

The Chronicle

of

The Parish of All Saints, Petersham

JANUARY, 1947

Rector: Rev. C. E. ADAMS, Th.L., All Saints' Rectory, Petersham.
Tel.: LM 4735.



IT'S YOUR CHURCH—WORK FOR IT, PRAY FOR IT, PAY FOR IT.

1947

Give us, O God, the strength to build
The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human Good

M. R. Wolfe

THE RECTOR'S LETTER

All Saints' Rectory,

15th December, 1946.

Dear People of All Saints',

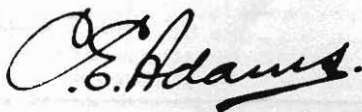
In order to let you have a parish paper early in January, it is necessary to write this letter a full fortnight before it is customarily due. Otherwise, owing to the printing trade holidays, the "Chronicle" could not be placed in your hands until after January 21st, which would mean our District Visitors would be required to do their districts twice within the space of a fortnight. This issue cannot contain some things which you may expect to find; for example, the District Visitors' lists; for this "copy" must be in the printer's hands before their monthly meeting. However, anything that must be omitted will be incorporated in the February issue.

Every good housewife has a periodical spring-cleaning. The rooms are carefully swept, the carpets beaten, the pictures taken down, and all useless articles got rid of. For some time now our civic authorities have been constantly exhorting us to get rid of all "junk." We men don't like spring-cleaning, and we do our best to keep out of the way during the operation; nevertheless, we admit that it is very necessary. So in the life of the soul, the building of character, things accumulate which are of no use, and should be disposed of. A New Year is a golden opportunity for clearing them out. There are thoughts, words and deeds which are best forgotten; indeed, they **must** be forgotten if we are going to live worthily and well. I suggest you read Canon Salter's New Year Story (which follows this letter); read it carefully and think it over, and then let us ask ourselves, as we stand on the threshold of Nineteen Forty-seven, whether we are fulfilling God's purpose in our own lives. As we reflect on the journey we have made through 1946, do we find we are any stronger in character than we were twelve months ago? Have we a clearer vision of God's purpose or a deeper experience of His fellowship? Was the journey of anyone else made brighter because on the way they had come into contact with us, or was anyone's burden made lighter because we had shared with them some of the strain? Have you taken your stand with those who absolutely refuse to surrender their ideals? Have you been as regular as you might have been in attendance at Holy Communion and of the other Services of the Church—all this is part of the challenge of our annual audit of the balance sheet of the Book of Life.

There are numbers of things which we would like to see made new—new houses (and more of them!), new schools, new cities, new industrial conditions, a new spirit in industry and amongst peoples and nations—but **how much** of this is dependent upon a change in individuals, a new **ME**! This seventeenth century prayer is quite appropriate in our own day: "Lord, lift us out of private-mindedness and give us public soul to work for Thy Kingdom, by daily creating that atmosphere of a happy temper and generous heart, which alone can bring the Great Peace."

We wish you all, in the best possible sense, "A Happy New Year!"

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "C. E. Adams." The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

JOE'S BALANCE SHEET

A New Year Story

Really, Joe Jobson was young enough to know better. I mean to say, if you are past fifty and feel that you have made rather a mess of life, there is some excuse for being a bit of a pessimist. But Joe Jobson was only nineteen and about as strong and healthy as a young chap of that age could be. I was amazed, therefore, when he walked into my study on the last day of the year and, after a few random remarks about things in general, suddenly blurted out, "Padre, I'm fed up with life. I can't see any sense in it. I'm as miserable as sin. And I dread the idea of going on for years as I'm going on now. I'm bored stiff with everything and everybody!" Obviously the boy had an attack of the blues which seems to have attacked quite a number of young hearts in this war-weary world. Perhaps their fathers are partly to blame. Certainly our generation is not blameless for the hectic state of affairs of the present day.

