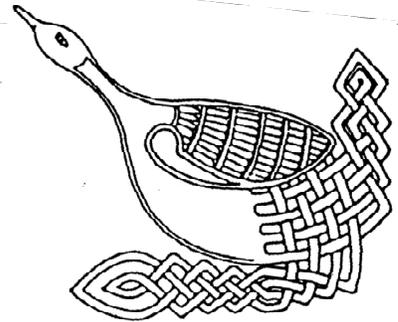
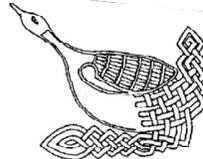


Nurturing our people in the Christian faith and reaching out to the local community in the power of the Holy Spirit.



No. 241

June, 2015



PENTECOST

Christ of the pilgrim way,
energize your Church to be both
risk-taking and prophetic -
ignited by the fire of your Spirit.

(Peter Millar in "An Iona Prayer Book.")



40TH BIRTHDAY EDITION



THE CITY OF GOD

The Greek word *polis* means “city”. But it doesn’t mean any old city: it means *the* city. And, specifically, it means that which makes up the city: the *poleis*, or people. In Greek, *polis* is a reference, not to location or buildings, but to *community*.

So it should come as no surprise that words like *police*, *politics*, and *policy* are all derived from the same root. And they all have the same fundamental meaning: they relate to the life of the *poleis*, to the life of the community.

Saint Augustine of Hippo (354-430AD) drew on this analogy when he coined the phrase *the City of God*. The title of his greatest book, the “City of God” was, for Augustine, a conception of the *relationality* of God as Triune, as well as the relationship of love into which human beings are called through their faith in Christ. The “City of God” was a conception of Christianity as a *community of faith* centred around the *communion of love* that is the Trinity.

In other words, the Kingdom of God is not a location, but a *polis*, a community; and its *poleis* – its citizens – are all the communities of faith that make up the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church. But this is also a radically, subversively *political* claim to make. *The City of God* was written at a time when the Roman Empire was in terminal decline, and when some powerful pagans were blaming the Empire’s disintegration on the spread of Christianity, and on the “turning away” from the old Roman Gods which Christianity’s rise represented. But Augustine argued that the “Eternal City” was located, not in any empire’s or nation’s claim to hegemony or rule, but in the sovereignty of God that supersedes all imperial prerogatives.

An argument which, in an authoritarian state, could lead to imprisonment – or worse. But it’s also an argument which Christians, as we consider the “decline” in the Church today, might also want to pay attention to. For the *polis* of Christian faith resides, not in buildings or properties or even in being located in a particular place, but in its *poleis* – in its people, the citizenry of the community of faith by which the Church is constituted. We are *church* and *congregation* at Mountview, not because we are located on the corner of Whitehorse and Doncaster East Roads, but because we are part of the gathered community of faith.

But gathered for what purpose? For a purpose that is distinctly political. That is to say, we are gathered in order to be sent – out into the world, into the *polis* of human life, into the community of daily occurrence. We are political, not because we are adherents to any particular ideology, but because the Gospel we proclaim critiques all ideologies from the perspective of the Kingdom of God, from the declaration of essential dignity that accrues to all human beings as Children of God. Instead of defining human life by class, race, gender, age, physicality, sexuality, or any other classification, as Christians, we define human life by our creation in the likeness and image of God, by the fact that we are all members of the *poleis* of Heaven.

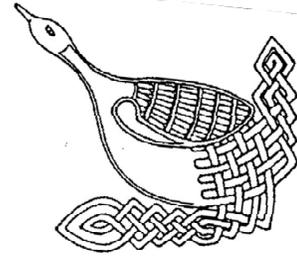
And *that* is the most politically radical stance of all.

Brendan

REFLECTION

THE FRIEND

In the Season of Pentecost, we remember the gifting of the Holy Spirit on Jesus' disciples. John Peterson, theologian and linguist, in his translation of the Bible under the title of "The Message", refers to the Holy Spirit as "Friend".



Here are verses from John 14 where Jesus is teaching his followers gathered around him:

**"Because this passage is about the Holy Spirit, ask him to guide you in a prayerful reading of it. Make your reading a prayer in itself.*

READ

"If you love me, show it by doing what I've told you. I will talk to the Father, and he'll provide you another Friend so that you will always have someone with you. This Friend is the Spirit of Truth. The godless world can't take him in because it doesn't have eyes to see him, doesn't know what to look for. But you know him already because he has been staying with you, and will even be *in* you.

John 14: 15-17

THINK

The Holy Spirit is the most neglected personhood of God. We often treat the Spirit like a tagalong part of the Trinity. Yet Jesus promises to leave his disciples (and us as his followers) with this important Friend. Is it hard for you to imagine that the Holy Spirit is offered to you as a friend? Why or why not?

What does it mean to have the Holy Spirit in you and guiding you throughout your day, as this passage says: "But you know him already because he has been staying with you, and will be even *in* you"? Is it comforting? Frustrating? Hard to comprehend? Awe-inspiring? How can you grow today in awareness that the Friend lives in you?

PRAY

As you drive, walk, work, study, and interact with others today, call on your Friend for his guidance with the thoughts you think, the words you speak, and the decisions you make."

*** Taken from Day 241 of 'SOLO', by Eugene H. Peterson. Copyright © by The Navigators. Used with permission of NavPress. All rights reserved. Represented by Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.**

The wild goose symbol at the top of the page and on the cover is widely used in Celtic art as a symbol of the Holy Spirit.

PEOPLE their comings and goings

CONCERNS and HAPPENINGS

Judy Ralston has been dealing with serious eyesight matters. Her medical specialists are striving to retain the present quality of her eyesight. Please, think of Judy.

Food poisoning shows up in the news more times than it should. Victims sometimes require quite extensive hospitalisation to bring them through a most distressing time. Full recovery may take months. That is the case with **Lorraine Grant**, who is a recent victim. Her family is helping her push the cleaner's trolley etc. in maintaining our property. Good to see her back, although with difficulty. May her recovery progress quickly.

Gentle care is being given to **Lesley Hallett** in her nursing home. Unfortunately, Lesley is having difficulty in recognising her long term friends, but still able to produce a loving smile. **Gwenda Barfus** also is living each day similarly to Lesley.

Problems associated with advancing age (she proudly told *CONTACT* she is 96) are besetting **Kelly Ward**. She is very much in need of our prayerful support. While these notes were being prepared, Kelly was in the Box Hill Hospital undergoing the development of a pain management program and having an assessment of what future care may be best for her.



Margaret Edgington is doing well with her recovery from shingles and appreciates the calls people have been making re her troubles.

John Williams is still having ups and downs with the shingles he contracted over 14 months ago. His physicians have tried every shot in their locker, but surges of pain still remain. He is waiting for a vacancy on yet another specialist's crowded consulting list.

Ross Perkins has finally moved into a unit at Pinetree Village, at 330 Springvale Rd, Donvale. 3111. His new phone number is 9841 6893. Ross is still a regular morning visitor to Centre 81, catching the 907 bus.

Soehee Lee and infant daughter **Ana** had a delightful family reunion in South Korea during April/May. Ana has now met her grandparents and great grandmother. We missed the cheery wave and smiles whilst they were away, but then others enjoyed them.

If you noticed that **Colleen and David Rowe** are missing, you have good reason – they are on a European tour. A stay in Italy has given Colleen a wonderful opportunity to build her expertise in conversation in Italian.

