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"Quelle Odour?" page 2

As we enter Advent, we view a world-changing event. The invisible God of the Old Testament becomes visible. A baby is born, to grow to a man, whose words and example become the physical manifestation of that hitherto unseen God...."

Morialta Vision

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FROM THE MINISTER

I have grown up with a manger scene, the same one that still adorns our churches and living rooms each Advent/Christmas season.

In manger scenes the world over we depict this so familiar scene and if we think to do so, we pause each season to make it our own once more. It was a few Christmases ago that I stopped for petrol at a station in Adelaide. There was a Nativity Scene near the air and water section. It offered all the usual players. Only if you looked closely, you would have seen that baby Jesus is chained to the ground: ensuring that no prankster will carry him off.

For it happens every year, it seems. In fact, out of curiosity if you Google "stolen baby Jesus" you will find dozens of news stories of the infant being taken from manger scenes all around the world. Year after year, in town upon town, from church corners to front yards, someone will think it sport to take baby Jesus away, out of the manger, often never to be seen again. Oh, there is the story of the city in Florida USA which attached a GPS tracking device to their baby Jesus and so they were able to locate the culprit quickly. And I confess, I did find some measure of amusement in the story of the baby Jesus who showed up eight months later on the owner's front porch with photos of his adventures attached: from sitting on a bicycle to hanging out in someone's kitchen.

Now I don't stand in defense of anyone who would take Jesus from his rightful place in the manger - even if they do so on theological grounds. And yet, you and I who hear the Christmas Gospel once more in the days to come do so knowing that the real Jesus can't be kept in the manger by means of chains. And the real Jesus? We don't need to attach a GPS unit to him to be able track him down. You and I encounter Jesus all the time in all sorts of places, although to be sure, perhaps often in unexpected ones.

Indeed, we discover him again whenever and wherever we are moved by the truth that Jesus was born humble and poor - a refugee.

We see Jesus in all kinds of places: whenever we recall that God loves deeply those who, like Mary and Joseph, are in danger of having no warm, safe place to sleep tonight and to live.

And yes, we see Jesus once more whenever we recall that Immanuel, God-With-Us, can still be seen embracing those who grieve, who suffer, who struggle the whole world over.



No, indeed, no GPS is needed. For Jesus is as near as the next act of generosity shown to someone for whom a moment of true Christian love will make all the difference --- sometimes for the rest of their lives. Jesus is there in every act of selfless sacrifice offered for another. Jesus is right here in our own hearts changed by God's great love for us that we would be among those who risk and give and love this world and all who inhabit it.

How far away is Christmas for those children in the photo?

Rev Bruce Grindlay



Refugees from the "other side" - page 5

John Maschmedt Family Stories - pages 12-13

Church Council Reflection

'Quelle Odeur?'

Like many of us, I grew up within a straight-laced Methodist Church. It was an era when there was great suspicion, indeed, derision, of the Roman Catholic Church. Not for us idolatrous trappings! Even a simple Cross was anathema, let alone a candle or, heaven forbid, a Crucifix. Such things were said to smack of 'Popery.' As for 'bells and smells,' while I doubt we had heard of this particular phrase, we nevertheless absolutely condemned such practices.

So when we entered the great Notre Dame Cathedral on the last day of a week long stay in Paris in 2003, I wasn't quite prepared for the effect that an enactment of Vespers would have on me. As the service commenced, a huge shallow sensor bowl was carried in, lifted high above the priest, who then placed it on the altar. From it erupted a cloud of fuming vapour, caught in the late afternoon light as it plumed upwards into the vast space above, until it began to dissipate and disappear from sight. Yet though now unseen, it didn't really disappear at all. Gradually the Cathedral filled with the gaseous incense, and as we breathed in, we confirmed its invisible presence. The visible had become invisible, yet powerfully present.

As we enter Advent, we view a world-changing event, wherein the invisible God of the Old Testament becomes visible. A baby is born, to grow to a man, whose words and example become the physical manifestation of that hitherto unseen God.

But has God really been fully contracted into the physical body of a living, breathing person, with all the limitations that imposes?

I am reminded of an old French Carol that begins somewhat unexpectedly with the words 'Quelle est cette odeur agréable?' Loosely translated it might read 'What is this lovely perfume?' It would be drawing a pretty long bow to suggest that the line may refer to the actual stable ambience, because I'm pretty sure that the cattle would have been doing quite a bit more than lowing! I think it is saying that, like the incense in Notre Dame, the essence of the nativity is not limited to the visible. Nor is it fully expressed in the physical presence of a baby in a manger. If we linger awhile, and allow ourselves to breathe in the meaning of this baby, we will find ourselves, our



spirit selves, permeated by something that is at once mysterious and intangible yet unmistakably, invisibly real.

Whether we are talking about a rose, or wine, or dung, or anything else that may stimulate our olfactory sense, we can only speak with authority after we have inhaled its particular scent. We can look with our eyes, examine from every possible angle, considering aesthetic proportions, colour, ugliness or beauty for hours on end. If, however, we don't embrace the total package, if we don't allow ourselves to breathe in that which is intrinsic to its character, albeit unseen, then we are selling our fullest experience very short.

In the birth of Jesus, we welcome much more than the chubby, gurgling baby of popular imagery. Or even the screaming hungry baby of reality. As we dare to breathe deeply, as we infill ourselves with the spirit that pervades this pivotal moment in time two thousand years ago, we welcome an experience of love without boundaries and grace beyond our wildest imagining. We welcome a God, great and wonderful, yet intimately in the here and now.

Yes, we will all write our Christmas cards and that's good, and we will bake or buy our treats, which may or may not be good, and we will decorate our tree, which probably won't be as good as last year. But until we sing in our hearts with the French caroler 'Quelle est cette odeur agréable?' or, even more loosely translated, 'What unseen spirit is it that pervades my being, that opens within me such perfect truth and love beyond measure, love that is both within and beyond this physical child in a manger?' we are probably letting the fullest experience of Christmas slip by.

Alison Lockett

DISCOVERY

Nola and Paul are people we often meet when we walk in the mornings. They have a Labrador (a bit like Wallace) and we, often chat. No, not with Bella (their Lab.) but with Paul and Nola. Anyway, they told us about walks they did with Bella up at Anstey Hill. Anstey Hill Recreation Park, I discovered (yes, by looking it up on Google) provides an insight into the area's history and conserves rare vegetation once widespread throughout the Adelaide Plains and Mount Lofty Ranges. There are also some historic ruins in the park that date back to early settlement, including the remains of a plant nursery that was once the largest nursery in the southern hemisphere.