I made Joe park himself in my best arm-chair, gave him a "gasper," and then gazed at him until both of us felt uncomfortable. The trouble was that I hardly knew where to start. I saw before me a youngster who should be making the most of life, a boy blessed with good health and a good home, and, moreover, a young man with a job in a bank which held quite good prospects for the future . . . and yet he was really bored stiff with life. The haunted look in his eyes confirmed my belief that he meant what he said. I have tried to speak words of comfort to broken-hearted widows. I have even attempted to clear up the mess of a few big tragedies in life. But Joe Jobson presented a problem that was new to me—and yet I firmly believe that his attitude to life is by no means an isolated case. I have met many others who are bored stiff, some of whom have tried to drown their cares in an endless round of excitement, others who have just adopted the don't-care attitude, and who have given up all their ideals and ambitions.

The trouble with Joe was that he was shirking the real challenge of life. Life is a queer jade. If you stand up to her and show that you are not ashamed or afraid, it is wonderful how quickly she becomes your slave, but, if you lose faith in yourself and in her, she can soon become a bully and a tyrant. Usually it is the older man who seems to shirk her demands, but I have noticed lately that a younger generation is being afflicted with this curse of boredom and mental inertia. Isn't it true that many youngsters to-day are losing their ideals, that they are becoming self-centred and bored, that they are living a life that is aimless and purposeless? Let us be slow to blame them. God knows the present-day world is a strange stage on which to play a hero's part. But some of us have honestly found a way in the wilderness, a gleam in the gloom, and a meaning to life which is only possible to a man who believes in Somebody who is at the heart of it all. Say what you will, religion has a big part to play in your life and mine, if we will only give God a chance. At the close of another chapter in the book called Life, at the end of another year, I am tempted to pass on the very challenge which in the quietness of my own home I passed on to Joe Jobson only a year ago. It has this advantage, that after a year's trial he declares that it has worked in a way he once thought impossible.

It was while I was staring at him that I remembered an idea that had once helped me a lot, and, since he had to earn his daily bread in a bank, I hoped my idea might appeal to him more than to most men. "Joe," I said, "you may be in a bad way. It is obvious that you are fed up with life. But I am honestly convinced that a lot of it is due to muddled thinking, and a lot more of it due to your losing hold of things which make life worth while. Let's have a look at your balance sheet. What are your assets and liabilities? Life has distinctly two sides—what you put into it and what you get out of it, and, believe me, you can never get more out of the bank of life than you put into it. Fortunately you have inherited some assets which are invaluable. You have the priceless gift of good health. You have one of the best of

homes. You have a regular job. So far as I know, you are as straight as a die, you are clean-living, and you confess that you have some ideals."

"Stop a minute," Joe interrupted. "It's my ideals that I seem to have lost. When I was a kid I used to say my prayers—I don't say them now because I stopped believing in prayer a few years ago. When I was a youngster I had to go to church—I don't go now except very occasionally, and then the service bores me. I used to be keen on the Scouts until I got too old for the game. The trouble with me just now is that I seem to spend my life in doing the same old thing day after day and getting more bored as I do it. It's not easy to put my ideas into words, but I feel I have lost something which made life worth while when I was a kid. What is it?" Now I began to see daylight. This was no new problem, but just an old one dressed up in modern plus fours. Most of us have had to face it at some time or other. It is the problem of knowing what to hold on to in life and what to let go. The balance sheet of life is a statement of gains and losses. We have to accumulate before we can speculate. To travel on the high level means that we must have courage and confidence in God and in ourselves. And such courage only comes to men who follow the signposts of God.

"Joe, old son," I said to him quietly, "you simply must face up to the realities. You know as well as I do that there is a high level and a low level of the road of life. There is a lot of beauty and goodness and truth for us to find, just as there is a bad and dirty and false way of living. Will you try again to get back to some of your old ideals? Start by saying your prayers every night. Try to find a church which will help you to make Sunday a power-station for the week to follow. Look out for some way of spending your spare time. There's only one cure for your boredom—that is for you to get out of yourself and to find new interests and new ideals. You have grown out of a lot of your childish ideas just as a boy grows out of his clothes. It's up to you now to find some new ideals which fit your present needs. Life can be very grim at times, but actually it is a tremendously big adventure. I want you to realize that you have big assets. Spend your life in the service of others—that is the debt you owe to God. That is the way in which religion works itself out in a man's life. And never, never forget that the bank of God has limitless resources. If you are really trying to travel on the high road of the Son of God, you have all His resources of guidance and strength at your disposal. With Him at your side, you will never need to run away from life. You will greet each new day with a cheer and thank God for the joy of living."

