Methodist Church Kurrad Kurrad
Later Uniting Church.

GLIMPSES FROM THE PAST
The KURRI KURRI METHODIST CHURCH was founded more than sixty years ago, and during this period, thousands of Methodists have faithfully attended the services held in this Church. Many have been associated with the various Organisations, such as Sunday School, Ladies' Aid, Girls' Comradeship, Rays, Junior & Senior Order of Knights, Christian Endeavour, Choir, Trust, Mens' Fellowship, etc.

Most of us will feel proud to have so many fond memories of our associations with the Church. Mrs. June Worboys and Mrs. Nell Lowbridge, who have worked so well for the Church for many years feel that they could contribute something of benefit by recording happenings within the Church over this period of some sixty years.

By compiling these happenings they believe that many may relive those happy days, and remind us that even today we can still obtain a great deal of satisfaction and enjoyment from being involved in Church work.

Whenever we have a reunion we always feel happy to recall the days gone by, and it really makes us feel good. Even though we cannot have a reunion I believe we will obtain the same type of feeling as we read the stories of those we may not have seen for many years.

Ken Wallwork,
Main Road,
Abereen
(Manager, Kurri Co-operative Society)
As the present Minister of the Kurri Kurri Methodist Church, it gives me pleasure to have the privilege of introducing this booklet.

The people who have prepared this booklet have worked hard, and I know that they have enjoyed the preparation. These anecdotes will recall many happy memories, and provide pleasant reading for a lot of people.

During the short time we have been here, we have made many pleasant associations.

We thank you all for your help, and wish God's blessing on you all.

Rev. & Mrs. R.A. Waters
The Parsonage
Kurri Kurri.
MY MEMORIES of four of the happiest years of my life spent at Kurri Kurri:

Soon after we arrived, three small boys saw Bert (or "Pop" as he soon became to be known) drive past.

"Who's the parson block?"
"That's the new Methodist minister."
"Don't be silly, it's Bert Manefield, the footballer."

ON THE SOCCER FIELD: "Shut up! Don't you know Parson won't referee if you swear."

THE WEEKEND a Cricket team of O.K's came up from Sydney to play a match and conduct services.

THE SUNDAY four well-known senior Police Officers had an accident at Gosford on their way to sing and speak at a Brotherhood meeting. The local cop arrived, asked their names...... "Yes", he said, "now I want your REAL names". Their witness at the Tea was telling.

THE INSTALLATION SERVICES of Rays and Junior O.K's late in the afternoon, followed by tea, then installation of Comrades and Senior O.K's, and the banquet. Our greatest luxury was cream cake & salmon sandwiches (Pop's special). The speeches and toasts were taken quite seriously. Visitors were invited from the District. The beloved Miss Tulloch was the Super-Star -- will we ever forget her leadership! When the Captains and the Kings had departed one year, there were four lone Comrades (Singletons) left. Their drivers had met attractive girls from Cossack and decided to take them home first. Next we knew, two hams were thrown into the lounge.

THOSE DEGREE SERVICES: The inspiration and solemnity of them led by the dedicated Miss Tulloch, I can still hear her singing "Jesus confirm my heart's desire" and the girls vowing to serve and witness for HIM.

THE DISTRICT SPORTS DAYS. Boys provided transport, girls eats. Training, Tunnell and Overhead Ball of Rays, with a stopwatch on the football field at 6 a.m.

THE SAINTLY WOMEN in the Ladies Church Aid before whom I was afraid to pray.

BERT'S treasured Mother passed away. A knock at the back door. There was one of the older men of the Church clutching a bunch of violets from his garden. He said "When we are in trouble, Parson comes to see us. Parson's in trouble, I'll go see him."

How could one forget these and many other precious memories.

Mrs. Idris Manefield
18 Helen street
LANE COVE.
OUR KURRI KURRI FRIENDS,

Congratulations on being 60! So am I - but don't let on! I do not feel as tho' I want to settle permanently into the state in which "do you remember..." becomes the really significant question, but on an occasion like this one you celebrate, it can be a highly interesting and amusing exercise.

Do you remember a busload of British Migrants whom we collected at Maitland and then fed with a hot meal in the hall, before they settled in the Nissen Huts? And what of the fun of the Fair, with the primitive Mini-golf set up on the old tennis court? We advertised the Fair with a decorated trailer behind the old Plymouth, while Ian insisted on peddling his trike along the footpath with a miniature, identically decorated, trailer in tow.

