



PARTNERSHIP IN PRINT



ISSUE NO. 59 OCTOBER 2020

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

When it comes to birdlife, Meg is the go-to person on the ministry team. Her knowledge of our avian friends is a vast and deep ocean, while mine hardly rates as a puddle. So it's been odd to find myself being captivated by a nest of birds that are living in Sydney's Olympic Park. I came across them via an article about them on a newspaper website. People all around the world were tuning in to the webcam livestream provided by the Birdlife Australia Discovery Centre to watch the progress of two recently-hatched white-bellied sea eagle chicks. They have been (rather boringly) dubbed SE25 and SE26, and I first saw them about a month ago when they were three weeks old. The YouTube video at that time had space for comments, and there were indeed people commenting from all around the world. The little eaglets and their progress were providing entertainment to plenty of house-bound people as well as bird lovers who were apparently regular viewers each year.

I check in on them most days for a few minutes, and it's possible to 'rewind' the days events to look back at the highlights; a fish brought by mum and feeding time, interaction between the chicks, their dad fending off a swooping magpie or two. It's been interesting to see their growth and the rapid changes in their appearance, as well as their experiments with flapping their wings. These two siblings don't seem to have too many disagreements, and they seem to be getting equal attention at feeding time. All very promising for their development.

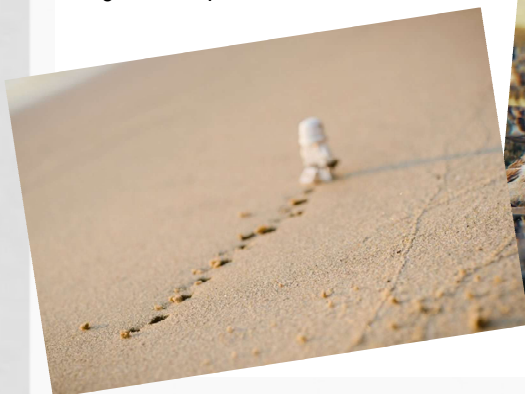
It can be difficult not to ascribe human characteristics to these two, or to be caught up in their story. Those commenting have expressed concern about one of SE26's legs, to the point where the

comments were closed. The administrators were keen for people to understand that these are wild animals and that they have a policy of non-intervention, but people watching kept asking if they were going to help. It was hoped that the leg problem was just a delay in SE26's progress, but the problem is persisting, and there is some concern that it won't survive into adulthood. When I tune in to watch, I keep hoping that he/she will have stood properly today, but it doesn't look like that will happen.

Every now and then I stop and think about the drama being played out in this nest high above Olympic Park, and the fact that I could be completely oblivious to its existence. I care about these birds and their survival, purely because of an accident that connected me to them. My heart and my head are not big enough for all the stories like this that are being played out in sea eagle nests, in robin nests, in foxholes, in families all around this vast blue orb spinning through time and space. All of them, however, are caught up in the loving gaze of the God who sees it all. The vastness of God's love, holding all of this and more is mindboggling to contemplate. *So do not be afraid; you are of more value than many sparrows* says Matthew 10:31 (maybe even sea eagles?). Your story is important to God, and God sees your highlights and growth, your difficulties and disappointments when others are oblivious.

I wonder...what are the stories that are capturing your attention at the moment? Where do you see God in the midst of them?

Rev. Annette Buckley



Photos from Unsplash by Daniel Cheung, Janik & Greg Rosenke

LECTIONARY Readings Year A

Ordinary Sundays after Pentecost

A period of time that varies in length depending on whether Easter is early or late. In this period, the Church recalls its faith in the Holy Trinity. It seeks to relate its faith as a people of God to Christ's mission in the world. It commences with Trinity Sunday and concludes with the feast of Christ the King.

