



THE VOICE



Publication of the Anglican Parish of Waterloo Bay - December, 2010

MINISTER'S MUSINGS



Christmas is Coming!

At the end of year celebration for Religious Education the children were asked what was so special for them at Christmas. As you might expect presents and food were at the top of the list. The kids also look forward to getting together with others. It is hardly surprising that the festive side of Christmas is uppermost in children's minds.

What makes Christmas special for you?

I remember as a child that it was very special to be able to be a server in the Church for the Christmas services especially the midnight worship. It was an honour to be asked to serve on this the second most important time in the Church calendar. The midnight worship at Easter was of course the most important occasion of the year. We certainly still try to capture that sense of wonder and excitement for children and adults alike as we plan the worship for Christmas.

I suspect that for many people Christmas is the more important of

the two festivals. Something deep inside us resonates with the story of the birth of Jesus. The birth of a baby is just about always greeted with joy and excitement. Anyone who has held a very new baby in their arms knows the wonder and awe that comes from such a special moment. Words can barely express that joy and wonder.

At Christmas we announce the birth of a baby and even more than usual we are lost for words. As Christians we boldly proclaim the baby Jesus to be the one in whom we encounter God. Earlier the prophet had declared that a baby would be born and his name would be Emanuel, which means God with us. The stories of shepherds and angels and wise men point us to recognition of Jesus as God who has come into our midst, fully human and yet fully divine. As you see the words that try to describe this birth seem as though they don't fully make sense.

The birth of Jesus begins to make more sense as we hear the stories of his life and then his death and finally the extraordinary story of his resurrection. Something exciting really takes place as we begin to say to Jesus from our hearts, yes, I want you to be a part of my life. In saying those simple words the significance of Christmas grows exponentially. With Jesus in our life and us in his, we ourselves are born anew. Our lives change. We go from being two dimensional people to people with a new depth. Over time that depth becomes such that other people meet Jesus in our lives and their lives are changed/

So I invite you all to come and join us for Christmas once again this year. I

invite you to say yes in your hearts to this baby, to welcome him into your life. Experience joy in a new and exciting way.

May Jesus bless you this Christmas.
With love



Our Church Bookstore

Did you know APWB has its own Bookstore?

'Where is it?' I hear you ask

Go to apwb.net and click on the "**Our Church Bookstore**" link.

This is a convenient way to shop online for all your reading needs and possible gifts.

Stock is generally sourced from place such as Koorong, Word and like book stores usually at their prices including "Catalogue Specials" and our church gets 10% of all Sales.

So why not check it out and help raise some funds For APWB in the process.

ANOTHER FABULOUS LADIES' BREAKFAST - OH SO GOOD TO BE PAMPERED!

The Ladies' Breakfast on Saturday 20th November was a grand success with 35 ladies enjoying a wonderful, well balanced, nutritious breakfast, cooked for us by Shawn and his band of happy helpers. They all looked happy, even the men who were perspiring over the stove.

We were entertained by Alan Monaghan with a lively tune on his

harmonica, which we enjoyed so much we insisted on an encore, and got one that we found we could all sing along to, and we did.

The quiz was on our local parish history and had us all rather stumped, shamefully. We really must read up on it as it is very interesting.

The Raffle prizes were won by

Denise Fender and Christine Elliott, after Gwenn Tasker whose name had been drawn called for a re-draw. Very noble, since a very nice bottle of wine was at stake.

Our grateful thanks to the men for pampering us.



APWB WORKING BEE

These photos are from the parish working bee that took place on Saturday 11th September in preparation for Back to Church Sunday which was on the 12th.

The picture below shows several of us holding up the new Notice Board in the Hall while David Haase secures it with screws.

The other (Right) is of Russell Hockaday cleaning down the awning outside the entrance to the Parish Office.

New red carpet had gone into the church on Friday 10th, and due to this all the pews, stands, altar and every other thing from the church and vestry had been moved into the hall.



Left: Labourers enjoy a rest and a cuppa

Below Left: New Carpet being laid

Below Right: Pews being moved back into the church after carpet laying had been completed



For many years I worked in palliative care. My patients were those who had gone home to die. Some incredibly special times were shared. I was with them for the last three to twelve weeks of their lives.

People grow a lot when they are faced with their own mortality. I learned never to underestimate someone's capacity for growth. Some changes were phenomenal. Each experienced a variety of emotions, as expected, denial, fear, anger, remorse, more denial and eventually acceptance. Every single patient found their peace before they departed though, every one of them.

