attempt means considerable struggle and suffering on his part; and no doubt he is somewhat better in the end. He may be as good or even better than the average man about him, but compared with the spotless son of God he makes a very poor showing — as all of us do.

Trimming off the worst of our faults doesn't eradicate the root of sin; only God can do that. Even if Jim had been able to get hold of a razor and have a really close shave it wouldn't have lasted. A few hours and he would need the razor again. There is no doubt that good New Year resolutions are a fine thing, especially if they are carried out. It is quite a good thing to turn over a new leaf, and even to correct our most obvious sins; but it does not get at the root of the matter. When a man comes to Christ for cleansing God does not merely spruce him up temporarily and shear off the most obvious outward results of sin. He makes him a new creature from the roots up — and that's what we need. Christ said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches." What more could we ask? St. Paul tells us in the 11th chapter of Romans: "If the root be holy, so are the branches."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND HOMES, CARLINGFORD: As our readers will know, the Church of England Homes very kindly took over the responsibility of caring for our Aboriginal children as from the end of last year. They agreed to several of our suggestions: we were to be represented on the new Marella Management Committee by one of our Council Members; the new Group Homes were to be called "Marella"; we were to supply all the equipment that was needed and which we had been using, such as tables and chairs, other furniture, table crockery and cutlery, blankets, linen, etc., and a freezer; we were to help fund the cost of caring for the children and providing group homes for them. So far this year we have been able to forward \$88,500.00 in cash which does not include \$2,450.00 sent direct to the Homes from our old supporters and new friends. There is still a quarter of the year to go and we are praying that we may be able to add to this figure. Many friends thought that we would "fold up" once the children had gone; indeed, many false reports were published in local papers to the effect that we had "closed down". This is not correct. We are still very much alive and active and we believe God will continue to work through us for the benefit of His Aboriginal children. We would like to point out that the Committee of the Church of England Homes did not offer to

take our children on the condition that we continue to support them financially; they were quite prepared to meet all the costs. However, we felt a continuing responsibility for these children. Once our friends and supporters realise that we have not closed down we are sure they will rally round, as they have done in the past, and help us to expand the work for the Aboriginal children under the new system.

We have kept in touch with the old Marella Children. We have had some meals with them at Carlingford and just before they moved to the new homes at Marrickville we attended a farewell "hangi" at Havilah.

Several times the Aboriginal children have visited us both in the old house and the new one; they are always very interested in exploring everything. The York Road site was part of their old playground where they made wurleys and cubby houses among the timber of what we called the "bush paddock" for the past forty years. They are now established in the two group homes in Marrickville with Aboriginal house parents to care for them. It has been possible for some of them to return to parents, which is the ideal situation. Great trouble and expense has been undertaken by the new Management Committee to overcome some of the problems such as alcoholism or the difficulty some of them have, as Aborigines, to rent houses which are often "not available" when the landlords know that their tenants are Aboriginal.

The Church of England Homes Management have agreed to keep this work interdenominational, as it always has been, and there is no denominational barrier for children or staff. The latest Aboriginal house parents are Pastor and Mrs. Bird, earnest Christians belonging to the Baptist Church. We feel they will be a great help to the children in spiritual matters.

We have received a number of visits, phone calls and letters from former children, now grown up and many of them with children of their own. Christine, who was our first baby admitted over 25 years ago, came out to visit us in July. She has three children and is expecting a fourth at the end of September. She is very loyal to us and naturally looks on this as her real home. But she has problems (and who hasn't, these days?) and she needs our continued prayers, as do all our dark children, past and present. Rhonda came to us as a small child and lived happily at Marella for some time. After she left she married and had three children. But the marriage finally broke up. Until she was settled and agreement was reached with her husband about the custody of the children, she brought them out to Marella where she herself had been so happy

many years before. They were lovely children and when their photos were printed in the Sky Pilot News many comments were made by our readers about their happy, smiling faces. Finally they left us and went to their father. However, a short time ago Rhonda brought them out to see us, together with two other children by her second marriage. It was, indeed, a very happy and rewarding reunion. Many other boys and girls have contacted us recently, and this is a great joy to us. Aborigines are not always very demonstrative or articulate, but they are very loyal and they never forget those who have been kind to them.