Date	Day/Season	Color	1st Reading	Psalm	2nd Reading	Gospel
4 Oct	Ord Sun 27	G	Exodus 20:1-4, 7-9, 12-20	19	Philippians 3:4b-14	Matthew 21:33-46
11 Oct	Ord Sun 28	G	Exodus 32:1-14	106:1-6, 19-23	Philippians 4:1-9	Matthew 22:1-14
18 Oct	Ord Sun 29	G	Exodus 33:12-23	99	1 Thessalonians 1:1-10	Matthew 22:15-22
25 Oct	Ord Sun 30	G	Deuteronomy 34:1-12	90:1-6, 13-17	1 Thessalonians 2:1-8	Matthew 22:34-46
1 Nov	All Saints Day	W	Revelation 7:9-17	34:1-10, 22	1 John 3:1-3	Matthew 5:1-12
1 Nov	Ord Sun 31	G	Joshua 3:7-17	107:1-7, 33-37	1 Thessalonians 2:9-13	Matthew 23:1-12

Colours: P – Purple

W – White

G – Green

R - Red

WOODEND OP SHOP MOVING DAY HELPERS NEEDED

The **Woodend Opportunity Shop** will be moving from its High St location to the **Woodend Church** Property on **Saturday October 17th** commencing at the shop from midday.

We would **appreciate the help** of anyone from the partnership to transport goods and furnishings. If you have a ute or trailer, they would be very helpful.

We will also need some help after the Saturday to remove all the timber infrastructure from the shop interior. We can arrange days and times to suit. If you have these skills, we would also like to hear from you. The timber will be transferred to the hall. We need to exit the property by the end of October.

So **if you** can spare some time that afternoon to help us re locate we would be **very grateful**.

Please phone **Bronwyn Hewitt on 0409260397** or **Jan Cole on 0413837068** if you are able to come.

Thank you
OP Shop Committee.



Remembering 1950's Australia

Pasta was not eaten in Australia.
 Curry was a surname.
 A takeaway was a mathematical problem.
 A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower.
 All potato chips were plain: the only choice we had was whether to put salt on or not.
 Rice was only eaten as a rice pudding.
 Calamari was called squid and we used it for fish bait.
 A Big Mac was what we wore when it was raining.
 Brown bread was something only poor people ate.
 Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
 Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.
 Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold. Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.
 Fish didn't have fingers in those days.
 Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.
 None of us had ever heard of yogurt.
 Healthy food was consisted of anything edible.
 People who didn't peel potatoes were regarded as lazy.
 Cooking outside was called camping.
 Seaweed was not a recognized food.
 "Kebab" was not even a word, never mind a food.
 Prunes were medicinal.
 Surprisingly, muesli was readily available, it was called cattle feed.
 Water came out of a tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol for it they would have become a laughing stock.

I heard this last year at a church service, something to ponder, a reminder to encourage and build each other up in the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ. (from Carl Zumstein)

Let every pulpit rightly say, "**we preach Christ crucified!**"
 A strong church once inscribed these words on an archway leading to the churchyard. Over time, two things happened: the church lost its passion for Jesus and His gospel, and ivy began to grow on the archway.
 The growth of the ivy, covering the message, showed the spiritual decline. Originally it said strongly, **we preach Christ crucified**. But as the ivy grew, one could only read **we preach Christ**, and the church also started preaching "Jesus the Great Man" and "Jesus the Moral Example" instead of Christ crucified.
 The ivy kept growing, and one could soon only read, **we preach**. The church also had even lost Jesus in the message, preaching religious platitudes and social graces. Finally, one could only read **we**, and the church also just became another social gathering place, all about **we** and not about God.
 Gal 1:6-7 I am amazed that you are so quickly deserting Him who called you by the grace of Christ, for a different gospel; which is really not another; only there are some who are disturbing you and want to distort the gospel of Christ.



HIDDEN GEM

Do you recognise this place? It's a body of water in one of the communities of the MRP. Does anyone know what water plant this is?

Have you a **Hidden Gem** in your community? Take a photo of your community's Hidden Gem and see if others can recognise it. It may be a building, a natural environment feature or...????

This month's picture is from.....??? (see page 8 to see if you're right!)

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<h1>October 2020</h1>				1	2	3
					11am Zoom chat AB	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
10.30am Zoom Chat AB		10am Zoom chat LY			11am Zoom chat AB 6.30pm Fish'n'Chips (Kyneton via Zoom)	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
10.30am Zoom Chat AB		10am Zoom chat LY			11am Zoom chat AB	12pm Woodend Op-Shop moving day PIP items due tomorrow!
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
10.30am Zoom Chat AB PiP items due today		10am Zoom chat LY			11am Zoom chat AB 6.30pm Fish'n'Chips (Kyneton via Zoom)	
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
10.30am Zoom Chat AB		10am Zoom chat LY			11am Zoom chat AB	

*Zoom Chat: the ministry team are available to assist you in staying connected to your church family. Please contact the minister who is available at the time that suits you, so that you can be given the appropriate link to participate: Annette – Friday and Sunday, Linda – Tuesday, or arrange a time for your gathering.



