

HERE AND NOW



April 2018

Contributions to this Newsletter are very welcome and can be made by e-mailing them to rosieclark@tpg.com.au or to penelgreg@bigpond.com Next issue July 2018

This Newsletter comes to you from the Anglican Parish of Port Lincoln in the Diocese of Willochra



St Thomas' Port Lincoln



St Matthew's Poonindie



St Matthias' Wangary

HERE AND NOW

If you would prefer to receive the HERE AND NOW electronically by e-mail, all you have to do is send a request to the e-mail address on the front cover:

rosieclark@tpg.com.au
And a bonus—it will be in colour!

Alternatively, it is now available on our web site at www.anglicanportlincoln.com.au

From the Reverend Peter Linn...

Holy Week and Happy Easter

Holy Week is from Palm Sunday to Easter Day. It's a time of walking the journey with Christ from his triumphant entry to Jerusalem, through Maundy Thursday with its last supper, betrayal and a night of torment. This is followed by the horror of Good Friday and Jesus' death. We finish the journey on Easter Day with a triumphant celebration of new life and a recommitment to our faith.

Easter is also the joy of hot cross buns; Easter eggs; the Teakle Auto Sprint event set on the streets of Port Lincoln overlooking the picturesque Boston Bay; Easter Day lunches, and camping.

We as Christians need to find the balance between the two. I believe there is nothing wrong with the cultural Happy Easter. It is our culture's way of expressing joy at this event, and the time out it provides to recreate.

The balance is in being focused on God and taking his grace with us to the cultural events.

This at times can be taxing as we go through the rollercoaster of emotions that Holy Week forces us to face. I believe that if we deepen our relationship with God through the services of Holy Week, we can take a rich, full understanding of life in all its facets and bring that wisdom to the popular culture of a Happy Easter.

So, I wish you a blessed Holy Week and a Happy Easter.

Blessings Peter



THE EASTER SEASON



Easter Blessings

Easter for Christians is not just one day, but rather a 50-day period. The season of Easter, or Eastertide, begins at sunset on the eve of Easter and ends on Pentecost, the day we celebrate the gift of the Holy Spirit and the birth of the Church (see Acts 2). Pentecost this year is on Sunday May 20th.

After his resurrection on Easter Sunday, Jesus appeared to his disciples during a period of forty days. He spoke to them about God and the future that he had prepared for the people: the Kingdom of God (Acts 1:3). Forty days after Easter Sunday, we commemorate Jesus' ascent to heaven, or "Ascension".

His disciples spent the days after Ascension in prayer (Acts 1:14). Just like us, they were looking forward to the arrival of the Helper or Comforter, the Holy Spirit that Jesus promised (Jn. 17:7, Acts 1:9-11). Pentecost is the fiftieth day after Easter. This is the day when we celebrate the entry of the Holy Spirit into the life of Christians. The Apostles were so filled with the Holy Spirit, that they felt compelled to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus.

Easter is also more than just an extended celebration of the resurrection of Jesus. In the early church, Lent was a season for new converts to learn about the faith and prepare for baptism on Easter Sunday. The initial purpose of the 50-day Easter season was to continue the faith formation of new Christians.

Today, this extended season gives us time to rejoice and experience what it means when we say Christ is risen. It's the season when we remember our baptisms and how through this sacrament we are, according to the liturgy, "incorporated into Christ's mighty acts of salvation." As "Easter people," we also celebrate and ponder the birth of the Church and gifts of the Spirit (Pentecost), and how we are to live as faithful disciples of Christ.

KNOWING OUR CHURCH'S HISTORY

Continuing the story...

From the Here and Now

December 1996

Part 35

Following the arrival of the "Duke of Wellington" at Port Adelaide, Octavius Hammond, being the vessel's Surgeon-Superintendent, was required to furnish a report to the authorities on the health and well being etc of its passengers. In so doing, he revealed some sad happenings of the voyage. He wrote to the Colonial Secretary as follows:-

"I beg to notify you the safe arrival of the above ship at Port Adelaide with 228 immigrants on board out of 235 embarked in England under orders of the Emigration Commission. Seven deaths have occurred on the passage, chiefly among children, with respect to which I enclose a return showing the names etc., and the cause of death in each case. The remainder of the passengers are for the most part in good health, a few cases of whooping cough having existed, but are now nearly recovered."

