



St Paul's Church, Rondebosch
Parish Newsletter

CARITAS

August 2017

DIOCESAN SYNOD 17-19th August

Synod is always important. The word means “syn. . . “ = together and
“ . . . od” = of the diocese
implying that the church representatives get together in order to agree – although, as we know, this does not always happen. Synod does not meet to discuss airy-fairy doctrine but really practical matters. According to the Synod prayer, God is calling His people to follow His way **in the world** and to build up people **in the community on the foundations that have been laid**, forgiving us where we fall short, encouraging and directing us i.e. to make His heaven on earth! A tall order.

It is hoped that a Rector will be appointed for this parish and a new relationship with the chaplaincy established. Repairs to the Rectory have begun, are going well and the Archdeacon will inform us of any decision.

A difficult issue for debate may be the future of the Anglican Chaplaincy at UCT and its relationship to our parish, St Paul's. By its geographical position, St Paul's is situated in the centre of university life but, if parish and chaplaincy are separated, this centre is divided and lost. The chaplaincy serves not only the students and staff who are already Anglicans but anyone who believes in Jesus Christ - and also anyone who is seeking truth even if this is the “Unknown God”. This “service to the people of UCT” can be based here at St Paul's in Rondebosch in a way that would enrich us all.

“The place where students meet”

How lovely it would be if St Paul's could be a place like this! The phrase was coined in the early 1940s soon after the Anglican chaplain, Revd P H Sitters, and his wife settled into their house, Grotto Hill, on Stanley Road. He had been chaplain to the royal family in Yugoslavia as well as chaplain to the university students there. In a

nightmare journey, fleeing the Nazi invasion, early in the war, they walked from Belgrade to the coast near Dubrovnik bringing only what they could carry and made their way to Cape Town. Already well-known by his superb voice as narrator for The Man born to be King, Padre Sitters continued broadcasting in Cape Town each week. His great friend was Hans Kramer, another refugee, who brought his beloved music and recordings to the chaplaincy. The main feature of the chaplaincy was that it was nearly always open, and the welcome often included a cup of tea – and sometimes a piece of home-made chocolate cake! As a “place where students meet”, there were certainly many wonderful marriages between students who met each other there . . . it lived up to its name very well! In fact it was quite a joke!

In those post-war days most students were suspicious of formal doctrine - so many ex-servicemen had experienced terrible things and easy holy formulae could not be accepted. It was through the Chaplaincy that George McLeod, previously connected to the “Oxford Group”, came on a Mission to UCT in 1949, filling Jameson Hall each night with a monastic mission which was in sharp contrast to the salvationist movement popular at the time. It was he who “resurrected” Iona and the simple Celtic forms of worship with which the name of St Columba is so closely associated. From the Scotland, St Columba took these monastic beliefs and practices to Europe where they had, during those Dark Ages, been virtually lost.

At present in South Africa it is easy to be not only depressed but overwhelmed by the huge corruption and bitter accusations which threaten the fabric of our beloved country. We should perhaps listen to the call of the Celts.

It is, therefore, good to include in this issue of Caritas something about the Celtic way of worship.

Thank you, Di Burger, for giving me the material.

EVERY DAY

Prayer is so much a part of actual living that everyday actions become prayers - from getting up in the morning to lighting the fire, to sweeping the house and washing the dishes, mending, cooking, eating, working in the fields and even putting the fire out at night when going to bed. An active living faith is a positive factor in daily life, not a formal exercise but a state of mind.

For example: when making the bed in the morning, it is done in the name of
“The night we were conceived
The night that we were born
The day that we were baptised

Fire is not taken for granted, but a miraculous gift of God so that people have warmth and light, not only in the body but in the soul -

“God kindle Thou in my heart within a flame of love to my neighbour – to my foe, my friend, my kindred all, to the brave, to the knave, to all . . . “

When the day ends the fire is smothered to subdue the flames, but not to put it out –

“As I save this fire tonight, may Christ save me.

Let Mary and the mightiest angels protect this house and its people till the dawn of the day.”

The people are busy from dawn to dusk, having little time for long formal prayers. Throughout the day they do whatever has to be done carefully, giving their full attention yet making each ‘doing’ an occasion for prayer however mundane and trivial it might seem. Totally unselfconscious, it was natural to assume God’s presence from the start of day until its close. So before making bread, at the start and end of a meal, milking the cow (even praying for the cow’s teats!), walking on the paths of the farm, or any journey – in birth, death, waking, sleeping . . . living and praying are inseparable.

And in THE EUCHARIST

With this bread we rejoice in all who are experiencing growth and the incoming tide,

* with couples discovering a newness in their love, with employees doing new things at work, with parents rejoicing in a new birth.

* We rejoice in all places of learning - schools, universities, colleges and monasteries, preachers and evangelists.