The balance sheet of Joe's book of life was very much like yours and mine. It showed gains and losses, assets and liabilities, and there was really no cause for alarm once he determined to face the facts. The cause of most of his boredom and melancholy was simply due to the fact that he had never taken the trouble to sit down quietly and audit his book of life. It is always a wise policy to do this at least once a year if you wish to make a success of the business of life. Find out what you have lost or gained during the past twelve months. Have you been wasting time on things that are not really worth while? How do you stand in regard to the debt you owe to God and to His children? Have you retained or recaptured those early ideals which once were the foundations of your life? To be loyal to the Highest, to follow the way of God's Son, to spend your life in useful and happy service, to take your stand with those who refuse to surrender their ideals—this is the challenge of the balance sheet of the book of life. That surely was what the Master Himself meant when He said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other things shall be added unto you." Dare we adopt any lesser aim? To do so means making life aimless and turning ourselves into spiritual paupers, when all the limitless resources of God are ours for the asking.

—CANON F. T. SALTER in "Keep Smiling."

MATTERS MAINLY PAROCHIAL

Women's Guild.—The Guild Christmas Party was held on Thursday, December 12, in conjunction with members of C.E.N.E.F. A very happy social time was spent by all with music and competitions and last, but not least—supper. The tables looked most attractive arranged with Christmas bush and Christmas decorations and the dainty supper provided by the members. During the evening the Rector thanked the members of both societies for the splendid help they had given to the parish for the past year, hoping that 1947 would be equally successful. Christmas gifts were the order of the evening, the President and Secretary of the Guild being recipients of very special ones. The Guild and C.E.N.E.F. will now go into recess until the second week in February and will re-open with a special Gift Evening for the Home of Peace.—V. LUCAS, Hon. Secretary.

Fourth Missionary Appeal.—Amount previously acknowledged, £80/13/6. Donations for December: Misses Alexander, £1; Mrs. M. Watson, 10/-; Mrs. and Miss Hayes, £1; Miss Rainsford, 10/-; Mr. and Mrs. James, 10/-; Misses Juleff, £1; Miss E. Stones, £1; The Rector, £3/3/-; Mr. R. Peard, 10/-; Mrs. E. Cons, 5/-; Mrs. L. Morton, £1; Miss Speight, £1; Miss Moxham, 5/-; Mesdames Binns and Brennan, 10/- (additional); Mrs. M. Holt and Miss Hobbs, £1/10/-; Miss M. Young, £1; Mr. Ricketts, £3; Miss Sibthorpe, 10/-; Mrs. E. A. Fitzgerald, 10/-; Mrs. Furnell, £1. Total, £102/14/6. The total on Advent Sunday reached £97 odd and when this was announced at the Social Hour in the Parish Hall after Evensong, Mr. Ricketts (who, with his wife, has just returned from a trip to England and was worshipping at All Saints' that evening) generously made the amount up to £100. Since then a few amounts have come in, making the total as given above. A great big "Thank You" to all who helped make this possible. Better than all, though, is the knowledge that many of you here at All Saints', by your gifts, have caught "the vision splendid." (Where there have been no names on the envelopes, it is obvious that the giver wishes to be anonymous).—E. V. ADAMS, Organiser.

Physical Culture Class.—The Class Competitions held on December 9 were very keenly contested. The girls acquitted themselves very well and were a credit to their instructress. There was a large attendance of parents and friends and the Class is very grateful to Miss Wheeler for her kindness in acting as judge. The party at the close was enjoyed by all the members. Presentations were made to Miss L. Brown (instructress), Mesdames Collis and Ditchburn and Miss Adams. (A full list of prize-winners will be given in the next issue of this paper.) The Class goes into recess until March, 1947.