When **John and Margaret Cosstick** return from their Mildura/Flinders Ranges/Broken Hill/Mildura tour we will no doubt find them bubbling over in their anxiety to share their experiences. Perhaps in the August issue? (Perhaps the whole issue will be needed!)

WHO WOULD BE A GRAND PARENT?

As a grandparent, or even great grandmother, how would you answer this question popped up by a four-year old during a car trip: "Grandma? Why is Jesus invisible?" Yes, the aged four one used that abstract word 'invisible'. Grandma boldly launched into her understanding of the nature of Jesus. Great grandma, (Margaret Williams) listened in, entranced! Have you had to answer that one?

AROUND THE ANZAC CENTENARY

The Centenary of the landing at Anzac Cove has stirred memories for a number of our older people, and for ‘younger’ ones, their connections with World War II. It would be highly unlikely that any congregation did not have some connections. Mountview has its share. We note them.



Members of **Max Walker’s** family came for a special wreath laying service on the morning following Anzac Day. During the special service prepared by our minister Brendan, we heard a poem read giving insight into one aircraft pilot’s spiritual feelings concerning his potential death. The laying of the wreaths helped us recall Max Walker’s death on active service as described on the base of the beautiful window overlooking the Memorial Garden. Of those present, John Williams was the only one to have personally known Max, both being teenagers in the Methodist Congregation. He felt honoured to read the superb poem.



There is no specific memorial to a companion of Max’s, **Flt./Sgt. Bruce Haynes**, son of the wartime Methodist Minister, Rev. Fred Haynes, who died when shot down over Germany as member of a bomber aircrew.



Returning to WW I, a photo of the Honour Board of those enlisting from the Methodist Congregation was also on display in the foyer. Few people around now would have seen it, as it was destroyed by fire some years ago. Fortunately, it had been photographed.



Of special interest to editor Margaret is her late uncle, **Private Jack Marfleet, 6th Btn**, wounded at the Anzac landing on 25th April, dying on a hospital ship the next morning and being buried at sea. A niece of Margaret’s places a poppy against his name on the Wall of Honour at the National War Memorial in Canberra each Anzac Day. It is not **“Lest we forget,”** but rather **“We will not forget.”**

On Page 22 read **Kirsten Boxhall’s** graphic account of the Anzac Day march from the point of view of a musician in a band. She was spotted on TV. She must be a very fit lady. Ed.

FORTY YEARS ON.

“CONTACT” celebrates 40 years of service to the Mountview Congregation.

First issued with the formation of the Joint Methodist/Presbyterian Parish in Mitcham in 1975, thus predating the formation of the Uniting Church. The official name was a mouthful, so “Mountview Church Mitcham” was chosen, eliciting both our outlook and location. At that stage, preceding union, there was no mention of being a Uniting Church. At union, we became “Mountview Church Mitcham, a Parish of the Uniting Church in Australia.”

It was on the initiative of Rev. Aubrey Quick a magazine to be called “CONTACT” was born, as a visiting tool for the newly elected elders, enabling them to initiate ‘contact’ with their parishioners and to continue that face to face meeting at least bi-monthly.

And so “CONTACT” has continued to provide that channel of communication among the members of Mountview, providing a message from the minister, news of members, decisions of administrators, spiritual reflection, advance information re coming events, discussion topics, events and happenings beyond ourselves, encouragement to be active Christians, library notes, a lectionary, a directory, etc.

Forty years on, “CONTACT” has invited our readers to tell us what they were doing forty years ago, or to relate an interesting incident from time back, and to also tell of their hopes for the future, even their goals for another forty years on! **Happy birthday, “CONTACT”!**

Thank you to the contributors. We print them, large and small, in no particular order.

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

1975. Where was I?

This year started on a high as our family took our first overseas trip to New Zealand. The spectacular scenery of the South Island was awe inspiring, with Lake Tekapo being stunning. The food was to die for -smorgasboard; all you could eat and of course we had to get our money’s worth! (incidentally, it was a delight visiting Lake Tekapo 2 years ago and seeing it once again in all its unspoilt beauty.)

In some ways these were carefree days in my final year at what was known as Frankston Teachers’ College. I was learning some important skills such how to clean a blackboard-(Oh No! Chalkboards as they were now to be called) properly, and enjoying the latest range of coloured chalk on the market. I gained my reel to reel projectors licence; making sure the sprockets were correctly positioned and also learning to use a fordigraph machine. I wonder what the long term effects of inhaling duplicating spirit and hands smeared with purple ink are. Photocopiers were just in use but learning how to clear paper jams etc. came later. Computers were non-existent.

During one Semester I did a brief overview of global belief systems. While I sensed the angst from my parents in case I converted to some other belief system, I felt my respect grow for other people’s cultural and religious views.

On the other side of the coin, many a lunch hour was spent playing cards with my peers.

However life has its ups and downs and Dad’s failing health also made this time difficult as he experienced a number of heart attacks, with his third massive one being fatal, leading to some difficult times.

Robyn Cox

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Looking to the Future

I admire the commitment and dedication of all the Mountview members who either have been or are involved in planning and running programs such as Centre 81, Music Together and Sunday School.

It is my observation that these programs are significantly valued by their respective users e.g. both the children and their parents, who attend Music Together. During the deliberations of the Task Group, I believe it is critical that existing successful programs not be overlooked.

Derek Moore

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Looking Back.

Forty years ago on May 31, I had just celebrated my 21st birthday. I was living in Bentleigh and working for the Civil Aviation Department while studying architecture part time at RMIT. I was a member of Bentleigh Uniting Church playing in their tennis and badminton teams, as well as teaching Sunday School, and leader of a Cub pack. It was a busy and fulfilling life - I certainly had more energy back then! Robyn and I were still a few years away from becoming a couple and settling in Mitcham.

Peter Cox

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

FORTY YEARS BACK

HEATHER BARNES speaks of “The Joys of Life Long Friendships”.

Recently I spent three days in Young in Central NSW with two friends. We met in 1957 at Shepparton High School - that February, 240 Year 7 students lined up in the quadrangle to be divided into classes of 40. We three came from small rural schools (20 students at mine) and did not have friends like those from the large Shepparton Schools, hence we ended up in a class where we knew no one.

How fortunate this turned out to be. We quickly became friends and participated fully in all that secondary school offered, daily travelling an hour each way by bus. An occasional treat was to go home on your friend's bus to stay for the weekend. What fun we had! Following our 6 years of secondary education, we went our separate ways but have always kept in touch. Occasionally two of us might meet up, but we had not all been together since the late 1960's. Over the years we have shared (mainly by letter) many joys as well as some very difficult and sad times but when we met up in Young we picked up as if it was yesterday. We are so blessed.

Heather Barnes.

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Ray and Margot Kemke.

1975 - I do remember the beginnings of "Contact" that year which Margaret, our Church Office Secretary, diligently typed. She gathered a few articles together herself and then a few from members of the congregation and so we had a very readable paper every two months. I think Jean Cornell was a regular contributor also. *(Jean became editor. Later joined by John Cornell to make the first 'two-headed' team. Ed.)*

The year before Ray and I and our three children had moved from Mitcham to Ringwood into a brand new house which had been built for us by another Mountview man, Les Lewin. As the bank interest rates had skyrocketed from 8.5% to 12.5% while we were building, I decided to go out to find some paid employment to help our finances. Unfortunately my job was at the weekends so I did not attend morning worship for several years. As I was a member of the Church Choir this hit me quite hard, but money's money! When I was able to alternate with another employee I resumed church attendance occasionally to sing in the Choir. The "Contact" had kept me abreast of the Church' happenings, and I continued to be part of Mountview while attending Ladies' Evening Fellowship each month until, in 1985, Ray was offered a position with Shell Malaysia and we moved there for four and a half years.