Then the Maitland floods, with the really big one finding me stranded in East Maitland, returning from Conference, and "humming" rides home on Sunday morning, arriving during the service like the wreck of the Hesperus. Only Tom Tweedie, doing an emergency job in the pulpit and the Endeavourers in the choir seats saw the Vision! How our people rallied to supply relief, which I was able to take to Maitland under Police escort. What a wreck was made of the place.

Robyn has a girl and a boy, is living in Dapto where her husband is now an Adult Probation Officer with the Dept. of Corrective Services. Carol, also a girl and a boy, and her spouse Graham Maddox is in London where he is doing a 12-months post-grad. course. Ian married Lois Collard and has built a home at Cowan. He is with the Bank of NSW, and Lois is with the Commonwealth, so we shouldn't be short of shekels.

Whilst Glad and I were at Roseville, I was fortunate enough to be offered first a Chaplaincy to migrants on "Himalaya" from Perth, and later on a full voyage Chaplaincy from Southampton on "Fairsky". With long service leave and annual holidays we had four months abroad, and visited 17 countries - so, like others, we can "kill you with slides" anytime you want to visit us.

We still have many personal and affectionate memories of Kurri, and would be delighted to see any of you if you are Miranda way. Baptisms keep us busy here! Sunday school of 224, with 24 teachers. So if you do not want to be involved with baptisms, beware!

With best regards to all our friends,

Rev. Fred Best,
12 Willock Avenue,
Miranda.

SINCE OUR DEPARTURE from Kurri, life has varied in many ways for me. We had very busy ministries in Kingsgrove and Ryde. Owing to the very sad loss of my dear husband, Beecroft proved to be our last circuit. Val and I moved into our own home which we later sold, and built this one. I now live here alone as Val is married, and at present resident in Hobart. Ken has been married a number of years, and has 3 daughters. He is a Uni. lecturer at New England, but at the moment, is in Canada for 12 months.
My occupation is that of pre-school kindergarten teacher, which I enjoy very much. I am always extremely busy with school work, house and garden maintenance. However, I am very grateful to God for His continued guidance and help, and for health and strength to fulfil my obligations. I have many fond memories of our times together at Kurri Kurri......please give my warm regards to any who may remember me.

Lillian Dempsey
14 Burns Road North,
Beecroft.

DURING MY MINISTRY at Kurri Kurri I was invited to preach at a Church Anniversary service, at a Church some miles away. The date happened to clash with the Kurri Sunday School Anniversary. Choosing the easy way out, we invited the Minister of the other Church to be our Guest Speaker. Those whose memories can stretch back over thirty years will know that the S.S.A programmes in those days were quite lengthy, sometimes extending to 50 items. Some will protest that the trouble was that the visiting preacher was long-winded. Whatever the case, this is what happened: I had concluded my service, completed a forty or fifty minute journey and arrived back while the guest speaker was still delivering his address. Imagine my surprise when I saw one of our church men standing in the porch of the Sunday School Hall, in the direct line of the preacher's vision, with his pocket watch swinging like a pendulum on its chain. Oblivious to the obvious hint the preacher carried on. The local man's comment to me was: "He must be just as short-sighted as he is long-winded."

It was war time. In keeping with the practice of many Methodist Ministers I included in my visiting list NOMINAL METHODISTS of whom I heard even though they showed no interest in Church affairs. One day I now call to mind I went to a home not more than two or three streets away from the Kurri Parsonage. Never have I known the sight of my clerical collar to have such an electrifying effect. The woman of the house opened the door, took one look at the collar and became violently hysterical. When at last she managed to mix some words with her very incoherent screams of anguish she cried out: "He's been killed! he's been killed!" The only purpose which her mind associated with a minister's visit to a home dated back to World War I when it was part of a minister's task to break the bad news to the parents or wife of a soldier killed in action. It was with great difficulty that I eventually persuaded her that my visit was a normal pastoral call...though I am not sure that she had any real idea of what it was all about.

The New Testament parable of the widow's mite has been matched many thousands of times by humble Christians through the centuries. One incident which occurred in Kurri stands out in my recollection of cases of Sacrificial Giving which I have known throughout my years in the Ministry. "Mr. Jo," was out of work. He had been cavilled out of the
mine by the application of the seniority rule, "last in, first out." He was on the dole for a long time. Then, at last, he got a job on relief work provided by the Government. The wages were not big, but he did get wages now, instead of a dole. On the first pay day, he came to me with a gift of TWO POUNDS for the Church. Two pounds was a lot of money out of a working man's pay in those days. I began to protest: "Mr. J., you can't afford that much!" However, I soon began to see that he would be really hurt if I denied him the joy of making this genuine and generous Thank Offering. A little thing! Perhaps. But it touched my heart and I have never forgotten it.