Well the upshot is this, Paul and Nola told us they had seen a Tawny Frogmouth. That certainly got my interest, as I had seen a Tawny Frogmouth in the Morialta Reserve some years ago. Again, Google helped me:

"This bird is so perfectly camouflaged during the day that it may be living near you, without you ever noticing it...To avoid detection during the day, tawny frogmouths sit upright, completely motionless on branches in trees, with their heads tilted up and eyes closed to slits."

I just had to find the Tawny Frogmouth (*Podargus strigoides*) for myself. And I did. Paul had told me where to park, and which hill to climb, and where to look. It wasn't as easy as it sounded. I had to reach a kind of dog-leg in the trail, and then a hair-pin bend and there it should be! It took a while to just pause and look. And then I made my discovery. There it was. The "camouflage" is extraordinary, camouflaged as part of the tree.

It struck me that maybe this was something like the searcher in Jesus' parable:

Matthew 13: v 45 "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant in search of fine pearls;

v 46 on finding one pearl of great value, he went and sold all that he had and bought it."

I was richly rewarded for having searched for the Tawny Frog-mouth.

David Purling



CHAIRPERSON WRITES

Christmas Time is a time of joy, anticipation and reflection.

As a community and congregation Morialta has much to be thankful for and a great deal to look forward to in 2014.

It is pleasing to be able to commence the new year with some stability. Bruce Grindlay has accepted our offer to remain in Supply until we might welcome a new minister. Bruce has been generous in his time and in his response in ministry with Morialta.

As you look back on 2013 I hope that you appreciate your involvement in the many activities that shape our community. The Market, The Last Hurrah, our weekly Worship and other times of fellowship form us as individuals and a community.

One of the exciting things that is occurring early in 2014 is an opportunity to participate in an Ecumenical Lenten Reflection. It has been some time since the broader Christian Community came together to share intentionally as we approach Easter.

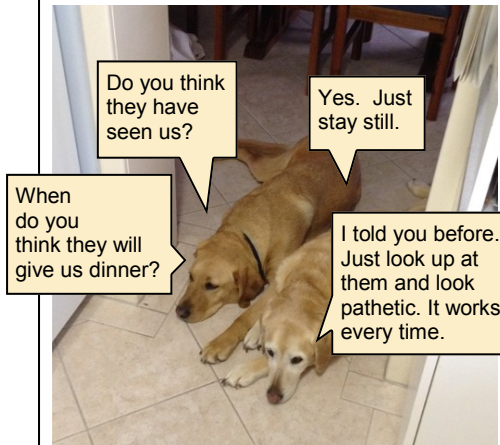
Over recent years there has been a decline in the numbers who take part in Lenten reflections. Our busy life and other

imperatives can get in the way. However, I would like to encourage you to consider participation in a discussion group during Lent 2014. Old friendships can be deepened and new friendships may be formed.

In closing, I would like to wish you all the very best of everything for Christmas. As we explore the Nativity narrative together I hope that you feel that joy that comes from a loving and meaningful relationship with the Divine and look forward to our ongoing journey in 2014.



PAWS FOR THOUGHT



It doesn't seem like a year since Wallace came to live with us. I can't remember if I have said this before, but I was really worried about how Bruce would cope with a new Guide Dog. I took me a while to train him. In the beginning I was a little worried if he would make it! Anyway, I was able to get him through as you know.

I have been working hard behind the scenes this year. Wallace is young and impressionable. He has always been keen to do the right thing, but I have had to teach him to react so that Bruce and Anne will really appreciate him just like they appreciate me. That hasn't been easy sometimes.

Just the other day I had to remind him how to look pathetic so we would get fed sooner. Bruce and Anne think they are feeding us when they want to, but, it is really easy to fool them into thinking the time is right. I have had a long time to work on it and I am pleased to say that Wallace is getting the hang of it, too! Anyway, I hope that you are all going to have a good Christmas. I am really looking forward to my Annual Turkey Dinner. I hope you all get enough to eat, too!

Keely

COMMUNITY CENTRE NEWS

Life Plus

Two of the Life Plus sessions received a good number of attendees, the presentation by ARA (Aged Rights and Advocacy) and the presentation about Falls Prevention by someone from COTA. These two presentations were "information sessions". It seems that this kind of talk is most appreciated. With greater advertising and encouragement a sizeable number of people attended the presentation by Magill Primary School Children. We have been rewarded with an email of thanks from the Dance teacher. She says'

"I just wanted to say a big thank you for having us perform at your community centre the other week. The children, teachers and parents really enjoyed it – and it made my heart sing to see the smiles on the faces of the senior citizens." Thank you to those who came. You can see that your attendance was appreciated.

Playgroup

The final day for Playgroup this year was the 10th of December. As usual we had Father Christmas arrive with his sack of goodies. For some children this was their first year to meet Father Christmas hence there was some hesitancy to approach this bearded man. Despite the hesitancy it was a great occasion. This year we have arranged a system whereby parents can book an email copy of the photo taken with Father Christmas.



2014

Community Centre activities recommence the first week of February and we look forward to sharing in our regular activities with you again then.

As this is the last Vision for the year I take the opportunity to thank everyone for the support they have given me through the year. I enjoy the work I do in this community. My work is very enriching due to a great bunch of people I interact with. I wish you all a Happy Christmas and look forward to the new year.



Christine Ostle

Meditation - Church Council**PEACE**

Opaque moonlight lends itself

To the shadows of the earth -

And the gentle silence of this land
that gave us birth.

Its richness is here for all who would

Just take the time to seek it;

Its messages are in every plant, rock

And living creature at no cost.

I am sad for those who will never know

And share these priceless gifts,

Nor have felt this indescribable

closeness to God.

*(from "Boil the Billy" Australian Bush
Poems by Mildred Cole Balcombe.)*

On a recent trip to the Flinders Ranges, we marvelled at the patches of colour from the wild flowers with the reds hops coming out; the green cover of grass from the wet winter; the unreal blue of distant hills; the red earth; the clear azure-blue skies; the canopy of stars at night; the spectacular craggy gorges that reveal layers tipped over almost 90 degrees and are 600 million years old; the views over valleys; the smooth rocks in the creek-beds from the power of the flowing water; the amazing old river red gums; the dots of pale salt bush on the hills; the plants that have survived in the most precarious of places; the well-looking emus and kangaroos from the good season; plus the various ruins from folks past.

