

Parish Voice

The Anglican Parish of Broadview and Enfield, Adelaide SA

Open Doors

Issue 28 Autumn 2024

From the Parish Priest

I find the term 'open doors' to be a fascinating metaphor for the new opportunities that life offers us. It is important to recognise that these open doors will not remain open indefinitely. Therefore, when life presents us with opportunities, we should view them as divine provisions and seize them with discernment and wisdom before they close.

In Revelation 3:8, Jesus says, "I have placed before you an open door that no one can shut." This highlights that opportunities are God's provisions. However, these opportunities are not eternal. They are given for a reason, and we must act within that time frame.

The verse in Ecclesiastes 3:1, "There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens" also reminds us that life's opportunities are bound by time. The door open today may close tomorrow; the chance we have now may not present itself again. So, we need to be proactive and take bold and decisive steps when opportunities arise.

If we look back on our lives, we can see examples of missed opportunities. One of the finest examples in the Bible of a missed opportunity is found in Numbers 13-14. After being freed from slavery in Egypt, the Israelites were on the brink of entering the Promised Land. Moses sent people to inspect the land. But, they reported back that the inhabitants were too powerful to conquer. The Israelites got scared and refused to enter the land despite Joshua and Caleb encouraging them to trust in God. Thus, the Israelites missed that immediate opportunity because of a lack of faith. This made them wander in the wilderness for forty years before entering the land flowing with milk and honey.

The parable of the five foolish virgins (Matthew 25:1-13) is another example from the Bible. They missed their chance to join the wedding feast because they were unprepared. Thus, the Bible teaches the importance of readiness and the consequences of failing to act in time.

The Bible also emphasises the need for divine guidance to recognise and walk through the doors God opens. Consider the story of Moses, called by God from the burning bush, who initially doubted his abilities. Yet, with divine guidance, he embraced his role as the leader of the Exodus. Similarly, to seize the opportunities presented by open doors, we need divine guidance. Prayer and spiritual sensitivity are thus vital in discerning these pivotal moments.

Now, turning to the life of the Parish, the new year formally began with the combined service and the Vestry meeting. I pray for God's wisdom and strength for those appointed as wardens and councillors of each of the three congregations and the office bearers of the Parish. The Vestry thanked all who laboured for the life of the Parish last year, particularly Lynn Ward, Grant Brindal, Morris Bastian, Ajith Simpson, and Nevin Abraham who served as Wardens, and Penny Bissel, Angie Goddard, Lorraine Fransson, Mathew Varghese, and Maria Abraham who served as Councillors. Special thanks to Lynn Ward and Pamela Sherwin, who served as Treasurer and Secretary of the Parish, respectively. Thanks also go to Anne Bastian for her invaluable assistance in the Parish Office and Kay Brindal for editing and publishing the *Parish Voice*. The Vestry also extended its heartfelt gratitude to all members of the Parish who dedicate their time to voluntary service across various sectors in the community.

Parish Programs

Sundays: Sung Eucharist 9.00am St Clément's
10.30am St Philip's,
4.00pm CSI Malayalam, St Philip's

Tuesdays: Centering Prayer Group 10.00am St Philip's Church

Third Tuesdays: Parish Council 7.30pm St Philip's Church

Wednesdays: Knit 'n' Natter Group 2.00pm fortnightly at St Philip's Church

Fridays: Badminton 6.00pm St Philip's Church Hall

Hospital visits, home communion, baptisms, confirmations, weddings, funerals

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CSI Malayalam Congregation



Photos courtesy of:

Maria Abraham, Raelee Gurney, Angie Anne Bastian, Ajith Simpson, Kay, Grant Santhosh S Kumar, Ajith, Jositha Mathew, Toney, Shabin, Christy, Sanjana

Calling for Contributions

During Advent in 2014, this publication was born and so, to celebrate, the next edition will be our **10th Anniversary Issue**.

Many people over the years have helped the *Parish Voice* to grow and thrive. It reaches into our community and beyond, and has become a wonderful way both to spread the Word of God, and the many experiences and thoughts of those who have contributed over the ten year life of the *Parish Voice*. Please consider the theme for the Anniversary Edition:

Moments in Time

If you have a memory to share either current or from the last ten years, a photo, or something else which would mark the occasion, please forward it to your congregational rep for inclusion in the next issue.

From the Editor

Open doors...sounds so innocuous doesn't it. But, can you remember when opening a door became a vexed affair? If we time-warp back to the late 1960s and onwards for a decade or so, opening a door became a bone of contention. Those who had grown up in a time when we were taught that it was good manners, and even chivalrous, for a man to open the door for a woman were suddenly confronted with the notion that women could open doors for themselves. This innocuous act of opening a door became a symbol of the principles of women's liberation and equality for all.



I clearly remember making a point of opening doors for myself, and even for the men with whom I worked, much to their consternation. As time moved on, and the fight of equality with it, this simple 'battleground' was largely forsaken. Men sometimes opened doors for me, and I sometimes did so for them. The awkwardness of the situation dissolved and we all moved on to new social norms.

But, thinking back on all of this gave me pause for thought about the metaphoric doors in our lives. Maybe sometimes we don't want people to open a door for us. Perhaps we aren't ready for what lies on the other side of the threshold; maybe it's not a direction in which we want to go. Sometimes we want, or need, to blaze a trail for ourselves and that first step through the door is essential to change and personal growth.

Then I considered the last part of my trip down memory lane and noted that the equilibrium around the etiquette of opening doors points to the way we should approach the opening of metaphoric doors i.e. new paths. Sometimes we will walk in the footsteps of others, sometimes we will walk alone, but perhaps most importantly there are times when we will walk together.

Of course in all of this there is a final aspect to consider. We never walk alone. God is with us at every doorway, walking with us wherever life takes us.

*Fear not, for I am with you;
be not dismayed, for I am your God;
I will strengthen you, I will help you,
I will uphold you with my righteous right hand. **Isaiah 41:10***

From the Parish Priest (Cont.)

The year 2024 is an open door for the Parish to enter into uncharted territories, forging new ways to move forward. The CSI Congregation has new leadership and some new families. It has started to hold one English service every month to enable the children and youth to worship God in the language fluent to them. I believe this is a milestone in the life of this Congregation if utilised with an open mind.

St. Philip's continues to keep its worship life active and meaningful, though several deaths have sadly shaken the congregation over the past year. The Church has a single warden and councillor, who admirably shoulder responsibilities with the support of a dedicated team of friends. St Clement's remains as strong as last year with its dedicated members and the closely-knit fellowship they enjoy.

Holy Week held deep significance for the entire Parish. St Philip's chose to retain the wooden cross erected in its garden during this sacred time, adorning it with draped fabrics that align with the liturgical seasons and special occasions. Additionally, the Parish joyously celebrated a couple of baptisms, and the visit of Bishop Denise Ferguson left a lasting impression. This edition's pages effectively highlight the life of the Parish.

As we're coming into the winter season, I encourage you to stay warm with layers of clothing, maintain a balanced diet, stay hydrated, exercise regularly, and practise good hygiene. God bless.

Santhosh S Kumar

Obituary: Paula Evans

Ellen Pauline Jago was born on September 8, 1931 at Hilton, South Australia to Evelyn Mary and James Frederick Jago but we all know her as Paula. Actually, her mother named her Helen. However, Aunty Ellen registered her as Ellen so that became her official name. Paula had an older sister Lauretta with whom she was very close throughout their lives.

Paula lived in Prospect and later in Crafers. She went to an all girls' school and later college, where she excelled, particularly at English. Paula enjoyed playing netball, tennis and was a keen runner. Along with sister Lauretta, they would go ballroom dancing and Paula won a bronze medal for her dancing in 1949.

