



St Paul's Church, Rondebosch  
Parish Newsletter August 2016

## CARITAS

returns as a title for this newsletter. It is a word with such beautiful meanings that, like a precious diamond with many facets, one fears to cheapen it by casual use. It is the word for the kind of love which cares, which listens and gives, not for myself but for “you there” – and which also receives, the hallmark of love.

## SPRING

is in the air and so is hope – buds, snowdrops, green grass, the first new leaf. Thank you, God, for peaceful elections, for new ideas planted in our hearts. Thank you, God, for the rain, and for the springtime.

Shared meals are the hallmark of Christ's church, whether grand weddings or a simple supper, grace before meals or solemn Eucharists. Jesus simply “turns up” there, often unrecognised. He was undoubtedly there among the crowd who came to the **Parish breakfast** on 30<sup>th</sup> July happy in each other's company. Special thanks go to those who had to dash to the shop to get more eggs! The kitchen people enjoy being really busy and feeding so many people.

It can get quite comfy in a group of friends as “when two or three are gathered together . . .” sometimes dangerously so, but because the people of St Paul's are part of the community of Rondebosch, the Parish Breakfast is a great way for us to meet each other. Where else can you get a breakfast like ours for that price – especially with all the fellowship thrown in?

Students – bring your friends too . . .

*“Old folks, young folks, everybody come,  
Join us at St Paul's and make yourselves at home.”*

[perhaps we should leave out the rest because we cannot have chewing gum upon the floor!]

Because CARITAS reaches out beyond the church walls and service times, we need an “evangelist”, in fact we need a whole army of them because Rondebosch is packed with apartments and every room is full, like a honey-comb in a beehive.

Now that Olivier, and his family, have left for greener pastures in the north (though St Paul’s will always be close to their hearts), his departure is a serious loss to the Parish Council which is already smaller than usual. Olivier was “the Evangelist”! All of us are messengers for Christ in one way or another, but we need at least one person who will make a point of talking to new people, finding out about them, making them feel at home. That is what Olivier did: it was his special task and he did it well especially at the monthly Parish Breakfast. Who now is to be our dedicated “Missioner”, our Evangelist?

Please think about this. Our Lord reaches out. That is how He found us. How can we reach out for Him? Whom can we find for Him? Who are the people whom we meet and how can we interact?

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103 years ago **Mary Amoire was born, and at that time women did not have a vote!** She lived through two World Wars and many more after that. One of seven children, she was a scholar and a teacher until she married Freddie Amoire, a new priest from Mirfield. They came to S Africa in 1948 – to East London and Pretoria before coming to Cape Town. Their three sons included twins! In my book, anyone who successfully rears twins is a saint!

Always young at heart, Mary was born again into eternity on 19<sup>th</sup> July 2016, after 103 years of rejoicing in her earthly life and 20 years after Freddie’s earthly departure. At her Requiem Mass one

could sense her spirit passing and feel the brush of angels' wings. Mary rang true, like a well-tuned instrument.

It must have been hard to look after Mary for so many years. "No NO!" expostulated Kate "It is the other way round. Looking after her was a privilege. She taught ME because she showed me how to receive and this is not easy. People would come, often bearing a gift, and to every one Mary would respond as though that person was precisely the one she most wanted to see, and that the gift was something that she really needed. Even though it was flowers when the vases were already full, or food when the fridge was stuffed, the new gift was gratefully, and gracefully, received. Mary knew how to receive, and she taught me." A mother-daughter-in-law relationship like this is rare indeed. The tears were unexpected, from a fountain of love.

Kate writes: "Then there are the three important insights -

1. Mary obeyed the vital rule which should be observed by all mothers in law: "Thou shalt not interfere!"
2. Mary did not demand things and as a consequence it was much easier for each of us to give of our best.
3. Finally, Mary had a gift for receiving the help she increasingly needed, in uncomplicated ways. She knew both how to give and to receive. It is the transition from being a 'giver' to becoming a 'receiver' that for many, is one of the great challenges in life. Receivers are not 'takers' because the person doing the giving feels better about themselves by virtue of the way their efforts and kindness are received.

So my conclusion is that while many people have been very generous about me and the care I helped provide for Mary, I am 100% clear that it was Mary herself who made this possible. Mary enabled all those who cared for her to be the better parts of themselves. The last point for me is that it is so important for me (in fact probably all of us) to try and learn these lessons so that one day, should I need help, I will not be a burden to those around

me. My hope is that just by being myself, I will enable them to give gladly. Indomitable but never dominating, Mary was wonderful. It was a great privilege to be her daughter in law. We miss her greatly.”

“The other subject that I did not mention was the importance of music when caring for someone with encroaching dementia. Just singing to Mary often helped us to get through the business of things which had to be done but which Mary did not want to do. There were many renditions of ‘All things bright and beautiful’ in the bathroom!” which was written by that prolific writer of familiar hymns . . .

**Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823-95.** She lived in Ireland, in Derry, for most of her life, and she married a priest who became the Archbishop. She helped many poor folk and was loved by them. Even as a little girl she wrote poetry, and then hymns, over four hundred of them, many of which were for children. All the profits from the publications of her hymns were given to help an institution for Irish mutes!

'There is a Green Hill far away' was inspired by a little hill outside the walls of Derry. In her mind Jesus was crucified on a hill like that. She composed it while she sat at the bedside of a sick child. In the middle of the First World War a doctor was busy in his consulting room with patients who were affected by the many tensions of the war and, as he was listening to their anxieties, he heard singing nearby - "There is a green hill far away". The doctor said to his patients, "If we all believed in the truth of that hymn we hear being sung, we would have less worry, anxiety and fear".