Y.M. Club.—This report is mainly one of thanks to all who helped make our Ball on December 4 so successful. First to Lady Stevens for her graciousness in receiving the Debs. (the Misses Binns, Barlow, Bicknell, Harris, Olofsson and Solomons); to Mesdames Sayers and Dick for training the girls; to Mrs. T. H. Bosward for the splendid floral decorations; Mr. T. H. Bosward for the loan of flags, etc.; and to Mr. R. Bosward for the very efficient manner in which he carried out the duties of M.C.; to our Rector, and Mr. E. C. King and Mr. D. B. Hunter for their generous donations, and to Messrs. Sayers, Bicknell and H. Jones for the practical help they gave. Jacqueline Ditchburn and June Richardson made excellent page and flower girl respectively, for which many thanks. Last, but by no means least, to all, who by their patronage, made our Ball possible, and enabled us to hand the sum of £11/3/6 to the church treasurer, for the Parish Hall Fund. We are now looking forward to our Ball next year, the date to be announced later. Our club is now in recess until the first Thursday in March, when we would be very pleased to welcome new members.—EDITH COSKERIE, President; LORNA JONES, Secretary.

A.B.M. Missionaries.—We have recently farewelled some of the students who have completed their training at the House of the Epiphany and who are now either on their way or awaiting transport to the Mission Fields.

Mary Willington goes back to Forrest River for a further period of service, Margaret de Bibra and Madeline Swan go to the Diocese of New Guinea, and Helen Barrett is on her way to Melanesia; Helen Roberts will also go to Melanesia, after an additional hospital course, for which she goes to Brisbane. We shall miss them all from our parish life, and assure them that our prayers and good wishes go with them as they go out to the great work to which they have been called. It is interesting to know that Helen Roberts is particularly linked with All Saints', being a great grand-daughter of the Revd. H. A. Palmer, first rector of this parish.

C.M.S. Boxes.—The Assistant Secretary of C.M.S. writes: "Would you please convey our thanks to the boxholders of All Saints', Petersham, for their further contribution of £4/14/- towards the work of our Society. In these days of tremendous opportunity this gift is of a very practical nature, and we pray that it will be used abundantly in the winning of souls into the Kingdom of God."

Nineteen Forty-seven.—Parishioners sometimes ask for information regarding the Church Year. Here are some days we should remember:—

Ash Wednesday	February 19
First Sunday in Lent	February 23
Palm Sunday	March 30
Good Friday	April 4
Easter Day	April 6
Ascension Day	May 15
Whitsunday	May 25
Trinity Sunday	June 1

The C.E.B.S. and Senior Boys' Club.—This organisation will resume on Wednesday, January 8, at 7.45 p.m., and continue to meet every Wednesday at the same time. Any male member of Parish, over the age of 14 years, may join, and will be made welcome. Prize winners at our Christmas Dinner were: Robert Wing (Wrestling), Merv Evans and Clarrie Blatch (Boxing), Tom O'Brien, Stan Archer, M. Evans, Jimmy Brotherton, Ron Carroll, Jack Helmich and Buddy Houldsworth, for Football; while Jack Helmich received the Inter-house Cup, on behalf of the "Snipers," the winning team for 1946. Jack is the Captain of the "Snipers," and Ron Carroll is the Skipper of the "Cossacks" for the coming year, while Stan Archer is the Secretary, Gilbert Whittle the Treasurer, and Bobby Wing the Asst. Secretary. During January, a cricket team from Newcastle, consisting of all ex-Cebs, will play a combined All Saints' XI, captained by Dick Bosward. A return match will be played at Newcastle the first week in February. Corporate Communion for the Cebs is at 8 a.m., January 5. R. F. ATKINSON, R. McLEAN, Leaders.

Harvest Festival, 1947.—Quinquagesima, February 16th, will be our Harvest Festival Sunday. All your gifts will be sent, as usual, to the Home of Peace.

The Choir.—From the end of December the Choir will be in recess. Practices will be resumed on Thursday, January 16th. We shall be glad to have new members, particularly boys, 9 to 12 years, who would be willing to become probationary choristers.

Personal.—We offer our sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fletcher (and their relatives) in the loss of their infant son, David James; to the Misses Eve in the passing of their brother, Charles James Eve of Coogee; also to his widow and family. May those who are sad know the comfort and consolation of the Holy Spirit.