Octavius began to practice his profession at Hindmarsh soon after arrival. This he carried on for a couple of years. It was in March 1852 that he commenced working at the assay office as a "Chemical Assistant" at a salary of £248 (\$496) per annum. He was later progressively referred to as "Assay Master" and "Licensed Assayer".

Archival correspondence appears to indicate that during 1854 the Government Assay Department was discontinued and Octavius purchased some of its equipment and carried on on his own account with authority to use the Government Stamp.

It is of interest to mention that some of this equipment is on display at our local National Trust "Mill Cottage" Museum.

There is evidence of Octavius having been an active worker in the Church of England at Hindmarsh. He was a lay reader there and is said to have carved the font at All Saints Church. He also represented the church at the first held Diocesan Synod in 1856.

As mentioned previously in an earlier chapter, Octavius Hammond originally came to the Port Lincoln district in 1856 as superintendent of the Poonindie Mission Station, later to become St Thomas' first incumbent minister following his taking of Holy Orders.

To conclude my summary of the attributes and versatility of this talented man, I quote the works on his memorial tablet on the transept wall of our church as they briefly sum up my writings relative to him. †

To the memory of

THE REV'D OCTAVIUS HAMMOND
FIRST INCUMBENT OF THIS CHURCH
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY
THE INHABITANTS OF PORT LINCOLN
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF HIS GREAT BENEVOLANCE AND UNVARYING
SYMPATHY WITH ALL IN TROUBLE DURING
A MINISTRY OF 22 YEARS.
DIED OCTOBER 5TH, 1878, AGED 68 YEARS
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD:
YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS;
AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.

Eric O'Connor

KEN'S QUIZ

Do you find reading (or singing the lyrics) of hymns is a lovely way to pray or worship?.

Here's a quiz: how many hymns can you list with our Saviour's name 'Jesus' or 'Christ' in the first line.

Send your list in to Rosie Clark or Ken Holden.

Answers in next 'Here and Now'

PARISH PRAYER FOR PORT LINCOLN

Father help us to be a Church that is a welcoming, caring, and meaningful community. A community which enjoys the celebration of the sacraments and has a passion to proclaim the Gospel of Christ. A community which reaches out to others, sharing the love of God with them. We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OP SHOP ON FRIDAYS

VOLUNTEERS ALWAYS NEEDED

- TO HELP SET UP
- TO HELP AT THE SHOP FROM 9.00AM TO 12.00 NOON OR FROM 12 TO 3.00PM
- TO HELP PACK AWAY

PLEASE LET THE OFFICE KNOW IF YOU CAN HELP AND YOUR NAME CAN BE PUT ON THE ROSTER

**DONATIONS OF GOODS
ARE ALWAYS WELCOME**

Acknowledgement

We believe that all humanity is made in the image of God.

We acknowledge and show our respect to the traditional custodians of this land on which we worship.

As well, we acknowledge and respect all those from various races who travelled here to make their

KNOWING OUR CHURCH'S HISTORY

Continuing the story...

From the Here and Now

February 1997

Part 36

To continue with my writings on our Church's History, I add to an earlier chapter relative to the formation and naming of our Diocese of Willochra in 1915. Since that time, five Bishops have served in its See. They were, namely, the Right Reverends Gilbert White, Richard Thomas, Tom Jones senior, Bruce Rosier, together with the present incumbent, David McCall. I consider myself personally and historically fortunate in having known all five of them.

I was confirmed by Bishop White and remember well the occasion, when we confirmands marched from the Parish Hall along Adelaide Place and Washington Street into the church singing "Onward Christian Soldiers". We had received our Confirmation Instructions leading up to the event from our much admired Rector, the Rev'd Harry Snow. This was the first time I had seen a Bishop and his use of vestments.

Bishop Tom Jones was of course a very well known priest on Eyre Peninsula before his ascension to the Willochra bishopric, having been the Bush Church Aid's organiser for many years. His work in this capacity brought him to the area frequently in connection with the running of the organisation's outpost Hospitals and Hostels, together with its life-saving outback Flying Doctor service, based at Ceduna.

