



St Francis Window by Leo Theron  
in the Parish Centre



## *The Franciscan*

Michaelmas September 2011  
St Francis of Assisi Parish Newsletter

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## Foreword

This is a bumper issue of 32 pages with many contributors and lots of photos – many thanks to all who submitted articles and to Dave Tweedley for printing 200 copies free of charge. It is also available online: if you have access to the Web you can reread it there (the photos are larger) and share it with others by directing them to our website.

The last issue of the year is the Advent/Christmas edition that will be available early in December. This is in the not too distant future, so start writing in order to get your contribution in on time. I will be calling for submissions in November.

**Jill Daugherty, Editor**

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## From the Rector's Desk

**My dear Parishioners,**



My letter in this edition takes the form of a Diary of the days I spent in Zimbabwe in July as part of our latest mission to that country.

### **MISSION ZIMBABWE: INAUGURATION OF BINGA MILL**

I'd like to pre-empt this 'diary' by recapping why we went to Binga in the first place. In 2008, Nina Lowes (Rector's wife) had a profound sense of God calling our parish to work in Zimbabwe, but did not know where to begin. It would seem, though, that God knew exactly where and, through our Deacon, Rev. Joan Jones, the team were put in touch with her previous church in Bulawayo, the Parish Church of the Ascension in Hillside. God had also given Gesine Buiten a vision of herself and husband Erik taking a trailer of provisions to Zimbabwe. The Buitens had a contact in Harare, so the first trip (December 2008) was to the Harare township of Mbare. Two subsequent trips (June and October 2009) were undertaken to Bulawayo and surrounding townships. It was during one of these trips that the area of Binga was identified as a place where the displaced community were in dire straits – once woodcarvers of note, they had been dispossessed of their land, as well as the trees that provided the material for their craft.

As the work and missionary vision in Zimbabwe unfolded, the people of the village of Malundi in the Binga district identified their greatest requirement as a grinding mill for their maize. The purpose of the trip that I undertook with Erik Buiten was to witness the inauguration ceremony of the newly installed, much needed grinding mill.

It was after the 9:30 mass one Sunday that Erik ‘planted the seed’, saying: “I’m going to Zimbabwe to follow up on our Binga project, why not join me?” I must confess my immediate reaction was hardly one of enthusiasm. I thought of all the activities (parish, archdeaconry and diocesan) clamouring for my attention... “I’ll think about it,” I responded, giving the stock Anglican answer to a situation where one is not **that** keen to commit oneself. When I got home, I mentioned his invitation to Nina, whose immediate response was both spontaneous and pithy: “Go!” Well, it’s difficult to argue with such succinct and enthusiastic conviction, and so it was that Sunday afternoon that I texted Erik to commit myself to the trip.

### **Friday 22 July**

We flew from OR Tambo to Bulawayo. Arrival at the Bulawayo airport constitutes an adventure in itself. The ‘new’ Joshua Nkomo Airport has been in the process of renewal for eight years, I believe. The temporary arrivals area – there is a glorious handwritten sign ‘Temporary Joshua Nkomo Terminal’, which is itself fast becoming extinct – is nothing more than a World War II aeroplane hangar divided into sections. After some officious blustering by an ‘aren’t I important’ customs official, having our luggage checked for contraband (decent lavatory paper was my ‘smuggled item’) and being crowded into a small area with the rest of the Airlink passengers, we were finally through.

If you want to feel loved and wanted and convinced you are the most important person in the world, then you must be greeted as you arrive by Fr Shingi. His broad smile and delighted whoop are unusual, but heartening, not to mention the hugs. He would not hear of us carrying our own bags and, chattering away at ten to the dozen, all the while clutching our luggage, he led us to his car. When it comes to driving, dear Fr Shingi only knows two styles: snail’s pace and flat out. Drawing on the latter, we shot out of the airport parking area (a dusty field really) and made our way (swiftly) to the Rectory. And, by the way, for Fr Shingi, there is no such thing as a pothole – they don’t exist.

Later that evening we attended Solemn Evensong at the Cathedral of St John the Baptist. It was in fact a service to welcome Bishop Richard Cheetham and a team of six from the Kingston Episcopal Area, Southwark Diocese, UK. Then on to our lodging. We were the guests of Tish and Bill and their son Will. Their house warrants a chapter on its own. A 90 year old stone house, built on a hill, surrounded by huge boulders, it borders on a little nature reserve. The Parker Knoll floors are all loose and so walking across them produces an (initially) wonderful clacking sound. Oh yes – the entire house is crammed, I mean **crammed**, with antiques, bits and pieces and ... well rubbish, of every conceivable colour, hue and variety – pure bliss for a fellow magpie!



Frs Timothy and Shingi at the Church of the Ascension, Bulawayo

### **Saturday 23 July**

Early the next morning ‘Schumacher’ Shingi took us to the Church of the Ascension, where we congregated before getting into three vehicles. I drove with him into town and, once we had collected two electricians, we made our way to Binga, which is some 400 kms from Bulawayo. One travels along the main road to Victoria Falls and then turns off onto a horrendous dirt road for about 80 kms. We were greeted by a warm and enthusiastic crowd. There were little signs (handmade) which read ‘Car Park’ and ‘This way’, beautiful little touches – bear in mind that this was in the middle of nowhere. They had even placed whitewashed stones in neat rows to demarcate the parking area. It was truly touching.