Nature at its best and also at its margins.

A gift from God as reflected upon in Psalm 19, verses 1 - 6:

The heavens declare the glory of God;
the skies proclaim the work of his hands.

Day after day they pour forth speech;
night after night they display knowledge.

There is no speech or language where
their voice is not heard.

Their voice goes out into all the earth,
their words to the ends of the world.

In the heavens he has pitched a tent for
the sun, which is like a bridegroom
coming forth from his pavilion, like a
champion rejoicing to run his course.

It rises at one end of the heavens and
makes its circuit to the other; nothing is
hidden from its heat.



How else could this be expressed, but
in the famous words of Dorothea
Mackellar from My Country:

I love a sunburnt country,

A land of sweeping plains,

Of ragged mountain ranges,

Of droughts and flooding rains.

I love her far horizons,

I love her jewel-sea,

Her beauty and her terror -

The wide brown land for me.

R K Penhall

**God's Gift**

As the 2013 wheat harvest in South Australia is nearly complete, I turn my thoughts to Martin Luther's 500 year ago statement, 'If you could understand a single grain of wheat you would die of wonder.'

It is not for want of trying. Since 10,000 years ago when wheat was engineered from the mutation of a native grass growing on the Fertile Crescent in northern Iraq humankind has pondered as wheat was sown, nurtured, reaped, stored and eaten. How wonderful it was that the grain stayed in the head, ready to be collected, rather than being shed to the ground as had its ancestors.

Understanding the wheat grain has raised its potential to produce 3-4 tonnes per hectare from a 100kg of seed. One seed can produce a plant with at least three or four stalks and 200 new grains in the head. One strain can produce flour for high protein, nutritious bread, another pasta and another biscuits.

Within the wheat grain scientists have found the will to fight drought and wind, resist leaf diseases and root parasites and give more for less.

Thank you God for the wheat grain.

Arthur Tideman

*My service on the Wheat Industry
Council of Australia gave me much to
wonder and still much to understand!*

Are you humming hope?

Advent is that unchangeable season when the same concepts, the same words rise over and over again, year after year, to challenge our hearts and plague our minds. Advent is the season of waiting. And who hasn't waited? When we are little children, we wait for gifts from our parents. When we are young adults, we wait for the lover who will take us to the magic world of Everything. The problem is that the presents pale and the magic world sags all too quickly into reality. But then Advent comes, relentlessly and throughout life, with its words of hope and faith—shepherds and magi, crib and star, Emmanuel and glory—and stirs our hearts to pinnacles of possibility one more time. Ruben A. Alvez wrote, "Hope is hearing the melody of the future; faith is dancing to it today." The real Christmas gift, for which Advent is the process, is learning to hum hope, learning to dance the divine.

– from *A Monastery Almanac* by Joan Chittister (Benetvision)

Refugees from the “other side”

I originally met my friend Herman at Jakarta airport late one night while waiting for a seriously delayed flight to Makassar. I had been sitting chatting in English to another passenger and Herman was sitting behind us. When the seat beside me came vacant he grabbed it. As he speaks less English than I speak Indonesian, he patiently listened and prodded as I tried valiantly to remember “vocab”. Herman is like many Indonesians, interested in why people are visiting his country, and very friendly and hospitable. By the time we boarded we had exchanged emails and mobile numbers and agreed to keep in touch.

So when I visit Makassar, I meet up with Herman and we spend time together visiting one of the city’s many attractions, such as the old Dutch fort and museum or the old harbour with its “retired” sandalwood ships with their high bows and colourful sails, and then we have a meal together. During the day he works as a mechanic in a garage repairing motor bikes but he also “moonlights” as a singer, forming a duet with his wife, in one of the restaurants along the waterfront.

Just before my most recent visit, Herman had been to visit his mother in his home city of Kendari, which is a smaller city in south east Sulawesi. While the population of Kendari is mainly Muslim, about 10% to 15% are nominal Protestants. I say nominal because although most people identify themselves as Muslims or Christians, they often subscribe to local beliefs and deities as well.

Over the past year the people of Kendari have become (involuntarily) hosts to a large number of Iraqi men who have fled their country, hoping to find security in Australia, and are now in limbo in Indonesia. It seems that the people of Kendari have taken these men into their homes, and Herman is justifiably proud of the way the mosques and churches have joined together to care for the strangers who are there because

that is where fate has delivered them. As the national and provincial governments do not provide any financial assistance, the local people, many of them fisherman, have stepped up to share what they have.

This scenario is becoming an increasingly common story across Indonesia, where local communities are taking in people who only ever planned to transit through Indonesia en route to Australia. This situation is causing many Indonesians to question whether Australians are really the friendly, generous people we pride ourselves on being. Many of the Indonesians I know who have lived and studied in Australia have fond memories of a hospitable and friendly people. But they are becoming confused, wondering why such warm people are appearing to them now as arrogant and obstinate. One of the points that many refugees make when interviewed is that they do not believe that Australia will turn them back or send them away if they are genuine refugees. It seems our reputation for fairness is such that despite all the advertising, many asylum seekers refuse to believe otherwise.

Refugees are not an Indonesian problem, nor an Australian problem; they are a world problem, and if we are to continue to be a respected world citizen we must play our part.

During 2012, 8,600 people registered as refugees in Indonesia and applied for resettlement in a third country. By July 2013, 362 had been processed. This means that some of the 8,600 could wait more than 20 years even to be processed. A young man or woman aged 30 could be 50 before they have a chance to start a new life. And we seriously wonder why some asylum seekers pay “people smugglers” to get on a boat to Australia.

Colin Cargill



Old Harbour & Sandalwood Ships



Museum at Dutch Fort

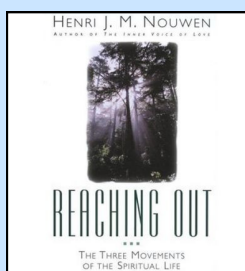
Radical Hospitality

Oasis 2013 report - Flinders University – an extract:

(Radical) hospitality....means primarily the creation of a free space where the stranger can enter and become a friend instead of an enemy. Hospitality is not to change people, but to offer them space where change can take place. It is not to bring men and women over to our side, but to offer freedom not disturbed by dividing lines, It is not to lead our neighbour into a corner where there are no alternatives left, but to open a wide spectrum of options for choice and

commitment. It is not an educated intimidation with good books, good stories, and good works, but the liberation of fearful hearts so that words can find roots

and bear ample fruit. It is not a method of making our God and our way into the criteria of happiness, but the opportunity to others to find their God and their way. The paradox of hospitality



is that it wants to create emptiness, but a friendly emptiness where strangers can enter and discover themselves as created free; free to sing their own songs, speak their own languages, dance their own dances, free also to leave and follow their own vocations. Hospitality is not a subtle invitation to adopt a life style of the host, but the gift of a chance for the guest to find their own.