Paula worked at the Manhattan Motel at Gepps Cross as a receptionist and also with the Education Department as clerical assistant/SSO for Adelaide, Norwood and Enfield High School.

When Paula was living in Crafers she would catch the bus into town. She met the love of her life on that bus - the bus driver. His name was Ted and the

rest is history. Paula and Ted married at St Augustine's Church, Unley on February 23, 1952. They settled in Gepps Cross and later moved to Nailsworth. Their family grew with 3 sons: Malcolm, Terry and Alan.



Family and friends were very important to Paula and everyone was always welcome to her home. As a family we enjoyed frozen snips (frozen strawberry flavoured milk). Somehow Mum's would always leak, making a mess and she would use a tea towel to catch the leaks, never realising her darling sons had made a hole in the bottom!

Paula attended St Clement's Church for over 50 years. She sang in the choir, at weddings and at Christmas

and also at concerts, often performing solos. She was also a keen committee member, organising and participating in church events and concerts (Singing "Three Little Sisters" with husband Ted and Joan Gilbert and dressing up for the many funny skits that Ray Harris and others would organise). She enjoyed baking ten dozen pasties for the church fete (actually 12 dozen to cater for her family). Paula took special pride in arranging the church flowers for Sunday services and weddings. There were many lifelong friends from St Clement's for Paula and Ted and these friends became their extended family.

Paula loved gardening, fresh veggies and her fruit trees. However, she didn't like birds flying above and the mess they would make, or lizards in her back yard. Dogs, however, were much loved and could do no wrong when they visited. There were some special dogs in her earlier life, as well as rabbits and chickens.



With family and friends, Paula would enjoy playing Chinese Checkers, chess, scrabble and draughts. She and Ted loved beach walks, followed by fish and chips. Paula loved to bake, including Sunday night roast, ice cream cakes for birthdays, homemade soups, custards and jelly. She always enjoyed a cup of tea, coffee or Milo and the occasional alcoholic drink whilst reading *Woman's Day/Weekly* or doing a crossword puzzle or playing her piano. Paula also liked to make clothes for her family and was a keen knitter.



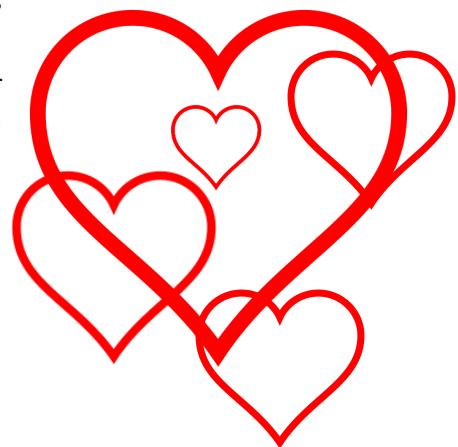
Later in life, Paula overcame her fear of the water and at age 58, she took up adult swimming lessons, proudly attaining two certificates for her efforts. She would regularly see Norwood play local football and would watch the Crows with family and great friends, Gary and Audrey Adair. Holidays in Queensland with

family and friends were enjoyed nearly every second year, as well as Fiji and a trip to the snow and New Zealand.

Paula owned a Morris Minor, which could transport an entire soccer team. (Those were the days). Her last vehicle was a little Toyota, which was serviced more often than it was driven!

Paula always took care in her appearance, preferring to wear her hair long ("Only cut an inch off please - no more!"), and she loved having her nails done.

Paula, in the faces of your children and grand-children, your steadfast love lives on with every generation leaving heart prints one by one. We love you, and you will forever be missed by all of us.



Quotes to Consider

When one door closes, another opens; but we often look so long and so regrettfully upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us.
Alexander Graham Bell

Humans tend to build walls when they should be opening doors.

Debbie Macomber

Gratitude is the key for the door of abundance.

Debasish Mridha

Waste no time to worry about a closed door. Search for a new door to open.

Lailah Gifty Akita

Love unlocks doors and opens windows that weren't even there before.

Mignon McLaughlin

A door you don't enter is closed, even if it is open!

Mehmet Murat ildan

God opens doors that no one can shut, and he shuts doors that no one can open.

Revelation 3:7

Combined Service and Shared Lunch



Annual Vestry Meeting

The Parish convened its inaugural Combined Service of the year on February 25, 2024, hosted at St Philip's, which was succeeded by the Annual Vestry meeting and a fellowship lunch.

During the Vestry session, the following appointments were made for the year 2024.

Church Wardens by the Priest (2)

Grant Brindal (St Clement's)
Toney Teddy Fernandez (CSI Malayalam Cong.)

People's Church Wardens (3)

Lynn Ward (St Philip's)
Morris Bastian (St Clement's)
Bensilal Devadanam (CSI Malayalam Cong.)

Parish Councillors (5)

Penny Bissel (St Philip's)
Lorraine Fransson and Angie Goddard (St Clement's)
Christy Pothen John & Shibin Raj (CSI Mal Cong.)

Nominations Committee (One from each congregation)

Penny Bissel (St Philip's)
Angie Goddard (St Clement's)
Ajith Simpson (CSI Malayalam Cong.)

St Philip's Memorial Garden Supervisor Pat Luke

St Philip's Memorial Garden Administrator Pamela Sherwin

Safe Ministry Co-ordinator (1 from Each Congregation)

Pamela Sherwin (St Philip's)
Sophia Beena Lazar (CSI Mal Congr)
Morris Bastian (St Clement's)

Synod Representatives: Margaret Nelson and Ajith Simpson (until 2025)

Below: Parish Officer Pamela Sherwin (Secretary) and Rev Santhosh S Kumar



Left: Pamela and Lyn Ward (Treasurer)

Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday



Pancake Day, also known as Shrove Tuesday was celebrated at St Philip's with the indulgence of delectable thin pancakes served with various sweet and savory toppings.



Below: Friends gather at St Philip's after the Ash Wednesday service, marking the beginning of the Lenten season. Crosses of ash on their foreheads are a symbol of repentance and mortality.



Left: St Philip's in Autumn

"Remember you are dust, and to dust you shall return."



Mothering Sunday



The fourth Sunday in Lent: St Philip's commemorating Mothering Sunday sharing flowers and simnel cake after the service.

Holy Week - Palm Sunday



Below: The cross erected at St Philip's during the Holy Week and decorated with palm leaves



Above: St Philip's getting ready for the Holy Week. Coral, Hazel, Pat and George cleaning and polishing the brass.



Below left: St Philip's sanctuary on Palm Sunday



Above: The team decorated St Philip's with palm branches: Toney, Bensilal, Shibin, and Ajith. (Nevin is missing in the photo.)



Right: Helen preparing the altar for Palm Sunday Service at St Philip's



*Above: Processing with Palm crosses at the beginning of Malayalam service
Below: Children singing the chorus 'Hosanna, Hosanna...' in the Malayalam service*



Holy Week - Palm Sunday (cont.)



*Left and below:
Craft Day for Sunday School
children on Palm Sunday*



*Below and below left:
Grant and Santhosh on Palm Sunday at
St Clement's
St Clement's parishioners after the service
on Palm Sunday*



Holy Week - Good Friday



Above left: The wooden cross featuring red linen on Good Friday at St Philip's

Above: CSI Malayalam Community after Good Friday service



Malayalam community having the porridge and enjoying fellowship together.



Porridge was served after the Malayalam service following the tradition.



Holy Week - Good Friday (cont.)



Members of St Philip's together on Good Friday

Holy Saturday



Above: The Easter cross with white linen on display at St Philip's amongst the beauty of Autumn.

My times are in Your hands; deliver me from the hands of my enemies, from those who pursue me. Let Your face shine on your servant; save me in Your unfailing love.

