

SKY PILOT NEWS

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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, 1st May, 1976

MORNING and AFTERNOON

FREE PARKING

ALL THE USUAL STALLS

1.30 p.m. PUBLIC MEETING

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 Terminus. The Mission Farm is about one mile from the Terminus, but transport between the Mission Farm and Kellyville Terminus will be arranged for the following buses:—

Depart Parramatta Station: 9.10 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 11.40 a.m.

Depart Kellyville Terminus: 11.27 a.m., 12.22 p.m., 1.00 p.m., 1.44 p.m., 4.48 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 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

ONLY A BLACKFELLOW: From the Sky Pilot's Log 2CH Broadcast.

It was flood time. The seething, muddy waters of the Roper River tossed against the overhanging cliffs and tumbled over obstacles that stood in their way. Great flashes of lightning split the sky and the crash of thunder caused even the forest giants to shiver and tremble to their roots. When rain came it was great sheets of water poured onto waterlogged soil; it flooded off the surface in huge yellow streams, pouring into the rapidly rising river.

In a bark hut on a sandridge back from the river, an Aboriginal man lay dying; beside him, head in hands, his half-caste wife. The daughter, no more than three years of age, played happily in a corner, unconscious of the tragedy that was imminent.

The monsoon whistled and howled round the hut, straining and tearing at the bark walls and roof; then, as if conscious of its inability to dislodge the hut, it moaned and died in the distance. The silence that followed seemed suddenly loud and the weak voice of the dying man could be heard clearly. "Mary," he said, "it's no use. I'm dyin' and you know it. There ain't nothin' we can do about it. You—you'll look after little Brownie, won't you?"

"Stop it, Jack," his wife said fiercely. "You mustn't talk like that. I'll go to the Mission for help, and Moninga will come in the aeroplane and take you to hospital."

The sick man smiled faintly. "You've been a good wife to me, Mary, but the river's in flood. How you goin' to cross? That there dug-out canoe ain't no good in a flood. You know that."

"I don't care. If the canoe tips over, I can swim. I'm not going to let you die, Jack. The storm seems to be lifting a little; I'll go right away."

"No, Mary," he cried, reverting to pidgin English, "don't leave 'im me. More better you stay longa me. No matter me die. You hold me hand and I can't be frightened no more. Me only a blackfellow, but you all-a same white girl."

"Don't talk like that, Jack. I'm not white, I'm a half-caste. You were taught at the Mission the same as I was—only I was there longer."

"You could have married a white stockman. Allabout talk that way. You can cook, sew, read, write—eberythin' like white girl. What for you marry a full-blood like me?"

"I didn't love a white stockman and I did

love you, Jack. Oh, I know they said I was mad. They said you were only a myall blackfellow and would soon get tired of me and leave me. But you didn't. You've been very kind to me and I'm not sorry I married you. But I'm sorry you're sick. You're very sick and I haven't got any medicine. Never mind, I'll go for help now and soon you'll be in hospital. The floods don't matter to the aeroplane."

"No, Mary, don't go. The river is in flood too muchee. Mightbe you drown. An' what about Brownie? You can't take her."

"You'll have to look after Brownie, Jack. She won't be frightened with you and I won't be away for long. You're a Christian boy now, Jack. We'll say a little prayer together. God can't take you away from me when we love each other so much. You pray with me."

Brown hair mingled with black as the little half-caste wife bowed over the rough greenhide bunk and prayed as simply as a little child. When she arose her eyes were shining. "It's all right now, Jack, quite all right. I know God can't let us be parted. I feel it in my heart, deep down. You look after Brownie. Maybe you'd better hold her hand in case she gets away and follows me to the river. You'll look after her, won't you? She's all I've got, except you."

The river was still in flood when we sent the motor boat across to pick up George. He was dancing and yelling on the opposite bank and seemed impatient at the delay. We could not hear what he was saying, which was, perhaps, just as well. There was a little coloured girl with George; she looked up with wide, frightened eyes and one of our kitchen lubras took her away for a meal. When she was gone I turned to George. "Come on, George, let's have the story. I can see you're nearly busting to tell it. Who is this girl, and where did you find her?"