We pray for all growing in stature, in wisdom and in spirit, for infants in their classes, youth in their adventures, adults in their enthusiasm –

* for those growing crops, flowers and produce, for those working the land and caring for cattle, for those working in industry and those at sea . . .

and for all who will meet us in the freshness and the newness of this day;

We offer this wine for all who are being poured out and diminished this day,

all who are experiencing the ebb tide – who are losing mobility, whose minds can no longer cope, for all families facing sickness and death, those with loved ones ill, all who are in hospital, all who this day will bring life on earth to a close;

those who have been betrayed in love, deceived by friends, made redundant;

those whose lives are diminished by tyranny, oppression, injustice;

the poor of our world, for refugees and the homeless, for the cold and starving.

Who in the same night that he was betrayed, took bread . . .

Be gentle when you touch bread. Let it not lie, uncared for, unwanted - so often bread is taken for granted. There is such beauty in bread – of sun and soil and patient toil. Wind and rain have caressed it, Christ often blessed it.

. . . and gave you thanks . . .

Bread is lovely to eat. God bless the barley and wheat.
A lovely thing to breathe is air. God bless the sunshine everywhere.
The world is a lovely place to know. God bless the folk that come and go.
Alive is a lovely thing to be. Giver of life we say Bless Thee.

. . . . he broke it and gave it to his disciples . . .

On the holy cross I see Jesus' hands nailed fast for me.
Loving Jesus let me be still and quiet, close to thee,
Learning all thy love for me, giving all my love to thee!

. . . . saying, 'Take, eat this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.'

Do this, meet together, break the bread. Remember me at the feeding of the five thousand – you do not have to perish in the wilderness . Come to me, and I will refresh you, I will renew you, for I am the bread of life, the bread that comes down from heaven.

Remember me, I am known in breaking, in the breaking of day and in the breaking of bread.

. . . after supper he took the cup and gave you thanks; he gave it them, saying 'Drink this, all of you. Do this as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.'

Forgive – as I have forgiven you, forgive others. I accept you as you are - learn to accept others as they are. Love ever gives, forgives, outlives, and ever stands with open hands and while it lives it gives for this is love's prerogative to give and give and give.

The peace and the blessing.

The Creator who brought order out of chaos, give peace to you.
The Saviour who stilled the raging storm, give peace to you.
The Spirit who broods on the deeps, give peace to you.

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A WHEELCHAIR . . .

Has anyone got one? Or do you know of anyone who might?

If one of our parishioners comes to church who needs a wheelchair, it is so convenient to have one available. We could keep it in the side chapel and bring it out when somebody comes to a service but cannot easily move about.

A great idea.

As this goes to printing, there is news of John Cobby who died in hospital after a bad chest infection. He had been ill for quite a long time. He and other “faithfuls” were in the same Bible study group for many years and he will be sadly missed.

. . . “though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff strengthen me . . .”

Anna Pamplin was 95 years old and had been living at home when she died in July. She had been a member of the St Paul’s congregation for over 40 years, faithful to the end.

Joy Pugh: the Pugh family were well-loved parishioners from about the seventies, when their children came first to the Sunday School and then joined the choir. John had many important medical posts at Groote Schuur Hospital, so it was mostly Joy who took an active part in the Church activities. After his retirement he was always at her side - though sometimes with a joke about his early upbringing as a staunch Congregationalist! Joy and John were regular communicants at Tuesday morning services despite growing infirmities, and also would come whenever there was a sung Evensong. Sometimes their son David would be in the choir. Joy continued to attend the monthly Eucharist and W.A. meetings after John’s death in September 2015 until she died last month.

(Thank you, Pat Winter)

Have you decided what hymns you would like at your funeral? Phyllida Simons, who loved singing but could not sing a note herself, made sure that “Angel voices ever singing” would be included at her service. Don’t leave the choice to the organist. Organists can be quite naughty and I know of one who, when asked yet again by the non-church-going loving couple to help choose the hymns for their wedding, always suggested “Fight the good fight”!

Yes, of course we missed the choir, Sonja and the children during the holidays – and hope you all had a good rest as well as fun. On the other hand it is lovely to welcome Barry Smith as organist during the school holidays! Being the middle of winter, and really cold, he wore a kind of disguising teacosy on his head (perhaps he has a chilly bald patch these days) so that nobody recognised him . . . indeed we thought he was a laid-back student or even a wandering vagrant until he produced those wonderful chords from the organ in glorious voluntaries. He has become one of our St Paul’s family. The 8 o’clockers often give him a good round of applause in appreciation.

THE STORM

Yes, the winds blew and all kinds of disaster happened in Cape Town. It could have been worse but, of course, as could have been predicted, St Paul's copped it again! A whole lot of roof flashing has been blown off, and there it is, lying above the porch, looking really pathetic. Not only that, but the bell has come off its rocker! There it is frozen at an angle, silent. ***** Obviously the asterisks denote the exasperation of everyone! Now there must be negotiations with "insurance"! Pray.

And sadly, very sadly, a great tree fell. An oak of indeterminate age, rotten to the core of its trunk, now lies across the olive grove, relentlessly damaging a few olive trees, awaiting removal/chopping by the Municipal tree and forest people who will doubtless come and do their best to clean up. That tree lived about 100 years! We should think about replacing it with an indigenous tree.