Rev. A. Robens,
6 Jersey street,
Leura.

WE WILL NEVER FORGET our Ministry in Kurri Kurri, over a period of almost five years. It still remains one of the highlights of the years.

We shall never forget the day of our arrival; the ladies busy in preparation to receive us. We rang the doorbell. The first thought in the minds of many was...."oh, how shall we manage, they are only kids!" However, from that moment a deep, true and lasting friendship developed between us and the people, and remains with us now.

It was a privilege to share many joys and many sorrows with people, both in church and in the community.

Highlights of our time in Kurri were - the service of worship - the Annual Fete - catering with L.C.A. - working bees - painting the Church and Parsonage - and the rich fellowship in all parts of the Circuit, as a result of working together for Christ's sake. The above list mentions but a few of the happenings which come to mind.

My thought for you is:- "since Jesus was revealed to you as Christ and Lord, live your lives in union with Him."

We thank God for every remembrance of the Church and the people of Kurri Kurri.

Rev. Neville Arthur,
Chatswood.

THE TWO BRIEF ANECDOTES I would like to add to your collection have to do with my early days, as a young local preacher of the Kurri Kurri Circuit.

The first shows how times and customs change. In these days, one finds preachers in all sorts of gay clothing, but that was not always
so. One Sunday afternoon, another young preacher and I, who partnered each other in conducting services, arrived at Mulbring Church in ample time and in good spirits for the service. But imagine our dismay when the worshippers objected to......our bow ties......and would not allow us to proceed until they were replaced by hastily brought sober neck ties.

The other was when I was a real beginner as a preacher, sometimes needing weeks to prepare my short sermon. I had driven the Preacher, who was a visiting Theological student, to take the service at the small (second) Methodist chapel at Heddon Greta. (The original Heddon Greta Methodist church had been brought to Kurri some years earlier). That night, the preacher went alright until he was launched into his sermon. Then his nose started to bleed. After a few attempts to stop it, he said "Mr. Fullerton will now take up the remainder of the sermon." I may say that the folk present had every right to comment afterwards that the sermon that night was a bit disjointed.

Rev. John Fullerton,
Rose Bay-Vaucluse Circuit.

HORSE TALES:

Shortly after World War I, my father, David Weatherall, was appointed to the Kurri Circuit as circuit minister. Almost immediately it was decided to move the old church building at Heddon Greta over to Kurri, and enlarge it to meet the need of that time. The building was transferred in sections and re-erected on its present site. Mr. Richards of Stockton was the contractor. I was just a lad attending the primary school, but it was frequently my responsibility to drive local preachers to their appointments. Transport then was by horse and sulky - the motor car was only just appearing on the local roads.

Suitable horses were not easy to obtain, and on one occasion when a replacement was needed the local postman offered to secure my father a good horse, and a trial was arranged. Mr. Bevan, a great friend of those days, accompanied my father. The horse was quite big, and rather "flash" - it appears that it had an unsuccessful career as a race-horse, and resented sulky harness. As I remember, the horse and sulky had hardly left the parsonage when something frightened the horse. It reared up to its full height, capsizing the sulky and sending the two men over the back onto the roadway. The animal then bolted down Victoria street, smashing sulky and harness. Needless to say, the Church did not purchase that horse. I was never quite sure what scared the horse, unless it was Ben Hestelow's new red Buick starting up, just opposite the church.

Those early cars at any time frightened horses, but especially at night. Quite often I made the trip to Abermain on Sunday night with the preacher. Abermain was then in the Kurri circuit. Meeting a car at night on that road usually meant leaping out and holding the horse's head away from the lights and the hoise. Our sulky had two side lamps with candles.
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On another occasion I was sent to Pelaw Main with a message - this particular horse was free of vice and usually no problem at all; however, on my way home a hitch-hiker asked for a lift back to Kurri. The road then was a bush-track from Pelaw Main, direct to Stanford, crossing the railway line from the pit. As my pony trotted across the rails it stumbled badly and fell - my passenger was thrown out and unfortunately caught his foot in the reins, tearing them from my hands. The pony recovered and bolted, dragging the unfortunate man by one foot. The reins were out of my reach, and I well remember climbing out along the sulky shaft reaching for the reins as the pony careered along at full gallop. By the time I had quietened the horse and returned for my passenger he was gone. Later my father visited him in hospital. He was not seriously hurt.

The days of the horse and sulky were coming to an end. Within a few years most circuits had changed to motor transport, and horse problems became a memory.