In those days, B.C.A. conducted a Girls' Hostel at Kirton Point, which provided accommodation for country students attending Port Lincoln High School. He often preached at the near-by St Nicolas Church when on a visit to the hostel.

After St Thomas' sold the Baptists Church in Port Lincoln back to its original owners, our people found there was a real need for a sizeable building, such as a Hall, in which Parish functions etc. could be held. It was in 1921 that this need was fulfilled by the erection of the Bartlett Memorial Hall in Adelaide Place, being so named to perpetuate the name of that old

family mentioned in an earlier chapter. The foundation stone was laid by Mrs Mary Brougham, wife of Samuel Brougham. This family had also had long-standing connections with the Church.

The building soon became known as "The Parish Hall" possibly due to the fact that shortly afterwards Port Lincoln saw its new Town Hall built and named "The Soldiers Memorial Hall". No doubt two memorial halls so named in the town would have been somewhat confusing.

Our church hall soon became a venue for Port Lincoln's smaller functions. Mr Hawke ran a regular Movie Picture show there for a number of years, and Mrs Jimmy Morrison used it for the series of dances she organised. It is of interest to note that proceeds from her efforts, in due course, were sufficient to purchase Port Lincoln's first X-Ray machine. Maybe some people will remember this stern-looking, but kindly old identity, with her upswept hair-do, and associate her with that quaint little cottage in Liverpool Street. Its shiny black door step, meticulously kept that way by her many applications of pitch and "Ezy Wurf" over the years, caught the eye of most passersby. Several years later, the Hall was added to by the building of two cloak rooms and an entrance on the Adelaide Place frontage. In recent years these additions have been converted to business premises.

A Heritage Survey of Port Lincoln buildings carried out by Denvers Architects of Adelaide, for the State Government in 1987, listed the Parish Hall stonework facade as being of local distinction. †

Eric O'Connor

LADIES GUILD AND THE OP SHOP

The most recent meeting of the Guild was on Tuesday March 20th with a lunch at the Northern Hotel. Joan Belling, Maureen Morgan, Barbara Murphy, Mona Puckridge, Bev Woodroffe and Bev French were there together with Fr Brian Bascombe and Rosie Clark. Rosie presented the 'Business Cards' we have had printed to

hand out to shoppers at the Op Shop and she will also look at getting some postcards of St Thomas printed for sale mainly to tourists.

The Op Shop has opened on eight extra days for Cruise Ship visits and has raised \$2182. It is very pleasing to be able to use this venture to help build funds.

WORKING WITH THE DIOCESE

Towards the end of last year the Diocese began a programme of focussing on the Parish of Port Lincoln with a view to the future. Rev Peter Linn has his last day with us on July 1st and will then be on Long Service Leave until he retires later in the year.

We have enjoyed two visits from our Bishop, John Stead, as we look to and identify our future needs; the Registrar Gavin Tyndale who spoke mainly about finances and being able to secure the income needed to sustain a new parish priest; and Michael Ford who met with many of us to focus on our stewardship. These

gatherings were held at the Parish Centre and included lunch. They were successful in bringing a renewed sense of fellowship and commitment, together with a strengthening of our faith in being able to maintain our Anglican Community for some years to come, at least.

We thank the Diocese for their help and their faith in our Parish and its members.

We continue to be blessed with a spiritual programme to be run across the year by the Rev'd Canon Gael Johannsen.

The Banquet

Matthew 22:1-14

© Rev'd. Sr. Sandra Sears CSBC



I approached the venue, together with lots of other people, carrying my invitation and two suitcases. When I say 'with' others, I mean that we were all going in the same direction, not that we were 'together', if you catch my drift.

The cases were heavy, and I had been carrying them for what seemed a lifetime. I put them down and sat on them to catch my breath and survey the scene.

The banquet hall was ahead of me, complete with an angel at the door, who must have been at least three meters tall. "That's nice," I thought, "a welcomer." People were passing me and going to the angel. Some, having shown their invitation, were ushered in. Some didn't even offer an invitation. Nevertheless, the angel welcomed them, even bending low to give some of them a kiss on the cheek. Some even sauntered up and gave the angel a high five, and I could hear them laughing, as though they shared some private joke. All of these were admitted with no fuss. Each time the door opened I could hear more laughter and smell the enticing aroma of food.