Erik and the others arrived some hours later, due to the fact that their vehicles (a minibus and Toyota bakkie) were heavily loaded with human cargo and were simply not ‘off-road’ friendly. The Shingi diesel cab was far better equipped for the horrendous surfaces. The fact that we ‘took off’ from time to time and flew over a few potholes probably speeded up our journey as well – as I said to our driver: “Father, you really are a good priest: you make people pray... a lot!”

Once all parties had gathered, a thoroughly good time was had by all, with much singing and dancing. Some had arrived the previous day and were still caught up in the enthusiasm of the night's celebrations – I'm convinced they must have been exhausted. A delicious meal was served (as they gave generously out of their poverty) and after a few hours the time had come for the 'official' opening. Unfortunately the Bishop was not able to be there, so the Rector, along with the Archdeacon (Fr Shingi) did the honours. The Rector and the Churchwarden were co-opted to 'cut the ribbon' (and there was literally a red ribbon) and symbolically open the doors of the newly built room that houses the mill (built incidentally brick by brick by the community), and the first official bag of maize was ground.



'Schumacher' Shingi and Fr Timothy

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Crowd gathering for the inauguration of the grinding mill at Malundi, Binga



The grinding mill being switched on for the first time!

All the while, the excited community crowded around the entrance, but in a dignified way, without any shoving or pushing. The ululating and whoops of delight were so moving – it was truly a HUGE day in the lives of the people. We were witnessing a transforming event. This was no paternalistic, prescriptive 'handout' project. It was the culmination of a collaborative effort by the Parish of St Francis of Assisi, Waterkloof, the

Mission Zimbabwe team, the Parish of the Ascension, Bulawayo, with Fr Shingi and his project team headed up by Jonathan Sithole, the people of Binga and the wider community. And perhaps this was best summed up in the comment made to Erik: “Today you have changed this community.” Not US ... or WE will benefit. And the community was indeed there in full force – the Roman Catholic priest, the headmaster of the dilapidated school, the local Chiefs, the Mothers’ Union, the ‘Fishermen’ (a men’s guild in the Diocese).

The speeches followed, the various votes of thanks were made, the people sang, the guilds sang, the children sang, the grannies sang (and danced), the drums sounded relentlessly – and finally, at about 3:30, Fr Shingi and I departed back to Bulawayo. Erik and the others stayed on (more dancing, more singing, more ... well, more of everything) and then they too departed.

On the way back, Fr Shingi took me to the Parish Church of Kasinga, an old tin-mining town, once notoriously used by Mugabe to train the youth in paramilitary tactics, with the aid of North Korean instructors. Later these trained killers, known as the 5<sup>th</sup> Brigade, took part in the massacre of the Matabele in the 1980s. The training camp is deserted now – with a few eerie symbols still visible. I felt as if I was riding through a Nazi death camp because, to all intents and purposes, that is exactly what it was that these youth were trained for – they were Mugabe’s ‘Hitler Youth or SS’.



Stopover at the original church of St John's, Binga, on the way back to Bulawayo

On a happier note, we then proceeded back to Bulawayo. After negotiating the dreadful ‘dusty’ road, as Fr Shingi called it, we hit the main tarred road to the city. This was in itself highly eventful. Once again ‘Schumacher’ Shingi paid scant attention to such trivialities as potholes,

speed limits, solid lines, etc, but the added 'excitement' on the return trip was the interminable line of trucks, many with only one headlight.

For the good Father, this was **not** a problem; for **this** Father, it warranted a month in therapy, 'all expenses paid'. But my prayers to our Lord, His Mother, the Saints and in fact the entire Heavenly Host, were heeded and at last, at about 9:00 pm we 'landed' safely at Tish and Will's. The ebullient Fr Shingi leaped out, hauled Erik's and my bags out, slapped the coating of Binga dust off them, handed them over with a broad grin and sped off, threatening to collect us at some ungodly hour the next morning.

Exhausted, but deeply fulfilled, I dragged my tired body off to bed, after a lovely bath and by a drink round the fire with our gracious hosts. Erik, I believe, arrived some time later (having experienced a puncture on the way home), but by then I was fast asleep, dreaming of a lunatic priest who signs a contract to race for Ferrari (or something like that).

### **Sunday 24 July**

Fr Shingi collected Erik and me early on Sunday and we attended Sunday Mass at the Church of the Ascension. I preached on the Gospel reading,



Sunday Mass at the Church of the Ascension, Bulawayo

which focussed on the concepts of 'gifts'. It was rather appropriate that this should be so and I was able to highlight the fact that **true** gifts are 'things of the Spirit', not only material objects. I very clearly wanted to clarify that our visits and the realisation of the Binga project were not a matter of any 'magnanimity' on our part: it had been a collaborative effort and, if

any of the 'cogs' had been missing, it would have failed. All participated for the good of all. This was well received and, more importantly, clearly understood. The danger of any missionary activity is that, 'at the drop of a hat', it can become something that borders on condescending benevolence, which has little to do with empowerment and transformation. The Binga project, I am convinced, avoided this.



After Mass, we enjoyed a cup of tea and fellowship, and then the project leaders sat down with Erik and I and we did an 'analysis' – highlighting the strengths and weaknesses of the whole project. A most useful exercise, which enabled us to pinpoint what needed to be built into any future projects, both positives and negatives.