1975 - This was the year when I began to work part-time at DeeEss Fabrics shop in Station St, Mitcham. Several members of the Mountview congregation were dressmakers for themselves and their children and I was able to keep up my friendships and contacts when they visited the shop.

"Contact" has been a remarkable achievement over the last forty years. Many Mountview members have contributed with interesting and thought-provoking articles, travel stories, obituaries and personal milestones, and Ray and I thank Margaret and John and assistants for their loyalty and dedication.

Margot Kemke.

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Forty Years of "Contact" –

Congratulations, Margaret and John on your commitment to forty years of continuous production of Mountview's bi-monthly magazine "Contact". Thanks also to all those who have contributed items and assisted with the production and distribution of this high quality publication.

Forty years ago I was in the tenth year of my working career with responsibilities which included methods of distributing standard time throughout Australia via speaking clocks, radio time signals, etc. My faith journey at that stage included assisting with church leadership and participation in adult study groups.

Now, forty years later some things have changed. Retirement has brought freedom from the daily grind and work responsibilities and has enabled opportunities for volunteering both within and without the church. My faith journey still includes some of the pursuits of forty years ago, but the context of Christian life and experience is different. Forty years ago my commitment to Christianity was mainly directed at activities within the institutional church. Today, this is still largely true, but I am now trying to understand the need to look beyond the church to ways of engaging with the non-churched and those of other faiths and traditions, including those of no faith. The question for me is: how should we as Jesus' disciples go out beyond our cloisters in a meaningful way to serve the world? In this respect I am a slow learner, but if the last forty years have achieved anything, they have gradually moved me to this realisation: we are called by God to live our faith beyond our home base.

May "Contact" continue to inform, inspire and challenge.

Geoffrey Willis

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Happy 40th Anniversary "Contact"
from all at Centre 81

We give thanks for the vision and foresight of those, who, forty years ago, saw the need to keep in "Contact" with our Church Family and beyond.

We also give thanks to John & Margaret Williams, who for so many years, despite many trials and tribulations, have been able to produce bi-monthly, ever increasingly diverse, and informative "Contacts", without missing an edition.

Contact is a very valuable source of keeping everyone informed of the Centre 81 happenings.

This is very important to us, and so, again, we say thank you and

God Bless, John & Margaret.

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Sue Terrill.

Sue fondly remembers that 40 years ago she was in her 2nd Year of general nursing training at the Alfred Hospital and was newly engaged to Doug.

(Sue had not yet began to specialise in midwifery, so she was not able to be an attendant at CONTACT's birth, but she was actually there, somewhere. Sue, it was not a difficult birth, but a great celebration with a bit of printing ink thrown in. Enjoy the birthday celebration. Ed.)

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

Alison Dyason.

Alison's memories of Mitcham go back over ninety years. She remembers well her second time of residence here. By phone, "Many happy returns to 'Contact'. I am not well enough to come and celebrate with you all. God's blessings to all those who make 'Contact' what it is."

“CONTACT’S” FORTY YEARS OF COMMUNICATION

... Congratulations from the Presbytery of Yarra Yarra.

Have you had the experience of someone close to you looking at you quizzically and asking, “What are you talking about?”

It certainly happens to me; and normally the question is asked because I have been chatting away about some topic or other and have failed to include a vital piece of information ... like the title of the recent book I am getting excited about or the name of a distant eccentric relative whose life story I am describing.

Clear communication involves careful attention by the one doing the communicating and the one receiving the communication.

We value people who “get to the heart of things;” “who speak directly;” “who don’t waffle;” or “who focus on what is said.”

Good communication is both an art and a skill.

It is not easy.

We can easily fall into the trap of using language that excludes people.

I was recently sitting in a meeting at which the subject of the audit and accreditation processes for Community Service Agencies was being discussed. People began to use all sorts of acronyms for the tools that are used to do this. They could have been speaking in some ancient Middle Eastern language as far as any of what they said made any sense to me.

Sometimes communication is best “face to face” when a difficult issue is to be discussed.

Sometimes good communication can actually be conveyed in a few characters on a Twitter feed, such as the refreshing news that Geelong actually won its last match.

And then there is communication through the visual arts, which is another whole world! How often does a one small cartoon in the newspaper convey something that pages of written argument fail to?

The core of the Christian faith has to do with communication.

We Christians affirm Jesus as a fleshly human person who is the unique embodiment of the life of God: in Jesus’ being, ministry, and death and resurrection, we see revealed ... we see communicated ... the good news of the God of love and hope.

Jesus was ... and is ... a living communication of the divine!

For us to follow in the way of Jesus means through word and deed to be communicators of this good news.

But the truth is that we are probably better at the deed part of this than the word part, because many Christians in this land struggle to know what to say about the faith and wonder whether anyone wants to listen.

Although I have just heard of a group of people, with little previous contact with the church, attending a new expression of church who are clear about what they want from us as church: they want to hear about God and Jesus!

They see this as our “core business” and that is why they are turning up!

Clearly people are still open to hearing the life-giving story of Jesus ... although we need to be careful in the way we communicate it by using approaches that are appropriate for this time.

Congratulations to those associated with *Contact* for 40 years of a ministry of communication ... of telling stories of hope and faith. May the Spirit inspire and encourage you in the days ahead to keep communicating good news!

Rev. Paul Stephens. Presbytery Minister for Mission and Education.

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

A Poem from Joyce Says It All.

Six times a year for 40 years
After all this time it still appears
Six times a year come rain or shine
Contact is with us right on time.

For back in 1975
The Ministers and Elders tried
To bring three churches into one
And so our *Contact* has begun.

With Parish News we're up to date
Victorian too and interstate

With church and Mission work abroad
Were people meet to praise the Lord.

Our Minister's message we all heard
Of those who need our prayers we read
New books and travels, and for laughs
Funnies in the final paragraphs.

We love our Parish Magazine
From it each two months we may glean
News of the Church where we belong
And how to make our faith more strong.

Joyce Sato



Mignon Kemke, an early editor, recalls her three year journey.

The first edition I edited was Contact no 66 which came out in April of 1986. It seems like yesterday but in fact it was a long time ago. In Mountview happenings, Margaret and John Williams were celebrating their 30th wedding anniversary! Next year I calculate they will be celebrating 60 years of marriage - quite an achievement!

My first job as editor was just doing the children's page. It was the Easter version. So it was easy enough. I sourced the picture of the cross and "**He is risen**" on the front cover but I forgot to put in the information of issue 66 and April, 1986. My second edition I put a short note and a poem The Anvil of God's Word.

It was fairly simple. At that time Contact was actually typed up by Bev Lacey and photocopied onto foolscap paper when the pictures were added.

My third edition I just added pictures. I noted with pride the article written by John Williams about the church banners. The first banners were made by him and were coloured stick-backed contact on a coloured hessian background. The next lot of banners were made by my mum, Margot Kemke and Margaret Edgington. The 71st edition of Contact was in February in 1987. That year one of our ministers, Rev. Charity Majiza was naturalised from her original home South Africa to being an Australian citizen.

April 1987, I had been editor for a year and had not really made much of an impact on Contact. It was in late November of 1987: two days before my birthday. Catastrophe! I had a bleed in my spinal cord. The first one hadn't been diagnosed and it wasn't until the second bleed that they realised that the first event was actually the first bleed. Anyway I ended up in hospital I had an operation to stop further bleeds happening and the editorial was taken over by Rev. Neil Brown. I went to do rehabilitation at Royal Talbot which in 1988 was very different from the way it is today. It was at "Talbot" that I found my ability to write.