M.D. Weatherall
Bolton Point.

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION to Kurri was a "blue". After being met by two Circuit Stewards (Mr. Worboys and Mr. Lowbridge) we began unpacking and settling into the Parsonage. Later the same day, I referred to these gentlemen as Mr. Warbridge and Mr. Lowboy! Since then my husband has been very wary of names I pass on to him --- who could blame him.

The old home town was brought to mind vividly a few weeks ago, when our second daughter, Carol, was organising and cooking an "Australian" dinner for the ninety nationalities housed in the international Units for married University students in London. The idea was that the wives should introduce their own country's type of meal, in turn, just for interest's sake. The main dish was to be a tasty recipe given to me in Kurri. For a typical Aussie title, Carol graced the Menu with "Kurri Kurri Beef Casserole." Unfortunately the stove caught alight, and the name was almost changed to "Flaming Kangaroo Goulash."

Frequently are we reminded of happy associations of our "term" spent in your Circuit, and our blessings for the strengthening interest and support in your church goes from our hearts.

Gladys Best
Miranda.

WERE YOU THERE......?
At the Quarterly meeting when the enthusiastic gentleman poked his head in the door and inquired..."Is this the Catholic Housie?" (BTG)

At Church the morning Rev. Tully announced the next hymn, and said "Mrs. Osland, we'll sing the second verse" - to which our faithful organist, with all the righteous indignation she could muster, replied: "I'm sure I won't". (CG)
I WAS ONE OF THOSE MINISTERS, much moved, and my family had to follow. Kurri Kurri was just another name - a place not far from Newcastle. Even though I had been one year in Lambton, I knew little more, apart from the fact that I had met Mrs. Ada Butcher at Woomba.

Before my move to Lambton, Mrs. Butcher had given me a photo of Mr. R.E.F. Williams and his family. She was the only white person in the family group, and about ten years old. The photo had been taken in Tasmania.

During some research into some of the history of the Kurri Circuit, I was constantly amazed to hear of the memories, and the obvious esteem, in which this negro man was held.

My own memories of Ada Butcher, and research into the work of Silas Gill in the Mulbring Church made me feel at home, as a part of the past of Christ. His is the only name that enables men to be free of the past, and to go "Walking and Leaping and Praising" into the future.

I was especially pleased to have the Quarterly Meeting approve the invitation to Rev. Dan Armstrong to conduct a "Week of Mission" in the circuit. It was a special joy to see how some of the people of the church moved past the strangeness and conventionality of singing:

"Silver and gold have I none
But such as I have, give I Thee
In the name of Jesus of Nazareth
Rise up and walk:
And he went walking and leaping,
And praising God.

and following Dan as he led in the actions, with ease and grace. Many who went "walking and leaping" did not feel so at ease or gracious. That some felt the presence of God's spirit, and have been glad to sing and testify graciously and confidently since December, 1969, I am especially glad.

You see, the Church has faced many changes. Once she, among other things, provided a social centre for the community. With regard to social activities, the Church now has many more able competitors.

The only right the Church has to existence is by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His is the only name that enables men to be free of the past, and to go "Walking and Leaping and Praising" into the future.

On the lighter side, I find that modern youth has not lost any of its zeal for fun, and willingness to "take a rise" out of someone. It was the Crusader Camp of 1971, and a certain 'John' came round the corner to quell the water-and-flour fight. "Hey! Come on! you've had enough now. Someone....." and the big noise spent some further time scraping flour from his person, and hoping that one very wet shirt would soon dry. Eyes full of goo, the victim could not positively identify the assailants, but I'm sure that Gary and Paul will well remember the incident.

John Tully
The Parsonage,
28 Highfield street
Mayfield.

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ONE of the most vivid memories from our term at Kurri (1947-1951) was the Coal Strike which lasted from June 27th to the beginning of August, 1949. This came as the result of a show-down between the M.M.U. Council and the Federal (Labour) Government, under the late Ben Chifley. After the strike had been going for about a fortnight, the unions were evidently ready to call it off, but the Government ensured its continuance by summarily goaling some of the leading Miners' Representatives. One of the most extraordinary occurrences was the sudden appearance in Lang st. of a formidable body of troops, ostensibly sent for the purpose of keeping law and order. I well remember who the then sergeant in charge of Kurri Police hit the roof: "What on earth do they think we are?" he roared, "don't they know there's no more law-abiding people in Australia than the coalfields community?"

However, the Army departed as suddenly as it had arrived, having caused more amusement than anything else.

