



To be on earth the Heart of God

# KIT @ Kippax





## *Time out for reflection*



### Let them come to me

Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them,

for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these.

**(Matthew 19:14)**

I grimaced as I knelt during the Communion Rite. Rather than focusing and praying I was distracted as my 3-year-old daughter, Anabelle, danced around the Tabernacle singing to herself. As a single teen mother, I was feeling vulnerable, I couldn't make my daughter behave in mass. As a young mother, I lived at home with my parents while I completed my university studies and often attended mass with them on a Saturday evening at St Augustine's Yass.

I remember looking at my own mother who was kneeling next to me with wide eyes saying, "help me!" to which my mum just smiled and shook her head as if to say, "don't worry about it, it's ok". This shocked me because my own mother is and always has been a master child wrangler. On the day of the "Tabernacle event", we left St Augustine's after mass and walked towards the Yass Soldiers Club, I watched my daughter holding hands with my dad and said to my mum "she [meaning my daughter] is so annoying! Why can't she just sit still and be quiet!

I was worried that people were judging my parenting skills. My mother said "at least she is here Erin, and

quite frankly at least you're still going to mass too. The only person that Belle is bothering is you and nobody is judging you. So don't worry about it - just ignore her".

When told during the Homily, "shh be quiet Father is talking", she stood up on the pew with a confused look on her face saying "he ain't my father, my father's at home!" Someone from the back row chortled. Being carried out of mass after a melt-down during Communion while she screamed at the top of her lungs "why can't I have just a little taste of Jesus!" repeatedly while the other parishioners giggled to themselves as I made my way as quickly as possible to the door. Hmm, ignore her?

Now when I think of Belle dancing around the Tabernacle and baptismal font, I realise she wasn't being defiant or disrespectful. She was a little 3-year-old inspecting and maybe even appreciating in her own way the parts of our Church that the adults in her life tell her are sacred and special. Why was I desperately wishing that my daughter acted anything less than a little girl enjoying her time at mass?

Why was I constantly embarrassed whenever Belle engaged with the ceremony by asking questions a little too loudly or making her own conclusions about what she was seeing happening? Why was I wanting this curious girl to act in a way any different to the way that God made her? Why was I hindering her from going to Jesus in the only way a three-year-old knows how to?

I realise that the only person who cared, noticed, or worried about it was me. At most, everyone else probably thought she was pretty funny. I know my dad certainly does and often shares the funny things she did during mass.

Jesus chided his disciples when they sent the children away. Even though they did this in an attempt to respect the position of Jesus.

Truly, I say to you, whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it

(Mark 10:15)

Jesus doesn't just want us in our Sunday best on our best behaviour - He wants us at all times. We need to teach our children we don't only go to Jesus when we're well dressed and put together with our happy face on - we go to Him when we're broken, when we're weak, tired, emotional, defeated and alone. He wants us then too and sometimes we are just that at 10.00am on a Sunday and that's ok.

I think of how Belle and I spend mass now. We sit together and she often puts her head in my lap while I tickle her back or give her a cuddle. We get to share a special moment where we both sit in the presence of Jesus together and enjoy it together.

Sometimes, she acts like an 8-year-old and lays under the pew or gets snarly with me and can generally be a monumental pain in my rear. Even when I get back to the car after an hour of pretending like I can't see her sitting upside down in the pew or pretending like her constant nag of "when can I have the Eucharist?!" hasn't eaten every last bit of my patience, I am at least happy that she has gone to mass. I may need a double shot latte on the way home but I am happy... kind of.

Sometimes, I miss the days of the little girl that danced around the Tabernacle looking like a little angel and in a few years, I will miss the little girl that sat her head in my lap for an hour while I tickled her back.

The Kingdom of God belongs to the children. When they get a little too loud or you feel a little overwhelmed, know that every other parent in that Church has been there too and will be there to share a sympathetic smile to say "don't worry about it, it's ok, at least you are bringing them to mass and this will pass".