Some, like me, carried baggage of some sort. These were all turned away. Several went back

the way they had come. A few, after some hesitation, went over to a pile of baggage that I hadn't noticed before, just around the corner from the door, tossed their stuff onto the pile and returned to the angel, who smiled and opened the door for them.

It took me some time to realise that not one person who was admitted carried any baggage— no suitcase, no back pack, no handbag. Not even a purse.

I revised my assessment of the angel. This was no welcomer. This was a bouncer!

As I watched, a couple of dark, shadowy figures crept over to the pile of suitcases and

backpacks and started to rifle through them, making off with whatever they could carry. "Not my stuff!" I thought. "No way will they get their hands on my stuff!"

It was time to front up to the 'celestial bouncer.' I plunked my suitcases down on the step, proffered my invitation and waited to be welcomed in.

"I'm sorry," he/she said, "You can't bring your baggage in. You can leave it around the corner with the rest if you like."

"What! All my treasures!? My reputation as a life-long Church-goer, serving on councils

and committees, organising fetes to raise money for the roof, dishing out food in our soup kitchen for those less fortunate? You want me just to toss them onto that pile?! You have got to be kidding!"

The angel simply looked at me with something what seemed to be stern pity (if there is such a thing). "What rule says that I have to part with my luggage?!" I asked angrily.

"The rule of love," said the angel.

"What in heaven's name has love got to do with banning me from the banquet!?"

"Well," said the angel. "first of all, if you take your suitcases into the hall, you'll spend all

your time worrying about where you put them, or whether they will get stolen. That will definitely spoil your appetite. Secondly, they'll be in the way. Someone could trip over them, like the children who play under and between the tables, and you wouldn't want to be the cause of an accident, would you? A case of 'Occupational Health and Safety', you might say. Thirdly, and most importantly, you won't need them in there. The banquet is free. Nothing you have is necessary or adequate for the cost of admission, because there is no cost."

It all made sense, but I wasn't finished yet.

"I have a right to be here, I have an invitation!" I said hotly. "What about all those people

who just sauntered in without so much as a *coupon*. You let *them* in!"

"Not all invitations are formal," said the angel. The heat rose to my face. "You can't seriously expect me to just dump my stuff on that pile, to be pinched by those.....those *scavengers*, do you?!"

The angel sighed a sad sigh. "Those are the hungry outcasts, who have either not heard

about the banquet because nobody has told them, or if they have been told, can't believe it's for them. They rob and steal because they think it's the only way to satisfy their hunger and thirst."

I had no answer to this. I needed to think.

"Would you mind going over there while you decide what to do? There are others waiting."

and the angel gently moved me to the side.

I did as I was told and sat on my heavy suitcases for a long time, fuming.

Darn it! I *deserve* to be admitted! I have an invitation, and I've accepted. Isn't that enough?

And what about my credentials, carefully packed away in my suitcases? Haven't I behaved diligently over the years, working for the Lord? I mean, I *des-pise* those who claim to be Christian and don't even *try* to contribute to the cause.

It all seemed to mean nothing to our bouncer friend.

Continued on next page.....

A REFLECTION FROM DR SANDRA SEARS... continued

Once I'd cooled off a bit, I realised I had to make a choice. Do I dump my suitcases and be welcomed in, or do I take my treasures home, where I know they'll be safe? After all, they did weigh a ton, and I didn't fancy lugging them all the way back. The choice was mine, and it slowly dawned on me that whatever I plumped for, it would be the most important decision of my life.

I wondered what that life would be like if I refused the conditions of entry and turned my back on it all, after having caught a glimpse (and a whiff) of what was on offer.

I also began to wonder what it might be like to high-five an angel.

Used with permission

CONGRATULATIONS AND THANK YOU TO LEON REDDING



Rev'd Peter Linn and Leon Redding

On Easter Day Peter Linn, on behalf of the people of St Thomas, presented long time parishioner Leon Redding with a certificate of appreciation and thanks for his generous gifts of time and effort for many years. In an introduction, Andrew Morris spoke of the many different ministries that combine together to fulfil the mission of the Church. He spoke of Leon as a quiet achiever in our community and the gifts of the Spirit that he brings. Leon has maintained the grounds and mown the lawns of our Church property here in the centre of town for fifty years, an incredible record of service and an important form of worship, giving worth and honour to God. In the last year, Darill Mortimer has taken over the role of mowing and we are most grateful for his commitment.