STREET STALLS: Because of the move and the problem of storage we had to decline offers of good used clothing for a time. In our last Sky Pilot News we mentioned that we were now in a position to accept such for sale on our street Stalls, which take place every month this year. Most people are very understanding and only bring saleable goods; but in the past some people have brought old worn out shoes and other rubbish. We are most grateful for those friends who only bring out good articles. Used clothing is always welcome, but please do not bring shoes, handbags, books (except paperbacks) or anything like that. Needlework and new items of clothing, knitting or anything of that nature is a great help to us.

Since January 1st this year we have had nine street stalls in Parramatta. These have brought in a total of \$1,651.00. Because of this and the donations from friends we are able to continue with the funding of our Aboriginal children, more of which are coming forward than can be accommodated in the present two homes; we need further group homes and this means your continued support if the need is to be met.

FINANCIAL SUPPORT: "We heard recently of a Church which had been maintained by two or three wealthy families who lived in the parish. Other people, who could not afford to give large amounts, left it to them. But they eventually moved from the district and the Church lost their support. In no time the Church was closed down. The strength of Marella Mission Farm and before it the daily "Sky Pilot's Log" radio broadcasts, was that they were maintained mostly not by large donations but from a great many small donations, often given at great sacrifice by pensioners and other Christians who were very poorly off. We are very touched by the many people who give small donations which often they can hardly afford; but like the loaves and the fishes our Lord is able to feed many needy

Aboriginal children because of these gifts. One of our friends found that she could live without using her "Over 70 pension", which is not reduced by the means test. For a very considerable period she has been sending the whole of the pension to us for the Building Fund. This has helped to pay for the group homes now being used by our Aboriginal children. There are other needy dark children who are being fostered on a temporary basis until more homes may be procured. We thank our many supporters who send small donations which together make up the total of our income. Buying or building cottages is expensive these days; so is the cost of feeding hungry children. Because large amounts have to be spent some supporters feel that their "widow's mite" will make little difference. However, we have several thousand people on our mailing list, and if all of these sent the little they could afford it would amount to a very large sum.

MARELLA MOVES TO YORK ROAD:

For a period of over forty years Marella was situated in Acres Road, Kellyville. As explained in previous issues of this "News", twenty-five acres of the property was sold to the Regional Mission of the Parramatta Uniting Church for a Youth Centre. We retained five acres of the original property on the York Road entrance for our new home and offices. The property has belonged to the Langford-Smith family since it was purchased in 1939; the new house for the accommodation of the present administrative staff and the new offices (which separate the Langford-Smith living quarters from those of Mrs. Warwick) were paid for by the Langford-Smiths out of the money obtained from the sale of the old property. The Marella Mission Farm, therefore, had no capital expenses; however, they are paying a small rent for the offices and the other buildings still used for Mission business.

The building was delayed longer than was expected, but the move actually took place on 11th August, 1979. The Rev. Lindsay Doust very kindly obtained the use of a large van belonging to Lifeline, and he and other members of the Regional Mission volunteered to assist us to move. This kindly gesture was much appreciated. Besides the workers from the Regional Mission of the Uniting Church, we were assisted by many volunteers from other Churches. Mr. and Mrs. Ken Crossman and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mitchell (who have been voluntary workers for Marella for over twenty years and are members of Marella Council) did a wonderful job in helping us. Mr. and Mrs. W. McCullough joined in before and after the day of moving. Mr. Alan Blinks of the Regional

Mission moved the large aviary a few days later and set it up next to our storage shed at York Road. The Rev. Ian Fauchon, the Church of England minister from St. Stephen's, Kellyville, and other volunteers from the Church, moved the piano and other heavy furniture from the storage shed to the new offices. Mr. Ivan Hinton with his wife (nee Margaret Langford-Smith) and their children came a little later and moved the steel stationery cupboards which were heavy and awkward to handle. (They also brought a gift of lamb from their property in Inverell.) Mr. Bruce Langford-Smith and his wife Margaret also came down from Coonamble to help us out. It will be weeks before we are able fully to unpack and sort out the books for the library, etc., etc.; but we are gradually getting straight.