Back to Tish and Bill for lunch and a rest, and then the ever ebullient Fr Shingi 'swept' into the driveway at about 3:00 pm and took us to the Matopos, where we visited Rhodes' grave. (I hadn't been there since 1965.) We had a lovely picnic in the Reserve and also visited a cave which boasts magnificent rock paintings. Then back to Bulawayo for a good night's rest. (Before I forget, road blocks are a way of life in Zimbabwe, wherever you travel.)

### **Monday, 25 July**

After breakfast and fond farewells, Fr Shingi drove us to the Bishop's office, situated at the Cathedral, and we had an opportunity to meet Bishop Cleopas Lunga informally. We were warmly welcomed and spent about 30 minutes with him. He indicated his great willingness to partner with us in our projects, and suggested that a formal, mutual relationship be established as the way forward – as is the Anglican way. We left, greatly encouraged by this meeting and, from there, Fr Shingi drove us to the airport for our departure flight. I was able to have a chat with Fr Shingi and made a few suggestions, which I hope will enable him to manage his incredibly busy schedule better. (Is this not the malaise of all clergy?)

We boarded safely and both felt a deep sense of gratitude to God for what we had been privileged to be part of.

**Fr Timothy**

### **Construction, management and use of the Grinding Mill at Malundi, Binga**

The structures, which consist of a mill house with a storeroom and a separate toilet, were built from cement bricks. These were locally manufactured by women who belong to St John's parish, Malundi. No one was paid for their labour.

A brick-making machine was brought from Bulawayo for this purpose by the Binga project team from the Church of the Ascension. Jonathan Sithole, who heads the project team, traveled to Binga by bus a number of times and stayed over several days to supervise and advise.

The local project “champion” is a young man called Dickson Mudimba who is a teacher at a school for the disabled in Binga and is actively involved in local parish activities. He was away on study leave for a few months while construction was going on – hence work took longer than anticipated and it was necessary for the project team from Bulawayo to visit the site quite often. Dickson’s wife walked 10km from her house every day to assist with the building. The success was there for all to see! All contributed their time without any remuneration.

A six person committee has been appointed from St John’s parish in to manage the mill. They have already decided that a large portion of the income from the mill will be used to help children: to pay school fees for those who cannot afford them (in Zimbabwe there is no support for poor people who cannot pay the minimum fee) and to assist youngsters from the area to become involved in youth development programmes. They also want to use part of the income to improve their church building and the Bishop for Matabeleland has committed the Anglican Church to financially assist them in this regard.

We agreed with the Binga project team to ask for a progress report and financial statements from the local management committee after 3 months and then again after 6 months. The Binga project team will keep an eye on activities. We also told the people from Binga that, if the project is a success and they can identify another income generating project, we would consider this and again approach the Burkhardt Foundation (which helped fund the mill on a 50/50 basis) for financial support.

**Erik Buiten**

**Mission Zimbabwe: Bridges of Care**

## The Mad Hatter's Tea Party

On Saturday 27 August, the Mad Hatter was delighted to have so many people attending his tea party at St. Francis. It was a beautiful warm, sunny spring day and the venue in the Garden of Remembrance was wonderful. All sorts of characters came – Alice, the Queen of Hearts, White Rabbit, characters in hats, characters in cloaks and characters in glasses too! A tasty tea had been prepared on a beautifully decorated table, with tea and juice to drink, and cupcakes, cucumber sandwiches and sweeties to enjoy. Queen Aly gave a short, informative talk about Children's Church, her team of teachers and what material they cover each Sunday with the children. Luckily, no one had to answer any unanswerable riddles or recite any nonsensical poetry! The feast and the fellowship were enjoyed by all. Thank you Mad Hatter for a lovely morning!





**Heather Napier**

## Honouring your Father and Mother

This is God's fifth commandment. Are we teaching and enabling our children to do that?

For pre-teens – this probably just means that they need to obey their parents. And it's the parents' job to ensure that our children grow up respecting and honouring those in authority – even if they don't like it. We need to protect our children from the sinful ways of the world, as well as their own "built-in" sinful ways. Do they throw tantrums and take their anger out on us when they cannot get their own way? How do we handle that? Are they starting to snub authority – their teachers, the school rules – and how do we respond to that? Do we set the right example?

For teenagers, beginning to formulate their own opinions, I guess the right thing is for them to respect their parents. Have we earned their respect? How do we respond to disrespectful attitudes? Do our teenagers feel that we "just don't understand what they are going through?" **Do** we understand? Do our teenagers have the opportunity to discuss their opinions with us, and are we, as adults, up to the task of engaging with them in meaningful dialogue or do we simply shut them down, dismissing their remarks as coming from someone who knows nothing?

For adults, it's a time to reflect on how we respect our parents in their later life – a time to engage with them on the issues that they had to face – the tough decisions that they had to make – just like the tough decisions we now have to make for our children. What sacrifices did they have to make for us? Remember, the way we treat OUR parents may well be the way WE are treated by our children in time to come!!

God the Father of course has set the example. He has laid down principles to follow. He loves us dearly and wants us to love and respect Him in return. He is always available for us to discuss any issue that is on our mind through prayer and "wrestling" with Him. He respects our decisions – although He may not agree with them – and He then allows us to reap the consequences of our decisions. And if those decisions were wrong,

and we acknowledge that we went against His advice – He always allows us a second chance.