Her hymns have become very familiar to us - All things bright and beautiful, Nearer my God to Thee, Rock of Ages, Onward Christian soldiers, Jesus thou joy of loving hearts . . . . so many of them and I had not known that the metrical version of a hymn known as St Patrick's Breastplate, a truly Irish saint, had been written by Mrs Alexander. Here is the refrain:

*Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me.  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.*

## MUSIC

Pat Winter has recalled some of her memories of Rondebosch life dating from the '40s. She tells how her family used to go to St Thomas's except for Evensong when they went to St Paul's because the choir was so lovely. It was the practice, in those days, for the boarders at Rustenburg and Rondebosch to come to church. Does anyone remember why they stopped coming? Was it because "Government" schools could not show preference to Christianity? Was it because the parents objected? Perhaps someone has an answer. Pat is now a regular at St Michael's, Observatory, but she still loves to come to St Paul's for Evensong because it brings back happy memories.

Nowadays at St Paul's we hardly ever see someone of school-age in church. Consequently we have no young choir voices, either boys' or girls'. For that exquisite sound we have to rely on the great British cathedrals at Westminster and King's College or on secular choirs who sing to perform but not to worship. We have a heritage of good music here at St Paul's - wonderful organists and glorious voices. We are privileged to have Sonja Brasler (and often Grant as well), and to know that Barry Smith loves to play our organ because he feels so much at home . . . but we do need more voices. Surely there are students who were in choirs "back home" who could join us now.

Ta ra Ta ra Ta ra

**THE U C T BIG BAND is coming!!**

Jazz at its best, with songs old and new,

Saxophone, trombone, bass, vocalists, trumpets, drums galore

**September 9th** – don't miss it!

Give those examination blues a real shake-up

By contrast

On **Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> August at 6 p.m.**  
at the United Church on Belmont Road, Rondebosch  
**CONCERT of “nearly” Chamber Music**  
with recorder, cello, guitar, violin, piano  
preparing for a  
**TAIZÈ PILGRIMAGE of TRUST**  
to Benin, in West Africa.

Taize is an ecumenical community in France, founded by Brother Roger in 1941. Every four years a gathering is held which draws around 8000 young adults from across the African continent . . . to support them in their spiritual quest, to deepen trust in God, in oneself and others. This year the meeting is in Benin. R60 entry + Soup and bread will be served!

We need a bit of good cheer because

**HOW LONG will it be**

until a Rector is found for St Paul's? There are few candidates and many empty parishes. Ask a churchwarden, ask the Archdeacon, and the answer is the same . . . there is no news. The only thing we do know is that the Rectory needs either extensive repairs or an entirely new development of the whole property. This will cost a lot of money which St Paul's does not have and that is the hard truth. Praise God that we have licensed lay ministers who are not only well qualified but generous with their time. God's people in the congregation give their time and work unstintingly. May God bless them and keep them strong.

Sadly, not everything is nice . . . a nasty backlash was suffered by Detler and Barbara Basel when their car was very badly scratched, all round, deep into the duco, by an ill-wisher who is likely to be a disgruntled vagrant! This was more than a most unwelcome expense – it has a vicious feeling too. There are still one or two people sleeping on our grounds, fouling them and leaving their

rubbish and there are still people who haunt the lych gate. Please ask them to move on if you see them. Perhaps a Night Watch routine could help. Because Rondebosch “village” has become a centre for students, could we ask some of them to patrol at night and include the church grounds so that, if there are people sleeping there, the police can be asked for help?

. . . . and then there has been

“The Case of the Vanishing Candlestick from the Altar”

(The Parish Council is trying to find a certain M Hercule Poirot for his assistance . . . A man dressed as a woman - of course - on the pretext of prayer - of course – looking innocent – of course . . . . )

watch this space

meanwhile **there are**

### **Herds of Voetsaks**

The sun shone out of the heavens, the birds they all were still,  
And only the song of the kopjes and the donga’s bark so shrill  
Broke the silence and heat of the noonday, whilst under the sultry sun,  
Two little mosbolletjies wandered, and laughed in childish fun.

Still were the tall maasbankers, and even the wild konfyt  
Slept in the shade of the voorslag, although the hour was late.  
And herds of beautiful voetsaks ate the succulent short green kloof,  
While a couple of drunken disselbooms slept on the farmhouse roof.

Krantzes and veldskoens in hundreds scented the summer air,  
The spruits were laden with berries, truly the world looked fair.  
And over the gravelled naartjies a lonely biltong ran,  
And I gazed at it all in wonder, and murmured: ‘Ag sis tog, man’

There is good news too.

Our ingenious sacristans, desperate for material for a new chasuble (green for the season of Trinity) because the old one was literally in shreds, took the altar frontal away to the vestment maker. Only the “altar fringe” was left, but it is enough! Not only is there a new chasuble, but we can now see the altar itself! It is not a table, it is a proper solid chest. Have you noticed the lovely woodwork, the clever panelling? It shows a central cross radiating out to two crosses on the side - a magnificent piece of imagery.

Have a look next time!

*Please pray for our Parish Council, for our lay ministers, for the fund-raising committee. May we keep true to the Mission given us by our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Some of us are deeply concerned that we are not reaching out to all those who live around us in Rondebosch, mostly in apartments – students, old people, maybe short of money, lonely, sick perhaps. There are people who love our Lord Jesus Christ who feel “left out”. If you know anyone who needs a visit, please say so.

**Pastoral Care** If there is anyone who needs counselling, prayer or someone to talk to, please tell someone in the church – any time - or the Church office.

Father Darron Mispion	083 603 0242	Father Clive McBride	084 6008 767
Father Ivan Weiss	082 2025 280	Rev Erica Murray	082 747 9327
Carol Hartley	083 247 9133		

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