As mentioned previously our 'phone number (629-1555) has not altered, nor has our postal address (Marella Mission Farm, Box 29 P.O., Castle Hill, 2154); however, our residential address is now Marella Mission Farm Limited, 17 York Road, Kellyville (off President Road). But please do not send letters to Kellyville; they should all be sent to Castle Hill as before.

RIDING HORSES: Before we moved, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Foley and a friend came down from Brisbane to pick up the riding ponies that belonged to Heather Foley, Mrs. Warwick's daughter. The mare "Meg" will be remembered by many of our friends for the way she carried the children about for horse rides at our Sales of Work. She is getting old now, but has been a very faithful "Voluntary Worker" for Marella over a great many years. It was sad to see the horses taken away from the property. Meg had been at Marella for about thirteen years — the same time that "Tinker", the neurotic but faithful little miniature fox terrier has been the "office" dog and guardian of the whole family. "Tinker" and a white cat are the only animals that were transferred to the new home. The aviaries and birds also went to York Road; but not the emus, which were taken over by the youth workers of the Regional Mission of the Uniting Church, who now own that part of the property.

DEPUTATION MEETINGS: The matron of Hornsby and Ku-ring-gai Hospital, who had heard Mr. Langford-Smith speak at a luncheon of the Hornsby Civilian Widows' Association, invited him to be the guest speaker at the Nurses' Graduation in May. Somewhat reluctantly, as he was still forced to use crutches, he accepted. It was a very happy occasion and the nurses and their friends who attended were very good to him and gave him an excellent hearing. He spoke about the Wise Men of the East who followed the star that led them to Christ, asking what star they were following themselves. There are many stars that people follow these days,

and not all of them lead to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Later in the same month he preached at three services on the same day at St. Stephen's Church of England, Kellyville. He also spoke to the Civilian Widows' Parramatta Branch 21st Birthday Lunch, and many other meetings; now that he is able to walk with a stick instead of crutches he is finding deputation meetings much easier.

LANGFORD-SMITH FAMILY: The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Langford-Smith, Ruth, married her cousin Ken Langford-Smith, and so did not change her name; she is the mother of four sons, the eldest of whom, Peter, is now married. The whole family live in Perth, where Ken is House Master of Hennis House, Guildford Grammar School, Western Australia. In spite of her many commitments, Ruth flew over to Sydney to help her father pack up his papers and other records in his office before the move to York Road. Bruce Langford-Smith's wife, Margaret, packed up all the books in the library. Ivan Hinton and his wife Margaret (the elder daughter of the Langford-Smiths) helped later, as was mentioned above. It was a great help to have so many members of the family coming from great distances to aid their parents in what was a traumatic move from the home they had lived in for over forty years. Bruce Langford-Smith and his wife have paid a deposit on a house at Orange, N.S.W. Bruce has been managing properties in the country, but his ambition is to commence Christian youth work somewhere in the country districts some time in the future. He and his wife have been praying about this for many years. Some years ago he and his wife were involved in a Young People's Fellowship at Castle Hill, and many young people were brought to the Lord as a result; years later the results are still very much in evidence. He is a born leader of young people, and we pray that God will use him in His service.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, PARRAMATTA: The ranks of the Women's Auxiliary are thinning out a little due to old age and illness of those who are left and the many who have been called Home. However, they are still very active, and all this year they have been helping Mrs. Onslow with a monthly street stall. It is hoped to be able to keep these going for some time to come. We would welcome new members to assist on the street stalls and, if possible, attend the meetings held in Parramatta four or five times each year. Further particulars may be obtained by contacting the Mission Secretary, Mrs. Norma Warwick, Box 29 P.O., Castle Hill, 2154, or by phoning the Mission Office on 629-1555. Some of our members have been actively working for the Aboriginal children for over twenty-five years.