My first editorial was done from Talbot was with issue 77 in March of 1988. The first part was Thank You to the people who had put Contact together in my absence. In April, I wrote about asking the church community to make contributions to Contact. Then to start off I wrote about my own real experiences with God when water skiing. In June of that year, I wrote about writing and "retiring" things like memories, clothes and music. In Issue 80, August I wrote about the freedom God showed me in learning to ride a horse.

Issue 81 was a time when many young people from our church were going through their VCE exams. I likened exams to my experience of abseiling. I also included a copy of my letters to God from my week's adventure at Falls Creek snow skiing. December '88 was a Christmas edition, so of course it was 26 pages.

The first edition of 1989 was issue no: 83, when we welcomed Rev Graham and Gillian Macanalley and their family to become ministers with Charity. The next edition saw the introduction of the Good News Bible and a modern version of The Lord's Prayer. My editorial was about resisting the change to The Lord's Prayer. Issue 85 I wrote about giving money to God and three letters were published about The Lord's Prayer. In August of 1989 I went to visit my parents in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and Margaret Williams did the editing for that version. The second to last editorial I wrote the story of "Anne" the recreation worker and how she didn't like having to interact with anyone with a disability. With God's help she was turned around and at that time she was working exclusively with disabled people!

December 1989 was my last time editing Contact. I had chosen to go to a more evangelical church, St. Hilary's in Kew, so my time editing Contact came to an end. I had edited for nearly 3 years. Those three years were a time of significant change in my body; my ability to walk and discovering exciting things I could do despite my disability. My family at Mountview Uniting Church loved and supported me through these sometimes surreal times. I am forever grateful to Mountview for their continued love and support of me through my Mum and Dad, Ray and Margot Kemke. I continue to be greeted like the prodigal son whenever I accompany my parents to church.

Mignon Kemke.

“Mountview Memories” - a Further Contribution from Joyce Suto.

Above is the title of the poem which I wrote last year for my 90th Birthday. It tells something of how my husband and I came to Mountview back in 1960, myself from an Anglican background (with five generations of church wardens) while Louis came from the Reformed Church in Europe. We were happy to learn about the forthcoming union of three Protestant Churches to form the Uniting Church in Australia. The following year our daughter was born and we became a church family. Julie was baptised in the old Presbyterian Church building by Rev. Neil Brown, who remarkably was back at Mountview to officiate at her wedding 30 years later!

Meanwhile she attended her first crèche, then the Sunday School classes for different ages ending with Jumbunna for the over 12s. There were many activities for both adults, for children and for young people, ladies groups, church camps, day camps and walks, talks and discussions, men’s groups, musical events, all well attended.

Over the years, ministers came and went. For some years there were two ministers. One second one was a female: a change undreamt of in the first half of the 20th Century. The Congregation was large with many with many children. Coming to church had become easier with most families now owning at least one car. Worship became less formal and we enjoyed meeting together after the service in a relaxed atmosphere.

Many of us now have families at a distance, even in another country, or have come ourselves from another country, which means extended family visits. Also most of us have travelled widely, so it is good that *CONTACT* keeps us all in touch.

Our numbers are now smaller. I will end with the last few lines of that poem.

**“Now changes have come as changes do
Our World is changing and we must too
And Mountview people have come and gone,
But we are the Church and we will go on”.**

1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40 1975 - 40

SUPPLY MINISTER, KHARIS, INTRODUCES HERSELF.

My name is Kharis Susilowati, born in Indonesia and migrating to Melbourne in 1995.

In June last year, I completed Bachelor of Theology and Formation Process as a candidate for Minister of the Word in the Uniting Church in Australia. Prior to coming to Mountview, I have been the supply minister at Endeavour Hills UC since September 2014. I am currently awaiting ordination and my first placement appointment.

English is literally my third language, and, although I am fluent in speaking, I appreciate help with written work. I am looking forward to serving the Mountview Congregation while Brendan takes his leave touring Europe in June and July.

(NOTE: Kharis will be conducting the weekly services of worship, but as she is not yet ordained, she is unable to preside at Services of Holy Communion. It is expected that Pastoral Partners will offer close care to our members during Brendan’s absence, but are able to call on Kharis if a special need arises. Ed.)



Church Council News

Easter Services. Brendan's leadership of our Easter services was greatly appreciated as they provided appropriate moments of reflection and joy.

Music Together is now well into its term two program with new faces from families who have had a previous association. We thank all those Mountview folk who help facilitate the program and feed the hungry mouths.

Around the Property. Our Property & Finance Committee and those who help with working bees have been busily engaged in keeping everything ship shape. The church cross facing Whitehorse Road has been given a new set of lights to replace the troublesome originals which were not water proof. At the Manse, the old backyard shed, which was an asbestos hazard, was professionally removed and replaced by our team of willing workers.

SHARE Community Appeal. Gail Thannhauser from the SHARE Office addressed the congregation on 26 April and outlined the work which the SHARE Appeal supports. SHARE supports UnitingCare agencies throughout the Synod which will be hard pressed this year to maintain their services to those in need because of Government funding cutbacks. During June, Mountview will promote the SHARE Winter Appeal for your generous support. Giving kits will be available on each Sunday in June and a retiring offering will be provided on 28 June.

Forty Years of "Contact". Church Council adds its congratulations to those who have maintained our church magazine over the last forty years. The editor, Margaret Williams, and her production assistant, John Williams, are obviously the power behind the enterprise, but we also thank those who help with stapling, labelling, etc. and our Pastoral Partners who help distribute copies to our readers. Well done, everybody! Church Council, Pastoral Partners and the Communications Group of the Mission & Ministry Task Group are continuing to examine aspects of "Contact", including whether it is feasible to distribute some copies by email to those who prefer. Other matters such as frequency of publication and format are also in the mix.

Children's Ministry and Faith Formation. Mountview hosted seminars by Canadian Dave Csinos on 7 May. These seminars were part of a series in the Synod sponsored by the Centre of Theology and Ministry. Dave's presentation was stimulating and challenging and highlighted the importance of Christian Education **with** children rather than **for** children – a need for two-way involvement and integration within the congregation. Church Council sponsored the attendance of Liz Moore and Daniel Jackson at the conference.

Amendment to Mountview's Alcohol Policy. The congregation, at its recent Annual General Meeting, agreed to an amendment to the blanket ban of alcohol on church property. There is no change to our alcohol ban for those tenants who hire our facilities, but an exception may be granted for Mountview members who wish to celebrate significant events (such as anniversaries) on the property. A number of restrictions must be observed, especially that catering staff for such functions must possess certificates of Responsible Service of Alcohol.

Anzac Remembrance. Our Anzac service on 26 April was very meaningful and included the laying of wreaths at the Maxwell Walker memorial window by members of his family.

Supply Ministry in June and July. We give thanks that Kharis Susilowati is able to provide supply ministry while Brendan is on leave. We look forward to her ministry with us. Kharis was a first-year student at Theological College when Brendan and Sandy were in their last year. She has been providing supply at Endeavour Hills and looks forward to being with us.

NOCET Orphanage. Sheryl Taylor's address to the congregation on 19 April outlining the work of the NOCET Orphanage in Tanzania and the Loose Change Foundation's struggle to support its work was compelling. The Church Council agreed to contribute \$390 to the Foundation from the last retiring offering for the Going Further Fund. In addition, the Monday Night Group contributed \$60.