Psalm 31:15-16

Easter Sunday at St Clement's Church



Lighting the Paschal Candle on Easter morning



Rev Santhosh delivering the Easter Sunday sermon



Right: Max, Edith and Ruth lighting the Peace candle



Left: Blessing the Easter eggs



Enjoying a special morning tea together after the Easter Sunday service



Easter Sunday: Mayalam Congregation



Above: Easter Floral arrangement at St Philip's. Many thanks to Toney.



Left: The Easter Egg Hunt, organised by the Sunday School, took place after the Malayalam Easter service. Children with their eggs.



Sophia, Hepsi, and Sowmya serving Easter Breakfast to the community after worship



Fellowship breakfast on Easter morning



The Triptych

Easter is held on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Autumn equinox. During this special period in the church calendar, the Triptych painted by Margaret Nelson and depicting the Easter story, is displayed at St Philip's Church.

Panel 1: Jesus, held captive in the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest of that year.

With him are the members of the council, the Sanhedrin. Jesus is asked by the High Priest if he is the Son of God.

- ⇒ In the Book of Matthew, Jesus replied, "These words are your own." *Chapter 26, verse 64**
- ⇒ In Luke Jesus replied, "It is you who say I am." *Chapter 22, verse 70**
- ⇒ In Mark Jesus replied, "I am." *Chapter 14, verse 61**
- ⇒ In the Book of John, no conversation is recorded.

*The chapters and verses are taken from the Jerusalem Bible, 1966



The High Priest suggested to the Sanhedrin that Jesus had blasphemed. The Council agreed. No further witnesses were needed. (This action was illegal because witnesses were required.) In this 'trial' none were presented. The members said he deserved to die.

Panel 2: The Place of Skulls

Time has been collapsed here.

The crucifixion. It is hard, heavy dirty work. Strong men are required to do the cruel lifting.

There comes a great storm. The entire world falls into darkness. The earth quakes. Rocks split open. The storm tears the curtain in the temple. It is torn from top to bottom.

The Holy of Holies is exposed to the world.

Panel 3: Easter Day

The garden of Gethsemane is depicted as the Australian bush. In the Mulga scrub, the stone has been rolled away from the cave. Two of the soldiers are still asleep.

The tortuous journey is over.

The earth is filled with Easter lilies on this Brand New Day.

This is THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

Morning Visitor

STOP PRESS: We opened the door today (24/5), to find a koala visiting. It was perched precariously on a small tree which sits just on the other side of our fence.

The dogs were barking furiously as if to say,
"Look up! See what's on our doorstep!"

For the koala's safety, we called *Koala Rescue*, and within an hour, one of their volunteers was here to help.

The koala was gently captured and taken to the local park for release.

Kay



St Philip's Patronal Festival



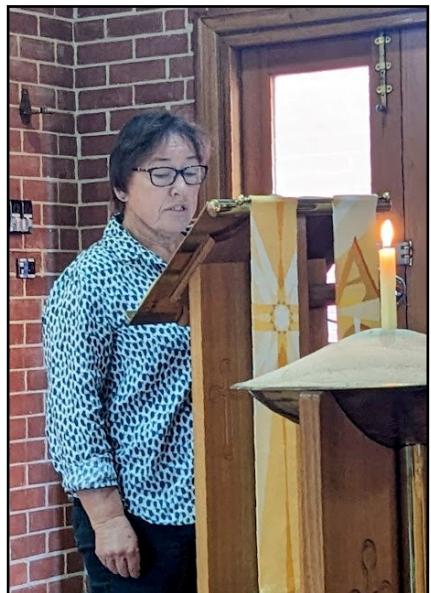
Left: Pat Luke, Crucifer, and Lynn Ward with the banner
Above: Hazel Price with fishes and loaves



Bishop Denise Ferguson greets the congregation

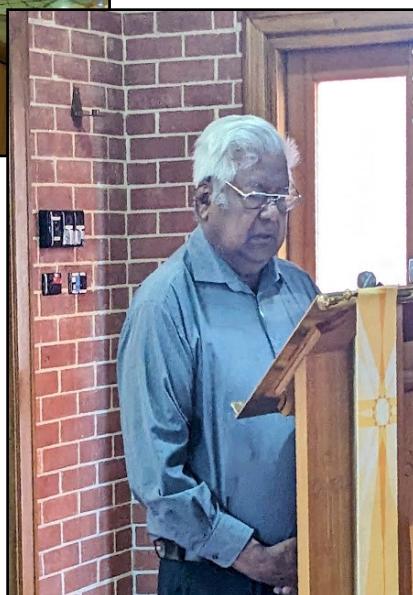


St Philip's Patronal Festival (cont.)



Members of St Philip's Church taking part in the service -
Left: Lynn Ward
Below left: Rev Noble
Below: Yvonne Bennett

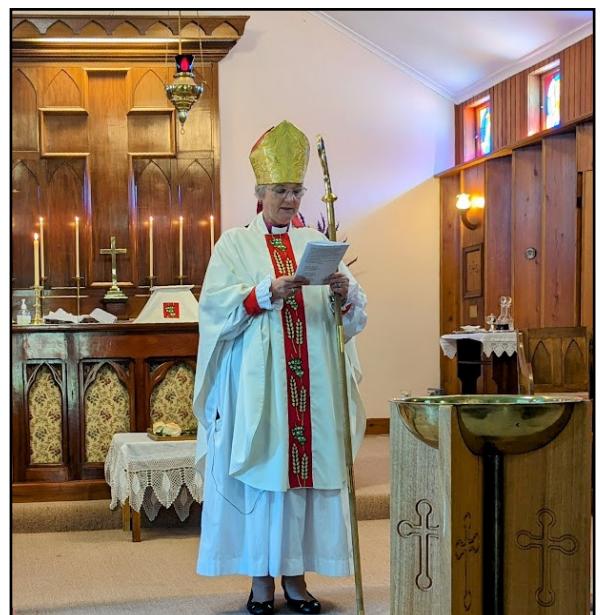
Above: Blessing of the fishes and loaves



Left: Bishop Denise delivering the sermon



Right: Bishop invites the sponsors to present the child for baptism





Left: Sponsors and parents with Ruby
Above: Ruby with the Bishop,
pouring water into the baptismal font

Baptism



Left: Bishop baptises
Ruby Minnie
Olive Jessie Penn



Right: Bishop anoints
Ruby with the
chrism oil



Left: Rev Santhosh presents
Ruby the baptismal candle



Right: The Bishop
celebrated the Holy
Eucharist



Left: A blessing during
Holy Communion



St Philip's Patronal Festival: Shared Lunch



*The service was followed by fellowship lunch.
Fish and chips and desserts were served.*

Around the Parish



Left: Sunday School under the leadership of Sophia

Below: Parents visiting from back home is always a joyous occasion.

Samuel with his parents, TC and Raji Cherian after the service.



Opening a Door to Prayer

An open door for me has been the opportunity to take part in the Intercessions roster for St Philip's Sunday morning church services.

As well as praying for the needs of the church and Anglican missions, I can also speak of my own faith.

I hope to continue on the roster.



Rosemary Cowley

CSI Church Day



The twelfth Church Day celebrations of the CSI Malayalam Congregation was held on May 12, 2024.

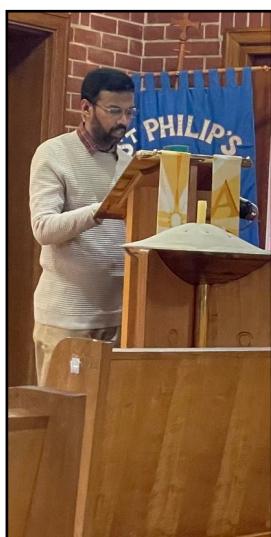
The thanksgiving service was then followed by a sumptuous dinner.



Above: Meriya, Crucifer. Bensilal carrying the banner, Christy with the Bible in the procession



Above: Prayer for Unity on the motto of the CSI 'That they all may be one.'