Parish War Memorial.—As announced last month, the Memorial Fund is now opened. We hope our memorial may take the form of a Shrine of Remembrance in the Church, for which we shall require approximately £300. When sending your gifts to the Rector or Church Wardens, please endorse them "Memorial Fund."

C.E.B.S. (Juniors).—This club ended its activities for the year on December 13, when the final meeting for 1946 was held. Enjoyable games were held, followed by a party, at which the Interhouse Cup was presented by Mr. R. Atkinson to Brian Lane, Captain of the winning team, the "Tigers." The club extends its thanks to Miss Adams and Mrs. Gill for arranging the supper. Mr. R. McLean presented the prize for best attendance to R. Nowland, who attended all meetings. B. Lane and R. Kenny missed only one night each. We would also like to thank the Rector for his gifts to all the club members, for which we all are grateful. The C.E.B.S. resumes on Friday, January 31, at 7 p.m.—A. JONES, Secretary.

Cricket Club.—By a win from St. James', Sydney, in the sixth round, the team opened its points account for the season. Results of the last matches: Earlwood Bapt., 182 and 0-76, defeated All Saints', 67 and 176 (S. Archer 34, J. M. Boyle 25 not out); Dulwich Hill Cong., 6-155, defeated All Saints', 34 and 89 (J. Brotherton 46 not out). The next match will be played at Wardell No. 9 on December 21 and January 4.—A. JONES, Secretary.

CHURCH MUSIC, JANUARY 12th to FEBRUARY 2nd, 1947

SUNDAY	MORNING	EVENING
JAN. 12 Epiphany i.	Holy Communion (Choral). Hymns: 80, 300, 316, 79.	Hymns: 199, 176, 704, 679. Psalm: 48. Anthem: "Sun of My Soul" (Turner).
JAN. 19 Epiphany ii.	Hymns: 488, 657, 478, 282, 280. Psalm: 85.	Hymns: 540, 671, 477, 22. Psalm: 71. Anthem: "An Evening Hymn" (D. Buck).
JAN. 26 Epiphany iii.	Hymns: 4, 675, 321. Psalm: 96.	Hymns: 271, 487, 220, 21. Psalm: 54. Anthem: "O Lord, My God to Thee" (Arcadelt).
FEB. 2 Septuagesima.	Hymns: 168, 278, 214, 228, 7. Psalm: 33.	Hymns: 162, 242, 529, 31. Psalm: 42. Anthem: "Blest are the Pure in Heart" (Davies).

THE PARISH REGISTER

(to 15th December, 1946)

BAPTISMS

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

December 1—Margaret Dale Mitchell.
December 1—Barry Carlton Brown.
December 8—Simon Francis Rose.
December 8—Phyllis Beryl Klumper.
December 8—Beth Coralie McIntyre.
December 8—Anthony John Strachan.
December 8—Terrance Malcolm Curran.
December 15—Robert Matthew Hannah.
December 15—Morwen Lynette Grange.

MARRIAGES

"Whom we bless in Thy Name."

November 26—Leslie Leonard MacDonald and Pamela Wilson.
November 30—Alfred Gidney and Ruby Vallentin.
December 14—Lawrence Leslie Judge and Gwendoline Walter.
December 14—John James Sunderland and Ruth Esther Maundrell.
December 14—Roland Keith Kirton and Iris Esma Mulqueen.

DEATH

"In the midst of life we are in death; of Whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord . . ."

December 9—David James Fletcher.

1947

*We grow by giving, and the love
Which is most prodigal grows most;
We live by losing, and the soul
That spends itself, can truly boast
Of longest life.*

*So, Lord, take now our lives and loves
And make them move to any heart
Who needs them most; to souls who fail
And struggle in the strife apart—
Alone and tired.*

*Take this new year, with all its days,
And show us how to fill them each
With life and love which live and grow
In other souls: so help us reach
Maturity.*

*And give us strength—the strength of those
Who lean on Thee for constant power;
Who living but to give, must learn
First how to find in Thee, each hour
Life's energy.*

—M. L. HASKINS.