Halls Gappers. Those who have attended the annual Halls Gap Weekend over the last twenty years gathered for lunch recently at the Ward's beach house. This marked the end of the Halls Gap venture due to rising costs. Our thanks to Denyse for her faithful organisation of the weekends of relaxation, meditation and walking.

Geoffrey Willis, Church Council Secretary

JOHN MOTT

..... In Memoriam.

“Life changing!”

Have you heard this exclamation from the spruikers of lotteries, and other get-rich quick schemes? Around 1942, one young man did have luck in a lottery, which did have life-changing effects on his life. Suddenly, he was in a financial position to court his lady-love, and to buy a car in which to drive out to Croydon from Hawthorn, to pick her up for dates; his family also gained when he took them for a holiday to Lakes Entrance. Life changing, indeed!

This young man was John Mott, aeronautical engineer, traveller. He loved to hook up the campervan, and head off each summer to the beach. With several family members living out of town, visits to Shepparton, Warburton, Jerilderie, even across the Nullabor, gave all family members rich memories. Many of these trips were captured on Super 8 film. “It was always exciting when we sat around in the darkened dining room, watching family adventures on the big screen, to the warm whirr of the projector,” said John’s eulogist, Joanne Mott.

John Mott was born on 20th August, 1926, at North Melbourne, to Doris and Victor Mott, eldest of three children. Sisters Dorothy and Betty completed the family. The young family moved to St. Arnaud where Doris was born, and many of her family still lived. John was 12 when the family moved again – this time down to Glenferrie, from where he attended Richmond Technical School. He was a very good student, and after finishing school, he attained an Aircraft Electrical Apprenticeship at the Government Aircraft Factory at Fishermen’s Bend.

Many of the apprentices kept in touch, with annual dinners, for over 70 years. There are only three or four left now. John remained at the GAF after finishing his apprenticeship, and started an aeronautical cadetship at RMIT, working during the day, attending night school. John and his sisters regularly attended the Glenferrie Church of Christ, and were enthusiastic members of the youth club and tennis club.

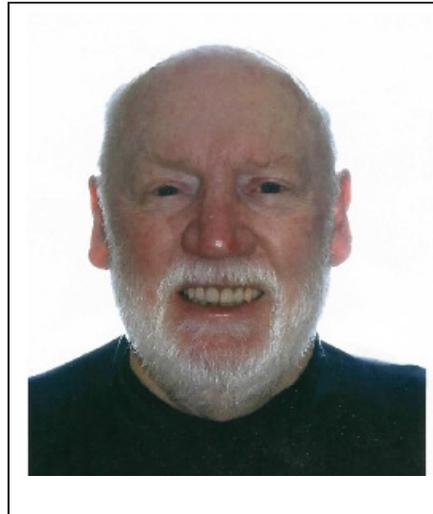
A second-hand Morris 840 Roadstar became John’s pride and joy. In 1948, he went with a friend on a blind date, to a 21st birthday party. Another “life changing” event! It was here that he met Margaret Jarvis. Their friendship blossomed, and they announced their engagement on Margaret’s 21st birthday, and married at her church, Trinity Presbyterian in Camberwell, on 26th May, 1951.

John took up the role as assistant manager of Avalon Airfield, which necessitated the family’s move to Geelong. There three children arrived: Rodney, Pamela and Ian, to join Gary and Christopher. The family lived in Geelong for 12 years, at which time John’s move back to Fishermen’s Bend had them buying a large home in Mitcham, to accommodate the growing family. Joanne arrived four years later, to complete the family.

John was an enthusiast. He had many interests – from calligraphy, which he used to create attractive greeting cards and bookmarks for family and friends, to beautifully written shorthand. Joanne remembers that he was very generous with his time and energy – from showing her how to draw architectural plans to helping her change the head gasket on her car. She loved spending time with her father in his “man-cave” – shed, darkroom or study – learning from him as he made cupboards, a pool table for the sunroom – and carried out many renovations.

He was a keen photographer and spend many hours in his darkroom, developing films and restoring old, damaged family photos. The family has a record of many of their adventures on Super 8 films.

John's interest in eastern religions led him to stay in an Indian ashram where he practised meditation and yoga. Though his practice of eastern philosophy and techniques stayed with John for most of his life, he always enjoyed returning to worship at the Uniting Church in Mitcham with Margaret. They travelled fairly widely, in Australia and overseas. For work, he went to Japan and the States. He and Margaret took a number of trips together, tours of Europe and cruises in the Pacific.



John joined the Masonic Lodge when he was 22 years of age. And determinedly kept its secrets from curious family members. He served the Lodge in various positions for sixty-six years – at times as Grand Master. It was a very important part of his life, and catered for his deeply spiritual character.

Sadly, as John aged, about ten years ago, he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. When Margaret was no longer able to look after him, John moved to Kirkbrae Hostel, and then on to the nursing home.

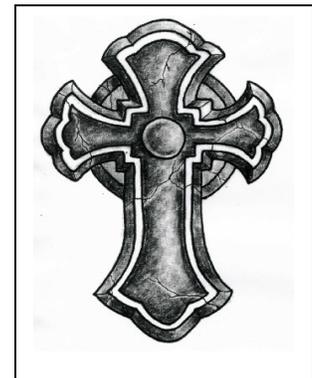
A large congregation attended John's Service of Celebration on Friday, 20th March, 2015, at Mountview Uniting Church, Mitcham, led by the Rev. Brendan Byrne. Three of John's children, Gary, Pam and Jo, presented a loving eulogy, which showed their father as an enthusiast in all he did, as a deeply spiritual man, a deeply affectionate family man, and a talented practical man. He will be very much missed, not just by his family members. Vale, John.

M.W.

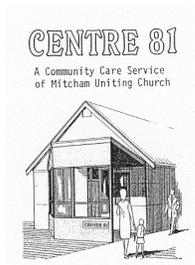
(My thanks go to the family eulogists for the use of their notes in the preparation of this 'In Memoriam.' Ed.)

GRASS ROOTS PROJECT - forward notice.

Minister Brendan advises that he has now arranged for representatives of the *Grass Roots Project* to engage with us at worship on **August 16th**. We will host Alex Kats (Jewish) and Melissa Clarke (Anglican), giving us as Protestant Christians glimpses of beliefs and practices of their respective traditions - and take questions afterwards.



CENTRE 81



This month, along with our daily duties at Centre 81, we were pleased to offer a donation of \$1750.00 to Mitcham Primary School, to be used in the Welfare area of the School.

This funding was very warmly welcomed.

Mitcham Primary School is a very multi-cultural school, and many families are finding the education of their children very demanding.

Our money is going to be spent in helping to fund school camps and excursions, as this is the area of greatest need.

We have also donated \$250.00 to the Nappy Collective, which is a volunteer organisation, which distributes (unused) disposable nappies to mothers in shelters, and families in crisis.

There are over 80 Charities, including The Melbourne City Mission, Barnardos Australia, The Benevolent Society and the Good Shepherd Youth & Family Services.

Our donation will buy in excess of 800 nappies.

If you would like to know more about the Nappy Collective, go to— www.thenappycollective.com

We pray God's continuing blessings on our work within our Community.

Jill Kidd for the Committee of Management

VISIT BY INTERNATIONAL LEADER IN CHILDREN'S MINISTRY



Mountview has again been chosen as a venue offering excellent facilities for seminars. **David Csinos** is a world recognised leader in ministry to children. He brought experience from Canada, U.S.A. and the UK. He has insight into the emerging spiritual growth of children, noting that one size does not fit all.