MOTHERS UNION

Members of MU Port Lincoln journeyed to Tumby Bay in February. This was the first of a few trips planned for the year, to share worship and fellowship with those in outlying areas.

Despite the heat, it was cool inside St Margaret's, and about 15 women enjoyed a beautiful service of Praise and Thanksgiving, from the MU Worship and Prayer Book, led by Rosemary. We began by getting each person there to name their children and grandchildren, then giving these names to God to be prayed for. Intercessions were from Families Worldwide, praying for our diocesan links, and for the links of the day.

Nel gave the address, "What in the world is MU doing today", using resources from the excellent Mothers Union Australia web site, which gives a brief overview of the range of work MU members are doing from Sydney through South East Asia to Baghdad and beyond to the boardrooms of the United Nations. This is well worth looking at, and a copy is currently on the table in the Parish

Centre for you to look through. Of course we proudly added in the latest newsletter from Quickest Warmth to bring it right back home to Willochra. We ended with Sister Sandra's hymn, Spirit of Life, and took up a collection for the Quickest Warmth Project.

We were delighted to be able to bring the richness of the MU experience to others in our neighbouring towns, and hope this will be the first of many. Of course no MU gathering is complete without scones, and this one was no exception. Thanks to Caryll and the Tumby Bay ladies for their hospitality, and to Bev for playing the organ.

In March, MU President Rosemary made a beautiful Simnel cake, using a famous recipe by Mary Berry, with marzipan filling and decorated with sugared rose petals from her garden. This was blessed on Mothering Sunday, and much enjoyed by the congregation who stayed for morning tea.



*Rosemary Raymond
and Nel Taylor*

From the REV RUTH BUXTON: 'YOU WILL SEE HIM'

At the end of Mark's Gospel is a wonderful phrase spoken about Jesus to some women - by an angel outside the garden tomb. It is, 'You will see him.'

In anyone's language that is a promise.

Without Easter, we wouldn't know about Jesus. He would have been forgotten as another Jew, crucified by the Roman Empire.

The Easter centre-piece of Christianity is viewed today in more than one light. For many it is factual – each word from Scripture - literal. For some, in modern NT scholarship, it is seen as parable. For me, our God is big enough to achieve the factual and the metaphorical at the same time. But as I have been invited to share the questions of some in our parish who have believed that they were having a 'crisis of faith', I have been privileged to share their world of sincere uncertainty. Some assume that they can't be Christians and have such profound doubts. Wrong. Given Jesus' question on the cross to his Father, and the very human enquiry of Thomas, we all can be encouraged to continue to seek those 'things that are above'.

I believe that it's not so much that I wait for God to answer, but that God waits for me in every sense of the word.

God transformed the corpse of Jesus. He appeared after his death. The real question for us is, 'What does that mean for me right now?'

Mark's Easter story is the earliest written by an eyewitness.

He begins with the women.

They are worried about the stone; then they see that it has been rolled back. The angel says, 'Don't be frightened. I know you're looking for Jesus the Nazarene. He's been raised up, he's no longer here. You can see for yourselves that the place is empty. Go back and tell his disciples, and Peter, that he is going ahead of you into Galilee.'

Then come these wonderful words - our theme for today, 'YOU WILL SEE HIM', when you return to Galilee.

They did. He was no longer confined to flesh and blood or to time and space, but he was a total reality who could enter locked rooms and vanish while sharing a meal at Emmaus in a moment of recognition.

History is not always true, because it is open to interpretation - like Anzac Day. Parable is not always fiction as it is often profoundly true – like the prodigal son, which is really about the loving Father.

It may be that the most important truths can only be expressed in parable – like the book of the Revelation to St John.

My purpose is not to engender disbelief but to continue reflecting on such deep matters of life and faith.

Mark's story ends abruptly – so much so that another ending was added in the second century after Christ.

The phrase, 'You will see him', is true for today.

Jesus is saying to his friends, 'Go back to where the story began. Return to *the way* of the things I spoke about in Galilee. Return to Kingdom living. And you will see

me.'