MRS. GLAUBITZ: In June Mrs. Norma Warwick and Mr. and Mrs. Langford-Smith had the sad experience of attending the funeral of Mrs. Nancy Glaubitz at St. John's Cathedral, Parramatta. Mrs. Glaubitz was a radiant Christian, known to the Aboriginal children as "Aunty Nancy". She often took them out in her car, two or three at a time, and finally she adopted one of them, Serina. She influenced Serina greatly in spiritual things, building on the truths the Aboriginal girl had learned while at Marella. A minister, when he was saying farewell to the Glaubitz family before he went overseas, said that he first prayed with the family; then Serina said: "Well now I am going to pray with you, Canon." And she prayed aloud, a simple but very sincere prayer, which was most unusual for a shy Aboriginal girl. The Canon was most impressed and touched. When Mrs. Glaubitz learned that her complaint was terminal she prayed that she might be spared for six months to complete some urgent activity. The Lord gave her two complete years, and she left her family praising her Saviour, as she had done for so many years past. Please pray for Serina. She came up and kissed all those from Marella at the funeral service; but she was very upset, even though she knows Mr. Glaubitz will be a real father to her.

MRS. RISK: One of our most loved casual workers at Marella has been Mrs. Risk. She is a dedicated Christian Irishwoman who worked her way into all our hearts and was also loved by the Aboriginal children. She was not strong, and finally arthritis made it too painful to carry on. Eventually she had a hip replacement operation earlier this year and we were delighted to receive a visit from her in July, walking without any pain or discomfort.

THE DUNNE FAMILY: Mrs. Annie Dunne, another much loved Irishwoman, has been a casual worker at Marella for several years. Although she comes from the south of Ireland and Mrs. Risk comes from the north, they are firm friends and both of them have the same bright Christian witness. Mr. Jim Dunne has helped us prepare for several of our Sales of Work as a voluntary worker, and he has been a great asset to us. He has kindly offered to set out our new garden at York Road and, as he is a professional gardener, this will mean a great start for us. At present Mr. and Mrs. Dunne, and their eldest daughter, Mary, are overseas visiting their homeland. They expect to return before this leaflet is printed. We wish them a safe and happy trip and God's continued blessing on their return.

MRS. JENNY GLISSON: Mrs. Glisson and her fellow members of the Caringal Club have been a great help to Marella for a long period

of time. They have stocked and manned the Caringal Stall at many of our big Sales of Work. This has brought in substantial financial help for the Aboriginal children, and their efforts have been greatly appreciated. However, even greater has been their work with the "Sky Pilot News". Each time this little leaflet has been printed the Club members have taken the addressed wrappers and the leaflets away and in their own homes have folded and wrapped the thousands of copies; bringing them back to us all ready to be tied into bundles and delivered to the post office. In previous years we have been assisted by friends, firstly from the Methodist Church and later by friends from the Anglican and other Churches, who have given up time to come to Marella and do as much or the folding as was possible in the time available. The Caringal Club has relieved us of this worry and responsibility.

Mrs. Glisson has been in ill health, and following a brief visit to hospital and a thorough investigation, we understand that she will have to have an operation and further treatment to right a knee injury. We assure her of our best wishes and prayers for a quick and complete recovery.

"AUNTY DOT": Mrs. Dorothy Sperring has been attending functions at Marella for a great many years; just how many is hard to say; but we presented her with a kitten which she named "Nickie"; he was one of her faithful companions for over thirteen years. We say "one" of her companions for she was a great animal lover and cats of all sorts and colours were her great hobby. She loved the Aboriginal children, and we all knew her as Aunty Dot. She was a fine Christian, and even up to the age of 87 she continued visiting hospitals and speaking and singing to those she thought were worse off than she was herself. She was called to be with the Lord she loved quite suddenly in September. The Director and Secretary of Marella were able to attend her funeral service at Marrickville Church of Christ. Aunty Dot had no relatives left, but that she was loved by so many was shown by the large number of friends from all Churches, including the Rector of Marrickville and a previous Pastor of the Church of Christ, as well as the present Pastor.

MR. BOB PORTER: Bob Porter, the younger brother of Mrs. Norma Warwick, our Secretary, worked on Marella Mission Farm about twenty-seven years ago; in fact he fenced the "bush paddock" (as we called it) that faces York Road, where our new home and offices are now situated. Everyone was very fond of him and regretted the fact that he finished the fencing and had to leave us. He later married and has been living with his wife and family in Newcastle.