And one day, when you're going to mass with your grown child, you will miss the little child that used to sit in your lap, dance in the aisle or play in the grass outside and the memories made now will be so very cherished.

Erin Trevaskis

## KIT JUNE cover



COVER IMAGES BY  
SHARON GREAVES

## Feast of the Sacred Heart





# The Red Centre

The 'Centre', is it really red or is it brown, crimson, chestnut, pink, or ochre? Albert Namatjira even painted with purple. Red is said to be the colour of life, health, vigour, war, courage, anger and of religious fervour and love. This holiday was filled with a healthy balance of all.

The flight from Canberra via Sydney to 'Alice' during 'COVID' times was uneventful. Fellow travellers were considerate and cooperative. The wearing of a mask became the norm, thankfully only at the airports and on the aircraft. The aerial view of Alice reminded me a little of Coober Pedy, without the pustules/the mulloch heaps.

Alice Springs is actually situated in the geographical centre of Australia. Surprise! Hundreds of rather large aircraft from many different countries were parked on the tarmac, waiting to resume overseas flights.

The centre – the town of Alice, is home to the Royal Flying Doctor Service and School of the Air, the dry Todd river-bed and the former MSC parish of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The MSC atmosphere of the parish has been retained, Mass was very much like being home at Kippax. The Ghan was parked at the train station – a future venture on my 'wish list'.

Yulara, and then to the Rock. Wow! It is huge! Spectacular from a distance and momentous once close up. Uluru – I felt a reverence....for the space, the first nation's people and their culture and for the sheer magnitude of God's creations.

The 'Field of Light' display created by Bruce Munro was impressive with 50,000 solar powered stems. Walking through the slowly changing colours over a space of seven football fields at night was breathtaking. The 'sounds of silence dinner', however was hard to beat; dining under the outback night sky with delicious foods and wines, big open fire, attentive service, and great company – this was very memorable.





Kata Tjuta (the Olgas) was also a maximum impact, lots of 'men's business' there, whereas Uluru is 'women's business'. The 36 domes of the rocks again amazed with the enormity of their size.

King's Canyon, the scale continued to fill me with awe. The 300-metre-high sandstone walls left me weak at the knees as some of our group anticipated walking up the 500 steps and along the rim. The challenge for me was the 300-metre drop – I'd rather my feet on lower ground.

Stanley Chasm was probably my favourite geological structure. Walking through the path with the drama of the rock-face was significant.

It is said that travel broadens the mind. Cabin fever is something most of us have experienced over the past couple of years. I feel fortunate to have had this travel experience, to meet like-minded people, blow the cobwebs away and encounter these spectacular icons of Australian scenery and learn more of our First Nation's culture.

This holiday was centring. The earthy colours resonated with me, grounding, yet at the same time bringing more colour and a vibrancy to my life, to my heart. Red is a primary colour, one that brings warmth, love, and heartfelt gratitude for my life.

**Helen Kennedy**





# Parish picnic 02 May 2021

With apologies from the KIT team for delay in sharing these







## SEA SUNDAY 11 July 2021

Every year, churches around the world celebrate Sea Sunday: remembering seafarers in prayer, giving thanks for the crucial work they do and supporting them by donating to the work of international maritime charities. During the coronavirus pandemic, seafarers have felt more isolated and have been called upon to make more painful sacrifices than ever before.

Seafarers are essential workers who usually spend months away from their loved ones, even in normal years. During COVID many have been stranded at sea and are still waiting to go home. At the height of the crisis and lockdown, some 400,000 seafarers were stranded at sea long after their contracts ended. They've had to continue working, without any rest days, breaks, or often even the opportunity to set foot on dry land – for up to 17 months. Many experience severe loneliness, isolation and depression, and have to face challenges such as piracy or the prospect of falling ill while at sea. A similar number of seafarers have been unable to travel to work, which they desperately need to make money to feed their families.