As we do this, Jesus' presence will continue to be known and experienced.

Easter is God's 'yes' to Jesus and 'no' to those who would kill him.

As we live out this reality, we, followers of Christ, will know it as the transforming truth of our lives.

So, again, what does this mean for us in 2018?

If we are to continue to live as Christians and be Jesus' hands, feet and mouthpiece in our community, we may need to recall St Augustine's words:

'We, without God, cannot.

God, without us, will not.'

I can't even start to comprehend that unless I see the risen Jesus in everyday life among the community of faith and with the poor and needy. It's no virtue of mine but it's a privilege. Can I share then a couple of things close to home?

Firstly, seeing the risen Christ in the community of faith.

On Palm Sunday, at St Simon and St Jude's in Cummins, I was taking their service. Some of the parishioners go to collect others from Miroma Place, including our Addie Kennett. Holy Communion was ready and I waited to serve an old lady who was coming down the aisle on a walking frame. It was an uncertain yet purposeful journey. As I said the words, 'The body of Christ keep you in eternal life' and heard her whispered, 'Amen', I was bowled over by the realization that her body was in its last stage, yet Christ's love would surely keep her spirit forever. My heart soared.

Secondly, seeing the risen Christ among the needy.

Before the shops opened on Maundy Thursday, I was sitting outside the chemist here in Lincoln with people waiting for their methadone.

I've got to know some of them over the years – they make me laugh with their take on politics and life. Alongside me was my shopping bag ready for Easter. Suddenly a hand came out of left field and began to slide my bag off the bench. I turned and said, 'You can have it if you like, but there's no money there.' She said, 'My God Ruth, it's not yours is it?'

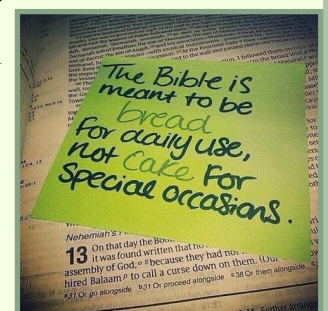
'Sure thing,' I said, 'put your hand in and take whatever you find.'

Still protesting, 'Pat', pulled out a colourful egg to which was attached a small card that read, 'JESUS IS ALIVE AND WELL – Happy Easter, love, Ruth.'

She yelled with shock and pleasure before proceeding to tell all her mates about what had happened. 'I thought it was yours, 'Rose', and did it to scare you.' Next thing, following my invitation, the mates all ambled over and took their own gift. I went in to the shop to leave my 'scripts, and as I left to go some shouted, 'God bless ya, yeah, God bless ya'.

'We, without God, cannot;

God, without us, will not.'



LENTEN REFLECTION

TOWARDS TRUST



A group of about twelve people met during Lent this year to experience a programme of meditations developed by the Rev Canon Gael Johansen and provided by the Willochra Diocese. The programme focussed on the scripture readings for each Sunday in Lent and challenged participants to look closely at ourselves, our community and our relationship with God.

We found the programme interesting, sometimes challenging, but above all a wonderful opportunity to share our thoughts with a diverse range of people on the same spiritual journey.



We also used prayers from the Lenten Booklet 'Resources for Lent' which used the symbols of a rock, sandals, water and to incorporate our sense of offertory to God during the Lenten season.

These resources are all available from the Diocese and are on the Willochra website.



We were able to include the beautiful roses provided by Rosemary Raymond (pictured) in our own particular focus.



A touch of humour...

* I hate it when people ask me what I will be doing in two years time.. Anyone would think I have 2020 vision!

* At a costume party:

Host: What are you?

Me: A harp

Host: You're too small to be a harp

Me: Are you calling me a lyre?

* **And, did you hear about those pesky possums?**

The Presbyterian Church called a meeting to decide what to do about their possums.

After much prayer and consideration, they concluded that the possums were predestined to be there and they shouldn't interfere with God's divine will.

At the Baptist Church the possums had taken an interest in the baptistry. The deacons met and

decided to put a water slide on the baptistry and let the possums drown themselves. The possums liked the slide and, unfortunately, knew instinctively how to swim so twice as many possums showed up the following week.