Sobhitharaj leading the prayer



Toney reading the Gospel



Shibin reading the psalms



Sanjana reading the Epistle





Left: Nevin on the keys



Right: Bensilal presenting the Report



Left: Mather's Day - Sophia inviting children to greet their mothers



Below: Mothers and children



Dinner was enjoyed by all in the hall after the service.

The Day of Pentecost at St Philip's Church

The congregation adorned the church building with red. The floral arrangement by the St Philip's team was excellent. The red balloons were added by the Malayalam community.

Both services in English and Malayalam were well attended.



Below: Children singing under the leadership of Samuel, Nevin and Sophia



Birthdays



Left: Angeline's birthday with family and friends



Right: Raelee celebrating a special birthday at St Clement's



Left: Maureen's birthday celebrations
Below left: Kay's birthday
Below: Joan enjoying her special celebrations



History Month at St Clement's Church

The Doors Open on St. Clement's Church

As a part of South Australia's History Festival, the Enfield congregation invited the public to the event titled, "Faith Powers the Little Church on the Hill" on May 18th. A working bee two days earlier ensured the church and newly renovated vestry were in showcase condition. The front garden was trimmed and tidied. At 10am the church bell pealed, announcing to the assembled group that the event was underway. Some of those who had connections with the church many decades ago. Descendants of the Odgers and Welby families attended along with one person from the pioneering Stevens family, members of whom were originally interred opposite the church in what is now known as Pioneer Park. The son of Reverend John Gent who was Priest-in-Charge from 1946 to 1956 was also present.

Following a brief presentation on the church's history by Grant Brindal, the numerous questions asked indicated the interest within the group to know more about St Clement's and its history. Fortunately our 'living treasure', Joan Harris was able to respond to these and gave many examples from her own 94 years of involvement with St. Clement's, as well as stories from the previous generations of her family who contributed to the life of the church.

Conversations continued as guests explored the church and vestry, looking at displays of our priest robes, numerous photograph albums and books and the newly uncovered stone wall not seen for over a century.

The event was certainly a success and rewarding for those who contributed to it. The one question however which we were unable to answer at the time was what type of gum tree was the century old one at the front of the church. We checked our arborist report and emailed the answer to the inquirer – a peppermint box gum!

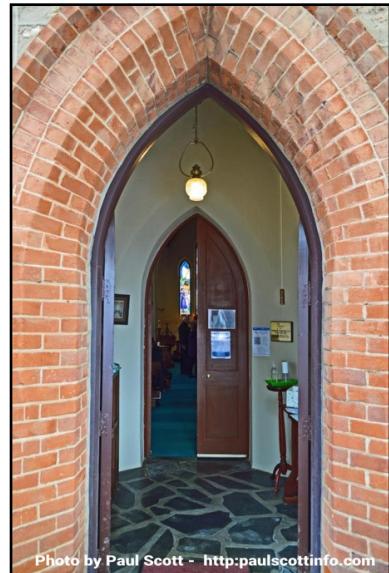


Photo by Paul Scott - <http://paulscottinfo.com>

Right: Those present enjoying the History Month presentation about 'The Little Church on the Hill'



Above: Joan Harris was on hand to answer questions which arose during the presentation.

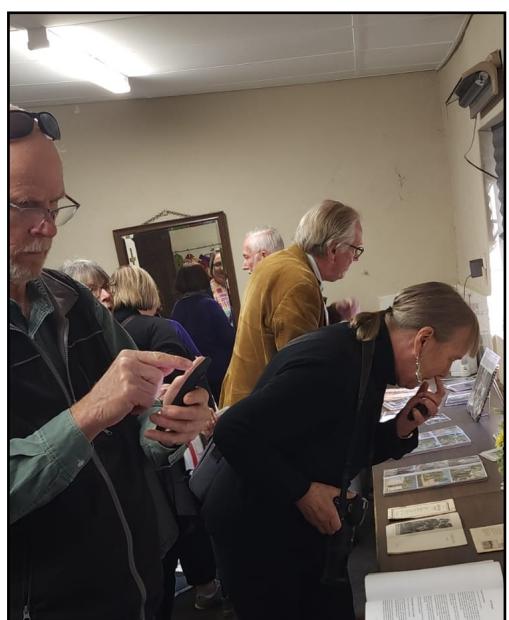
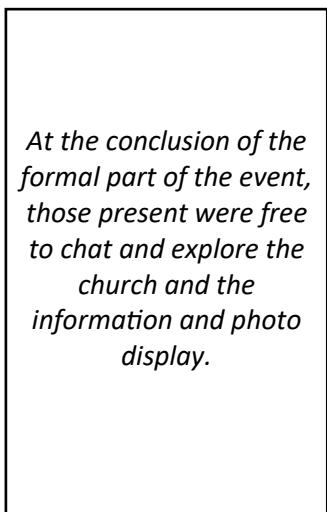


Below: Those attending also received a booklet about the history of the church.

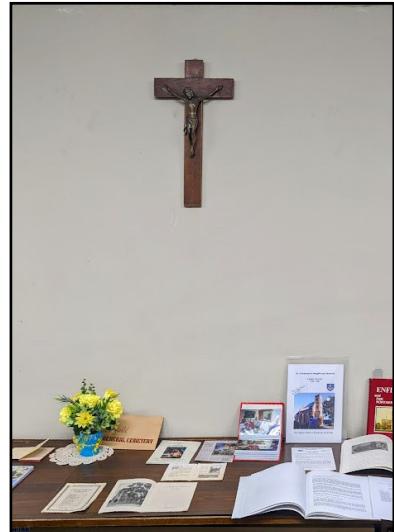




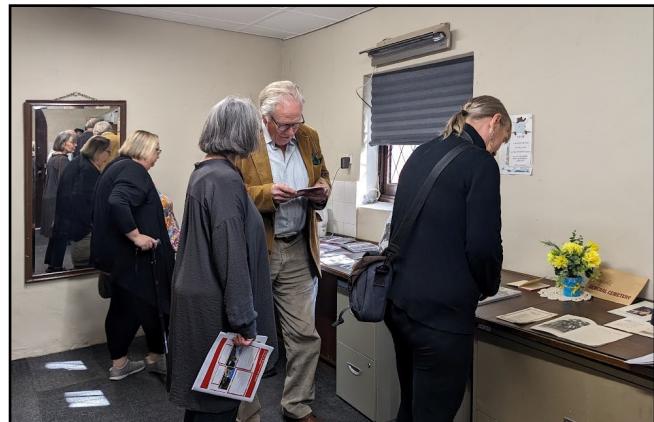
There was time to reminisce about times past and church family connections.



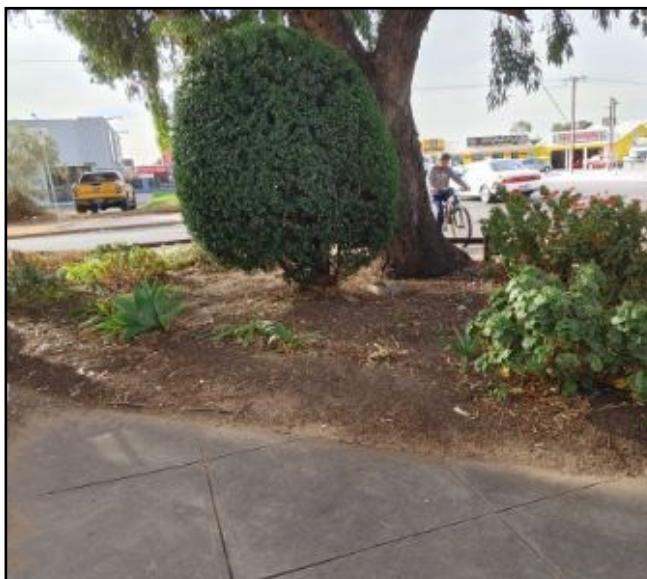
History Month at St Clement's Church



Display in the Vestry



Left: The century old peppermint box gum situated at the front of the church



Left: The title slide from the presentation
Above: The church grounds looking beautifully manicured and ready for the History Month event.