We should be striving to create this model in our own families, and in the Church. We are all part of the family of Christ, so let us journey this road together, helping one another wrestle with these issues.

Family Matters is trying to create a forum in which some of these and other issues can be wrestled with. Hence the recent letter (sent to all parishioners) asking you to identify some of the issues that you would like raised and discussed. Your church cares about YOU, and what happens in YOUR life, so if you'd like to respond to this, or any of the forthcoming questions to be published in the "Questions to Ponder" inserts in the pew leaflet, please feel free to do so, anonymously or otherwise, because .....Family does Matter.

**Rob Lewis**

## **Experiencing Alpha**

I've never done the Alpha course before, and it has been a rather rollercoaster experience for me.

It's really a rather pleasant way to spend a Wednesday evening. Some of us share a couple glasses of red wine beforehand. You get to chat to people you don't often see, and catch up on the week's news. There's an incredible meal to chat over and enjoy. The puddings are always a treat! In fact, the fellowship is often the best part of the evening for me. And then there's the 20 minute DVD of Nicky Gumble to be watched, and he's so compelling, and able to explain the various topics so well that you can't help sitting enthralled, and before you know it, it's over. And then there's the discussion part of the evening. Now, after five weeks or so of Alpha, you develop a special relationship with the people at your table, and as you get to know them better, and they feel more comfortable with you,

you begin to trust them with your innermost thoughts and feelings. However, even though words do come easier to me than most, this is the part of the evening I really have trouble with. For some reason, I find it hard to express how I really feel about the various topics, and my relationship with the Trinity. It's always been a private thing for me, and now to have to put it into words, and explain my experiences without it sounding clichéd or stupid.....well, it's a struggle.

And then there were some Wednesdays that I went away feeling as if there was something wrong with me, because I wasn't feeling the FIRE and RENEWED SPIRITUAL PASSION that I'd heard so much about. I felt as if I wasn't learning anything new, or growing at all, spiritually. I've grown up in the Anglican Church, and it's always been a part of my life, so there was never any a-ha moment I can point to and say THAT is when I gave my heart to the Lord. My absolute faith and beliefs, and my whole-hearted love for God and Jesus were just always there. It's comfortable and easy, like coming home. So I felt that I wasn't able to contribute anything valuable to the discussions, because I've never had any doubts or crises of faith, and I wasn't learning either. But, just when you're beginning to feel that it's not for you, or there's nothing new for you to learn, God throws you a curve ball. Typically.

What did it for me was the talk about the Spirit. I've never really had any kind of real understanding of who He is, or what His role is, and He's always kind of been on the periphery of things. But for the first time I gained a real understanding of what He does for us, and how, without Him, religion can be a rather clinical thing. It was like flicking a switch and suddenly it all made sense, how we can call on Him with all matters to do with the Spirit, and how He can help us with all sorts of emotional issues. It's incredible! And the most amazing thing is that I tried it out that very evening, on the way home. I prayed, with absolute faith that my prayer would be answered. And you know what? It was. That very night.

**Theresa Innes**

## PARISH RETREAT AT ST BENEDICT'S

Eighteen of us set off from St Francis not long after 14:15 on Friday 16 September. We were in a convoy of five cars with Father Tim leading. We got as far as the R21 when Tim got a phone call from a late arrival, so one car turned back. The rest of the convoy continued on their way. We all managed to arrive in time for afternoon tea, proceeded to our rooms, unpacked and got ready for our first meeting, which was Evening Prayer in the Chapel. It was good to see that the formal lounge, which doubles up as the session room, had been given a face lift and there were potted plants and flowers in vases everywhere.

The first session on Saturday was about the concept and rules of a retreat, which was helpful to those who were on retreat for the first time. We also got some guidelines on Contemplation and Faith. The next two sessions were on the parables of Blind Bartimaeous and the Prodigal Son. Our evening session was on Life and its trials and tribulations and finally, on Sunday morning after Mass, we had a session on Faith, followed by a feedback session from the participants. As usual this was very encouraging and we got to know more about our fellow parishioners.





As usual the food was excellent, the accommodation clean and comfortable and one's room a place of peace and privacy. St Benedict's always makes you feel at home the moment you step through the gate. The atmosphere of peace and reverence envelops you and you can almost feel the stress of everyday life lifting off your shoulders. The gardens were pretty with lots of corners you could retire to and meditate on God, contemplate what you had learnt, or simply read a book from the well-stocked library.

This Retreat was special in that we seemed to bond together and all who shared the weekend will occupy a special place in my heart, and I'm sure the others feel the same. It is a weekend which I personally look forward to every year. The Parish Retreat is something which every Parishioner should experience.

**Linda Lewis**

#### **DIOCESAN SUNDAY – 11 SEPTEMBER 2011**

The day started off well with the sun shining and a promise of a perfect day outdoors. Although this was the third time I had been to a Diocesan Sunday, it was the first time I was part of the procession. With feelings of trepidation and excitement I left bright and early with lay minister's robes, hat, chair and a picnic lunch. I was fortunate to find a parking place not far from the pavilion and in the shade.

