

SKY PILOT NEWS APRIL 1973

Published monthly by the Sky Pilot Fellowship Ltd., Marella Mission Farm.

MAILING ADDRESS: P.O. Box 29, Castle Hill, N.S.W. 2154. Telephone 629-1555.

Director: K. Langford-Smith, Th.C., F.R.G.S.

Secretary: Mrs. Norma K. Warwick, Th.C.

Residential Address: Acres Road, Kellyville.

Subscription: 25 cents per annum. Registered at G.P.O. Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical — Category A

SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP RALLY & SALE OF WORK

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

MARELLA MISSION FARM

ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.

Saturday, 5th May, 1973

MORNING and AFTERNOON

Free Parking

1.30 p.m. PUBLIC MEETING. ALL THE USUAL STALLS

REFRESHMENTS AND HOT PIES AVAILABLE.

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 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 and other attractions.

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.

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

If coming by car, turn off Windsor Road at President Road, follow to end, then turn left into Green Road and first turn to 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 or posted to Box 29, P.O., Castle Hill, 2154, as early as possible.

For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 629 1555.

PLEASE PRAY FOR A FINE DAY

know what came over me. I'm as weak as a kitten now. How long have I been sick?"

"A couple of weeks. But you're on the mend, now. In a few days you'll be breaking in horses again, if I know you."

"It'll be a while yet. Look at my hand! I can see the veins in it. I ain't never been so thin and weak afore. I thought I was passin' out this time."

"You very nearly did pass out. It was the closest thing I have ever seen. Do you remember much about it?"

"I can't say I do. Sometimes I seemed to come round a bit, and I thought Lefthand had me on a horse. Maybe it was a dream."

"No, it was quite true. Lefthand rode for fifty miles beside you, holding you in the saddle. When he came to the big scrub he walked beside you for another fifty miles. I don't know how he did it."

"Good old Lefthand! Apart from you, I'd sooner have him with me than any white man. He's a good native."

"And you thought you were dying?" I asked.

"I was sure of it. Maybe it was the fever, but I seemed to hear music, and I thought I was just goin' to pass over, when someone seemed to say: 'He ain't quite ready yet. We must wait a little longer.' I tell you it gave me a jolt, even in my dream, because I knew it was true. I wasn't quite ready. I tried to think of the things you told me, but somehow they wouldn't come clear to my mind. There was a text someone kept repeatin'. I don't know if it was someone sayin' it out loud, or if it was only in my own mind. I thought if only I could remember the words right, I'd be O.K."

"Do you remember what the text was?" I asked.

"It's the one that says God so loved the world . . . I forget the rest."

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Was that the one?"

"Yes, that's it," George agreed. "Well, I thought if only I could get the words right they'd let me in. In my dream, I tried real hard to remember, but somehow the words wouldn't come. I was never much good at rememberin'. It was when I was tryin' to say the text that someone said: 'He's not quite ready yet; we must wait a little longer'. I was real disappointed, like when I tried to join up with the Army in 1914 and they said I had too much malaria in my system. I got round that, all right. I went to Western Australia and joined up, where they didn't know much about malaria. But in my dream they wouldn't let

me in till I could say the text right through. Funny sort of a dream, wasn't it?"

"It was strange. But it's a wonderful text, and it's led many people to find joy and peace in Christ. Think of that text and make it apply to yourself. Try to remember it this way: 'For God so loved George that He gave His only begotten Son, that George, who believes in Him, should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

"I'd like to remember that. What comes after it, Smithy? Will you read it to me? I'm gettin' awful sleepy again, but I'd like to hear you read it through."

"It's here in the third chapter of John, and I'll read from the sixteenth verse: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world, through Him, might be saved. He that believeth in Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.'"

"That's what I thought. I'll learn it off proper, so that next time I won't forget. I guess they knew that old George wasn't much good at rememberin', and even in my dream they wasn't angry, only kind of disappointed. That's why they said I wasn't quite ready and they'd have to wait a little longer."