Power

1-31 May 2024

Welcome

**Faith Powers
the Little
Church
on the Hill**

South
Australia's

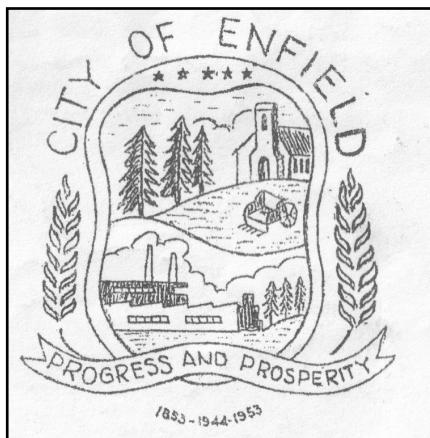
History Festival



Left: St Clement's Church - photo from The Year Book of the Adelaide Synod 1874



Right: St Clement's Church altar circa 1918



The City of Enfield Council emblem featuring St Clement's Church from 1953 to 1984



Above: Sunday School circa 1914

Left: Joan Robinson's (now Harris) Sunday School class in the late 1940s

*Below: St Clement's Junior Section of the Sunday School, 1959.
Some of our current parishioners are in the photo.*

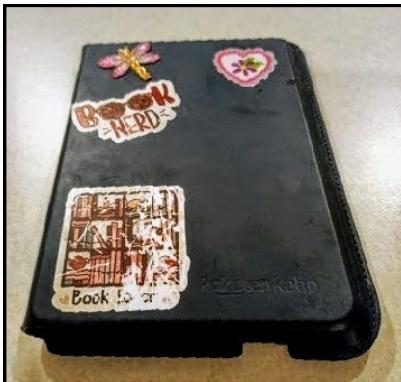


The Little Red Door

I am a very avid reader. I have been a book lover all my life. When I was small my dad read to me every night. When I started primary school we were taken to see the school library. I could not believe all the books we could borrow. One day my grandmother took me with her to the Port Adelaide Library. I can remember standing there awestruck at the amount of books I could see, all around me.

At about 8 years old I had a very long illness for nearly a year. I couldn't go to school or get out of bed very much. With no TV for entertainment, books entertained me. For nearly a year I read non stop. "The Famous Five", "Secret Seven", "Anne of Green Gables" and many others were my friends, as well as puzzles.

These books opened doors to a big wide world. I loved all types of books - novels, gardening, cook books and cake decorating books. Craft books and cake decorating books were some I collected. I soon needed more book shelves.



The day my granddaughter gifted me with an eReader I was amazed at how many books this 'Little Door' opened up. I could now choose what I felt like reading at that time, although I still do like to read a paperback novel.

When I open that 'Little Door', I see what clever authors have given me the pleasure of reading. I have read over 1,000 books since I retired and I continue to read 1-2 books a week. Some of my favourite authors are: Bryce Courtney, Lee Childs, Patricia Cornwell, Jeffrey Archer, John Grisham, Sue Grafton and many more. I know what I have read over the last few years because I have a large book with the names of the authors and their books I have read. I

keep track of them as it was frustrating when half way through a book I would realise that I had already read it. My eReader often goes with me, especially if I am going somewhere where I have to wait.

Each time I open that 'Little Door', I look forward to what I will find and whether I will read a murder mystery or a romance.



I thank those people who encouraged me to learn to read early in my life.

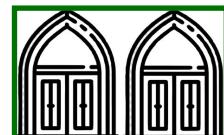
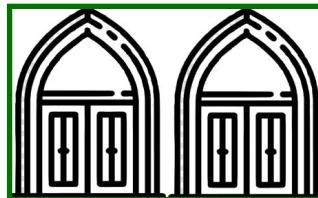
Lorraine Fransson

OPEN DOORS

S W E B G D M B E Q G R T P W L F H V N
L H W M K Q D O A Y R E I O F Q Z F Q Q
M D N M Z X K O L P I L A G R O W T H B
U U W T G T T K U O Y A N P Z M I L P L
H A J J Z U R S M N M T P G E Z K X I K
F R I Z G A I L X Q T I E J Y N G L Z P
K A C H G Y P O J V J O A E O J O R B G
O X I Y C V T E Q W H N S I L S H C P X
B V P T X M Y R N H J S T R V R Y H A C
H Y U R H Q C W Y L R H E C I B P E L R
G U F N E J H C Q B Z I R Y N G H R M W
U R U E V X N N Y Y W P Z E G Z R I H H
S G A K T J Z T D S K S T R R S N S J M
W M Z C I A N D G B F S R O P F N H W I
M K O U E Z L I O Y E Z O R Q U O J X O
U S H S U V V J I T O V I V V U W Y O Z Z U
A B Z L J G V F M E R G R K Y P L O C L
G Q W J I N P T M U Y S R I O V D Q S C
K L S U P P O R T D P E N T E C O S T P
V U U U X F P Y H G G O O D F R I D A Y

Relationships	Good Friday
Triptych	Faith
Pentecost	Evolving
Support	Palm
Easter	Growth
Cherish	Doors
Books	Grace
Open	

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Words included in the Word Search are taken from the articles in this edition.

Answers on Page 33

When One Doors Closes, Another Opens

When I finished nursing training in NSW, there was an over-supply of nurses for available positions, and I wasn't keen to work in a Nursing Home. However, I realised that maybe I needed to be willing to, if I wanted to earn a living!

I had always had a romantic dream to be a missionary nurse in South Africa (those church mission films of the Congo were so enticing!), so I thought maybe I'd check out missions even though one of my aunties said that I should be a missionary in my own country first! There turned out to be a vacancy with Bush Church Aid Society (BCA) for a couple of nurses in Coober Pedy and Tarcoola, South Australia – a door opening, though not quite what I was hoping for! So a nurse friend and I successfully applied – we were very excited. I bought a sleek teal-coloured Hatchback car with air conditioning and we prepared to head to outback SA (not quite South Africa!) from country NSW. About two weeks before we were to leave, we were informed BCA had gotten two more-qualified nurses to fill the positions and we were no longer required – we were devastated! That door was slammed shut! Shortly after, my friend found work in a Nursing Home in Sydney.

Meanwhile another aunt suggested I try Church Missionary Society (CMS), as they had worked for them in the Northern Territory previously. As it happened, CMS needed a nurse on a small community on the Gulf of Carpentaria. The information brochure, which turned out to be ten years old and provided at the successful interview, stated that a tractor was required for transport from the airstrip to the community, no TV, and one supermarket supplied by barge from Darwin every few weeks....I didn't need to go all the way to Africa to work in the jungle or bush! A new door was opened!

As an aside, I had made a pledge with God that I would not be side-tracked by any male interests while doing this 'missionary-nurse work' as I had also applied for Midwifery training but had to wait a year for a place in a Sydney hospital.



My first ever trip on a plane took me to Darwin and then a smaller aircraft (very bumpy flight) transported me out to East Arnhem Land; a flight which took a couple of days to recover from. This very green nurse was beautifully looked after and nurtured by the experienced long-term nurse stationed there. I just loved the old timber clinic and working with the friendly Indigenous Health Workers and assisting with their training. Going crabbing up the beach after work, fishing for barramundi or checking out the local billabongs were wonderful pastimes. The Anglican Church there had a roof and four tin walls standing directly on sand with camp-dogs wandering through ad lib.

