



ST PETER'S
ANGLICAN CHURCH
CREMORNE

THE COCK CROWS



AUTUMN 2025

ACTING RECTOR'S CORNER

It was fascinating walking around the Parish delivering our flyers before Easter. I had area 5, which included Benelong Road and Reynolds Street and Brightmore and Illiliwa Streets. It was hillier than I expected. As it was a warm humid day, I would have done better if I had taken water with me. Kah Lin did area 9, which was even hillier and included Wonga, Lodge and Ellalong Roads and a number of avenues.

I used to minister in Glebe, where there were many back streets, lanes and pathways. Their incidence here in Cremorne was nearly the same. At the beginning of each side of each street I prayed that the people who received our flyers would read them, and be curious enough to look in on one of services. More than that, I prayed that the Holy Spirit would be active in convincing the residents that they need Jesus Christ in their lives.



Fr Mark in the sanctuary after a weekday Eucharist in the Chapel of Our Lady and St Andrew during Lent.

We have had some visitors and I have had some good correspondence with people who were glad to receive our flyer. We may continue to pray that the Holy Spirit will lead people to our door.

It is hard to know how to reach our neighbours. I know some go to other churches, but the statistics suggest most don't.

I regularly look at how other churches use social media. Many admit to spending a fair bit of money on social media experts and getting disappointing results.

It appears that 'word of mouth' is still the best way of getting new people into church. I have

been encouraged by the number of you who have brought your friends and neighbours to church. One is Daya, a neighbour of Margaret McNabb. I will be baptising her in a few weeks. May she be the first of many.

God bless
Mark

Parish Flyer

Shown here are two columns of the six columns which appeared on our outreach flyer distributed to those in our parish boundary before Easter.

**I know who I am, I
know where I'm going.**

Life is busy.

**I'm a spiritual person,
I don't need the
church.**



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Many of us have felt these things. Others have felt there is more to life, but not sure what it is.

At St. Peter's Cremorne we know we are not for everyone. We worship God in traditional ways that are warm and dignified. Our ways take a little getting used to. There is no rush, and we are happy to explain what we do.

We offer the opportunity to get to know Jesus in a warm and coherent way. We offer friendship, but that is an offer for you to take or leave.

John Halford

John is a long term member of the Sanctuary Team and a long term parishioner at St Peter's. He is pictured here after serving at the 10am Eucharist on a Tuesday morning.

In addition to his duties in the sacristy looking after candles, wafers and wine for Holy Communion and all else, John is a devoted Pastoral Care Visitor. He regularly goes to Bupa Aged Care with Fr Mark, and also succeeds in locating any parishioners who may be in hospital for a spell.

Raised in North Queensland, he settled into St Peter's many years ago being familiar with the tradition he found here.



John is pictured in front of the icon of Mary in the Chapel



If I send my prayer as a text message, will I get a faster reply?

HOLY WEEK

Saturday morning Working Bee before Palm Sunday 23 April



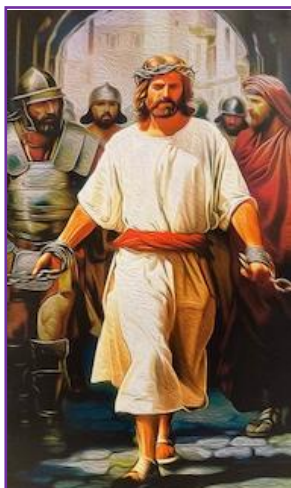
Volunteers in the Sanctuary



The Nave from the West Door



Good Friday – 10am All Ages Service with Stations of the Cross



Good Friday = 3pm Celebration of The Lord's Passion

EASTER – 6am Lighting the Paschal Candle from the fire.
9am Symbols carried from the West Door up the Nave.



Above: The Paschal Candle is the first candle to be lit with a flame from the sacred fire, representing the light of the Risen Christ coming into the world.