Recently I watched the film *Les Misérables*. Dramatic and terrible scenes picturing the French Revolution. Haunting and involving music. One lyric recurs in my mind again and again.

*"There's a grief that can't be spoken,
There's a pain that goes on and on,
Empty chairs and empty tables,
Now my friends are dead and gone."*

Around the world such a scenario is occurring again and again. The pandemic has taken millions of lives. Friends, families, innocent lives known and unknown. Family circles are broken, birthday celebrations cancelled, weddings down-sized and funerals limited to a few. Everywhere empty chairs and empty tables. How long will it all go on? Will the curves flatten? Will there be a vaccine and a cure? The great unknowns.

Soon it will be Christmas. A Christmas

www.victas.uca.org.au/resources | Photo by Clint Patterson | September 2020

unlike any others in our life time. It is a time when we gather in our own traditions as families and friends. Happy time of celebration and goodwill. It is the birthday of the greatest healer and health worker who ever lived. In his short life he healed, helped and saved.

He had a message of Hope. He took on the greatest pandemic of evil. He was misunderstood by the system, condemned and crucified for his trouble. Yet he forgave his enemies.

This year, the pandemic will leave us with many empty chairs and empty tables. There will be many crosses to remind us of what we have lost, and we will look for a sign of hope. And it comes when we process the rest of his story. The message Jesus preached was love, forgiveness and new beginnings.

In the midst of this terrifying time we need to demonstrate and hold fast to the faith which underpins our lives.

Reflection and Poem Wendy Hebbard

As one gets older it is hoped we have learned to be wiser. One learns that time in the Bush or a lovely garden is so refreshing and healing.

During the lockdown life has become quiet but not boring, if you can appreciate small things, say a cup of tea lovingly made and brought to you.

You can now hear the birds singing.

We simply appreciate the small things, the smile of a passing stranger, or a kind deed from a neighbour.

Some have learned to meditate, to be mindful of life around us.

There have been frustrations, like not being able to go to classes, meetings, church, or even seeing our friends, but there are compensations --- becoming slower, calmer, reading and listening.

Can we accept the conditions without resistance and craving for something different?

We know it will pass.

These times could be a lesson in humility.

Let's go for a solitary walk before sunset.

My mother once mentioned having "an educated heart"

Let's keep it up.

Questions

Will we emerge from the pandemic as better people?

Could the caring and acts of kindness become part of our living.?

Poem

Thank you for giving me the key to live my life more joyfully.

Thank you for showing me the way to be more loving everyday

You taught me to share a smile with a kind friend once in a while

Or even with a stranger, who may need a little sunshine, too.

I saw a rainbow in the sky. Involuntary came the cry, --

"A rainbow. Look! How lovely there!

The stranger thanked me for his share of colour on that wintry afternoon,

Quick flash of friendships in a smoke-filled room.

Surprise it was to me that such a brief affinity was of some value to a person,

Who,

Perhaps is feeling as I do.

How can we show to those we meet life isn't sour -- it's often very sweet

A little plug for one of our locals.... Yes – it is a repeat plug (also a little outdated now) however Work Experience Podcast has been going strong, now finishing Season 6... but still worth listening to (even if you don't consider yourself 'youth' – perhaps particularly if you don't!) One episode titled **"Round the Block – A Radical Reset?"** perhaps is particularly relevant to the Macedon Ranges Partnership as we face how we manage 'church' in this current time. Our Presbytery has also promoted the podcast in relation



to Intergenerational Communities. Tune in to WorkXPC to hear Braden French (Youth Ministry Coordinator at Synod and Gisborne resident) exploring the issues & trends with and alongside young people. Available through your favourite Podcast listening App or try workxpc.com and find it through the link at the website

More **'Getting Older'** funnies

I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now.
 I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. Old age is coming at a really bad time.
 I decided to stop calling the bathroom the "John" and renamed it the "Jim". I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning.
 When I was a child I thought "Nap Time" was a punishment. Now, as a grownup, it feels like a small vacation.
 The biggest lie I tell myself is, "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it."
 I don't have grey hair; I have "wisdom highlights"! I'm just very wise.
 If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees.
 Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet.
 Of course I talk to myself. Sometimes I need expert advice.
 At my age "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.
 Actually, I'm not complaining because I am a Senager. (Senior teenager) I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later:

- I don't have to go to school or work.
- I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew.
- I get an allowance every month.
- I have a driver's licence and my own car.
- The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant.