About six weeks after arrival, I flew to Darwin for an Orientation Week with the NT Health Department. On the way back it was arranged for me to get a lift with two high school Technical Studies teachers heading out to a community near mine (in the CMS Combi-van) to install air conditioners for the nurses' quarters there (also CMS). One of them was a curly-ginger-haired, guitar-playing athletic young man named Morris - *another* door was about to open right when I didn't expect it!

My time in Arnhem Land ended up only being four and a half months as the door to Midwifery study opened earlier than planned and in Newcastle, (right by the beach) which allowed me to be with my mother after the loss of her only sister.

My 'missionary' contract was one of the most amazing experiences of my life, living and working with Indigenous people on a remote coastal community, whilst engaging in an evolving long-distance romance. That clinic work was a key to other doors of employment in the future, working in health in the NT. For me, more desired doors have opened only when I have been really willing to wait, or willing to go through ones that I preferred not to, first!

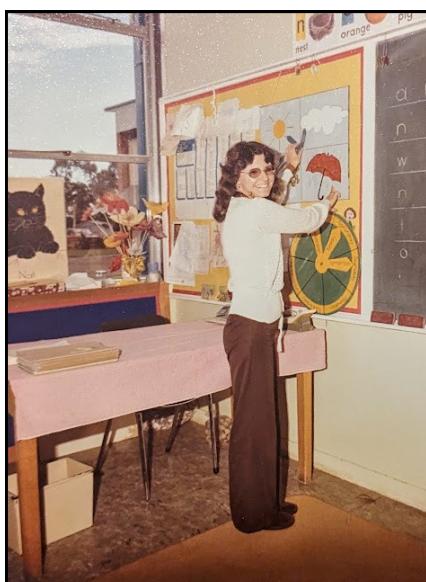
Anne

New Doors, New Experiences

Like many secondary school students, I often questioned why I was studying certain subjects when I could see no relevance to my life in the ‘real world’. However, not exactly knowing what I wanted to do when I left school and entered the “real world” certainly didn’t help! All I knew was that I was drawn to something that involved working with people. I had my ‘lightbulb’ moment when I left school and worked as a carer for young children in a children’s home. I soon realised that I was being called to do teaching. Each step from there involved a series of open doors offering different learning experiences, new challenges, connections with others and an awareness of different cultures.

The minute I entered the doors of teachers’ college I began to feel a sense of belonging and a belief that I was being steered in the right direction. I loved the experiences I encountered. Finally, I was studying something that I could see was relevant to me. I enjoyed researching and writing assignments and the tutorials offered challenging discussions and the opportunity to engage with others and form friendships. I also loved the warm atmosphere inside the door to the student lounge, which was filled with the buzz of chatter and background music as students often played their guitars in their breaks. I knew I had finally found my niche and I excelled.

During this time the doors of opportunity also opened to overseas travel for me when I went to Noumea and New Caledonia with a group of college friends in our end of year break. A couple of these people became lifelong friends and we still socialise together to this day.



Each door I entered after that led to new experiences, new friendships and the learning of new skills. My first teaching position was in a primary school in Adelaide’s northern suburbs. I was so excited. It didn’t worry me that my classroom only had a lino floor, a carpet square, old wooden furniture and no air conditioning - it had MY name on the door! The clientele was predominately Anglo-Australian and I worked with some very supportive staff and parents and, once again, the doors were opened to forming another good friendship and travelling companion. I travelled with her to Queensland, Tasmania, Fiji and New Zealand in school holidays. Two years later, I also met my future husband when he transferred to this school to teach, and my friend was my bridesmaid when Cliff and I married at St Clement’s Church.

After 18 years the doors opened to a completely different set of experiences. I transferred to a very multicultural school in Adelaide’s western suburbs. The school demographics consisted of 52 different nationalities. School assemblies were quite vibrant with cultural dances and music. Some parent-teacher interviews needed to be conducted

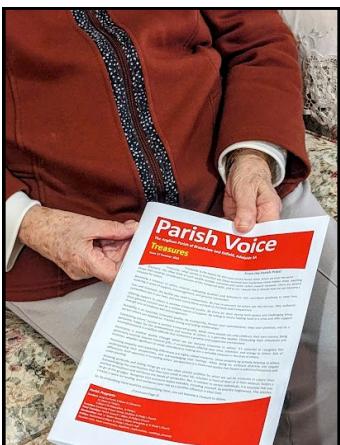
with an interpreter and class newsletters were translated for some families. I learnt many new teaching skills at this school. The school principal had recently studied overseas and was keen for staff to be trained to teach methodologies for “Students of High Intellectual Potential” (SHIP). I absolutely loved planning units of work using these methodologies and I found that most students were engaged in their learning as a result. We became a focus school for SHIP programs and frequently shared our ideas with overseas visitors. I also met another wonderful friend at this school. She was the SHIP co-ordinator there and Cliff has also become friends with her husband.

When that principal retired and a new principal took up the position, he would often visit our classrooms to make contact with the students. On many occasions I was heartened to hear him ask the students, “What are you doing?” This was closely followed by, “Why are you doing it?” A question that was so important to me all those years ago.

One day, when I was having my lunch break, there was a knock on the staff room door. It was a parent of one of my students. She was excited to tell me that she had just heard she had been accepted into teachers’ college. I was surprised when she said that the work I had been doing in my classroom and the impact it had on her child had driven her to do the same. Without knowing it, I had been able to open the door to her teaching career as well.

Raelee

A Voice of Support



My friend and I seemed to be very close in our craft group meetings in my retirement village. She always encouraged me when I showed her what I was knitting and she had given me a few knitting patterns that she thought I could use.

A few weeks went by when I didn't see her and I found out she had a pacemaker operation. I had heard that she was feeling a bit down and in need of a friend to talk to. I had a free afternoon so I went to her unit to see her. I took a copy of the *Parish Voice* and a photograph of me with all my teddies that I had made throughout the year.

A smile appeared on her face when she opened the door and saw me. I explained all about the *Parish Voice* magazine. She attended the local the Uniting Church and her church didn't produce a magazine. It was all new to her and she was very interested to hear about it. I said, "Maybe you could do this type of thing in your church."

We sat together on a two seater lounge and I was reading out the story that I wrote in the last edition of the *Parish Voice*. Also, because she knows Cliff and Raelee, she was reading their articles too. She asked for a copy of the magazine. I said, "This is a spare copy. You can keep this one and read it at your leisure."

I spent over two hours with her and, in that time, I noticed that her mood had changed and she was a lot brighter.

I too was happy that I had been able to support a friend who needed company and someone to talk to. The *Parish Voice* had given her something positive to focus on and strengthened the connection between us.

Joan Harris

Opening Doors to Learning

During the course of my life I have encountered many doors, some open and some closed. Not all doors lead to a positive experience; some may look inviting, with lots of 'glitter', to make entry seem inviting. It's not until you've entered that you find out.

Growing up in a country town, there are a lot of expected 'norms'. For instance, as a teenager the expectation for being part of a group was to drink alcohol and smoke cigarettes. This was a door that I opened and decided not to enter. For a while, I was subjected to all sorts of pressure to become part of the peer group. For example, once in a hotel when I ordered an orange juice, I was asked if I ate grass as well as being a non-drinker. I was told that I wasn't fit for man or beast. This just made me more resilient. One door that opened and I entered helped me become part of the group. This was the 'sport' door. Fortunately, I was good at football and became part of a team. This positive experience led to other doors opening.