When questioned about any regrets they had or anything they would do differently, common themes surfaced again and again. Here are the most common five:

1. I wish I'd had the courage to live a life true to myself, not the life others expected of me.

This was the most common regret of all. When people realise that their life is almost over and look back clearly on it, it is easy to see how many dreams have gone unfulfilled. Most people had not honoured even a half of their dreams and had to die knowing that it was due to choices they had made, or not made.

It is very important to try and honour at least some of your dreams along the way. From the moment that you lose your health, it is too late. Health brings a freedom very few realise, until they no longer have it.

2. I wish I didn't work so hard.

This came from every male patient that I nursed. They missed their children's youth and their partner's companionship. Women also spoke of this regret. But as most were from an older generation, many of the female patients had not been breadwinners. All of the men I nursed

deeply regretted spending so much of their lives on the treadmill of a work existence.

By simplifying your lifestyle and making conscious choices along the way, it is possible to not need the income that you think you do. And by creating more space in your life, you become happier and more open to new opportunities, ones more suited to your new lifestyle.

3. I wish I'd had the courage to express my feelings.

Many people suppressed their feelings in order to keep peace with others. As a result, they settled for a mediocre existence and never became who they were truly capable of becoming. Many developed illnesses relating to the bitterness and resentment they carried as a result.

We cannot control the reactions of others. However, people may initially react when you change the way you are by speaking honestly, but in the end it raises the relationship to a whole new and healthier level. Either that or it releases the unhealthy relationship from your life. Either way, you win.

4. I wish I had stayed in touch with my friends.

Often they would not truly realise the full benefits of old friends until their dying weeks and it was not always possible to track them down. Many had become so caught up in their own lives that they had let golden friendships slip by over the years. There were many deep regrets about not giving friendships the time and effort that they deserved. Everyone misses their friends when they are dying.

It is common for anyone in a busy lifestyle to let friendships slip. But when you are faced with your approaching death, the physical

details of life fall away. People do want to get their financial affairs in order if possible. But it is not money or status that holds the true importance for them. They want to get things in order more for the benefit of those they love. Usually though, they are too ill and weary to ever manage this task. It is all comes down to love and relationships in the end. That is all that remains in the final weeks, love and relationships.

5. I wish that I had let myself be happier.

This is a surprisingly common one. Many did not realise until the end that happiness is a choice. They had stayed stuck in old patterns and habits. The so-called 'comfort' of familiarity overflowed into their emotions, as well as their physical lives. Fear of change had them pretending to others, and to themselves, that they were content. When deep within, they longed to laugh properly and have silliness in their life again.

When you are on your deathbed, what others think of you is a long way from your mind. How wonderful to be able to let go and smile again, long before you are dying.



PARISH CAMP 2010 – LAKE MAROON HOLIDAY CAMP (15TH TO 17TH OCTOBER)



The Camp was held at Lake Maroon Holiday Camp near Boonah from the 15th to the 17th October.

Those attending had a wonderful time canoeing, star gazing, kite flying and singing and it was great to have a blend of people from both the 7:15am and 9:00am services attend. Thank you to Rev. Sarah Leisemann and all those who organised and attended the camp for making it such a great event!



Liam fed the house possum



Canoeing on Lake Maroon



Liam, his Dad Mike & Russell searching for information on star gazing (they had brought a telescope for the purpose)



Mick Whybrow and his daughters Samantha (who flew out from Sri Lanka) and Michelle (who flew in from Canberra) who provided music on Saturday evening



Kite flying preparations (flying did happen!)



Fr. Nick relaxing in the evening after canoeing

NEW EDITOR REQUIRED...

We are currently seeking a new editor for The Voice. If you would like to assist in putting our great parish publication together, please contact the office on 3822 1110 or speak to either Jennifer Hawley or Pam Monaghan.



A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS MORNING! Author unknown

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone.

The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two. Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds.

He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress, loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job.

The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whoever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck. The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel.

An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour, and I could start that night. I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people.

I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be

asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal. That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers, we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel.

When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money-- fully half of what I averaged every night. As the weeks went by, heating bills added a strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana I wondered? I made a deal with the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys - then hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boy's pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. There were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and

a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up.

When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, to my amazement, my old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, crawled inside and knelt in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans.

Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There was candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll. As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.



MENTAL HEALTH FIRST AID

On the weekend of the 12th to the 14th of November a number of our church family attended a Mental Health First Aid course. Others from the district also attended. The course was run by the Rev Ian McGrath from Bush Church Aid. Ian trained in Mental Health First Aid because of his passion for the people and the Church of the Bush. The 18 people who attended the course benefited from Ian's desire to make his training available to a wider audience. One member of the Church said, "It was a wonderful learning experience though not easy at times".