*Below:
The Symbols of the Resurrection
The Grave Clothes, the Fragrant Oil, the Stone, the Bread, the Wine, the Cross and the Candle.*



Renovating the Parish Office

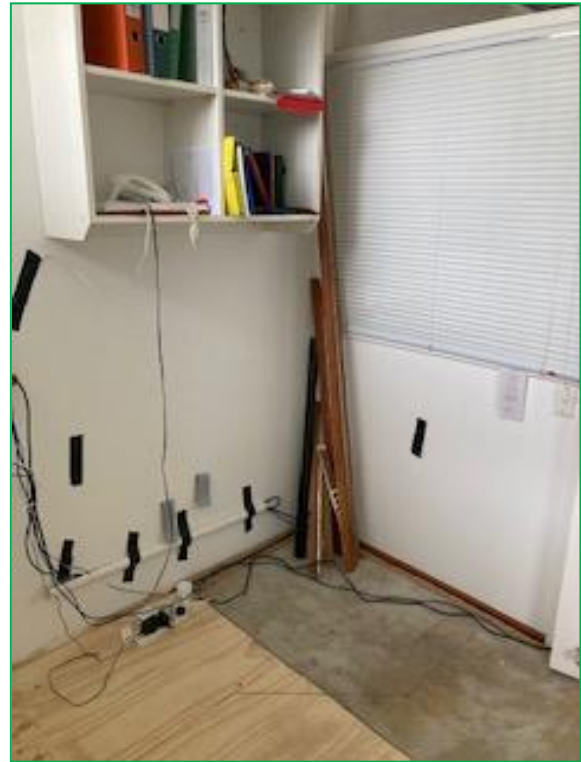
Earlier this year, something most unexpected happened in the parish office. A wall mounted book case holding many A4 arch lever folders became detached from the wall and fell on to the floor. Very fortuitously, the office was empty. The folders were moved elsewhere, the timber remains were removed, and a few weeks later, planning began in earnest to restore order.

Rebecca's desk was moved to the David Armstrong Room, along with the photocopier and a unit to store paper and all else. When the carpet was taken up, the joists were rotten after termite activity and so the scope of the job increased. It was all fixable, and patience allowed the hiring of a suitable carpenter and waiting for the timber.



Electrician fixing new wiring

When the joists were replaced, the new flooring was fixed – and another hurdle was removed. In the Office Administrator's corner, the floor abuts the concrete floor in the David Armstrong Room. Over time the floor had moved which meant the office chair did not sit on a level surface. This was a perennial insoluble problem – now thankfully no more.



Office Assistant's position where new flooring abuts concrete floor in DA Room

The Parish Office is not a large area but it needs to be as practical and user friendly as possible. The photocopier/scanner is the mainstay, and when it goes into non compliant mode, disaster looms. Hard to know for whom the welcome is greater in an office than the copier technician.



The copier will sit here on new flooring

With the flooring and wiring complete at that level, the carpet was the next item on the agenda.

A relatively short job saw new carpet laid in a in a morning.



The computer is connected, there is a new office chair and Rebecca is again working in the parish office.

And with that done, the copier could be moved in, to sit on the carpet.



Copier back in situ underneath the new air conditioner. Also shown are new large pigeon holes which are much appreciated by those that need them.



Completion at last. The cupboard doors are attached, and the handles are fixed to the doors and to the drawers on the mobile pedestal under the desk. Painting is finished.

The total cost of the refurbishment was above budget and came in at approx \$16,000, owing to the unforeseen need to replace the joists and flooring. This included new joists, new flooring, new cabinetry and desk, new air conditioner, electrics, carpet and painting. **Wardens**

Parish Profile - Kah Lin Wormell

Would you tell us about your origins? Where were you born and raised?

I was born in Ipoh, West Malaysia, to ethnic Chinese parents, and was raised with 2 older brothers in a middle-class family. My father was a GP and my mum worked in his clinic. Considered by some as the little princess (youngest and only daughter), I was more a tomboy who just wanted to play with my brothers and the boys in the neighbourhood.

After school I would be found riding bicycles as fast as I dared, netting fish in the broken ditch, climbing trees, spinning tops and joining other rough and tumble activities. I lived there until I left for the last year of high school to Perth, WA. Interestingly, even though my parents were not Christians, I attended some Sunday school classes at a Methodist church, which might have been a bit of a babysitting arrangement. However, I was very fond of the Christian songs I learnt there, many of which I still sing.

Would you like to say something about your faith/spiritual journey over the years – some of the things you have learned, how it affects your daily life?

Have there been other influences as well?

My family was not very religious but like many East Asians, we followed a mix of Buddhist/Taoist traditions. However, being educated in Methodist schools exposed me to Christianity, and I questioned the Buddhist/Taoist practices at home early in high school.