Nouwen, Henri J.M. *Reaching Out*
Collins 1984 p. 68

BEYOND THE BLUE LAKE

Once again our Mt Gambier trip was a great success. We gathered at the Church at 9.00 am on the 7th November, a Thursday, greeting each other excitedly as our luggage was packed into the trailer by Bob the Bussie, the intrepid driver of our seven tours.

It was a small bus as we were down on numbers. (A plug for more people on our next tour to Broken Hill!) Beverly Tredrea our tour director, so easy to get on with, had planned all the sights and stop-overs with skill, for our convenience.



The first day to Robe was a long one via the Coorong with lunch at Meningie and comfortable accommodation and good food when we arrived. Robe has developed and grown from the tiny town we remembered – large mansions (beach shacks!?) along the coast and some delightful coffee shops in the main street. Some of us enjoyed finding a few very interesting shops with jewellery, scarves and other nick-knacks just waiting to be purchased – the sort of items one doesn't see in our local shops.

BUT THEN (and there's more!) we drove on to Beachport where the sea was rough and the wind was cold, but the shops were warm and cosy. We can

only commend Robe and Beachport for pre-Christmas shopping or shopping of any kind. They were a delight and the stock was reasonably priced.



Then on to Mt Gambier. After viewing "The Lady Nelson" discovery centre we quickly settled into our comfortable accommodation and enjoyed an excellent dinner, and were all ready to explore the city. Next morning after going to St Andrew's Church, explore we did, starting with an Aquifer Tour of the Blue Lake, and yes, it was blue.



Then onto the Valiant Car Museum, and what a surprise this was. We saw much more than just old cars - it was a collector's delight.

Monday we started at the Valley Lake Wildlife Park, had a rest to view a film on "Volcanoes" and then on to Mount Schank, an extinct volcano, where four very adventurous walkers made it to the top and were rewarded with magnificent views.

Our first stop on Tuesday was Adam Lindsay Gordon cottage of Dingley Dell where a very dedicated couple showed us the work that has been done to the cottage. Then on to Nelson in Victoria for a cruise on the Glenelg River, which is set in the majestic Lower Glenelg National Park. Although the weather was overcast with some misty rain we viewed old shacks which lined the very interesting river banks. Five of the group visited the Princess Margaret Caves.

On our homeward journey we stopped at Penola to visit the Mary MacKillop Interpretive Centre and the old cottages in Petticoat Lane before traveling through Naracoorte and on to Keith for lunch. We arrived back at Morialta ahead of time, thanks to all the travelers keeping to time, and the excellent organizing of Beverley and our intrepid driver, Bob.

Thanks to all for a very enjoyable holiday!

Jenny Barabas, Margaret Dix, Margaret Pittman



MISSION PROJECTS

The Morialta Mission Project team wish to thank you for the support you have given to the selected projects for 2013.

A sum of \$4206.00 was sent to Synod for distribution to Frontier Services for purchase of wheel chairs needed in remote areas, building works at ETS Theological Seminary in Baguio City, Philippines, and to a Midwifery School in the Sudan.

During the recent Synod meeting a Sudanese lady who returned to the Sudan reported on the great difference training midwives was making to the lives of mothers and babies.

Thank you all for your generosity.

Beverley Tredrea

JOBS IN JANUARY

Would you like to help?

Work is to be done on the Highland Avenue Manse garden as we look forward to a new occupant at some future date .

Saturdays 11 and 18 January, beginning at 8.00 am.

Report to Works Supervisor, Chris Ayles (The usual rates apply!)

WAIKERIE FRUIT

I wish to thank the Morialta community for their continuing support of the Waikerie Fruit Project during 2013.

\$3,293 of Riverland produce was purchased, helping the growers to get a fair price for their produce and also supporting a medical project in West Papua.

The next orders will be available in February 2014. The apricots are already ripening and picking has begun.

Thank you.

Jennie Hosking

Worship with our Children The Christmas Story



Angels We have Heard on High

This Christmas carol commemorates the story of the birth of Jesus Christ found in the Gospel of Luke, in which shepherds outside Bethlehem encounter a multitude of angels singing and praising the newborn child.

First published in 1855, records indicate that the song had been sung in church masses at least 50 years before being published in the French song book *Nouveau recueil de cantique*. The lyrics were coupled with the melody that is still used today. Although the verses have been translated into other languages apart from French, the song is sung just as it was over 150 years ago. Monks possibly sang these same verses a thousand years or more before, to celebrate the birth of the Saviour with the song being as old as the church itself.

With four verses, the song tells of the angels visiting lowly shepherds and their response. Many biblical scholars feel the angels coming to men working in the fields and telling them of the Son of God, symbolizes Christ came for all people whether rich or poor, humble or powerful.

While the shepherds story of why they came to see the babe in the manger is readily identified in all stanzas, the chorus remained an enigma: "Gloria in excelsis Deo" became in English, "Glory to God in the highest", a phrase that was important in church masses dating back to 130 AD. Pope

Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome from c. 126 to his death c. 137, decreed during this period, all churches should have special services on the day of the Lord's birth. The Pope also ordered that at these masses, when certain scriptures were read or specific prayers were said, the congregation would sing the words "Gloria in excelsis Deo".

Historical church documents have revealed the monks carried out this order throughout the land so that by the third century, it was a practice most churches used at Christmas services.

If the chorus was written within a hundred years of Christ's birth, the root of "Angels We Have Heard on High" might have possibly gone back to someone who actually knew Jesus when he walked on earth. Although unproven, the idea is an interesting and inspiring one. It would tie in with the selfless image of a member of the clergy making faith alive in order to spread the message of Jesus Christ's birth, life and death.

Adapted from *Stories behind Songs of Christmas* published by Ace Collins.