The Methodist Church decided that they were not in a position to harm any of God's creatures. So they humanely trapped them and set them free near the Baptist Church. Two weeks later the possums were back when the Baptists took down the water slide.

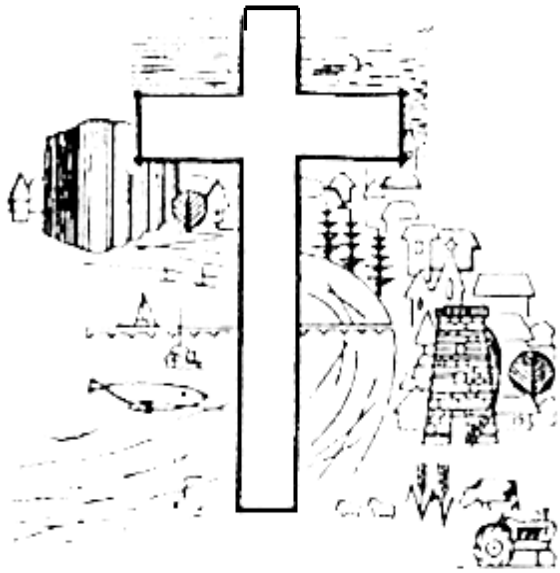
But the Catholic Church came up with a very creative strategy. They baptised all the possums and consecrated them as members of the Church. Now they only see them at Christmas and Easter. Not much was heard from the Jewish synagogue. They took their first possum and circumcised him. They have not see a possum since!



On behalf of our parish, thanks to all who have renewed their 'promise offerings' towards God's work following the stewardship visit of Michael Ford from Willochra Diocese.

There are two 'drivers' of this programme: our growing debt (\$16000 deficit budget in 2018) and our Christian responsibility to give generously towards God's work.

To date about 57% of 'households' have returned 'promise offering' cards for a total increase of \$16380 per year. Our current programme is ongoing, so we encourage all to share in giving generously and joyfully. Be assured that your promise is an intention to give and can be varied if the need arises and that your giving is treated confidentially.



This newsletter comes to you from the Anglican Parish of Port Lincoln in the Diocese of Willochra.

PARISH PRIESTS:

Rev Peter Linn 0429 008 155

Rev Ruth Buxton 0478 819 649

Rev Brian Bascombe 0427 313 112

Rev Sonja Nugent 0407 728 512

Church Office, Parish Centre is at
32 Washington Street, Pt Lincoln.

Office Hours:

Wednesdays 10.00 am to 12.00 pm

Phone: 8683 0036 Fax: 8683 3009

Email: angparlincoln@bigpond.com

Website: www.anglicanportlincoln.com.au

HERE AND NOW

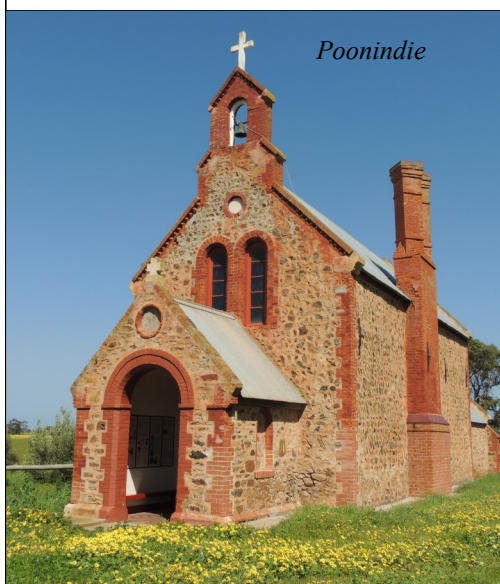
Published by;
THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF PORT LINCOLN
PO BOX 73, PORT LINCOLN SA 5606
Print Post Publication Number: PP540656/00004

**SURFACE
MAIL**

POSTAGE
PAID
AUSTRALIA

ADDRESS LABEL

PLEASE ADVISE CHANGE OF ADDRESS



**OP SHOP IN PARISH
HALL**

**FRIDAYS 9AM-3PM
and
CRUISE SHIP DAYS**

*Fresh fruit and vegetables
are welcome early in the
day. Clean shopping bags,
clean clothes and house-
hold utensils, knick knacks
etc welcome. Nothing elec-
trical, thank you.*