Mountview was well represented among those listening to David and to engage in the group discussions exploring wider horizons. Their reports are insightful and strongly directed to changes in our style of ministry to our children and how we somewhat 'tokenly' include them in worship.

Coming clearly through in the tone of the seminar is that continuing as we are will not do. Change is essential, and change is a challenge. There is the challenge of change, the challenge to change and the fact that nothing remains constant, so there is the changing challenge.

The Congregational Task Group has those reports to consider as they address the whole question of 'worship'.

WHAT IS BELIEF? an opinion piece.

While preaching a recent sermon, John Williams threw out the rhetorical question, "What is belief?" He dismayed his listeners saying that launching into that topic then would take another hour. He quickly relieved them by saying that instead he would write an article for CONTACT. This is his statement. (Ed.)

"What is belief" is a topic about which many large books have been written. I haven't read any of them right through, but over many years of theological and scientific study have noted what has been said about belief, how we attain it and how our lives and society is governed by a group of them. Let us get the heavy words out of the way first. A dictionary says:

BELIEF: (*noun*) something regarded by a person as true; firm conviction; considered opinion; faith as to the truth of a body of religious doctrines; a creed; a confidence or trust. Another concise dictionary gives but a single word – faith.



How do we come to acquire a belief in something? Immediately after birth, our brain commences developing pathways for assembling information about our surroundings directed towards our wellbeing – survival, safety, food, etc. A mother's cuddling and breast feeding establish the prime message of safety. That belief of being safe continues through our entire lives almost constantly. We react instantly to a loud strange noise, determine danger or not and unconsciously make a decision. The first decision is to elevate the reaction to sense danger. If that is positive, instinct says, "**Run!**" That process occurs at many levels directed towards maintaining our survival and wellbeing. It branches in many directions and helps form our personality traits, such as 'cool, calm and collected', or 'flighty'.

Advertising experts know a great deal about that mental process, cleverly identifying chinks in what we take to be true and changing our attitude, eventually convincing us that their product offers only 'goodness' for us. We all want to be better, happier, healthier and able to enjoy the best that life can offer, so advertisers take us by a "mental hand" and lead us into those desires. Psychologists tell us it is a proven fact that we believe only what we want to believe. They also tell us that we cannot be forced to believe. We cannot be commanded to love. Being loved, and loving stand at the top of the list of desires. Coming to love something, to feel the satisfaction of expressing that love, is a mental development. Jesus encourages us to develop a desire to love, (the opposite of hate): our response results in an inner glow, a goodwill neighbourliness, most difficult to describe. Those mental processes originated in the human make up with 'Adam and Eve', and is basic to survival, in fact, basic to being human. "Belief in....." is a condition into which we cannot be forced. Brandishing a Kalashnikov rifle in someone's face may frighten out appropriate words, but will not create belief, and certainly not the love Jesus posed.



Snake oil vendors make a living out of gullible people by preying on desires mentioned earlier. Desperate to "relieve that aching back", they are open to accepting what they want to believe – "I can be healed with this." They buy. They are victims of manipulation. Think how easy it is for one to have fun on April Fools' Day (see Funnies on page 25).



Beliefs can turn out to be mistaken, but in defending them, people can become quite aggressive. They have to sustain their belief. Acknowledging error is resisted. It is painful. Laying out facts and going through step by step reasoning will find a closed mind. Belief that vaccinations cause autism, GMO crops will kill you, fluorinated water weakens bones, etc., are very strongly held by minority groups. Not being satisfied with what they believe, they campaign vigorously to convince others. In parallel with them are religious groups,

trying to do the same, on the premise that they are setting out to make life better, fulfilling and more meaningful for their hearers.

Beliefs define how we see the world around us and how we react. They motivate our whole living. They provide meaning to our existence. Beliefs sustain us when under stress. Beliefs are badges of cultural identity. We tend to sense resonance when people supporting the same or similar belief associate together, whether it be religious congregations, political groups, sporting clubs or even hiking groups— being together, our beliefs are reinforced and are provided with an outlet for serving each other and reaching out beyond. Preachers have a difficult task of explaining that beliefs are not static and must react to social development and to advances in understanding. Persuading people to adjust a belief runs up against dogma and fear, the fear that if I revise my belief, the whole edifice may come crashing down. Pulpit thumping preachers have gone – their reliance on fear and “unless you etc.” is no longer acceptable.

However, if you hear a new thing or a different slant, you try to fit it in with your current belief string, and either amend that or reject what is offered. It is true that sometimes a realisation comes about that a particular belief or a raft of beliefs no longer supplies that sense of support, life meaning and satisfaction. We will not have peace of mind until there is a rethink, readjustment or even replacement of beliefs. Having doubts is healthy, but leaving them unresolved may be unhealthy.

Our sum of beliefs define our personality and outlook. If that sum is very small, belief in self is in jeopardy, with possibly a sad result. Over-strong, and dogma results. We tend to shun dogmatic people. However, that same strength of belief cultivated in armed services personnel gives them the drive to serve to their ultimate. Equally, those who retain their belief no matter what could face ostracism, or even martyrdom.

In the dictionary definition above, it says a belief is a creed. It is here that a belief or group of related beliefs have been brought together in act of defining a faith. We usually recite a creed together, but it is doubtful that everybody is convinced of the truth in each clause or statement following “I believe”. The creeds we say have their roots many centuries ago in another language and culture, but the truths expressed have comforted and empowered countless millions over the intervening years. There is always room for growth in our personal understanding. Do we ever question what we say following the “I believe”? I think we must, but seek the opinions of others as well.



Finally, what do I believe as a matter of faith? There is a raft of things. I believe that when I come to worship it is of a real God; it is a meeting between God and me where thoughts are shared, often on ground common with others around me expressed in singing; I own up to my indebtedness to God and receive his forgiveness; I hear what’s new from studying the scriptures and decide to accept or set aside the truth expounded (that is amend my belief structure) ; I receive encouragement to live courageously; finally I am sent out into the world to live in companionship with the Lord. I subscribe to the Christian hope that one day away beyond this present I will be in such a close association with the Lord that I will be “casting down my crown before him, lost in wonder, love and praise.” In every service of worship which I have the privilege to lead, there will be included a statement of that hope, either spoken or sung.



In God I believe.

John W.

ANZAC DAY - a bands person's perspective.

.....(trombonist Kirsty Boxhall isn't just our librarian!)



I've marched on Anzac Day since I was deemed good enough to join the band- five months after I started trombone lessons. I was ten and couldn't reach the water key at the end of my slide. But I was good enough to play in the band, and Warragul Municipal Band always marches on Anzac Day, so there I was with them. That was 1989, that first march.

Warragul Municipal, my first band, always plays *Colonel Bogey* along the way. It's a very well-known march, and fits the time of the route very well, if one includes the DC*. However, from the musician's perspective, it takes a LOT of breath and the euphonium players hate it! (Our audiences love it though, and it's a rare occasion when you don't hear somebody singing along with vulgar lyrics.)

I play with Maroondah Brass now. We have multiple Anzac commitments; as we're so close to the city, Ringwood doesn't hold its Anzac ceremony on the actual day, instead having a march and service on the Sunday before Anzac Day. (This was the case this year as well; it went splendidly, albeit rather wet, but I was able to dry all my music out afterwards with no problems. Nothing worse than mouldy music.)

This year being the Centenary of the landing at Gallipoli, the band also played at the dawn service at the Ringwood Clock Tower, which is also the war memorial. We also always go into the city for the main march; as there aren't enough bands anymore, we generally march **twice**.