Dale Corrigan

Hymn "Carol our Christmas"

Carol our Christmas,
an upside down Christmas;
snow is not falling and
trees are not bare.
Carol the summer, and
welcome the Christ Child,
warm in our sunshine and
sweetness of air.

Sing of the gold and the
green and the sparkle,
water and river and lure
of the beach.
Sing in the happiness
of open spaces,
sing a nativity summer
can reach!

Shepherds and musterers
move over hillsides,
finding, not angels,
but sheep to be shorn;
wise ones make journeys
whatever the season,
searching for signs of the
truth to be born.

Right side up Christmas
belongs
to the universe,
made in the moment
a woman gives birth;
hope is the Jesus gift,
love is the offering,
everywhere, anywhere,
here on the earth.

S E Murray

This little piggy went to Market... and so did we - in style!

Market Day is not a stand-alone occasion.

It's part of a tradition, a day in a Market season, it has a beginning, a time of rapid gestation, a birthing and day of blooming, and then an astonishing pack-up, followed by a string of reflections, good feelings and, inevitably, weary bodies.

Before Market Day: Questions, questions, questionsthe usual...

*Will we get it all done?
Will the Blue Room have enough in it?
Will there be enough space?
Will the people come?*

Do we have enough goods to sell on Bric-a-Brac, on Gifts and Crafts, etc.?

Do we have helpers for all stalls?

*How much should we charge for cakes, books, bric-a-brac, clothes, gifts, and plants?
Will it look as good as last year?
Will we have a good financial outcome... as good as last year?
What will the weather be like?
Will we get the left-overs cleared?*

But then....

Stall people have well-oiled routines for publicizing needs and preparing. Each group is different, but works because people have "know-how" and are generously willing. The Blue Room is a place of special amazement! It gradually fills, overflows in its designated areas, and creates a sense of challenge in unloading it when the time is ripe. No doubt about sufficient goods – both in the Blue Room and in group and personal storage! Some stall teams look stretched in anticipation, but generally on the day, with family and friends, and some transferable skills, the customers are served. In charging and selling, the routines are again well practised! How else, would the great jumble of goods on Bric-a-Brac change hands!

Cakes are weighed and priced, and special deals are applied to clothes, books and other wares.

Pricing hand-made and crafted goods always challenges one's sense of what will be an attractive price to buyers, and how to balance that with skill and labour. Some very fine work is always undersold.

No problem in looking as good as last year! We always stand back in amazement and pleasure at the point of being ready to open the doors. It all looks so good! Inside the hall looks wonderful and outside in the brilliant weather the plants and the ambience of (even!) sausages, drinks and Fairy Floss are an exciting entrance.

And the financial outcome was equal to last year - a great result at just over \$8,000 on the day!



On Market Day

*Will people be waiting to come in?
 Will the usual beelines be seen?
 Will people go into Morning Tea?
 How will they rummage through the Bric-a-Brac....and the Come-Again Boutique?
 Is this enormous stock of books actually selling and decreasing?
 Will they choose and purchase those classy Gift Boxes with Love?
 How quickly will the gingerbread houses walk out the door....and the Christmas Cakes?
 Will the Plants capture buyers coming and going?
 How well have we estimated sausages for sale?
 Who thought of Fairy Floss?
 Where does a volunteer go for a breather and a chat?*

And then....

The people are waiting well before 9.00 am, on the other side of the glass doors, with some reasonably orderly queuing and early morning banter. There is a small amount of jostling, and some do make beelines for books. They all seem to have a preferred way of moving around! Many like to do the plants on the way in and again on the way out, some like to check out the wonderful Gift Boxes with Love and the Gourmet Goodies, and others look assured that they will find treasure amongst the Bric-a-Brac. Cakes are a home-made winner with no lack of customers. Pointing out the Retro Café and promises of freshly baked scones brings two basic kinds of response: *YES, I'm going there after I've done the stalls*, or *No, I really haven't time because ...* However, once in the Café they obviously delight in the cuisine, and there is a waiting line, all with good spirits and keen eyes for a table. Katrina's music added to the ambience of the Café and gave a connection with the wonderful retrospective collection of pictures from productions 2008 to 2013 and Ian's projected images. How good it was to track the development and diverse roles of Morialta's performers! A period of six years is significant in the presentation and confidence of younger members! Volunteers were well looked after in the comparatively quiet comfort of the rear building, thanks to their fellow volunteers!

At the end of Market Day

*A cup of tea would be good!
 What can you tell us, Neville? How well did we do?
 How do the books, bric-a-brac and clothes get cleared away?*

The "mopping up" is again expertly managed by stall teams. It's another amazing example of being well practised, going the extra mile, and working together at the tasks which are necessary. Everyone was keen to hear from Neville, banker of trust and excellence, and he delivered good news quickly.

Would anyone like a cup of tea??? *Yeess!* – a little time of sitting, chatting, recuperating sufficiently to finish and go home. Even before this the left-over books had been, literally, run out of the door by John for collection by Oxfam, the array of goods to pass on to Woodville Gardens and Broadview UCs had been packed into the van, with some stored back in the Blue Room ready for transporting early in the week, and no one would have known that the kitchen had been in high-level use for the production of 720 scones. It was once again clear and sparkling. Throughout the day, the assistance of friends and family members and others connected with Morialta's activities was much appreciated. We look forward to having them "on board" next year.

Overall – How do we do it so well?

We are well blessed with a great community of wonderful members for whom the Market is a special Morialta event to be shared with the wider community. We have seen it as important in our identity and in presenting this face of the church and its mission. We all know that it requires energy and time, but we also know that there is enjoyment and connection with others in the congregation, and the "stuff" of good memories.

How might we do it even better?

There is always room for new ideas and practices and it is to our collective advantage to think about these and share them. 2014 will be here before we know it – but let's celebrate and enjoy Christmas first!

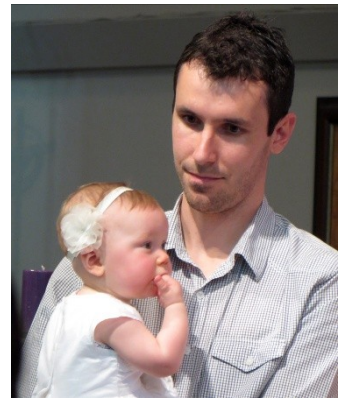


Baptism

On Sunday 8 December we were delighted to share in the baptism of Charli Ann, baby daughter of Adam Zerner (nee Palmer) and Karen Zerner.

We were privileged to welcome their many family members and friends, and several babies to share in the baptism.