George cleared his throat and answered by a question. "Do you remember a half-caste girl named Mary? She left the Mission close on four years ago, maybe five—I ain't sure."

"Yes, of course I do. She was a fine Christian girl. She married a full-blood. He was a good lad, too, I expected great things from him. I've lost track of them lately."

"Well, I can tell you now they was camped near the mouth of the river. This little girl I brought is their only child. Her name's Brownie. I want you to look after her at the Mission from now on."

"But what about the parents? Are they agreeable? I must have their consent."

"Wait till I tell you the story. You keep buttin' in and don't give me a chance. Me and Jim found Brownie. We was comin' up the south bank of the river and makin' hard goin' of it, too. The horses was bogged almost up to their bellies sometimes. I ain't never seen such a country for ridin' about in after a storm. Believe me . . ."

"What about Brownie? Never mind the state of the track."

"I'm tellin' you, ain't I? Gimme a chance. Well, me and Jim found a bark hut on a sand-ridge. It was nearly surrounded by water. We could do with a bit of shelter, so we went in. And do you know what we found?"

"You're telling the story. Go on."

"By heavens, Smithy, I never met such a man for interruptin'. Now, where was I? Oh, yes. We went into the hut and blow me if there wasn't a dead blackfellow there, lyin' on a greenhide bunk. But that ain't all. He was holdin' this little girl by the hand, real tight."

"I thought you said he was dead?"

"So he was. Dead as the salt junk the Mission calls 'corn-beef'. But he was holdin' this little girl by the hand, and, cross me heart, Smithy, it took Jim and me all our time to force open his dead hand and let little Brownie free."

"But where was Mary—the mother?"

"I don't rightly know where she is, Smithy, but I can guess. The kid told us her dad was sick. He was asleep, she reckoned and she was sittin' real still, in case she woke him. Her mother had gone to the Mission to get you and the aeroplane to take her dad to the hospital."

"But she never came here, George. I've been here all the time myself and I didn't get even a message."

"I ain't surprised at that. You know what the river is like right now. Would you like to cross it in a hollowed tree trunk? Maybe you could; I've seen you do mad things often enough. But Mary was only a little slip of a thing. She weren't strong and she weren't much of a swimmer. But by heavens, Smithy, do you realise what that couple did? She was only a half-caste married to a blackfellow but she must have loved him to leave her little gal and try to cross a flooded river. And what about him? Brownie said he promised to mind her while the mother was away. He minded her, all right. He never let go her hand, not when he was dyin' and long after he was dead we had to break his grip to

get her free. Some white folks don't love like that. Me, I ain't married, thank God, but I've heard a lot about divorce down south. There weren't no talk of divorce when Mary and Jack got side-lines and hobble straps on each other."

George's voice died away and I looked out the window at the cruel, sullen water sweeping relentlessly in flood to the Gulf of Carpentaria. I was not thinking of the dead father with his faithful love grip on his only child, nor was I thinking of the slim, brown body, with a halo of long wavy hair, tossing its way out to sea: no, I was thinking of another remark the child had made to George: "Mummy prayed for Daddy and she said: 'Please God, don't let us be parted, 'cos we love each other so.'"

And the final entry in today's Log is taken from the eighth chapter of Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

SALE OF WORK: The Autumm Sale of Work, as advertised in this leaflet, is set down for May 1st, 1976. First, we ask all our friends to pray for a fine day as so much depends on the weather in an out-door function. Last Sale, in the Spring, turned out to be fine but it was so windy that some friends likened it to cyclone Tracy! We would be very pleased to receive gifts for the various stalls. These should be brought out to the Mission Farm prior to the day or railed to us care of Parramatta Railway Station in plenty of time. Aprons are always in very short supply and we would be very glad of such. We also require plants for the Plant Stall and cakes for the Cake Stall (Friends of Marella Stall).