Unfortunately, for a considerable time he has been ill and unable to work. Early in September he had to come to hospital in Sydney for treatment; before he returned to Newcastle he and his wife and daughter came out to visit his sister, Mrs. Warwick, and to see the new home and offices. Bob, back in Newcastle, is still far from well and we would value your prayers for him and his family.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS: Already many friends are looking forward to Christmas and have asked us what they can send to the Aboriginal children. This was discussed at the last Marella Management Committee at Carlingford; we were told that they always receive more toys than can be usefully distributed to the dark children. However, items of summer clothing for boys and girls and any underwear is always acceptable; also gym shoes. As the children range in size from very small ones to much larger ones, almost any sizes for children of school age would be sure to fit one or another of them. Gifts may be sent to Marella Mission Farm, Box 29, Post Office, Castle Hill, 2154; or railed to Marella Mission Farm, Parramatta Railway Station; or delivered to us at number 17 York Road (off President Road), Kellyville.

But perhaps the best gift of all is to send a small financial gift for the special purpose of enabling as many children as possible to attend a Christian holiday camp, where they will not only have a wonderful time of fun and outdoor experience, but will also be taught more about spiritual matters so vital to their growth and so helpful in their acceptance in the community. But important as it is for the children to have a Christmas treat, we must not forget that Christmas only comes once a year; during the rest of the year they have to be fed and clothed, schooled, receive medical attention and provided with suitable housing; for this reason we trust our friends will not overlook the fact that we need a great deal of financial help for our General Fund and also the Building Fund.

SKY PILOT NEWS BACK COPIES: Back copies of most issues of the little monthly paper, Sky Pilot News, are available for only the cost of posting. Although some of the news snippets are now out of date, a lot of the information about past and present children is still of interest. Also, almost every copy contains one of the stories reprinted from the radio broadcast "Sky Pilot's Log", which ran for over 2,000 sessions about 30 years ago. Many friends are still using these stories for Sunday School, Youth, and other work. Some of these stories were later published in book form under the title of "Drake's Drum and Other Stories". Unfortunately, together with Mr. Langford-Smith's other books, these are now out of print. We are often asked, even now, where copies of these books may be

obtained. It is hoped that some of them may be republished or that, if the Lord tarries and health permits, Mr. Langford-Smith may be able to write a further book linking his work for the C.M.S. in Arnhem Land with his interdenominational work in Kellyville.

THE MAIL STRIKE: Owing to the mail strike some time ago we suffered a severe delay and sometimes loss of income as some people were afraid to post their usual donations to us. As this copy is being prepared for the printer there is still some uncertainty about possible future disruption to mails; this may mean delays in sending out this News or in our answering letters from supporters.

DONATIONS STILL TAX DEDUCTIBLE:

Donations made to Marella Mission Farm of \$2.00 and upwards are tax deductible. If this is questioned by the Taxation Office please quote the number "A.F. 1595C/SF 3380". Donations should be addressed to Marella Mission Farm, Box 29, Post Office, Castle Hill, 2154. If bringing your donation direct to us, please remember that our Office Address is: No. 17 York Road (off President Road, Kellyville). York Road is an unsealed road and the Mission is the last home on the right—a very long building—and there is a large sign with "Marella Mission Farm" very clearly displayed.

CONCLUSION: BY K. LANGFORD-SMITH: As we look back over the years, and especially the last few months when so much has happened, we thank God for all He has accomplished by His Holy Spirit through imperfect humans. But we do not need, as did Nehemiah, to say: "Remember me, Oh my God, concerning this, and wipe not out my good deeds that I have done for the house of my God, and for the offices thereof"; rather, we should remember the words of our Lord: "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, 'We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.'" Studdert Kennedy once wrote:

"It is not finished, Lord,
There is not one thing done,
There is no battle of my life
That I have really won.
And now I come to tell Thee
How I fought to fail,
My human, all too human, tale
Of weakness and futility."

As I look back on fifty-one years' work amongst the Aborigines, it is with the deepest regret that, through my imperfection, I have failed to do all that might have been accomplished if I had **ALWAYS** been totally surrendered to the Holy Spirit. I am pleased that God said: "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac and **JACOB**." Jacob's life showed many failures, but God was his God and He is **OUR** God still.