The "full church" experience was great and the service included a presentation of the Christmas Story by our children, young, not so young, and even a little older.



**A WEDDING IS A CELEBRATION, NOT A PERFORMANCE.
IF AT THE END OF THE DAY YOU ARE
MARRIED TO THE ONE YOU LOVE,
THEN EVERYTHING WENT PERFECTLY.**

Louisa and Daniel's perfect day was celebrated on 26th October, 2013. In the company of their family, friends and church family, Louisa and Daniel were enfolded by love which made each moment more perfect than the one before. As guests dined on a sumptuous afternoon tea and filled their lolly bags from the lolly buffet, they too had a perfect day. Thanks to everyone who attended, helped and shared their day.

It truly was perfect!



Morialta Magpie



Merv and Ruth helped collect for Christmas Bowl



Happy 80th Birthday to Keith Shaw



Margaret and Dale also helped collect for the Christmas Bowl.



Church members packed the hall for the Congregational Meeting in November



Alison wielded the gavel to help raise funds at the Fellowship auction



Bob Lloyd has again produced a magnificent display of roses at Vine Street.



Torin Wan, less than two days old, with his mother Annelise Thornton and father, Azlan Wan, brothers Iskandar and Ruari visited grandparents Jan and John Thornton!



Morialta received the "Most Innovative" Community Day Award for its Melodrama at the November Presbytery Synod meeting



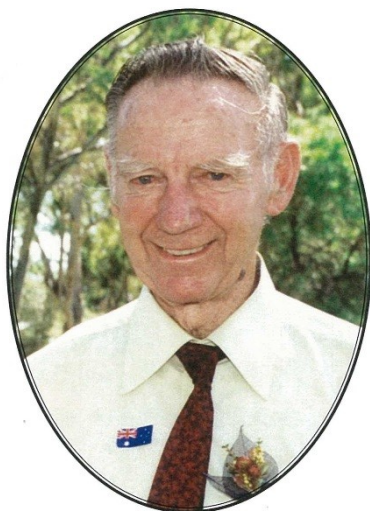
David brought some of his furry friends for an Animal Choir!



Fellowship members enjoyed bidding for goods at their annual fundraising auction

John Maschmedt

24 February 1924 - 2 November 2013



Stories from the family

Dad was born 24th February 1924, youngest of three boys, to Anne and Alec. Alec worked for a grocery company, but in the years leading up to and including the depression, income was low, so there was little money to spare. Dad spent his boyhood years at the family home in Highgate, and at Taillem Bend where his grandmother had a tearoom.

He was active in Scouts and at the Rosefield Methodist Church where he played football. His secondary schooling at Unley High was curtailed when his mother found him an apprenticeship at a Kent Town Printing company.

The war interrupted his training, as he was called up in 1942. After training in the Barossa (where he met his future wife, Beryl), and in Queensland, he was posted to Bougainville, where he served as a signalman for the duration of the war.

After discharge, he returned to Adelaide to resume his apprenticeship, visiting Beryl and her twelve strong family at Nuriootpa on weekends, riding his newly acquired Harley Davidson. They were soon engaged, and bought a block of land in the vineyards of Rosslyn Park. Labour and building materials were scarce, so they joined a Home Builders' Club, and were able to access materials, expertise and assistance to start building. This was a mutual help arrangement, but they essentially built the entire family home themselves. David was born in 1951, and Ann followed in 1954.

Dad had purchased a milk delivery round to pay the bills, but more importantly, to give him most of the day to continue building work. In 1955, he gave up the

milk round for a printer's job at Advertiser Newspapers, where he worked for 17 years. The night time work interrupted family life to a degree, but gave him daylight time for working on the house and pottering. This was the start of his lifetime interest in making things – just about anything!

He finished his working life as Production Manager with the Real Estate Institute, retiring in 1984 at age 60. During his early retirement, Dad and Mum enjoyed many holidays together and bought a beach house where they spent many a happy stay.

In 1987, Dad began volunteer work with Burnside Council, and later on at Morialta Uniting Church. When Mum was diagnosed with dementia in 1998, he diversified his volunteering work into helping Alzheimer's Australia and serving on related committees. His efforts were rewarded with the Burnside Council Citizen of the Year award in 2005. By then he was also helping dementia sufferers at a hands-on level, providing activities at several nursing homes in Adelaide. After Mum passed away in 2006, Dad battled on, continuing his volunteer work which by then included help in community and church kitchens, graffiti removal, film screenings, paper collection, Neighbourhood Watch, the Community Garden and more.

But he was lost without his beloved wife, and when he had to move to a nursing home in late 2012, he had to surrender his lifetime home and his cherished independence.

Memories

Our most enduring childhood memories are of Dad making, building and fixing something. He always seemed to be around (by virtue of his night shift job at Advertiser Newspapers, 1955 to 1972).

He made innumerable toys for us, including a doll's house with hot and cold running water and electric lights, a landscaped board for my model train set, bigger than some African countries, cubby and tree houses, pinball games, quiz games, hand-eye coordination games etc.

He was constantly *outside the box* – he was recycling decades before the term had been coined. He was advocating iceberg towing to alleviate water shortages in the '50's, and could see the need for, and the potential of solar and other renewable energy sources long before most had heard of the concepts.

We didn't realise at the time that these activities were demonstrations of his

mission to help people and to be innovative and constantly active at the same time. Ann and I assumed that this was normal parental behaviour.

Dad was fiercely independent and proud of the fact that he'd never borrowed money and never had need of a credit card. He rigidly adhered to his philosophy of living simply and making do with what he could get his hands on, although his sources of materials were often something of a mystery.

Dad's boundless resourcefulness, and determination never to be pushed around, could be irritating, embarrassing and sometimes downright infuriating, but these were by-products of his defining characteristics –

Caring for and providing as much as possible for his family on a very modest income.

Helping others less fortunate than us as much as possible.

When he and Mum became engaged soon after the war, and building materials and labour were scarce, the solution to the problem of providing a family home was simple – build it yourself.

If he needed more daylight hours to get a job done – get a night time job.

If he needed more money for something – get a second job.

If he needed some tool or gadget or means of doing something, and it was either too expensive or unavailable – invent it and make it yourself.

If shop food was expensive or poor quality – grow it yourself.

If particular toys or other amusements couldn't be bought – whip something up in the shed.

If he wanted a swimming pool – get David and Ann to start digging!