Seafarers have helped all of us cope during this last difficult year. Thanks to them, our fears about running out of the essentials at the start of the pandemic were short-lived. They refilled our empty supermarket shelves, and put an end to panic buying.

The Apostleship of the Sea provides pastoral care to all seafarers and maintains the Stella Maris Centre in Australia as a support base. Ship visitors make primary contact with ships' crews and spend time assisting them in various tasks. Chaplaincy services are coordinated through Stella Maris and offered to seafarers upon request. Stella Maris buses travel to and from the docks constantly and provide a much needed transport service for seafarers. At the Centre, seafarers are provided with an opportunity to communicate with family and loved ones, relax away from their work and living environment, and equip themselves with basic necessities. They are greeted with friendly faces who provide every possible assistance.

**We rely on seafarers -  
and seafarers rely on us.**





# Confirmation



## THURSDAY NIGHT

Athuai Athuai • Elliott Burrell • Briony Fitzpatrick • Hudson Henshaw • Tai James • Genelson Kamanda • Jasmine Kelly • Scarlett McLarty • Matilda Parker • Lachlan Sammons • William Sammons • Samson Scarano • Hayden Schorsch • Jansen Veld • Cooper Watts



## FRIDAY NIGHT

Isla Baird • Nicholas Baird • Archie Beveridge • Aideen Blackman • Jacob Gallana • Chenelle Consalves • Michaela Hallaj • Maya Heddle • Evangeline Johnson • Jackson Kell • Zella Kelleher • Thomas Lawrence • Emma Madsen • Jessica Madsen • Finn Pitt • Lacey Slater • Annaleise Spurling • Emma Talip





# June Baptisms

We welcome into the SJA Community of the Body of Christ the following children baptised during the month of June.

*Lincoln Chamberlain*

Son of Peter and Roge

*Spencer Hayman*

Son of Anthony and Jayde

*Lucas Bulger*

Son of Jade

*Logan Scheerlinck*

Son of Rhiannon

*Eli Harrison*

Son of Joshua and Carol

*Mervin Ezeafurukwe*

Son of Marius and Faith

*Dominic Hmeidan*

Son of Nader and Georgina

*Elliott Faulks*

Daughter of Benjamin and Kylie

*Somkenechukwu Ojinuka*

Son of Arinze and Ujunwa

## Our days are few

Like a lead weight, there are days  
when you feel your heart sink,  
days when you stop and ponder  
on how our days are few . . .

Times when you are talking to  
a kind old man and then  
hear he's died and realise  
we're all just passing through . . .

And like a neglectful child,  
you're sorry you didn't  
get to know him much better,  
but time is lost to you . . .

You can only hope and pray  
that those few days you shared  
are treasured like jewels by the  
God who makes all things new . . .

**Shane Murtagh**

Dedicated to Michael Wilson.  
May he rest in God's peace.

## JUNE Funeral

**Agneza Allars**

16 February 1945 – 14 June 2021



Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine  
upon her.  
May she rest in peace.  
Amen



# Obituaries

## NERYL JEAN HOGAN

26 July 1944 – 30 May 2021

Neryl's sudden passing was a terrible shock to her family and many friends.

I have been to many funerals, each very special in their own way, but Neryl's was something else.

I was deeply touched by the Eulogy given by her children Jackie, Kelly, James and Alison. It was absolutely beautiful and a testament of their love for a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother and friend.

No one could honour their mother more.

One thing that was really brought home to me was that we truly do not know the hour or day when our time is up.

Neryl will be greatly missed.

**Carmel Screen**



## ELIZABETH [BETTE] RUTTER



It is with sadness that we advise you of the death of Bette Rutter.

Bette died in Queensland where she and Darrell had retired to in August 2013. Darrell pre-deceased Bette in 2014.

Both Bette and Darrell had been active members of the parish. Bette was a Lector at the Saturday Vigil mass and Darrell was a member of the St Joseph's the Worker group.