I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names.
 Now, I'm wondering: did I send this to you, or did you send it to me?

Poor but Blessed in the Old Days.

We met and we married a long time ago
 We worked for long hours when wages were low,
 No TV, no wireless, no bath, times were hard.
 Just a cold water tap and a walk in the yard.
 No holidays abroad, no carpet on the floors
 We had coal in the fire and we didn't lock doors.
 Our children arrived, no pill in those days
 And we brought them up without any aid,
 They were safe going out to play in the park
 Any old folk could go for a walk in the dark.
 No valium, no drugs and no LSD,
 We cured most of our ills with a good cup of tea.
 No vandals, no muggings, there was nothing to rob
 We felt we were rich with a couple of bob.
 People were happy in those far off days
 Kinder and caring in so many ways.
 Milkmen and paper boy would whistle and sing
 A night at the pictures was our one mad fling.
 We all got our share of troubles and strife
 We just had to face it, that's the pattern of life.
 Now I'm alone and look back through the years
 I don't think of the bad times, trouble and tears
 I remember the blessings, our home and our love
 And that we shared them together. I thank God above.

Partnership in Print is a monthly magazine produced by the Uniting Church in Australia – Macedon Ranges Partnership and is available on the last Sunday of each month, except December

The Hidden Gem: This month's photo comes from the Gardiner Reserve Gisborne, near the bridge over the main street (Thank you Lyn!) Can **you** send me a photo of a Hidden Gem for the next edition of PiP?

Next Partnership in Print If you have stories, dates, meetings, photos or something to share – please send them to me **by 18th October** for the next edition of PiP. I am happy to receive emails or texts via phone and I even look in my letterbox daily!

Robyn (contact details at bottom of Contact list under Z 😊)

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PARTNERSHIP WEBSITE www.macedonrangesunitingchurch.org.au

CONGREGATION DETAILS	CHAIRPERSON	SECRETARY	TREASURER	PROPERTY	COCo REPS
<u>SUTTON GRANGE</u> - Church Access Rd <u>MIA MIA</u> - Matheson Rd <u>BARFOLD</u> - Heathcote-Kyneton Rd <u>METCALFE</u> - 3 Metcalfe-Kyneton Rd	Pip Elston	Doug McIver miamiakynetonu c@outlook.com	<u>Finance Committee</u> Helen Carey (Treas) Roy Gibbs Jenny Elston	Church Council Executive	Marge Townrow Dot Smith
<u>KYNETON</u> - 54 Ebdon St (PO Box 892)					Helen Aldridge, Pip Elston
<u>LANCEFIELD</u> - 9 High St	Rita Vandervalk	Ian Kennedy	Peter Fraser		Ian Kennedy, Rita Vandervalk
<u>ROMSEY</u> - 25 Pohlman St (PO Box 264, Romsey, 3434)	Noel Shaw	Jeni Clampit	Roger Baker		Noel Shaw, Jeni Clampit, Jay Brooks (alt)
<u>TYLDEN</u> - Trentham Rd (c/o Tylden General Store, Tylden, 3444)	Max Hinneberg	Janet Cole	Dawn Hinneberg	Max Hinneberg	Bronwyn Hewitt, Janet Cole Dawn Hinneberg
<u>WOODEND</u> - 37 Forest St (PO Box 34, Woodend, 3442)					George Roberts
<u>MT MACEDON</u> - 682 Mt Macedon Rd	Neil Tweddle	Fiona Armour	Lyn Almond		David Liebich, Neil Tweddle, Anne Fyfield (alt)
<u>GISBORNE</u> - 23 Brantome St	Bev Gilbertson	Colin Chapman	Paul Gilbertson	Neil Moorhouse Rob Dunstan	Colin Chapman, Keith Hallett, Paul Gilbertson

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