This was our dad, and this energetic, imaginative, 'nothing fazes me', 'what can I do to help?' attitude continued past our time at home into his retirement years, when community volunteering became his mission. His achievements are quite remarkable, as evidenced by the numerous awards he received from Burnside Council, and recognition from Morialta Uniting Church, the Aged Care sector, and several politicians.

Underlying all this was his long and happy marriage to Mum. When she was diagnosed with dementia, he was devastated. But in typical style, he wasn't going to give in without a fight. Whilst caring for her 24/7 for seven years, he became involved with numerous self-help and advocacy groups, determined to increase public awareness, and improve the welfare of both sufferer and carer. Dad was driven by his belief that we have a mission on this planet to help others, family first, but also, importantly, the wider community. If achieving these goals meant throwing social conventions to the wind – so be it.

We often hear the expression: *after God made so and so, he threw away the mould*. It's become more than bit hackneyed, but if ever there was a worthy candidate for this profound compliment, John Maschmedt must surely be near the top of the list.

God bless you Dad.



From Ann

Grand-daughter, Paula, made mention of enjoying grandpa's garden, and the fruits of his labour, eg apples, plums, nectarines etc and many types of vegetables. Also, the many picnics, cooking days and outings they enjoyed with both grandparents in school holidays, as well as many fun filled

days in the pool with their cousins. Dad often had some new and novel idea he'd invented, to show all of us when we visited, much more interesting than shop bought things.

Dad also spent many long hours propagating plants for us, and for *Trees for Life*. He certainly had a green thumb. He really enjoyed doing jobs that helped others out, neighbours, friends and family, as well as many community service activities. He also spent many hours in his dark room, developing and printing numerous photos for us, and often for other people keen to have old family pictures redone and enlarged; he took great pride in doing these jobs.

As kids, David and I spent many enjoyable weekends going on hikes with mum and dad, cooking lunch on an open fire, often up in the hills behind our house, now Skye, as there were no houses there when we were kids! We had various camping holidays, as our parents were great outdoor lovers, passing on their love of nature and its beauty to us all.



He enjoyed helping at Wednesday lunches, and other church functions, as he felt comfortable and loved in the Morialta church community.

David and I have been very grateful for the support of the church after dad moved to Clayton homes, as it was certainly not easy for him, having been so independent for so long. We thought the quilt you all signed was a wonderful gesture, I have it now and will treasure it, as he did.

Yvonne Clare Madigan 24 March 1925 - 1 December 2013

Yvonne Madigan joined our community in 1989 after moving to Magill from Peterborough and became a member of this congregation.

Yvonne was one of nine children. They grew up in railway towns in the north of South Australia, but most of her life was spent at Peterborough where she cared for her parents after the death of Leslie, her husband of a few short years. In 2008 Yvonne moved to Resthaven at Paradise.

She loved her garden and painting, and always kept her hands busy, mainly knitting many, many squares for the quilts for mission.

We remember her as a gentle, quiet, happy soul with sparkling blue eyes. Our love and sympathy are with her surviving sisters Jean and Shirley, her God daughter, Jill, and many nieces and nephews.

Margaret and Rob Webbe

*Count your garden by the flowers,
never by the leaves that fade,
Count your joys by happiest hours,
count the sunshine not the shade.*





MESSY CHRISTMAS AND ADVENT GATHERING

On Sunday 1st December the first week of advent was celebrated with the annual Carols in the garden.



This year the carols were preceded by A Messy Christmas for families of all ages. The family event included games, such as pin the tail on the donkey, and crafts, stars and Santa's Shoes.

A short video of the Christmas Story was shown. Many families that attended Messy Christmas stayed on for a Sausage Sizzle, Fairy Floss and were joined by many others for some classic Christmas carols.



Reflections on the Advent Gathering

The day brought showers but these cleared for our 5.30pm celebration. Like others sharing in the readings, we arrived early enabling us to see the wonderful program and video that had been prepared for Messy Christmas. We sat under the big green trees in the garden next door enjoying a sausage sizzle and fruit platter. What a wonderful start to Advent! Thanks to all who planned and made it possible.

As we sang Christmas carols my eyes were lifted to the now beautiful blue sky above, and I was filled with gratitude for this opportunity being given to me. I was part of the Morialta Community Church, and I longed for the neighbours nearby to be blessed as we sang our carols.

I also reflected that I had come from 'broken places', from relationships and death of loved ones, and that I had

received healing firstly from the Rostrevor church, and then in Morialta I had found a safe haven of forgiveness, acceptance, and healing. I was so richly blessed and longed for the hurting, marginalised, lonely to know the same gifts we have to offer to them. The gifts of total acceptance.

May I offer gratitude to all, peace, and happiness.

*Joan Wagner
Pastoral Care Coordinator*

Fellowship



Members of the Fellowship Group recently spent a busy session making 240 bonbons to go in Christmas hampers.

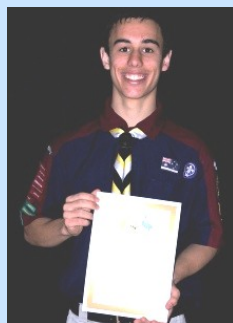
Fellowship's recent auction of pre-loved goods and crafts, raised \$200 in funds, thanks to the enthusiastic assistance of auctioneer Alison Lockett.

Lachlan Mackenzie's Achievement

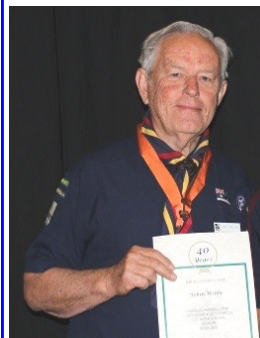
At the recent Scout Awards Ceremony Lachlan Mackenzie received the Queen's Scout Award, the highest award available to Scouts before they reach the age of 18.

This achievement required more than 300 hours of work over almost 3 years, in many different areas. Lachlan also received his Australian Scout Medallion in 2010.

Congratulations Lachlan!



Rob Webbe's Scouting Award



On the 27th of October a ceremony was held for Scouts who received awards for outstanding service or achievement in their scout section.

Rob Webbe was presented with an award recognising his 40 years service to the Scouting Movement.

During this time Rob has been a Scout Leader at 1st Swansea, 1st Lameroo, 1st Murray Bridge, 2nd Murray Bridge, 1st Naracoorte and at Stradbroke for almost 30 years. Rob has made an outstanding contribution to the scouting movement and especially to Stradbroke Scouts where he continues to provide his services.