We extend our deepest sympathies to their family.



# Kimi & Chief



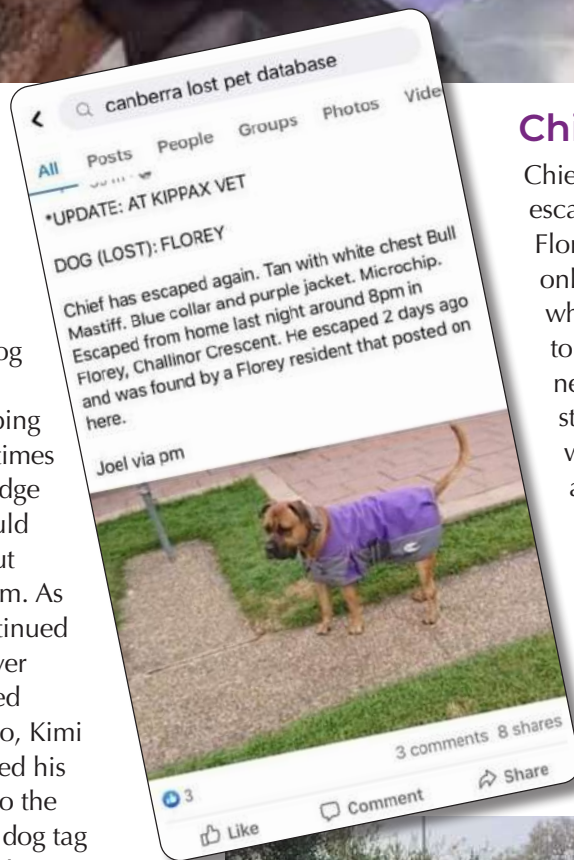
## Kimi's story

Out for his walk through the suburb of Higgins on a cold June morning, a Bull Mastiff came bounding up to Kimi and nipped at his hand and the back of his leg. The first thought that flashed through his mind was "this dog is going kill me". As he continued to walk away from this massive dog hoping it would go away, it followed. Sometimes racing ahead but only to return to nudge him along. Looking around, Kimi could not see a potential owner or figure out which home he might have come from. As Kimi walked on, the Bull Mastiff continued to dog his every step. He was now over a kilometre from where the dog started following him. At a loss for what to do, Kimi phoned the parish office and explained his plight. We advised he bring the dog to the parish office as he may be wearing a dog tag with the owner's contact. The dog and Kimi arrived at the parish office where this very thirsty Bull Mastiff gulped down half a bucket of water.

## Happy ending

At the parish office, Sharon [our dog whisper extraordinaire] took Chief under her wing. He was not wearing a dog tag so she rang the Kippax Veterinary Hospital who advised we bring him in to check if he was microchipped. Sharon and Kimi loaded Chief in to Sharon's car and down to the vet they drove. Bingo! The Bull Mastiff's name was Chief and his owners lived in Florey. Sharon later discovered Chief's owners had put out a missing dog notice on social media.

A happy ending for all involved!



## Chief's story

Chief, the great big Bull Mastiff, had escaped from his family home in Florey the evening before. We can only imagine the antics he got up to while roaming the streets from Florey to Higgins. The fact that he drank nearly half a bucket of water and was starving tells us he did not find any water or food. At first glance, Chief appeared big, with jaws and teeth that could rip one's arm off, but when the initial judgement of Chief settled, he was actually exuberant and friendly, and obviously a good judge of character to put his trust in Kimi as the one to help him find his way back to his family.







## The Marriage Course

How can you strengthen your marriage?

**You're invited to a short, fun course of 7 sessions designed to strengthen your relationship.**

Whether you've been together six months or 40 years, married or in a long-term relationship, whether you're in a good place or struggling, The Marriage Course offers practical support to strengthen your relationship, in a fun-pact format offered online in the comfort of your home via zoom.