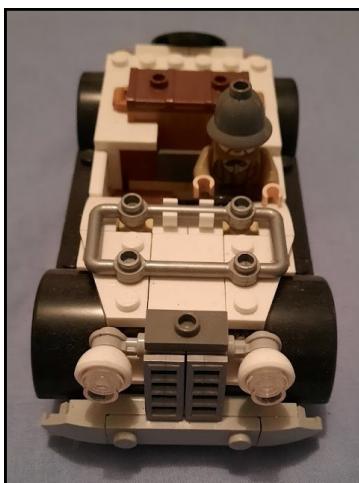


As an adult, I entered and went through doors that led to employment and positive relationships. I was fortunate to be offered an apprenticeship as a fitter and turner. Another door opened for me to become a teacher. During that time, I made many friends and had many positive experiences. This in turn led me to meeting my future wife and we have had many great times together for the last 38 years.

In conclusion, many of the doors I entered led to positive experiences and I was able to open doors for the many students in my care by giving them support to take risks and being open to new ideas. This was appreciated by the parents of the children and I still receive positive feedback when I meet them. Many of my students became successful adults and I'm proud to say that as teachers, they are opening doors for another generation of students.

Clifton Gurney

Lego



When I was younger, we did not have Lego. We had Meccano, which I liked but I soon grew out of it.

Many years later, when I had a family, I discovered Lego but it was too expensive. It was not until my grandson Alston came along and others gave him Lego, that I discovered the joys of Lego again.

Alston asked me to build the harder models and he would make the little men. It was then that I began to get Lego myself. It helped me to get through the isolation of COVID. It makes your mind keep more active.

I still love to build things when I can afford it. Seeing the end result is so good, but there were times when I found extra pieces after I had finished. I thought I had left some pieces out and panicked but after I read the instructions, I realised that they were only spares!

Lego opened up many doors for me. I love the challenge and it is a great pastime.



Above and above left: My models from the "Indiana Jones" Lego set.

Andrew

New Beginnings



In 2009 I decided to move from my house in Clearview to Barton Vale. I purchased one of the independent units in Collins Street, Enfield, a two bedroom unit with a small garden.

Then, in July last year, the opportunity of a serviced unit became available. It was one of the two larger units available so I decided to move, mainly for practical

reasons. I found I was slowing down and was no longer able to attend to the garden I loved.

There is 24 hour care in my new unit and I am well looked after. We have carers on the job every day and they are very kind. I am slowly getting used to my surroundings as we find it hard to break habits. We put things in certain places and have to start afresh when our surroundings change.



We have a social committee, which organises all our social events and we celebrate special days like St Patrick's Day, when local Irish dancers visited to mark the occasion.

The residents here are a lovely lot and we meet for coffee and other activities. I do still miss certain things, like doing a little cooking, but then it's nice to have it done for you too.

Margaret Smith



Doors of Life

The Resilient Family

In the heart of a city,
where shadows grow long,
Lives a family with courage,
enduring and strong.
Homeless they are,
but their spirits won't break,
Resilience their beacon,
through storms they'll partake.

A mother, a father, their children in tow,
With dreams in their hearts,
they continue to glow.
Though life's path is rugged,
and nights are so cold,
Their love binds them tightly,
a treasure to hold.

With dreams that persist,
and a future they chase,
They're not defined by their hardships,
nor the tears on their face.
In the midst of despair,
they'll continue to fight,
For their story is one of unyielding light.

They teach us the meaning of
courage and grace,
In the harshest of storms,
they find their own space.
A resilient family, a beacon of hope,
In the world's darkest corners,
they learn how to cope.

So let us remember,
when we see them in need,
The resilient family,
our hearts should take heed.
For kindness and compassion
can make a difference so grand,
In the lives of the homeless,
let us all lend a hand.

Nomiki Thomas

Dad,

“... When I look at a patch of dandelions, I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over the yard. My kids see flowers for Mum and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have much rhythm so I sit self-consciously and listen. My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing, if they don't know the words, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it. I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk. My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it, until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I see a mud puddle I step around it. I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets. My kids sit in it. They see dams to build, rivers to cross, and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given kids to teach or to learn from? Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and realise they were the big things.

I wish you Big Mud Puddles and Sunny Yellow Dandelions! ...”

Love Norman & Coralie

Open Doors

An Open Door moment happened to me when I read what my eldest son gave to his stepfather one Father's Day. I cherish that note and keep it close to my heart.

Margaret Nelson

Alone

What is it like to be alone,
To sit and think as I do?
Why must we waste our lives,
Letting our lives go to waste?
The world has only one life.

We must live for today.
God is our Father,
Jesus saved us.
The Holy Spirit keeps our faith alive,
So you see no-one is alone.

I am wrong to say I am alone.
God is always with us.
Pray and he will listen.

(a poem from his teen years)

Andrew

Doors to New Lessons

When Morris and I were engaged, he worked in a high school in Darwin NT and I was working on Maternity wards of the then Royal Newcastle Hospital in NSW. I lived with my aunty 45 minutes south and used to drive home 430kms away in the country on my days off.



On one occasion I was not able to work due to a skin condition so I decided to give my parents a surprise and return home for the week off on sick-leave. At the time I was driving a beautiful air-conditioned metallic teal coloured Datsun 180B I called 'Dave' that I was very proud of (my dad was a car dealership service manager so I was a bit into cars!). To keep my journey at a minimum, I always took a few backroad shortcuts which included about 50km of corrugated dirt with patches of bull dust, out 'in the sticks'.

rear end had swung out on a corner due to soft dust so I'd had to slow down somewhat. A few corners later, the car swung right out, rolled right over, bouncing on the roof and then landed on its wheels - still on the road! This all happening at night. I sat stunned for a minute (Evie Tornquist still singing on my cassette player) and realised by the grace of God my life had just been saved by my seat belt and a few angels!

Coming to my senses I stepped out (no apparent injuries) to survey the damage – a dent on the roof and a flat tyre as far as I could see in the dark. I proceeded to prepare to change the tyre, still shaking like a leaf. I then heard a vehicle coming in the distance. As the car got closer I had a strong sense of danger so I hid beside my car and the vehicle went past – sounds of a bunch of 'hoods' on a joy-ride reached my ears – how relieved I was that they didn't stop!

As I commenced changing the tyre, I next heard a heavy vehicle coming (this time I had no sense of danger). A cattle semi-trailer appeared and stopped. Two young farmers got out to see if I needed assistance. After they heard my story, one took over changing the tyre while the other gave me a cup of tea. During our conversation they asked where I was going – I pointed in the direction of home and they quickly advised that that was where I'd come from – I had not realised that the car had spun 180 degrees horizontally! After the tyre was sorted we checked that the car was drivable, I thanked them profusely and they were on their way – a couple of angels sent from above, and I proceeded to turn around and drive in the intended direction to home!



Driving the rather damaged (as it turned out) car was a challenge as it vibrated violently, meaning I could only drive at about 20kph. When I reached the nearest village I had to go to the pub (this young Baptist nurse!) to call my parents who would meet me at the next town's police station – a much bigger surprise for them than I intended! I made the 24kms there without further incident, praying all the way. The policeman was another angel – he said he should theoretically charge me with negligent driving but that if the tyre had 'blown' then he didn't need to. Mum and Dad finally arrived and we proceeded to drive home very slowly. The car was 'written off' by Dad and I then replaced it with Mum and Dad's slightly boring white Corolla with the insurance pay-out.

I learnt a few lessons that day – pride can and does go before a fall; God was watching over me and gave me a sense of danger when needed and sent his angels to help; it pays to know how to change a tyre; and kindness is out there even when we don't deserve it or expect it and is never forgotten when received.

Anne Bastian

For he will order his angels to protect you wherever you go.