On arrival I was shown where to go and change into my robes. At 9:15 sharp I was in position waiting for instructions. It was a very sociable time as we stood around with new-found friends and chatting to the various members of clergy we recognised and the other lay ministers. It wasn't long before the Ven Mark Long began organising the procession. There were 6 crucifers and each one was designated a group to lead – servers, lay ministers, deacons, priests, archdeacons, bishops and visiting dignitaries. Our diocese had the honour of hosting the Most Rev Dr Daniel Deng Bul, Archbishop of the Episcopal Church of Sudan, Diocese of Juba. I was privileged to meet him when I greeted Bishop Jo, who was in fine form that day.

At exactly 9:30 am the procession set off, accompanied by a choir of at least 200 strong accompanied by a keyboard. Each group moved off as directed with a good gap in between. In twenty minutes we were all in our designated areas. The service was lovely. There were lots of hymns in various languages; the readings were in Afrikaans, Setswana and English. The Archdeacons of Pretoria East, Magaliesburg, Tshwane-Bokone, Rustenburg, Hennops River, Madibeng and the Cathedral offered up beautiful prayers. Archbishop Dr Deng Bul gave an excellent sermon, encouraging us to strengthen ties not only between our Dioceses, but also our two countries. The service was closed with an address by Bishop Johannes Thomas Seoka, followed by the final procession.

The picnic lunch was very pleasant and we enjoyed being outside to fully appreciate the wonderful weather we were blessed with that day. The only disappointing aspect of the day was the lack of white faces and far too few parishioners from St. Francis. The day was well organized with a good PA system and is a Christian outing which warrants far more support.

**Linda Lewis**

**Books for Choir Vestry Bookshelf**

Some members of the "Black Sheep" house group have been making more space in their bookshelves and came across a number of reference works which may be of help to others in their Bible Study groups.

A number of spare books or commentaries on the Gospels, books of the Bible, and other subjects, have been given to the Church Office for adding to the resources which are kept in the Choir Vestry. These are available on loan to any interested members of the parish. Perhaps other Bible Study groups might be able to add to the collection as well. Please contact the office for any further information.

Tony Williams.



## **TSHWANE LEADERSHIP FOUNDATION**

***We see healthy and vibrant  
communities  
flourishing in God's presence***

The Tshwane Leadership Foundation is working with churches and communities for urban transformation. Growing from the work of Pretoria Community Ministries, the Tshwane Leadership Foundation was created in 2003 to strengthen the unfolding inner city movement of churches, communities and programmes with capacity, resource development, advocacy and policy work, communication and marketing, and spiritual nurture. It also wants to play an intermediary and / or supportive role to initiatives in other parts of the City of Tshwane.

It is committed to help build healthy urban communities in places of struggle and / or transition, and wants to demonstrate that it is possible to strengthen urban areas in ways that are radically inclusive socially and economically.

Among the Pretoria Community Ministries supported by the Tshwane Leadership Foundation are:

- The Potter's House – women in crisis
- Lerato House – girls at risk
- Alanani – addressing homelessness

**The Potter's House** – Women who are not financially independent are very vulnerable when they are rejected by their families or life partners. They are left to fend for themselves, usually with children. The Potter's House offers a holistic service to address the needs of women in crisis in Tshwane, in order to strengthen and support them, intervene in crisis situations through transitional accommodation, and work towards economic empowerment.

**Lerato House** is a holistic empowerment programme for young girls at risk (11-18 years old), including abused children, children affected by prostitution, and victims of trafficking. Young women from 15-25 years old are served through the outreach programme, and advised, counselled and referred to relevant services.

**Akani** is a Shangaan word meaning 'let us build together'. It was previously known as the Street Ministry and started its work with the adult homeless communities of the inner city in 1997. [...] Akani seeks to create spaces in which homeless people can re-connect, recover their dignity and access the resources that will re-integrate them into communities.

**For more information on Tshwane Leadership Foundation in general and the above ministries in particular, visit their website at [www.tlf.org.za](http://www.tlf.org.za)**

The **Soup Kitchen at St Francis Church** was started in about 2002 by two members of the "Morning Glories" Bible Study group, Pam Smith and Christine Martin, who identified a need among street children at that time. At first it was run from one of the members' kitchen until it got too big, when it moved to the church kitchen. Some members also renovated the children's shelter – painted walls, made duvets, etc. Vegetables were, and still are, donated by a greengrocer in Menlo Park and, until recently, soup bones were given by a butcher in Groenkloof.

Heather Napier and Linda Lewis took over the running of the Soup Kitchen when the founder ladies moved away. Mei Feng now runs the kitchen. Sandwiches are also made and a coffee shop in Menlo Park often donates rolls and salads. The Soup Kitchen depends on volunteers – usually there are enough so that helpers need only come to the kitchen once or twice a month, but parishioners come and go, so new volunteers are always welcome. A permanent worker stays on all day to supervise the cooking of the soup and to see that it is collected.

Recently there have been problems with the collection of the soup. The shelter at Salvo Kop, which had been collecting the soup for several years, is no longer able to do so. An attempt to send the soup to Gatang School in Mamelodi also came to nothing, due to transport problems.

Finally Fr Timothy approached a parishioner, Don McDougall, who is the Finance Manager of the **Tshwane Leadership Foundation**, and he has arranged for the soup to be collected from St Francis every Tuesday and delivered to Potter's House, Lerato House and Akani.

