



St Paul's Church, Rondebosch

Parish Newsletter

CARITAS

December 2016

In the beginning
a pinpoint of light in darkness, in mystery . .
the first cell which divides, in mystery . .
then again, and again, until steadily the child forms,
a miracle!

A small boy came to play on an afternoon just before Christmas when we were doing the decorations. He helped us and, because he was Jewish, the tree and the Manger scene were new to him. When his mother came he ran to her excitedly - "Come and see the Information Scene". Clever lad! because God took the form of man, quite literally, to inform us about Himself in a way which we could understand so He did not send a printed information brochure! He came Himself, entering not only the form but also the flesh of man, God Incarnate, alive with blood, alive with feeling, tears, laughter, longing and loving, beginning from the beginning, as a baby.

O magnum mysterium!

**Wishing you all a joyful happy Christmas
A safe New Year
And
Good company with friends and family.**

**We remember especially anyone who, at this time of year, is ill, in
pain, worried, hungry, or just simply
lonely.**

Carol is a word of unknown origin, a word for singing and joy. We thank our choir and organist for their lovely offerings all through the year but especially now. Without carols Christmas wouldn't be Christmas. From angel-singing to deep spiritual contemplation, nothing can match them for creating an atmosphere, whether echoing in a vast cathedral or sung by children in a nativity play. 50 great choir people were asked to choose their 50 Top Carols. They chose nearly all our favourites but, surprisingly "While Shepherds watched", "The Twelve days of Christmas", "The Holly and the Ivy", "Past three o'clock" and "I saw three ships" were not on the list. The top five were

"The Coventry Carol", "Bethlehem Down", "A spotless rose",
"In dulci jubilo" and, top of the list,

"In the bleak midwinter"

(from BBC magazine, firmly Northern hemisphere, definitely not as relevant to South Africa when Christmas Day is rarely bleak and certainly not in mid-winter. What would the S A carol be?)

THANK YOU, BRAVE CHOIR!

and organist Sonja - and her family - who manage to make lovely music although the choir is small. Are there people with voices who could help? If you can read (perhaps as young as 6) and still have a voice (maybe as old as 80) just come and try. You can sing high or low. St Paul's used to be famous for its "naughty choirboys" who swapped peppermints across the choirstalls and then sang with divine voices! In many churches the choirboys were not only brought to and from practices and services, but they were paid (sixpence a week!). As a result of a broad tolerance of religion, religious practice has effectively stopped at schools. Boarders no longer have to come to church, and it is not "cool" to do so – and therefore they don't come at all and we miss those young voices..

WELCOME to our new priest, our interim Rector!

Dr Jim Harris is coming in early January. He retired in 2015. Priests do not necessarily retire because they want to - they have to retire at 66 even if they are fit, well and willing. Many can continue to serve in parishes which need help, when someone is ill or away or, as in our case, when a new priest has not yet been appointed, and anyway they want to go on working. **Interim Priests** are an essential part of the church. From full lives of ministry, they bring years of experience and knowledge. St Paul's is so lucky. After a long time without a rector, of juggling timetables and lectionaries of who is doing what and when, we are ready. The churchwardens and secretary can breathe more freely.

We know him already because he has visited us a few times, but we do not know him well - yet. Over 40 years ago he began his Christian calling as a Baptist, studying in Australia, moving into the Anglican communion, working in many places in Africa (Debe Nek! Do you know where that is?) and ending up for 17 years at Emmanuel Church in Ottery Road, Wynberg, a great ministry linked to St John's Wynberg. Somehow he included in his life many years of study chiefly with Prof John de Gruchy in the Department of Religious Studies at UCT. This earned him his doctorate and he became the Director of Studies for the Diocese of Cape Town, a prestigious position.

He is to be introduced to the parish of St Paul's on Sunday 18th December, which just happens to be while his wife (Jeanette) is in hospital for a knee replacement – we pray that all will go well with her.

“How do you feel about St Paul's, Father Harris?” and he replied:

Hold on to what is there now, Heal and Hope.

Sacramental life comes first but there are people who need visiting and pastoral care is vital in the care of the parish.

WE WELCOME YOU Thank you for coming, Dr Jim, and may you enjoy your time with us here.

CONGRATULATIONS

to all of you who passed your exams. You can feel triumphant, especially if you are a UCT student, because this year has been seriously interrupted and yet you have survived and won. Some of you have passed with distinctions or other honours, and you deserve special praise.

We are all glad that this year has passed, that no-one has been seriously injured or even killed, that sensible discourse is still possible, but yet we know that the year ahead is going to be just as difficult and we shall need moral strength, intellectual integrity and even physical stamina to survive.

We shall be thinking of those students who are writing exams in January. We pray for wisdom for all those who are negotiating peace, who try to understand each other's concerns. Good Lord, please help us all.

Thank you to all who cleared out their bookshelves – we had a lovely show of books and everyone helped so happily. Together with the breakfast and other sales, we made R13 500. Some books which were not suitable for our parish were sent to CAFDA warehouse, the children's books went to CAFDA in Claremont because there is no room to store what may not sell here, or even to stockpile for next year, but the best fiction and non-fiction has been kept and it is planned to put these books out at the "Saturday breakfasts" for people to buy if they wish. They were too good to send away!

Thank you to our own stalwarts, Enid and Lesley, who helped the organiser, Pat Ellis. Dr Tim Noakes was a popular speaker and kept the full attention of his audience for over an hour.

Thank you all. It was great.