I became a Christian in my teenage years and attended a Methodist church until I left Malaysia for further studies in Perth, WA. Life in Perth was difficult initially as I had no friends and only a few acquaintances I made at school. The young people in the first church I attended had no idea how to approach me or even talk to me. And I was too 'Asian' to know what I could do.

Fortunately, within a few weeks, I bumped into a schoolmate from Ipoh, at one of the orientation sessions organised for new international students. She was a member of Overseas Christian Fellowship [OCF]. With great relief and grateful thanks, Our Father had rescued me from the 'wilderness' and placed me in the welcoming/caring arms of the older brothers and sisters of OCF Perth for my entire 5 years there.

OCF is inter-denominational, so I had the opportunity to experience different churches, from Baptist, Churches of Christ, Anglican and Uniting to Pentecostal.

This was a formative time in my walk with Christ. I attended Bible studies for the first time ever, and realised I was very much a baby Christian. I discovered that there was far more to Christianity than I had thought. I had never even heard of study bibles, much less commentaries, concordances and other helpful guides! And I had to take turns in leading Bible studies.

After returning to SE Asia, Our Father guided me through about 7 years of working life in Singapore, first as an accountant with Arthur Anderson, and then in the finance department of Booz Allen Hamilton, a large consultancy firm. It was in Singapore that I met Mark. That really changed things - he was a successful lawyer but an atheist!

I had to entrust my plans and wishes to Jesus. As it turned out, Our Father already had plans for Mark, and we married within a year. I relocated to Sydney. My faith story took a big turn when Mark gave up his law career and enrolled at Moore Theological College for 4 years to retrain as a minister. I had certainly never expected to be a minister's wife!

In his 2nd year at Moore College, we went on a short term mission to Mauritius and the Seychelles. Mark was tasked with helping the clergy there to teach basic theology to their parishioners.

In Mauritius we were both warmly welcomed and had different meetings scheduled. Somewhat apprehensive as to what might be expected of me at my first meeting, I was told to relax and to just enjoy being a guest. However, within 2 minutes of introduction, I realised that I was the 'meeting' and that they expected to be refreshed by my words of inspiration and encouragement! Oh boy... I had just a few minutes to work on how not to disappoint them.

Desperately seeking inspiration from Jesus, the thought occurred to me that they were all women of my age and older. So if I spoke of what I had learnt about trust from my daughter when she was 4, that would hopefully hold the attention for a few minutes of these women who were my new acquaintances. Please, please Lord, bless me with the words to say and refresh my sisters here.

Partially panicking, but also relying on our Lord, I told them about my daughter. They listened attentively. At the end they applauded and thanked me very much for the lesson! A couple of the women spoke to me and said how much they needed to hear what I'd said. One said that she knew she needed to mature that way - and another said that it was a lesson she really needed to hear.

I was quite startled by what they said, as I had not mentioned anything about maturing but only about child-like fulsome trust in Jesus. So even though they heard the same words, they got different messages.



Kah Lin is an active member of St Peter's. She is a Chalice Assistant and Reader at the 9am Eucharist on Sundays.

After relating it to Mark, it dawned on me that the incident was actually a lesson for me - that as long as my reliance was on the Lord, He would make the words relevant to whoever heard my message.

I have had many different experiences after that eventful trip. Mark and I led a Chinese congregation for several years in Sydney's inner west where their culture and background made them hungry for God's word. Later, Mark was rector at a parish which had an Indigenous gathering within it. I enjoyed befriending them and learning about their spirituality. God has so many lessons and wonders to show and teach us.

And now here we are at St Peter's where we have learnt to love the 'high church' way of worshipping our Lord together.

What do you enjoy about St Peter's?

The music of course, with our brilliant organist, his beautiful cantor voice and his often very stirring postludes. How could we not applaud after having our hearts and pulses raised in such a magnificent way?

The sung Eucharist was foreign to me at first. However, unlike other high churches, St

Peter's has the entire service printed on its weekly service sheets, including the melody lines for anthems and responses! It meant that I could follow along easily and learn the music quite quickly. I now thoroughly enjoy the service each week.

And I have to include here, my thanks for the heartwarming welcome and friendship that the parishioners have bestowed on Mark and me. You are the first parish that we have been a part of, who truly look after each other, the property and your clergy. We can honestly say that we have been blessed richly by Our Father, through you all.

What are some of your favourite activities in your spare time?