**Ursula Carte**

### **From the Parish Records**

#### **Baptisms**

<b>Date of Baptism</b>	<b>Child</b>	<b>Birth date</b>	<b>Parents</b>
28 Aug	Didintle Majake	28 May 2011	Tsogo & Dikelelo Majake
	Jeremy Ndalama	30 Oct 2009	William Ndalama & Chikhulupiro Ambali
	Daniela Martin	8 April 2011	Bradley & Suzanne
	Lwandlelwempilo Qubu	31 Aug 2011	Thanduxolo & Duduzile

#### **Faithful departed**

<b>Date of Death</b>	<b>Name</b>
13 April	Alvin Colesky
26 April	Cynthia Hearn
28 July	Viola Gioia
5 Aug	John Maizey

**CELEBRATING 400 YEARS OF THE KING JAMES  
VERSION OF THE BIBLE (1611 – 2011)**

**1383**

The first translation of the complete English Bible is associated with John Wycliffe. This translation was based on the Latin Vulgate [a late 14<sup>th</sup> century translation]. It is uncertain how much of the translation Wycliffe himself did. With the help of Nicholas de Hereford and others, the Bible was completed in 1383. It was handwritten as this was before the invention of printing.

**1525**

William Tyndale, a scholar who studied at Oxford and Cambridge, was keenly aware of the need for a Bible for the common man. In an argument with a learned scholar Tyndale said: “If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest.” He commenced work on the translation of the New Testament, but in 1524 Tyndale had to leave England for Germany where his New Testament was completed and printed. Copies were smuggled into England but both the King and the Church prohibited the use thereof. Meanwhile Tyndale continued with the translation of the Old Testament. In 1535 he was arrested in Belgium and on 6 October 1536 William Tyndale was burnt at the stake. He died saying: “Lord, open the King of England’s eyes.” [The King of England in 1536 was Henry VIII.]

**1535**

The work which William Tyndale had begun was finished by Miles Coverdale. He prepared a translation of the whole Bible including Tyndale’s translation of the New Testament and the Pentateuch. This Bible became the first printed English Bible. [Printed in 1535 it is known as the Coverdale Bible.]

**1539–1541**

The Great Bible was published with a proclamation issued by King Henry VIII that this Bible should be read in all churches in England. William Tyndale’s prayer was answered. [It was called ‘Great’ because of its size: it was read from the pulpit and was not intended for individual use.]

### **1603**

In the year 1603 James I came to the English throne. In 1604 he called the Hampton Court Conference where a resolution was taken that a translation of the Bible be made that would have the approval of all religious groups. King James himself took a leading role in organising the work. The work was divided between six panels of translators – three panels for the Old Testament; two for the New Testament and one for the Apocrypha. Two met at Oxford, two at Cambridge and two at Westminster. When the panels completed their work it was reviewed by a smaller group of 12 men.

### **1611**

The King James Version (also commonly known as the Authorised Version) was published in 1611. The Bishop of Gloucester, Miles Smith, wrote the preface, which acknowledged the new translation's debt to its predecessors, but set out the hope that "out of many good ones" there would now be "one principal good one" used by everyone. The KJV became the Bible of the English-speaking world for the next 200 years and is still used and loved by many today.

## **Some specially named editions of the KJV**

### **Camel's Bible printed in 1823**

Genesis 24:61 reads: And Rebekah arose, and her camels (instead of damsels), and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man: and the servant took Rebekah and went his way.

### **The Denial Bible printed in 1792**

Luke 22:34 reads: And he said, I tell thee, Paul (instead of Peter), the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me.

### **The Discharge Bible printed in 1806**

1 Timothy 5:21 reads: I dis-charge (instead of charge) thee before Gad, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality.

**The Ears to Ear Bible printed in 1810**

Matthew 13:43 reads: Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to ear (instead of hear), let him hear.

**The Forgotten Sins Bible printed in 1638**

Luke 7:47 reads: Wherefore I say unto thee. Her sins, which are many, are forgotten (instead of forgiven); for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

**More Sea Bible printed in 1641**

Revelation 21:1 reads: And I say a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was more sea (instead of no more sea).

**The Vinegar Bible printed in 1717**

The chapter heading to Luke 20 reads: The parable of the Vinegar (instead of the Vineyard).

**The Wicked Bible printed in 1631**

Exodus 20:14 reads: Thou shalt commit adultery (instead of Thou shalt not commit adultery).

**The KJV and the English language**

The KJV has had an enormous influence on the development of the English language. According to David Crystal, a linguist and expert on the development of the English language, nobody, not even Shakespeare, has done as much as this Bible to shape the modern idiom. Many an idiom or saying, in use today, was coined by the KJV and will resonate with modern Bible readers for generations to come. Here are but a few memorable sayings among many:

A fly in the ointment	Ecclesiastes 10:1
A house divided against itself cannot stand	Matthew 12:25
A labour of love	1 Thessalonians 1:3
A leopard cannot change its sports	Jeremiah 13:23
A man after his own heart	1 Samuel 13:14



A multitude of sins	1 Peter 4:8
A thorn in the flesh	2 Corinthians 12:7
A wolf in sheep's clothing	Matthew 7:15
All things must pass	Matthew 24:6-8
Am I my brother's keeper?	Genesis 4:9
An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth	Matthew 5:38
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust	Genesis 3:19
By the skin of your teeth	Job 19:20
By their fruits you shall know them	Matthew 7:20
Cast not your pearls before swine	Matthew 7:6
Chariots of fire	2 Kings 6:17
For many are called, but few are chosen	Matthew 22:14
How are the mighty fallen	2 Samuel 1:19
Man shall not live by bread alone	Matthew 4:4
Seek and you shall find	Matthew 7:7
The salt of the earth	Matthew 5:13