Congratulations Rob!

Brave Little Coco

Brave little Coco now has only 5 lives left. Yes, she encountered a 2 year old eastern brown snake recently. Fay and Jill were out, and in their absence Coco must have dragged the snake in through the cat flap, through the kitchen into the lounge, where Fay found it when she arrived home.

Fay grabbed Coco by the tail and shut her in the bedroom before calling the snake catcher. He arrived 20 minutes later, to find the snake covered by a wet towel and not moving. He confirmed that Coco had done the brave deed of killing the snake to protect Jill and Fay.





Welcome to the Morialta Uniting Church Community Library

From the Librarian

Dear Readers

As I write, the Christian year of 2013 is coming to an end and Advent will begin on 1 December which is the first day of Summer. Life is full of beginnings and endings.

The library is full of books having a life of living on a shelf and of being borrowed and then an ending of being culled and going to a book sale of Oxfam and beyond or at worst, the rubbish heap.



New books come and go and people come and go. Mary Barrie has been a regular borrower for all the time that she has been at Morialta, and that would be more than

30 years and possibly over 40 years. She has been a member of the Library Committee, and has always done what she can to help.

For Mary books, mostly travel fiction books, took her to a new exciting destination each week.

Mary, thank you, for all you have done to help the library ministry at Morialta over the years.

Will the library be open for Summer Reading borrowing?

Yes! On all Sundays during December and January.

The Library is also open for "After Hours Borrowing" during office hours but please note that the Church Office will close on Friday 20 December and reopen on Monday 20 January.

So – make your selections for holiday reading in good time and when there is opportunity!

Just fill in the "After Hours Borrowing Book"

BOOK REVIEWS

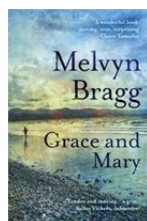
Fiction

CHAI TEA SUNDAY by Heather A. Clark

Based on a true story, Clark explores the theme of finding hope, after adversity, in Kenya. If you are looking for a wonderfully sad and beautifully enriching tale, this book is for you!



Reviewed by Lorraine Powers



GRACE AND MARY by Melvyn Bragg

John visits his ageing mother, Mary, in her nursing home by the sea, and mourns the slow fading of her mind. Hoping to slow up her receding memory, he prompts her with songs, photographs and questions about the past.

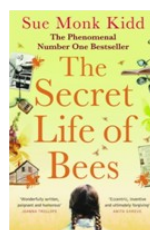
This book is simply beautifully written.

Reviewed by Lorraine Powers

THE SECRET LIFE OF BEES

by Sue Monk Kidd

This book is not just about bees. A lot can be learnt about them within the story and also from the little quotes at the beginning of the chapters.



This novel is set in the South of the U.S.A. with its racial overtones. Lily believes that she accidentally killed her mother when she was four. She sets off to discover more about her mother. The only clue she has is from a honey label and the name of the village on the back of the label. Lily's only friend is her black servant Rosaleen. Together they flee from her harsh father, Rosaleen having run foul of the harsh laws against black people. They find sanctuary in the home of three sisters who keep bees.

This is an interesting read, a first novel by Sue Monk Kidd.

Reviewed by Doreen Matheson

APE HOUSE

by Sara Gruen

This is a read which will open your mind as to how we as humans use language to communicate. It explores how apes amazingly, given the opportunity, can communicate with humans through sign language. The result is that of a bond of love between human and ape.



Reviewed by Lorraine Powers

THE MEMORY ROOM

by Christopher Koch

This is the seventh novel by Christopher Koch, the double MILES FRANKLIN AWARD winner, who was born and educated in Tasmania.

Interweaving the personal and the political, Koch has created a novel of profound depth - an

intense psychological study of the mentality and motivations of Derek Bradley, who has chosen to live the life of a secret intelligence operative. Set against beautifully drawn landscapes - first in Tasmania, and then in China and Canberra, The Memory Room is an exploration of obsession, and of the nature of secrecy itself.

Reviewed by Lorraine Powers

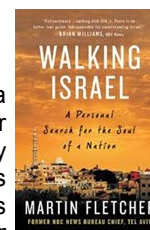
Non-Fiction

WALKING ISRAEL

by Martin Fletcher

Martin Fletcher is a Special Correspondent for NBC News and is a highly respected journalist. His insight about Israel goes far beyond what we hear and see via the media.

In this travelogue Fletcher wants to delve deeper, for his readers to truly glimpse the soul of a country steeped in history and culture, and his descriptions of the people he meets help to make for very interesting reading.



Reviewed by Lorraine Powers

*On behalf of the library committee
I extend to you joyous Christmas Greetings
and a Happy New Year*



FOR FURTHER BOOK REVIEWS GO TO <http://www.morialtauca.org.au/resources/library/whats-new>



Love shall be our token,
 love be yours and love be mine,
 love to God and neighbours,
 love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Georgina Rosetti

DIARY DATES 2013

2013

Blue Christmas

A time to pause and remember
 Tuesday 17 December 7.30pm

Church Office closes

Friday 20 December 12 noon

Worship - Lessons and Carols

Sunday 22 December 8.15am and 9.30am

Christmas Eve Worship - Jesus born for us

Tuesday 24 December 7.30pm

Christmas Day Worship

Wednesday 25 December 9.00am

Worship

Sunday 29 December 9.30am

2014

Sunday Worship in January 9.30am

Church Office re-opens Monday 20 January

First Newsletter Sunday 26 January

8.15 and 9.30am worship resumes Sunday 2 February

Community Centre programs resume in February

The office will be closed until January 20. This is a time for property projects and administrative organization.

Urgent administrative requests should be submitted by phone or email.



Give hope
 this Christmas



Your gifts to the Christmas Bowl support programs like girls' education in Afghanistan. Please give generously today!

FREECALL: 1800 025 101 WWW.ACTFORPEACE.ORG.AU



The Christmas Bowl is the Christmas Appeal of Act for Peace, the international aid agency of the National Council of Churches in Australia and a member of the global ACT Alliance. (08) 61 611 111

Acknowledgments

Brian, David, Christine S, Helena and others for photos throughout this edition. Stories and texts from those identified throughout, and thanks to all who have contributed in many ways to this edition. and to others in 2013!
 Editor: Mary Thornley
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Living Streams
Giving Life

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To discuss ideas for Vision articles contact the editor, Mary Thornley