- Listening to music: I have a fairly eclectic taste - from classical to contemporary to Jazz to K-Pop.
- Reading: from crime fiction to slower paced warm-hearted East Asian stories.
- SUPing i.e. stand up paddle boarding which is very serene and feels like walking on water. Further I get to see waterways and ecological surrounds that may not otherwise be accessible.

Many churches always welcome more people to worship with them. What would you like to see happen at St Peter's in the next 2/3 years [in addition to a growth in numbers]?

Among the features I particularly enjoy at St Peter's are the Solemn Eucharists celebrated at festivals like Christmas Eve, Pentecost, St Peter's Day, and though without a Eucharist, the Passion Service on Good Friday. With the St Peter's Singers providing sublime music, these services are all wonderfully conceived and performed. They deserve a big congregation who will appreciate them.

Instead, I was disappointed to be among so few of our parishioners. I think there were more visitors than parishioners at some of those services. I felt sad that it was so. In my mind they were wasted opportunities for our church to connect with visitors from our neighbourhood who would have been better welcomed if more of our own people had been able to attend.

My hope is to see most of our congregation members, their invited friends and family, attend these festival celebrations.

The Editors thank Kah Lin for her contribution.

Remembering Marty McCallum

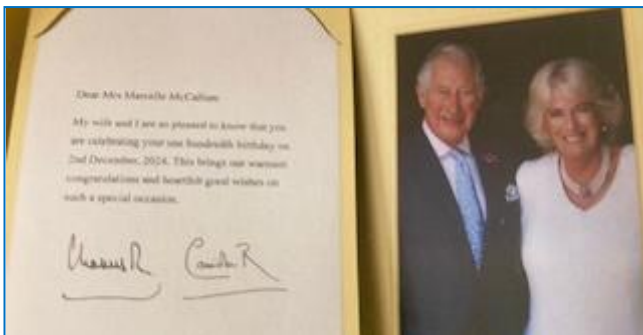
A eulogy is a tough thing to write. How does one summarise a person? A whole life? In my Grandma's case, a very long one.

For Grandma, I have tried to do it before. In 2014, I wrote a poem about her because at that time she was in palliative care. More than a decade ago, she was at death's door. She took a look at it and said: *No, Not right now. Not for me at this stage, thank you.*



From Left: David Routley, Ross and Yoshiko McCallum, Fr Mark. Marty is seated in front, after Holy Communion.

Below: copy of the card from The King and Queen on Marty's 100th birthday.



The central metaphor of that poem was that she was a gum tree because she embodies many of the qualities of a gum tree. She was strong, and held strong convictions and stood by them. She had a firm sense of herself. She cared about people. She laid down roots in the community as we can see by the many attendees here today. And she was nourishing and protective. Under her watchful care, she created a beautiful partnership with my Grandpa, Jim McCallum – a partnership which raised four unique, successful children. Grandchildren arrived with me and my two siblings as well as a family in Japan.

Nevertheless, to represent Grandma accurately, one has to talk about the quiet impact she made – those minor things she did. Through being kind, conscientious, and interested in others, she influenced so many lives, spreading goodness like waves across the sea.

As a small child, my earliest memory was being babysat at Grandpa's house. It was the same house that Grandpa and Grandma built their life together in. I watched the National Geographic TV channel with her. Together we watched documentaries about Amazon tribes, Berbers in Morocco, ancient cave paintings in southern France and more. I came to realise, even with a child's brain, that she was fascinated by the world, and in particular, the people in it. We watched a documentary about the Three Gorges Dam, (a hydro-electric gravity dam that spans the Yangtze River near Sandouping in Yiling District, Yichang, Hubei province, central China) which at the time was the biggest architectural project in the world. I could see in her eyes the awe of that. I didn't really understand but I was in awe of her awe.

I never told Grandma but I later came to believe that these formative experiences are why, 14 years later, I would take a degree in social anthropology, which remains the major interest in my life. And in that way, Grandma will always be with me. She did not realise the effect she was having. She was just being herself. I think there is a touch of the divine in that.



Yoshiko and Barbara Gordon, who visits those at home with Fr Mark.

I imagine that by being here today, everyone will have similar stories, whether they realise it or not. Grandma's fundamental goodness, her passion and her kindness has impacted all of us – in great ways and small, intentionally and otherwise.

Thank you Grandma.

Lachlan Bertinshaw is Marty's grandson.