**Lost in Translation?**

**St Matthew's Gospel 6:22 in 4 translations**

<p><b>KJV (King James Version)</b>  <b>(Literal/Word for Word)</b>                  The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.</p>	<p><b>NIV (New International Version)</b>  <b>(Literal &amp; Thought for Thought)</b>                  The eye is the lamp of the body. If your eyes are good, your whole body will be full of light.</p>
<p><b>GNT (Good News Translation)</b>  <b>(Thought for Thought)</b>                  The eyes are like a lamp for the body. If your eyes are sound, your whole body will be full of light.</p>	<p><b>CEV (Contemporary English Version)</b>  <b>(Thought for Thought)</b>                  Your eyes are like a window for your body. When they are good, you have all the light you need.</p>

**Insert in 2011 edition of the KJV  
 Bible Society of South Africa  
 Submitted by Jeanette McKenna**

### **Our Patron Saint – St Francis of Assisi**

St Francis was born in 1182 in Assisi. He was baptised Giovanni, during the absence of his father, Pietro di Bernadone, a rich cloth merchant who was on business in France at the time. On his return he renamed his son Francesco, in honour of France. Because his mother was French, Francis grew up speaking French as well as Italian. He was not very studious, but liked to sing troubadour songs, which told of chivalry and courtly love. As a wealthy and indulged young man he enjoyed life with likeminded friends, but sometimes performed impulsive acts of charity, such as giving a beggar all the money he had on him, evoking the derision of his companions and his father's anger.

Italy in the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries was a land of city states, which often went to war against one another. At the age of twenty, Francis became a soldier when Assisi attacked Perugia. The troops of Assisi were driven back and Francis was taken prisoner. He spent a year in captivity, during which he fell ill with a fever, and it is thought that his conversion began as he contemplated life and the hereafter. However, having recovered and returned to Assisi, Francis once again enlisted to fight, this time against the Neapolitan States. The night before he left he had a dream, in which he saw many suits of armour emblazoned with the Cross and voice told him they were for him and his soldiers. On the way, he again became ill and dreamt that the same voice told him to return to Assisi. He obeyed and began to change his life style, giving up his fine clothes and wasteful ways, and spending time in prayer. One day he met a leper and, although repulsed by his sores, he embraced him and gave him all his money.

Francis now went on a pilgrimage to Rome where he exchanged clothes with a beggar and spent a day begging on the steps of St Peter's. On his return to Assisi, he was praying before a crucifix at the ruined church of St Damian when a voice told him: "Go, Francis, and repair my house, which as you see is falling into ruin." Taking this command literally, he sold his horse and some cloth he had taken from his father's warehouse and gave the money to the priest of St Damian's. The bewildered man rejected the money, which was returned to Pietro di Bernadone, who had his son beaten and locked up.

Unable to make Francis give up his new life, Pietro threatened to disinherit him, but Francis gladly renounced his inheritance. He begged for stones and rebuilt the church of St Damian himself, and subsequently restored two more broken down churches. At mass one day, he heard the Gospel from St Luke, chapter 10, in which Jesus sends out 70 disciples, telling them to take nothing with them and to preach the Kingdom of God. Francis took this message personally: he gave away the few possessions he still had, put on a rough brown peasant tunic and became an itinerant preacher, urging penance and brotherly love. Gradually disciples joined him, following his example by giving away all they owned and living as he did. Francis and his small band went to Rome in 1210 where their order was endorsed by the Pope, after the latter had received a vision of Francis holding up the St John Lateran Basilica that seemed to be falling down.

On their return to Assisi the Friars Minor, as Francis called them, built their first monastery – simple huts or cells around a small chapel given to them by the Benedictines. From there they went out two by two, preaching and singing for joy as they worked with the common people, begging for alms when they were not given work. The order grew as more men joined them. Women also wanted to follow their rule, so Francis established the Order of the Poor Clares (led by St Clare). Lastly he founded an order for lay people, the Brothers and Sisters of Penance, who did not forsake their everyday lives and work, but lived simply according to the Franciscan rule.

Francis travelled widely in Italy, spreading his message of poverty, service and love, and also further afield, to Spain and North Africa, where he tried on more than one occasion to convert the Muslims. In 1219 he attempted to stop the war between the Crusaders and the forces of the Sultan of Egypt, preaching to the Crusaders before going to see the Sultan and preaching to the Saracens. He was well received by the Sultan, but did not succeed in stopping the fighting or in converting any Muslims. However, the Franciscans were always welcome in the Holy Land. In 1224 Francis was fasting and praying in preparation for Michaelmas when he received the stigmata (becoming the first person to bear on his body the wounds of Christ). He died on 3 October 1226 and was sanctified by the Pope in 1228.