And the final entry in today's Log is taken from the first Epistle General of St. John: "He that hath the Son hath Life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

* * *

TOY EXHIBITION: In March the children and staff of Marella were the guests of the Toy and Games Manufacturers' Association of N.S.W. (or TAGMA, as it is known) at the big Toy Exhibition in Sydney. In our February issue we mentioned that Marella had been awarded the magnificent assortment of toys made available by TAGMA through the Sun Newspaper Christmas Toy Contest. Part of this award was to be the guests at the Toy Exhibition and for each child to receive a toy as a Birthday Gift.

Mrs. Langford-Smith, as matron, was the leader of the Marella party and she was ably assisted by Mrs. Walton, Miss Alice Pittman and Miss Rita Lee. The Exhibition was opened by Mrs. Whitlam and the Marella children made a guard of honour on both sides. Mrs. Whitlam spoke to many of the children and shook hands with them

GEORGE AND MALARIA: From the Sky Pilot's Log 2CH Broadcast.

I had been away for some time with the aeroplane, and on my return the first thing I learned was that George was very ill. He had been brought to the Mission by the faithful Lefthand, who put him into bed in the room next to mine. I hurried into the room, and found that George was sleeping, or unconscious. When I put my hand on his forehead, it burned me. I got the thermometer, and found his temperature was almost 106 degrees. Obviously it was malaria, which at this time in Arnhem Land, was very common. This was before the days of atebirin or any of the modern drugs, but I dosed him with quinine in the various available forms. For a day and a night I fought for his life, trying to reduce the fever. Lefthand took turns in watching by his bed, and the faithful old native was as gentle and thoughtful as any nurse. On the second day there seemed to be some slight improvement and Lefthand questioned me anxiously.

"Him better, now, ain't it?" he asked. "Please, Moningna, don't you let him die."

"He won't die, Lefthand; not if I can stop it. But how did he come to get into this state in the first place? Didn't you give him quinine?"

"We were away mustering. Quinine been finish. George got sick and began talking cranky fellow."

"Delirious, I suppose. What did you do then?"

"We were properly long way off," Lefthand explained. "Down by the Limmen River. I sent a boy with a message stick for you to come down with the aeroplane; but you no more bin come."

"I didn't get the letter. I was away when the boy arrived here. What did you do then?"

"I got one boy to sit down longa camp, in case maybe you come later. Then I put George in the saddle and rode 'longside him all the way."

"That's over one hundred miles! You must have had an awful job."

"Him no more easy. George properly heavy fellow. I bin ride 'longside him and hold him in the saddle. Once him bin properly cranky fellow and him try to fight me."

"Yes, he wouldn't know what he was doing. Well, if he lives he will owe his life to you. No white man could have ridden for a hundred miles holding a man like George in the saddle all the way."

"He got worse," said Lefthand. "Me can't ride 'longside him in the scrub. I bin walk from that lancewood scrub near the salt pans."

"I know the place! That's nearly fifty miles away. Do you mean to say you walked beside him, held him in the saddle and guided his horse

for almost fifty miles? Didn't you get tired?"

"Moningna, sometimes I thought I would drop. My arms go stiff, and I could hardly walk. Then I bin think how you tell all about that God will help us, and all the way I called out to God to make me strong. He did, because I got here."

"White men have won medals for less than you did for your boss."

"I bin work for George since me little piccaninny. Him properly good man. Him all a-same brother belonga me. If George die, then me want to die too. Me can't live without George."

"And not so long ago I heard a new missionary call him one of those wicked stockmen who exploited the natives!"

"George properly good man. Him always feed any of my people who are hungry, and him look after them when they are sick. All of them love George, and would die for him."

"I know that. As a matter of fact, I think he has done more for the natives in this district than anyone else. We mustn't let him die. I think he is better now. Maybe tomorrow he will be out of danger."

* * *

George opened his eyes and looked around the room in surprise. Then he saw Lefthand sitting by the bed, and smiled weakly before he closed his eyes again and fell asleep. I walked softly from the other end of the room, then stopped abruptly at a sight I had never thought to see. Tears were rolling down Lefthand's face.

"Moningna," said Lefthand, "he smiled at me. He knew it was me. He is going to get better."

"Yes," I told him, "the crisis is over. George will get better. Let him sleep as long as he will. When he wakes he will be able to talk again."

* * *

George watched as I prepared some soup for him. It was a very tired and wasted George, but the old twinkle was coming back to his eyes.