Chris Rainier-Pope 1931-2016

After schooling at SACS and Green & Sea Point Boys High, he studied medicine at UCT and graduated M.B.Ch.B in 1953, followed by work and study overseas where he qualified as M.Med.(Paed) and D.C.H.(RCP&S) and as a Certified Paediatric Rheumatologist. The Cecil John Adams Travelling Fellowship enabled him to travel to Boston Children's Hospital to study Paediatric Cardiology and he was given a National Institute of Health award in the USA.

He loved his patients dearly, and was loved by them, whether in Private practice or in the Vereeniging, Vanderbijl Park and Sebokeng hospitals where he worked for nearly thirty years.

He was a member of the Mountain Club for 63 years and of Rotary for 34 Years receiving the Paul Harris Double Sapphire award. Active in Scouting nearly all his life, he became District Commissioner in the Vaal Triangle.

He and Jill fell in love in England in the 1950s, married and had three sons. They came back to Cape Town after he retired in 1995. In 1992, during a climb on Table Mountain, he nearly died from a heart attack but miraculously recovered and lived another 24 years, albeit with a cardiac by-pass and pace-maker. Devoted to Jill, to his family and to his church, Chris lived his life to the full.

All this says nothing. The real point of his life was that he loved and followed his Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. As a student, active in the Student Christian Association, the Christian Medical Fellowship and later for his remaining years, his faith was life to him. Faithful is a good way to describe Chris.

Go well into eternal life, dear Chris. Home at last.

SILENT NIGHT

It is no longer called the Lansdowne Road, but in the 60s, that was its name. It was said that you could find anything, however strange, in the Lansdowne Road. Near the post office there was a small shop which did keys, and bicycles, and funny little mechanical things, a shop run by Mr Lind – or one of them for there were several. They were all very pleasant and, in those days, closely connected to the Anglican church. On Friday mornings a tiny old man with white beard and white hair, a miniature Father Christmas, went riding past our house on an old bicycle, very fast, on his way to Christ the King Church to serve for the 6 a.m. Eucharist – and in wintertime it was pitch dark at 5.30 a.m. That was the oldest brother, Alfie Lind, faithful to the end, entering “the house of the Lord, with joy and gladness” . . . that was him. He was the oldest of the Lind family and he was married to a huge woman who spent most of her life in bed, a very very big bed, a strong one, because she was always ill. She was Antoinette Lind and she was the grand-daughter of Joseph Mohr who wrote Silent Night. Every Christmas the little choir from Christ the King Church visited the Lind house in Selous Road to sing Silent Night to Mrs Lind as she lay in her enormous bed with large tears rolling down her face as she recalled her grandfather.

When, therefore, you have trouble with your keys or your bicycles, and you go to Olympic Locksmiths or Bicycle shop on what used to be the Lansdowne Road, you are probably being served by one of the family because, although the business has grown, they are still there. Martin and Dulcia inherited the shop - the Linds – and now their sons and daughters run it - originally from Switzerland and related to one of our favourite Christmas carols! Who would have thought it?

Special good wishes go to Carol Hartley. Not only has she been a very active churchwarden, but she is also responsible for the smooth running of Anhouse, the Anglican student residence in Stanley Road. This is a 24 hour/day 7 days/week job, unpaid except for a room for herself. She gets called at all times of the day and night, and she responds even when she is sick! Her household is 12 times larger than normal, the building is old and its services often break down and they have been burgled. A student with a suicide wish or with nowhere to stay, or a leaking pipe or an electricity fault – call Carol. Besides this, she has developed a glorious garden on that windy hillside, growing indigenous plants, a few vegetables and some really proud roses. She will be away on a well-deserved holiday for 3 weeks in January. UCT students will only register in March in 2017 owing to deferred exams. Carol is also able to prepare and deliver a remarkable sermon from the pulpit, beautifully researched, prepared and delivered. Thank you, Carol, for all you do and may you have a really good holiday – in Uruguay!

UCT, both staff and students, as well as Anhouse, need our prayers.
It is a tough year ahead in 2017.

Eva Lwabona is leaving us – O no! – sadly, O yes! She is taking her lovely smile home to Tanzania to shine on all the children there. They will welcome her – but ours will miss her here, like all of us (perhaps we are just like kids anyway). Go well, dear Eva . . . and

Veronica Cornelissen is going too. Who so sweet will ever pour out our tea for us after service? Our love and prayers go with you.

To all who have been helping out this year with such willingness – for your care and readiness to visit people, to pray for those in trouble, to fund-raise, to keep the church services going. To our visiting priests, please don't run away . . . you belong here.

Have a wonderful holiday everyone!

THE TWELVE DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS

The first day after Christmas my true love and I had a fight
and so I chopped the pear tree down and burned it just for spite.
Then, with a single cartridge, I shot that blasted partridge
My true love gave to me.

The second day after Christmas I pulled on the old rubber gloves
And very gently wrung the necks of both the turtle doves
My true love gave to me.

The third day after Christmas my mother caught the croup.
I had to use the three French hens to make some chicken soup.

The four calling birds were a big mistake for their language was obscene.
The five golden rings were completely fake
and they turned my fingers green.

The sixth day after Christmas the six laying gees wouldn't lay -
I gave the whole darn gaggle to the R.S.P.C.A.

On the seventh day, what a mess!
I found all seven of the swimming swans had drowned –
my true love gave to me.

The eighth day after Christmas, before they could suspect,
I bundled up the eight maids a-milking, nine pipers jumping,
ten ladies dancing, eleven lords a-leaping,
twelve drummers drumming
and sent them back collect.

REMEMBER
ONLY ONE SERVICE AT 9 A.M. ON NEW YEAR'S DAY