After 10 months, the City Council has not made any attempt to fix the fence on the Main Road. They say that they are not responsible for it. O dear!!

HOMELESS – VAGRANTS - DRUGGIES - DRUNKIES - MENTALLY DAMAGED
There are so many names. Our society has no solution. Their families do not w
them, or vice versa. An excellent leaflet from the City of Cape Town Social
Development is called

SHOW YOU CARE.

CCID 24 hour control centre 082 415 7127

www.giveresponsibly.co.za

What happens when I give money directly to people on the street? Even though your intentions are good, handouts mostly result in people staying on the streets.
Don't promote begging, rather give responsibly.

Partner NGOs can help to break this cycle but need assistance: the Carpenter's Shop, Khulisa, Straatwerk, The Homestead, Ons Plek, Youth Solutions, The Haven, Salesian Institute, Service Dining Rooms, U-Turn, the Street People's Forum and the Western Cape Street Children's Forum (linking a network of organisations).

It should be noted that our very large and expensive gas bottles, kept in a locked store outside the hall, have been stolen! The bolt and locks on the steel door were forced open and the gas bottles have gone! Vagrant thieves yet again?

Father Jim says:

I will be conducting a Bible Study each Thursday at 3.30 to 4.30 pm, in the side chapel. We will begin on August 3rd. It will run until I leave, so roughly from August to November. My idea is to do two eight week studies - one from the OT and the other from one of St Paul's Epistles. Everyone is welcome.

Extract from "JOURNEY OF A SOUL", the story of Pope John XXIII.

Summary of great graces bestowed on a man who thinks poorly of himself, but receives good inspirations and humbly and trustfully puts them into practice.

First grace: to have accepted with simplicity the honour and the burden of the pontificate, with the joy of being able to say that I did nothing to obtain it, absolutely nothing; indeed I was most careful and conscientious to avoid anything that might direct attention to myself. As the voting in Conclave wavered to and fro, I rejoiced when I saw the chances of my being elected diminishing and the likelihood of others, in my opinion truly most worthy and venerable persons, being chosen.

Second grace: to have been able to accept as capable of being immediately put into effect certain ideas which were not in the least complex in themselves, indeed perfectly simple, but far-reaching in their effects and full of responsibilities for the future. I was immediately successful in this, which goes to show that one must accept the good inspirations that come from the Lord, simply and confidently.

Without any forethought, I put forward, in one of my first talks with my Secretary of State, on 20th January 1959, the idea of an Ecumenical Council, a Diocesan Synod and the revision of the Canon Law, all this being quite contrary to any previous supposition or idea of my own on this subject.

I was the first to be surprised at my proposal, which was entirely my own idea, and indeed, after this everything seemed to turn out so naturally in its immediate and continued development. After three years of preparation, certainly laborious but also joyful and serene, we are now on the slopes of the sacred mountain.

May the Lord give us strength to bring everything to a successful conclusion!

[Note written by Pope John in 1959: **This is the mystery of my life.** Do not look for other explanations. I have always repeated St Gregory Nazianzen's words! "The will of God is our peace". The same thought is contained in that other expression which is dear to me: obedience and peace, *obedientia et pax.*]

[What a wonderful introduction to the deliberations of Synod! Ed.]

From Father Jim

By the time you all read this edition of Caritas, I will have conducted three funerals in so many weeks. Two things struck me: in John 5, Jesus reminds us that all will hear the voice of God, and all will be raised to give an account of their lives. What is particularly interesting about John's understanding of these ideas is his double use of the concepts. John emphasises God's call in the here and now, inviting us to follow Jesus during our present lives. We hear His voice saying "Follow Me".

Then John speaks of a "new birth" or a "new life" or "having eternal life"; all referring to a life lived in the power of the Spirit and expressing the discipleship Jesus calls us to. In the Book of Revelation (last narrative in the NT), John speaks of this "new birth/life" as a "resurrection". In other words, John senses that God has raised people up from death into life consciously in their current lives.

I am so encouraged by the responses to the ministry of Word, Sacrament, and Pastoral Care by you all at St Paul's. Your delight at worship and to the visits are reflections, it seems to me, of your devotion to the Saviour and your awareness of His voice and renewal of your lives. Keep on, dear friends, listening carefully to the voice of Jesus. Keep on reflecting on the work of the Holy Spirit blessing your lives day by day. And all this to the Father's glory."

A JUMBLE SALE, mostly of clothing will be held on Saturday 5th August at 8.30 a.m.

**Please look through your cupboards . . . what can you find?
Please ask your friends . . . what can they find?**



Interim Rector: Revd Jim Harris, who will be happy to visit you

Assistant Priest: Revd Darron Misplon, a full-time teacher during school term

St Paul's office: Ph 021 6894720 email: stpauls@netdial.co.za

Contributions received with thanks at the A/C St Paul's, Standard Bank, Rondebosch, 71488928