"Well, Smithy," he said weakly, "I never thought I'd come to this! What's that devil's brew you're cookin' for me?"

"A little duck soup. Lefthand shot a couple of ducks yesterday. There aren't many about at this time of the year. It took him a whole day to get them, and he must have walked for miles."

"The old heathen! Fancy doin' that for me. I'm sorry I've been such a bother, Smithy. I don't

and they were delighted to be the centre of attention. Miss Rita Lee, one of our old girls now on the staff, spoke very nicely and simply to the gathering and thanked Mrs. Whitlam for her presence and the Organisers of the Exhibition for all they had done for Marella children at Christmas and again on this occasion.

A bus had been provided by TAGMA to take the Marella party to and from the Exhibition and the children voted this one of the highlights of the afternoon, even though they travel to school each day in a bus!

THE FARM MANAGER: Mr. K. Nash, the Farm Manager, met with an unusual and painful accident recently. While moving an emu from one pen to another the bird became frightened and struggled to such an extent that it lashed out with its foot and caused a nasty gash in Mr. Nash's forearm. This meant several visits to the doctor and a week or two on compensation.

This month a dinner celebrated the Silver Anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Nash. It was a very happy time and we congratulate them both on twenty-five years of happy married life. Now that the ice is broken they can look forward to the next twenty-five years without alarm.

PRAYER MEETING: The monthly Open Prayer Meeting resumed in February, after the December-January break, and we have had very wonderful times of happy Christian fellowship. These Prayer Meetings have been marked by the number of praise notes received from friends for whom we have prayed. There have been some remarkable answers to prayer and this is a great encouragement to our many friends. We are grateful to Mrs. Round who prepares the children and provides the accompaniment for their items at the meeting. She also prepares them for their singing at the Public Meeting at the Sale of Work.

We are also grateful to Mary and Tim Nash who also provided an item for the February meeting.

BLACKBERRIES: These noxious weeds have become rather a pest on the Mission Farm lately and we employed a contractor to spray them. Unfortunately we were not able to treat all of them because of the danger of the spray harming the roses belonging to our next-door neighbour. However, a start has been made and we should be able to control the rest of them by cultivation.

RALPH AND LOUIS: Both Ralph and Louis left school recently and are now working in a sheltered workshop at Baulkham Hills. Both of them are backward, but they are in receipt of pensions and so they will be able to manage quite

well. It is not our usual practice to keep children at Marella after they have left school unless they are working on the staff, but the Council made an exception in the case of these two boys and are allowing them to remain on for the present.

Both boys are very proud of the fact that they are now "working men"; and they are happy in their work, which is the main thing. Neither of them would be mentally fit to cope in competition in the outside world.

GEOFFREY: Geoff, who left us at the end of last year, is now in a live-in position not very far from the Mission. He appears to be settling in, after a period of unrest, and we are hoping that he will make good.

MERVYN: As mentioned in an earlier issue of this leaflet, Mervyn was given a scholarship by the school which enabled him to attend as a boarder at Trinity Grammar School, Summer Hill. He appears to have been accepted by both the staff and pupils of that school and we are hoping he will make the most of a wonderful opportunity. Although out of training he just managed to "make" the swimming team to represent the school at the Associated Schools' Sports, in which Trinity came third.

SALE OF WORK: Our Autumn Sale of Work is set down for Saturday, 5th May 1973. We would be very glad to receive gifts for the various Stalls and these may be railed to Marella Mission Farm at Parramatta Station, and marked "To be called for"; or they may be brought direct to the Mission Farm on or before the day; small parcels may be posted to us at Box 29, P.O., Castle Hill, 2154.

We are in special need of all kinds of knitting and needlework (especially aprons); jams; cakes; and seedlings, plants, and rooted cuttings for the Plant Stall.

The dark children will be singing several numbers at the Public Meeting which commences at 1.30 p.m. This will be held in the Refreshment Pavilion as usual. There is ample seating available.

CONCLUSION; God has richly blessed this work over the past years and we are looking forward to great advances in the next few years. Important decisions have to be made by our Mission Council and we would value your prayers that everything done may be in accordance with God's will and for His honour and glory.

* * *