The course is open to any couple in a committed relationship, wanting to have fun, spend time together and get to know some other couples. We are advertising in SJA Primary school Florey and St John's parish, Kippax, however feel free to invite anyone.

**Watch The Marriage Course Trailer here:** [Marriage Course Trailer](#)

Come and discover more at the Wine and Cheese Information Night (FREE) to be held at:

**The Marriage Course commences online Thursday 29 July at 7.15pm and runs for 7 consecutive Thursdays.**

**VENUE = Your place** – course is facilitated through Zoom (All important conversations remain private as you discuss each session with your spouse).

Please register for the 7 week course here: <https://www.cgatholic.org.au/sjaps/> or wait until the information night.

The course is free, however you will need to purchase 2 course Booklets at a cost of \$25 each (available for purchase at the information night, or at the Catholic Bookshop in Manuka for \$22 each).

- St John the Apostle Primary School (Library), 9 Pawsey Cct, Florey
- Thursday 22nd July (week 2, term 3) 6.00–6.45pm
- Children welcome - baby sitting and pizza will be provided

**Please RSVP to**

[marina.philip@cg.catholic.edu.au](mailto:marina.philip@cg.catholic.edu.au)

for catering purposes (advise number of adults and children attending)

**The course is being facilitated by Carl and Cathy Madsen and Marina and Andrew Philip, from SJA parish.**



# Down Memory Lane AS WE JOURNEY TO 26/02/2022

1978



Karen,  
Matthew and Sean  
Reynolds (in front) for First Holy Communion  
and Fr. Harry Morrissey

## KIT FROM ANN REYNOLDS

As an original member of the many founding parishioners, I find it hard to believe that we are preparing to celebrate our 50th Anniversary next year. Looking at this photo of my children which has graced our bookshelves for years it made me think of the many memories we have created over this span of time.

Sean's first Holy Communion was special to him, as you can see in the photo him proudly holding his medal. I remember Fr. Harry was always gentle with my children. We have had many family celebrations at St John's; Confirmations, Weddings, Baptisms of the grandchildren as well. My parents had their fiftieth wedding anniversary here. We always think of St John's as our church.

We have been blessed with many MSC priests who have all contributed to a smorgasbord of spirituality. We were all reasonably young couples when we arrived in St John's. I feel we have all benefited from whichever path we have chosen.

Apart from masses which are always there for us. I have enjoyed Taizé masses, silent retreats at Douglas Park, Antioch, Acolyting, Lector, Eucharistic Minister, Pastoral Committees and Liturgy Committees. We had many choices which I think we have appreciated. As I grow older I enjoy watching the younger generations taking part in the Parish.

Many people have contributed to St John's in many ways to make the parish a place of God's comfort. My prayers are for all children and young committed people as we go gently into the 50th year as one in the Lord.

## JUST A CHEESE SANDWICH

Many young mums in the early days of the parish would be familiar with these words.

Like me, they would have been getting the evening meal ready, expecting their husband home from work any minute, supervising homework, multitasking as usual, when the doorbell would ring. Why did it always have to be at the busiest time of the day? But it always was! There at the door would be Father Harry. There was never an apology for calling at such an inconvenient time. He had no idea that it was so. He was the most impractical man one could ever meet.

Of course I would invite him in and ask if he would like to stay for dinner but it was always, "No, no I'll only stay a few minutes but perhaps I could just have a cheese sandwich?"

Just a cheese sandwich! It would have been so much easier to have popped another potato in the pot and divided the meat a little more. But no! I had to stop what I was doing, make space for sandwich-making on the crowded kitchen bench, find ingredients in the fridge and make the blinking sandwich. I made him sit at the kitchen table, within earshot, so that I could then get on with my work but I know some of my friends, when they experienced the "Just a cheese sandwich" situation actually prepared his sandwich and deferred their dinner preparations. In our house he sat with us as we ate our meal and he always enjoyed the family gathering but I don't remember Harry ever eating the same food as we did.