Psalm 91 vs 11

Recipes

Ekmek Kataifi by Maria Abraham

Ingredients

- 1 package Kataifi (shredded phyllo dough) 500g
- 500 ml water
- 600 g granulated sugar
- Peel of 1 lemon
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon honey

For the base

- 500 g shredded phyllo dough
- 150 g butter

For the custard

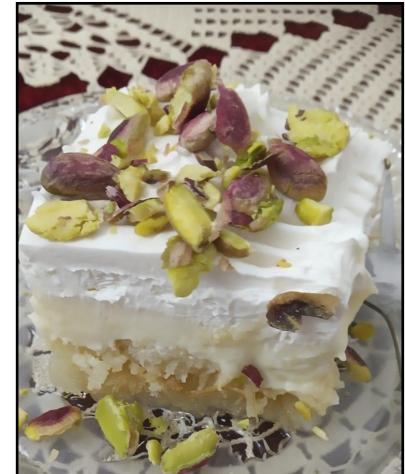
- 1 litre milk
- 200 g granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 6 egg yolks
- 100 g corn starch
- 100 g butter, chilled

For the whipped cream

- 500 g heavy cream 35%, chilled
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 50 g icing sugar

And for serving

Use crushed pistachios or fruits of your choice.



Instructions

Remove the kataifi pastry from the freezer and let it defrost completely according to the package instructions.

For the syrup

1. In a pot, boil the water, sugar, lemon rind (not the white part) and the cinnamon stick.
2. Move the pot and place it over a low heat.
3. Let it boil for 3-4 minutes until the sugar dissolves.
4. As soon as it starts to boil, add the honey.
5. Remove from the heat, mix and set aside to cool.

For the base

1. Preheat the oven to 160°C with the fan on.
2. Tear apart the kataifi shreds with your fingers and make sure there are no knots.
3. Butter a 25×35cm oven tray and spread out 1/3 of the kataifi pastry.
4. Sprinkle with 1/3 of the butter.
5. Repeat the process another 2 times until you use up all the kataifi pastry and butter.
6. Use a brush to press only the edges of the kataifi.
7. Bake for 1 hour. After thirty minutes, turn the kataifi around so that both sides can turn golden brown.
8. Remove from the oven and use a ladle to pour the cold syrup over.
9. Set aside for 30 minutes until it absorbs all the syrup.

For the cream

1. Put 900 g milk, 100g sugar and the vanilla extract in a pot.
2. Place the pot over medium to low heat so that the milk does not burn.
3. Put 100 g of sugar and the egg yolks in a bowl.

(Continued overleaf)

Recipes

4. Whisk the mixture until the yolks break and then add the 100 g of milk.
5. Mix until the sugar dissolves.
6. Add the cornflour and mix the ingredients until you have a homogeneous mixture.
7. As soon as the mixture in the pot comes to a boil, remove the pot from the heat.
8. Use a ladle to take some of the mixture from the pot and add it gradually to the egg mixture while stirring continuously.
9. Then put all the milk from the pot in the egg mixture.
10. Place the same pot over medium to low heat and pour all the mixture from the bowl into it.
11. Mix until it becomes thick.
12. Turn off the heat and taste.
13. One should not taste the cornflour at all.
14. Add the cold butter and whisk until it melts.
15. Pour the cream over the kataifi and spread it out with a spatula until the entire surface is covered.
16. Cover with cling film and place in the fridge for 3 to 4 hours.
17. Make sure the cling film touches the cream so that a crust doesn't form.

For the whipped cream

In the mixer bowl, pour in the cold heavy cream, the vanilla extract and the icing sugar, and mix at high speed until it becomes a whipped cream and has the consistency of a yoghurt.

For the composition

Remove the kataifi from the fridge and spread the whipped cream with a spatula. Form lines on the surface of the whipped cream using the back part of a fork. Sprinkle with the pistachios and serve. It can also be served with fruit of your choice.

Hikers' Cake from Betty Bament's Kitchen

Ingredients

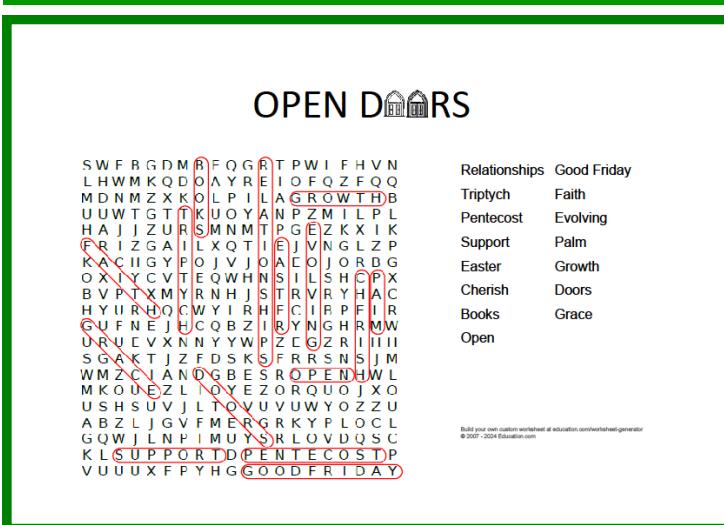
- 125 gms butter
- 1/2 cup Sugar
- 1 tbsp Cocoa
- 1 Egg - beaten
- 250 gms Crushed Malt biscuits
- 1/2 Cup Walnuts

Method

Add all ingredients from the first column into a saucepan and stir over heat till dissolved.

Then remove from heat and add ingredients from the second column. Place in lined slice tin.

Leave in fridge till set. Cut into squares for serving.



Word Search Solution

Parish of Broadview and Enfield Calendar Dates 2024

June	2	Sunday School Examination
	9	Motivation Talk: Sunday School
	30	Drawing and Colouring Competition: Sunday School
July	13	Movie and Pizza Night: St Philip's Hall 6 pm
	14	Bible Quiz: Sunday School
August	11	Arts Day: Sunday School
September	1	Craft Day and Motivational Talk: Sunday School
	8	Combined Worship and fellowship on Onam: St Philip's 10.30 am
October	6	St Francis' Day and Animal Blessing: St Clement's 9 am, St Philip's 10.30 am Environment Sunday: CSI Malayalam Congregation 4 pm
	12	Harvest Festival: CSI Malayalam Cong: worship 9.30 am and Festival 11 am
	20	St Luke's Day Sunday School Examination
November	3	All Saint's Sunday
	10	World Sunday School Day: CSI Malayalam Congregation 4 pm
	17	Sunday School Finale
	24	St Clement's Day
December	1	First Sunday of Advent
	7	Carol Rounds
	8	Second Sunday of Advent
	14	Carol Nite: CSI Malayalam Congregation
	15	Third Sunday of Advent
	22	Fourth Sunday of Advent
	24	Midnight Mass of Christmas: St Philip's 11 pm
	25	Christmas Day Service: CSI Malayalam Congregation: 7 am Christmas Day Service: St Clement's 9.30 am
	29	Combined Worship: St Philip's 10.30
	31	New Year's Eve Watch Night Service: Malayalam Congregation 11 pm

Parish of Broadview and Enfield

Contact Details

Parish Webpages and Platforms
can be found using the following titles:

Website:

The Anglican Parish of Broadview and Enfield

Facebook:

St Philip's Church:

Anglican Parish of Broadview and Enfield

St Clement's Church:

Anglican Parish of Broadview & Enfield

Malayalam Congregation, Adelaide:

Anglican Parish of Broadview and Enfield

YouTube Channel:

Anglican Parish of Broadview & Enfield

Parish Contact Details

Priest: Revd. Santhosh S. Kumar

Mob. and WhatsApp: 0452 518 913

Email: utckumar@hotmail.com

Office: 9.15 to 11.00 am last Wednesday of the month

Phone: 0417 139 011

Email: broen@bigpond.com

Postal Address:

84 Galway Avenue,

Broadview, 5083

South Australia



St Clement's Church

354 Main North Rd

Blair Athol, 5084,

South Australia



St Philip's Church

84 Galway Ave

Broadview, 5083,

South Australia

Year Planner for 2024 on previous page