Apart from the course manual which was covered in the cost of the course we were given an enormous amount of helpful literature which was free from Beyond Blue. This information is free to anyone. As there is a staggering 20% of the population struggling with mental illness during any year it is important that more of us take advantage of the Beyond Blue Web site and printed material. www.beyondblue.org.au

The key to the first aid was a word ALGEE which stands for:

Approach assess and assist with any crisis

Listen non-judgmentally

Give support and information

Encourage appropriate professional help

Encourage other forms of support

Generally speaking people who receive assistance in the early stages of illness are much more likely to recover and to have substantially reduced effects of the illness. Hence it is crucial that members of the community are alert to the symptoms and are not afraid to approach those in need. Very early on in the course we realized that the bulk of people suffering from mental illness are struggling with depression or anxiety. The very small minority (2%) with psychotic illness certainly need care when being approached. But the awful images portrayed in films and the media generally have created very unhealthy fear which is rarely if ever justified. Cultural taboos are other factors that hinder most of us from talking about mental health issues.

The course taught us that Mental Illness is not selective of any specific demographic. People of all ages, of all economic groups and of both genders can suffer from mental illness. It is an illness and it is not a shameful thing even though it is often viewed as shameful. With

more awareness much more help is available.

We will all come across many people who suffer from depression or anxiety and to a lesser extent the other various forms of mental illness. The Mental Health First Aid Course gave us much more insight into the needs of people weighed down with mental illness. We were encouraged to see them as people with an illness. As such we would treat them in the same way you would treat any other person who is ill, with care and consideration. Hopefully more knowledge and insight will allow us to provide appropriate first aid if we encounter someone going through a mental illness crisis. More than that, we trust that this knowledge will encourage us to approach mental health issues with a new openness sweeping away the old barriers and taboos that have caused so much harm in the past.

More information can be found at www.mhfa.com.au

VALE



Beryl Williams

17/5/1920 - 31/10/2010
mother to Gail, Dawn, Ian and Helen.

Beryl was a member of St. James' Guild, and the Donald Simpson Centre Oil Painting Group. Beryl also enjoyed handcrafts, of recent times and knitted many lovely lace coat hangers.

Beryl will be sadly missed by her family and friends.



Doreen Colville

12/05/1925 - 8/11/2010

Doreen attended St. James' Church in Wellington Point, and in more recent times attended the Friendship Service at St. George's, Birkdale.

A quiet, gentle lady, Doreen will be sadly missed by her family and friends.

CHOOSE RESPECT

The attached photo is of Fr. Nicholas explaining the Choose Respect program he's using with the Generator youth group, to the Faith Fellowship Study Group.

The program aims to give the children a better sense of caring and consideration for themselves and others in the group, which hopefully flows on to other people the children are responsible to.

We have as part of our group Marg Richardson, Mary Gwynn who are two of the voluntary Grandparents, also Tom Jordan who participates when available. There are others of course, who belong to other groups in the parish.

It's good that so many 'Grandparents' are supporting Fr. Nicholas in this way.



PARISH FESTIVAL DINNER

Our wonderful 75th Anniversary celebration began on Saturday 18th with a delicious dinner and was followed with a lovely service in St. James' Hall the next day. The Ven. Archdeacon Rev. Richard Condie from St. Jude's Church at Carlton, Melbourne spoke at both the dinner and the church service.

The Sunday service was attended by over 90 people. During the service, just prior to communion, the children of the parish presented Fr. Nicholas with an altar frontal that had been painted with creatures of God's creation.

Ian and Margaret Carr were presented with a certificate of appreciation for all the work they've done in and for the parish over their entire married life, and are still doing.



PARISH DIRECTORY

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Asst. Priest (part time)	Rev. Sarah Leisemann	3890 2076
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Shawn Perry	Social Director
Dawn Williams	St. James' Guild

THE APWB CHRISTMAS SERVICE TIMES

Sunday 12th Dec.

6pm - 9 Lessons & Carols

Friday 24th Dec.

6pm - Family Christmas Eve Service

Saturday 25th Dec. Christmas Day

8am Service at St. George's & 8am Service at St. James

Sunday 26th Dec.

Holy Communion 7.15am St. George's.

No Services at St. James

St. George's Church, 33 Thorne Road, Birkdale Q 4159

St. James' Church, Station Street, Wellington Point 4160

THE VOICE IS A PUBLICATION OF THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF WATERLOO BAY

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Contributions to The Voice are greatly appreciated. If you have an article, story or any information you would like to share, please contact Renee on 3286 3963 or email: renee@propellerglobal.com

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www.apwb.net

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THE VOICE
Published by
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of Waterloo Bay

For to us a child is born

For to us a child is born, ...and he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Isaiah 9:6

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