So this year, my Anzac Day started at the unfortunate time of 4.15 am, when I got up and dressed and out the door. I'd gotten everything ready the night before- shoes polished, uniform ironed, trom and music ready, everything has to be at its best for Anzac Day- and met the rest of my band at 5 am at our bandroom. We loaded everything into our coach and headed to the Clock Tower, where a crowd was already gathering, even though the service didn't start till 6!

Our band president had thought to bring clip-on lights for our stands, so we could actually see the music, and we played *Waltzing Matilda*, *Band of Brothers* and a few hymns. The service, led by the Ringwood RSL president, was, as always, very moving. Our part was to play the anthems- *Advance Australia Fair* and *God Defend New Zealand*- at the start, to play *Abide With Me* during the wreath-laying, and to provide the bugler for the Last Post and Reveille. Ben, our lead cornet player, was the bugler this year. He's done it before, and has generally had about 200 people to play to; this year there were 2000 or so, and he nearly dropped the bugle when he turned around and saw the crowd!

After the ceremony, we had a quick breakfast at the RSL and then it was onto the coach and into the city. Our first step-off was at 9.30am, behind the Navy Band and HMAS Cerberus service people. The bands assemble in Flinders St, next to Federation Square and the Cathedral, and then do a left wheel into the march. We'd been fortunate in our weather at the dawn service, but not so much in the city- it started to drizzle, and then to rain, and although we did have ponchos we decided that it didn't really fit with the solemnity of Anzac Day to be marching along wearing plastic bags, so we resigned ourselves to getting wet.

Our drum major gave the cry "Band! Fall In!" and we took our places; the drum major up front and centre, our banner carrier (from the scouts; she was about 9 or so and quite intimidated at first!), and our two flag carriers at left and right. Next rank was the trombones, followed by tubas, euphoniums, baritones, horns and cornets; the last rank is the percussion, with the bass drum in the centre. We try to march five across, as it's the best looking formation, and we did that this year. I was fourth from the right.

There were no major troubles during the first march; the advantage of being right up the front is that it is before everything starts slowing down. Off we went, keeping up a good clip the entire time, and playing our three marches with the drums up the back keeping up the rhythm and providing a bit of interest for our listeners in between times, while we changed the music on our lyres and caught our breath. The hardest part of marching is, quite simply, getting enough air- the music has to be played loudly because you're outside and the instrument has to be held *up* so that the music comes out and you don't fall over your own feet and, of course, you can't stop marching unless the rest of the band does, because if you do (particularly if you're up the front) everyone will trample you. So there's a lot of surreptitious gasping going on.

The three marches were **1914** (a medley of *A Long Way to Tipperary*, *Hello! Hello! Who's Your Lady Friend* and *Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty*), **Waltzing Matilda/Gundagai**, and **Voice of the Guns** (a great march! Honestly, if you hear it you'd love it.) Unfortunately, the rain took its toll and by the end of the day, **1914** was pretty much ripped to shreds. Fortunately, that's one of the marches I've played every year since 1989 and I can actually play it with my eyes shut (not that I did this on the day!)

So, up St Kilda Rd and left wheel into the Shrine grounds; along the grounds under the TV cameras, hoping that this year we'd actually look good (we did!) and then instruments down to climb up the stairs. There was a change this year; in previous years a march has been piped over the loudspeakers and we've adjusted our step time to that, and had instruments down for the salute. This year we started playing again, as soon as we were up the stairs, and our drum major saluted as we went past the Flame. I think the change is for the better; it certainly feels better to be playing one's best as we go past the Shrine and the Flame.

At the end, we were brought to the halt (very badly, that first time, our novice drum major misjudged and ended up with the front rank standing on a speed hump); fell out and then all went over to the tents where the scouts were handing out water and Anzac biscuits. We were very grateful for both, but particularly the water; even though we were all soaked by then, we had all been sweating madly and needed the drink. From there, we got onto our coach and set off for the journey back to the start where we did it all again, this time falling in behind the Army contingent. The only real differences were that the march had really slowed down and there was a lot of marking time involved (where the band marches on the spot; if you see a drum major holding the mace above his/her head and moving it up and down, that's what's being signalled); we decided not to play all the DCs* and repeats in the marches, on the grounds of our lips nearly falling off; and I fell victim to the tram tracks! Remember what I wrote earlier about having the instrument up? You can't see your feet. My right foot went half into a pothole and half on a very slippery tram track; I performed a wild semi dance manoeuvre and managed to stay upright, much to the relief of the musicians behind me; and I spent the rest of the march thinking "Left! Ow! Left! Ow!" I am very glad I didn't fall all the way down, as falling with an instrument is very much like falling while holding a child (I've done both, shamefully)- you instinctively twist to make sure you don't land on said instrument/child- and I would have landed *very* heavily (and then been trampled.) I do hate tram tracks.

It's a sombre day, Anzac Day. I saw the great carpet of poppies in my peripheral vision as we marched along, and had the chance to see the exhibition of more in Fed Square, in between the marches. The last active service in my family was my paternal grandfather in the Second World War; the last death on service was the same war, taking my great uncle. I myself would be so wildly unsuited to the military that I would never consider service at all. But I will play my trombone, and I'll play it the best, because others served so that I don't have to, and the least I can do in their memory is give them music to march to.

Kirsten

* DC repeat from beginning. DS repeat from the sign.

PROPERTY MATTERS

New Lighting for Cross

When the modernistic style white cross was erected as part of the major building upgrade some five years ago, miniature floodlights were recessed into the concrete plinth to provide a night-time emphasis. Although rated as weatherproof, these lamps failed after a matter of weeks due to water entry. The electrician repaired them as a warranty measure, but they failed again. Despite much research, no superior lights could be found and so the circuit was switched off.

New technology LED lights systems are now very quickly replacing low voltage halogen lamps. The P + F Committee decided to investigate. We became very interested in a stainless steel bodied light unit holding a marine usage waterproof classification which appeared to be a replacement for the troublesome lights. They were found to fit beautifully.

A different low voltage driver was needed instead of the halogen transformer. When we came to replace that, the housing was chock full of ants and their eggs, another cause of short circuiting. Some re-engineering and we now have an ant-proof system.

The P + F Committee is happy the way the light beams pointing upward make the cross stand out against the background. Night time passers-by can clearly see that here is a church with a bit of modern touch and flair. Daytime pedestrians can also read the signage. We do hope they will drop in to find out more.



DRIVERS FLASHING BY AT NIGHT GET A CLEAR PURPOSE OF OUR BUILDINGS

MEMORIAL CHANGES and a REMINDER.

The P + F Committee has received reports of small children running into the case for the Memorial Garden Record Book. Moving the book will enable removal of the case and prevent further danger. Church Council has endorsed the action of placing the book in the glass-topped display case under the Max Walker Memorial Window where it will be overlooking the garden. The book in the display case is an annex to the Memorial Garden and, coupled with the stained glass window, will be a place for quiet contemplation, sacred to those gone before.

The Memorial Book records information about those whose ashes have been interred in the garden.

Some memorial entries are name and dates only, but most have a brief life statement prepared by the family. The pages of this book are turned at least monthly, sometimes more often, depending on the number of entries within a month. Drift by sometime and note whose names are being remembered at that time. You may have known them.