He was an inspiring pastor and established a strong faith-filled community. We loved him dearly and many of us credit him with developing our personal beliefs to way beyond the level they were at the start of the Parish of St John's. But I always wished that he wasn't quite so fond of cheese sandwiches!

**Mary French**



# Down Memory Lane AS WE JOURNEY TO 26/02/2022

1981



Fr Len Helm and the French's at the Cotter Dam. L-R: Fr Len, Mary, Michaela (wearing black, curly wig), Clare and Eric with Alison in front. Louise took the photo.

## A WINTER'S TALE

In the early days of our parish when Fr Harry Morrissey was our pastor life was quite primitive in the presbytery – Spartan in fact!

Harry lived aesthetically and expected everyone else to do the same including Fr Len Helm and Brother Bernie McDonnell who lived with him. These two were beautiful men and so good and kind. Nevertheless they found that their inner peace was not nurtured by frozen limbs! Harry saw no need for any heating in the presbytery even in the middle of a Canberra winter!

There was originally a wood-burning fire in the library (in fact it is still there but has been blocked in) and Len and

Bernie decided that they would take it upon themselves to start using it if they could source the necessary free firewood.

Enter Eric! Ever since we moved into our Higgins home he had collected our own firewood. In all those fifty-odd years we were there we never paid for heating. He became quite obsessive about it and could never pass a fallen branch without stopping to trim it with his always-in-the-car-saw and shove the good bits into the station wagon.

So on a regular basis Len and Bernie would come round to No. 11 to fill their trailer with firewood. I can still see them bending, throwing, catching, stacking log after log into their vehicle with our four girls helping. When the job was done there would be a cuppa with the family before they returned happily to the presbytery to light their fire. There was no heating in their bedrooms either!

Len and Bernie were such good friends – the girls loved them dearly. Len made many cassette recordings for them – we still play his Christmas carol tape at that season. The family was much saddened when they were moved on.

**Mary French**



# Down Memory Lane AS WE JOURNEY TO 26/02/2022

## THE CHARISMATIC PRAYER GROUP

I often reflect on those wonderful years in the Charismatic movement at St John's. For most of those years, we had 40 to 50 people present in our group.

Fr. Dominic loved our group and said, 'You are the nearest thing I have to a family.' Each meeting consisted of hymns, music, praising God, readings, discussions, praying with each other, and adoration of Jesus in the Eucharist. We prayed for peace, the homeless, the sick, our community, and the world. Eamonn and I attended for over twenty years, and I'd like to thank Barbara, Richard and dear Greta, who gave us such amazing music and hymns week after week.

The MSCs had great trust in our group by giving us access to the Blessed Sacrament to have always in our midst. Love, prayer, kindness and a great spirituality flowed from it when we prayed with each other and members of our community. It was the Holy Spirit working through us. In this movement, we were baptised in the Holy Spirit. Fr. Barker performed it for me. So many miracles happened for me then; Eamonn and our children also received great graces.

Fr. Bernie and Fr. Beath were filled with the Holy Spirit as well as the Missionaries of God's Love. We loved our meeting place at St John's and our Charismatic Mass on Sundays. Richard, Barbara and Greta were and are so special. They loved us and all those who took part, each of whom we adored so much. Julie, David, Bev, Kerry and all our other friends will always be part of us on our journey to heaven.

**Philomena Murtagh**

2007



Some members of a Charismatic gathering

**Charismatic Prayer** continues to be held at St John's on Thursdays at 10:00am.

Please contact Maida on 0423 658 326 if you're interested.

All are most welcome.



# Down Memory Lane AS WE JOURNEY TO 26/02/2022

## Baptisms

James Kercher  
baptised 19 August 1973  
at 1 Starke Street



Peter Laycock baptised  
7 September 1980

Peter Laycock at his  
First Holy Communion



1994



2003