## St Francis and Nature

On the Feast of St Francis (4 October), a Blessing of Animals takes place in several Christian Churches (Anglican, Roman Catholic, Lutheran). This is because Francis lived close to nature and revered all creation as a reflection of God. He regarded animals, and even plants and other natural phenomena, as his brothers and sisters – this is expressed in his *Canticle of the Sun*, and in many legends about St Francis and his affinity with animals. It is said that he preached to the birds, tamed a wolf and reconciled it with the inhabitants of the town it had been terrorising, released rabbits from traps and fish from hooks, advising them to be more careful in future, and that the animals he came across were reluctant to leave his side. One Christmas Day he used a manger filled with straw, flanked by live animals, a donkey and an ox, as an altar for mass – thus inventing the Christmas Crib or Nativity Scene.

St Francis is usually depicted with animals, but he should not merely be seen as the patron saint of animals and ‘relegated [...] to the birdbath’. His message is far broader and deeper, as illustrated by the famous prayer attributed to him: *Lord, make us instruments of your peace*, which we often use in our services. In the 21<sup>st</sup> century, concerns about our planet, global warming, sustainable sources of energy, etc have led to his being adopted as the patron saint of environmentalists, but this is also too restrictive – the doctrine of saving our planet for future generations is ‘human-centred’ and ‘leaves God totally out of the picture’ (see a Franciscan website from Australia: [www.Franciscan.org.au/spirituality/](http://www.Franciscan.org.au/spirituality/)). However another website, managed by the Secular Franciscan Fraternity, in other words the third Order created by St Francis, uses the Franciscan rule to encourage respect for the environment and ecology, and to promote recycling: [www.franciscan-sfo.org/gw/ecology0.htm](http://www.franciscan-sfo.org/gw/ecology0.htm). As a parish dedicated to St Francis of Assisi, we should therefore heed the call made at Provincial Synod this year to stop wasting and to Reduce, Reuse and Recycle.

**Bibliography:** Besides the two websites quoted above, see articles on St Francis in *Wikipedia* and in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, both available on the Web.

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## Images of St Francis of Assisi in our church

Besides the beautiful stained glass window by Leo Theron (see cover), our Patron Saint is depicted in various works of art in our church.



### **Stained glass window next to the font in eastern wall of the church**

This window by Heather Couper was donated to the church by the Couper and Richardson families, in loving memory of Robert Couper (Heather's brother and son of Bob and Esmée Couper) and of Eddie Richardson, husband of May Richardson, all members of our parish at some stage.

**Photo by Mark Napier & information by June van der Merwe**

### **Mosaic by Lucas Cramer on southern wall at entrance to the church**

Lucas Cramer (1913-2003) was a sub-deacon at St Francis during the 1970s & 1980s. He worked for Unilever, but was also a tea taster and a photographer for National Geographic. His hobby was creating mosaics, several of which he donated to the church – see also the two above the altar in the Garden of Remembrance.

**Information by Rob Heffer**



Also in the Garden of Remembrance are two statues of St Francis: a small painted one on the altar and a bigger unpainted one in a flower bed – see if you can spot him in the photo of one of the little guests at the Mad Hatter’s tea party.

In the Sanctuary above the Credence Table is an icon of St Francis by Sally Bayliss (see photo and article on it in the Easter 2008 edition of *The Franciscan*). Another icon, not of St Francis but of the crucifix in St Damian’s Church, beneath which Francis was praying when he heard the Lord urging him to repair His house, hangs above the stage in the Parish Centre (see photo and article in the Advent/Christmas 2007 edition of *The Franciscan*).

Also in the sanctuary is a statue of a saint who seems to be St Francis because there is a large dog next to him, handing him a scroll. However, the saint’s vestments and in particular his black cloak indicate that he is not St Francis, who always wore the brown habit of his order. It is in fact St Benedict, famous for the Rule he wrote for monks living in communities. The Benedictine rule is followed by many monasteries and convents today, not only in the Roman Catholic Church, but also in the Anglican Church.

**Jill Daugherty**

### THINGS GOD WON’T ASK

I grew up with practical parents. A mother, God love her, who washed aluminium foil after she cooked in it, then reused it. She was the original recycle queen, before they had a name for it... A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones. Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat, and Mom in a house dress – lawn mower in one hand, and dish-towel in the other. It was the time for fixing things. A curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress. Things we keep.

It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that fixing, re-using, renewing. I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more. But then my father died, and on that clear winter's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that there isn't any more.

Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away... never to return. So... while we have it... it's best we love it... and care for it... and fix it when it's broken... and heal it when it's sick. This is true... for marriage... and old cars... and children with bad report cards... and dogs with bad hips... and aging parents... and grandparents. We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it.

Some things we keep. Like a best friend that moved away or a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special... and so we keep them close. Good friends are like stars... You don't always see them, but you know they are always there. Keep them close!

#### THINGS GOD WON'T ASK ON THAT DAY:

1. God won't ask what kind of car you drove. He'll ask how many people you drove who didn't have transportation.
2. God won't ask the square footage of your house, He'll ask how many people you welcomed into your home.
3. God won't ask about the clothes you had in your closet, He'll ask how many you helped to clothe.
4. God won't ask you what your highest salary was, He'll ask if you compromised your character to obtain it.
5. God won't ask what your job title was, He'll ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.

6. God won't ask how many friends you had, He'll ask how many people to whom you were a friend.
7. God won't ask in what neighbourhood you lived, He'll ask how you treated your neighbours.
8. God won't ask about the colour of your skin, He'll ask about the content of your character.
9. God won't ask why it took you so long to seek Salvation. He'll lovingly take you to your mansion in heaven, and not to the gates of Hell.

**Submitted by Rob Lewis**