Further, in 1996, there was a wide ranging discussion concerning a possible amalgamation of Uniting Church Congregations in this district. High on the list of conditions being canvassed was that no existing site was to become a consolidation site. This led to the Mountview Congregational Meeting of 8th December making a commitment that, should this property be sold consequent to the

Congregation moving into consolidation elsewhere at any time in the future, the upper layers of soil in the garden containing the interred ashes were to be dug up and incorporated into a replacement Memorial Garden at the new property. A document of declaration to that effect is in a wallet under the Memorial Book. A second copy is attached to the Deed of Title for the property in the Synod office. It is on the assurance of that declaration that some families around that time and later have made the decision to inter their loved one's ashes here.

That commitment still stands, and to further declare the importance of these memorials, when the recent building upgrades were detailed, brass plaques were set in the garden upon which are mounted small plates with the name and date information of those whose ashes are interred there. A matching full record as prepared by the family is also entered in the Memorial Book.



FUNNIES

Really?



The day happened to be April 1st when John W. had his cataract operation. On the way home, wearing a great surgical patch over his right eye, he called at the local pharmacy, where he is very well known, to present a prescription for eye drops. Both lady pharmacists asked, "John! What has happened to your eye?"

"I've just had an eye transplant. Haven't you heard? They don't do corneal transplants any more. They transplant the whole eye."

"Really?" chorused together the white coated ladies.

"Yes," quickly responded John. "But they have to be sure the recipient and the donor are of the same sex, otherwise there is an enormous adjustment in what is perceived."

Wide-eyed, "John, you don't really mean it, do you?"



"Yes. But it can happen only once a year, on today's date"

By now, other shop assistants and some customers had listened in, so there was a huge all-round guffaw when the "white coats" realised they had been sucked in on that one day of the year.

Now, when John fronts up for a scrip, he is greeted with, "How is the new eye?" and a great big smile.

Have a Smile at These.

Why don't you ever see the headline, 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?

Why do people leave their car worth thousands of dollars in the street and their junk in the garage?

Why is 'lemon juice' made with artificial flavouring and dishwashing liquid with 'real lemon juice'?

Why isn't there 'mouse-flavoured' cat food?

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

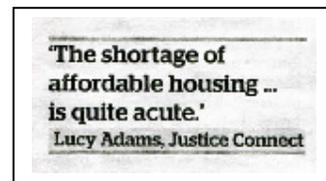


ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS! ... another opinion piece.

In his sermon on May 17th, Our Minister, Brendan, opined that as Christians we should be political. He did not mean that we join a political party, but we could do so if we wished and try to exert some influence on that pathway. He did encourage us to be active in community affairs and to be outspoken against injustice. I wish to share my reaction with *CONTACT*'s readers.

Our church leaders regularly have a say in the daily press, particularly Dr. Mark Zirnsak and President Rev. Prof. Andrew Dutney. How much more effective would their statements be if coinciding with a flood of personal letters from pew members?

Rallies and demonstrations are further opportunities for ones to add up to many. Mountview's Justice and Mission group are notable in rallying against injustice, good numbers joining protests. The recent State and Federal Budgets have seemingly been hurtful to many of those who are already marginalised. Take this headline: "*Evictions on the rise as cuts put strugglers on the street*".¹ It is an illustration of short term "gain", but longer term pain. To get a homeless person off the street into supported housing costs about \$34,000. Subsidised rent of \$2000 usually keeps a struggler under a roof. It just does not add up!



This headline: "*Women trapped by housing shortage*"² The article goes on to describe how women are trapped in brutal domestic situations by having nowhere to flee. They, and their children, risk homelessness by fleeing. What a dilemma! When the CEO of Wesley Mission Victoria, Rob Evers, came to us with a proposition to build about six accommodation units on part of our Mountview House site, he said that across Melbourne each night are about six terrified women, with her children, sleeping in the car in which she fled having hastily gathered clothing and essentials. That was five years ago. Those desperate women are still out there or are being abused, so that headline shouts to me. Yet the recent federal budget made a great song and dance about setting up enquiries about setting up programs to educate men about their unacceptable behaviour. The housing proposed by Wesley is to be used as temporary accommodation while the strife ridden marriage has a chance to calmly assess the situation, both parties to receive counselling and are guided into reconciliation and a return to the former residence. From work already undertaken, Wesley said that in most cases, six weeks was needed to bring about that new relationship. It is clear that this approach is a far more economical use of capital and recurring resources. Apparently, there is not enough political gain down that path – no funding. Are we as a Christian group moved? Are we voicing our concern, perhaps anger? But what are others saying? How about this for a blinkered opinion of the last budget? In *The Age* the day after the budget, the chief executive of a large apparel chain said, "*..the good news from the budget was the absence of bad news. It was about as positive as I could have hoped for.*" Has he never encountered a pensioner in rented housing, or a distraught woman sobbing in her car, wondering where next? Or the CEO of a relief agency after he has told some of his dedicated workers that they have to go and join those they have been helping? What a myopic outlook - eyes in wallet. I have run out of space - with more newspaper cuttings still in front of me, including one about arts organisations reeling. In my opinion, the consequences of the budget are damaging to those with little to spare and leaving the "haves" with plenty, and perhaps even more. (*Budget to cost families \$15b.*³) I am angry. Will you share my anger? I ask you to act on it, don't just passively accept it, no matter to what side of politics you lean. These community stresses apply to both left and right and in between. Be political. Add your voice in protest. Write to our local member, Michael Sukkar, (his address is on his promotional material often in your letter box), write to the Prime Minister. Each letter is counted. It will mean something. Remember, one thousand is made up of ones.

John Williams

1. *Age*, May 23rd. 2. *Age*, May 22nd. 3. *Age*, May 23rd.

LECTIONARY

<p>31 May Trinity Sunday Is 6: 1 – 8 Ps 29 Rom 8: 12 – 17 Jn 3: 1- 17</p>	<p>7 June Pent 2 1 Sm 8: 4 -11 (12-15), 16-20 Ps 138 2 Cor 4: 13 – 5: 1 Mk 3: 20 – 35</p>	<p>14 June Pent 3 1 Sm 15:34 – 16:13 Ps 20 2 Cor 5: 6 -10 (11-13), 14 – 17 Mk 4: 26 - 34</p>
<p>21 June Pent 4 1 Sm 17:(1a,4-11, 19-23), 32-49 Ps 9: 9-20 2 Cor 6: 1-13 Mk 4: 35-41</p>	<p>22 June UCA Anniversary 2 Chr 30: 1-9 Ps 127 Eph 2: 19-22 Jn 17: 1-11</p>	<p>28 June Pent 5 2 Sm 1: 1, 17 – 27 Ps 130 2 Cor 8: 7-15 Mk 5: 21-43</p>
<p>5 July Pent 6 2 Sm 5: 1-5, 9-10 Ps 48 2 Cor 12: 2-10 Mk 6: 1-13</p>	<p>12 July Pent 7 2 Sm 6: 1-5, 12b-19 Ps 24 Eph 1: 3-14 Mk 6: 14-29</p>	<p>19 July Pent 8 2 Sm 7: 1-14a Ps 89: 20-37 Eph 2: 11-22 Mk 6: 30-34, 53-56</p>
<p>26 July Pent 9 2 Sm 11: 1-15 Ps 14 Eph 3: 14-21 Jn 6: 1-21</p>	<p>2 August Pent 10 2 Sm 11: 26-12: 13a Ps 51: 1-12 Eph 4: 1-16 Jn 6: 24-35</p>	<p>9 August Pent 11 2 Sm 18: 5-9, 15, 31-33 Ps 130 Eph 4: 25-5: 2 Jn 6: 35, 41-51</p>

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Contributions for the next **CONTACT** issue will be due on **Sunday, 18th July, 2015.**

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