BRUCE LANGFORD-SMITH: The flying doctor sent Bruce Langford-Smith to Sydney, from his station near Hungerford, for medical tests. Bruce was admitted to Hornsby District Hospital for tests, mainly for the heart. He was later transferred for one day to Royal North Shore Hospital for further tests. Twice before he had suffered a severe attack of pericarditis and it was feared that the same thing had occurred again; however the trouble was finally traced to the liver. Bruce was finally discharged and allowed to return to Talyealye where he is manager. However, by this time floods had cut off that part of the world and Bruce and his wife

had to leave their car near Bourke and fly the rest of the way by the flood relief aircraft. Bruce, Margaret and little Kathleen are now well and comfortable at their station; the levee banks have held round the house and it has escaped the flood waters.

THE 10th GRANDCHILD: The "Sky Pilot" and his wife are rejoicing in the birth of their 10th grandchild. Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hinton (nee Langford-Smith) have graciously been given another baby daughter (Wendy) as an addition to their previous family of three boys and a girl. Wendy was born in Inverell Hospital and both mother and daughter are well. We heartily congratulate the proud parents and pray that Wendy will follow the parents' example in serving the Lord all the days of her life.

MRS. K. LANGFORD-SMITH: Mrs. Langford-Smith is making very slow but steady progress in health. The nerve collapse she suffered following her heart operation is very stubborn and difficult to overcome. We pray that God's strength will be given her that she may make a full and complete recovery. She is still carrying out light duties in the Home but is not yet able to accept the responsibility of the children.

THE GARDEN: For some weeks past it has been impossible to get the tractor and plough into the garden. The phenomenal rain has flooded all the beds and many of the crops have rotted off. We had intended planting several bags of potatoes for winter use, but this proved impossible. However, we have been given three bags of seed potatoes, not yet shot, by a friend and are keeping them until the spring when our main crops of potatoes are always planted.

It has been too wet, also, to plant the oats for stock feed but there is still time for this and we are looking forward to more favourable weather later.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES: In our orchard there is a row of pear trees. They look wonderfully healthy with branches of glossy green leaves but for several years there has been no sign of fruit. The reason is that when first the trees were planted they were attacked by rabbits and this was followed by a long dry spell. We thought the trees had died, but later they sent up shoots and developed into branches. However these shoots came from **below** where the trees had been budded and they represented not the fruitful budded tree but the shoots from the old original stock. The shoots from the

good budded stock were either choked out or prevented from receiving the main flow of sap from the roots. They will never bear fruit; they are a total loss.

Our Lord once inspected a fig tree hoping for fruit but He found nothing but leaves. Leaves, however healthy and attractive they look, never feed hungry people. If our lives are without fruit I wonder if the reason is that the healthy looking leaves which we bear come from the old life, from below the new life which was budded or implanted into us by God? We may appear to strangers or even close friends to be green and healthy looking but the real test is what fruit is there?

And what is the fruit we are expected to bear? Some people think the fruit consists of souls we have led to the Lord. No man can come to Christ except first the Father draws him. We know the way, but there is not much merit in merely pointing someone to Christ. It is good, of course, to do so, but it is merely our duty. If we failed to do so we would be like the watchman who failed to warn of the approach of the enemy. Paul tells us, in Galatians 5.22: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Are we bearing the fruit of the Spirit? If not, it is time to check to see if we are bearing nothing but leaves.

In our work for these Aboriginal children we are attempting, by God's help, to enable them to bear the fruit of the Spirit. Not the hatred, bitterness and racism of the radical but gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and so on. And if the children fail to see the fruit of the Spirit in our lives we cannot expect them to differ. That is why we find this work so difficult. We are not here merely to clothe, feed and educate the children: unless we encourage them to bear the fruit of the Spirit we have failed in our attempt.

Some people think that education is the answer to all the problems of the Aborigines. It helps but it is not the final answer. Some people think that money would solve their problems. Used in the right way it can help but wrongly used it produces a lot of drunkards and gamblers.

Let us pray for the true fruit of the Spirit, first in our own lives, then in the lives of the children we are responsible for.