Strangely enough, the strike seemed to cause more alarm and despondency in Sydney than on the Coalfields. The then President of the Methodist Conference, the late Rev. R.B. Lew, summoned a meeting of Sydney Methodist ministers on Monday 11th July to discuss what the church ought to say and do about it. At the last moment, someone suggested that it might be a good idea to invite the men on the spot to join in the discussions, and Bill Bramford and I, together with the Chairmen of the Maitland and Newcastle districts, left by car in the early dawn. The meeting opened at 10 a.m. with fiery speeches by ministers who knew nothing whatever of the miners' point of view, and consequently talked a great deal of hot air. Bill and I were called upon to speak, and we did our best to explain the local situation. We were backed up by Alan Walker and Bill Hobbin, and as a result the whole attitude of the meeting changed; it was agreed that a deputation should go to Canberra to try to persuade the P.M. to call a conference at which the parties to the dispute might come together in a spirit of sweet reasonableness.

The deputation comprised the President, Alan Walker, Bill Hobbin and myself. An appointment with the P.M. was made for the following morning; we knew that he must be extremely busy and did not expect an interview of more than 20 minutes. But when we were ushered into his office he was quite unhurried; he asked us to speak in turn, and sat smoking his pipe and listening attentively, while the late Doc. Evatt hovered like a guardian angel in the background. I couldn't see why he should be the only one to puff a pipe, so I asked "Do you mind if we smoke?" and he immediately handed round cigars with profuse apologies. However, no one took one. He gave us nearly an hour of his valuable time, and thanked us for our suggestions - but in the upshot nothing happened.

One of the funniest aspects of the situation was after I got home to Kurri. Early in the strike the Govt. had frozen the Co-op bank account, but it was found that someone with great foresight had withdrawn the whole of the balance, and no one knew where the money was. The day after I got home I had an anxious phone call from George Booth, M.L.A. asking me to come to see him. When I did so, he asked if I could tell him the object of our visit to Canberra; when I did so, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Ah", he said "I thought perhaps you'd found out where the cash was, and gone to tell Chifley".

Naturally, I hadn't the remotest idea of the whereabouts of the missing money, so in confidence he told me - and I had one of the biggest laughs of
my life. I don't know whether the secret ever became public, but I have no intention of putting anybody's pot on, even after a lapse of twenty-three years!

Brian Heawood
117 The Promenade,
Guildford.

THANKS FOR REMEMBERING ME, but I'm afraid I have not done anything outstanding with my life. I am happy to tell you a little about my work.

I have lived at Mofflyn Methodist Homes for Children, in a suburb near Perth, for 14 years.

Mofflyn is four cottages, for mixed ages and sexes, from 2 years to 12 plus; ten children to a cottage. There are two other homes (Allandale and Werribee) in Mofflyn grounds, and they house boys 10 to 15 years, and 12 girls of high school age respectively.

I am Director (teacher in charge) of Schoolar Memorial Kindergarten, and Assistant Matron of Mofflyn.

In the kindergarten we cater for Mofflyn pre-schoolers, and children from the neighbourhood, having thirty children from 3 to 5 years of age. During the past nine years, I have had an average of one slow-learner or handicapped child (eg., deaf or deformed) each year. In the majority of cases the child has progressed enough to be admitted to a special class at State School. The parents of these children find it difficult to enroll them, as they require extra care and attention. We are grateful that God has enabled us to carry out this work, and have been delighted to have eased the burden of the parents, and given happiness to the children.

At Christmas time each year the children enact a simple Nativity Play, and parents and friends attend well. The Play is followed by a Christmas Party, and a visit from Father Christmas.

Every year we hold a Fete at Mofflyn. Last year, the handyman had installed loud speakers (P.A. system) around the kindergarten building. Then he tested them. The following day one of the four-year old boys stood looking up at the speaker. After about five minutes, he came to me and said "Miss Dever, I wish God would hurry up and tell me what to play next. I know He is there, because He spoke to me yesterday".

Doreen Dever
"Mofflyn"
East Victoria Park
Perth, W.A.
WHEN I FIRST CAME FROM England I attended a Watch Night Service on New Year's Eve. The Minister, Rev. Hobson, and I, as the only congregation, had the service together. One Sunday night I went to church (the church hall now) and the preacher was Mr. R.W.P. Williams, a gentleman, sincere and a good preacher. He was passing our house one evening, and a mother was calling her son home. He took no notice of her, and she called again "Come here, you young devil!". Mr. Williams went over to her with his hand extended, saying "I'm pleased to have the pleasure of shaking hands with the devil's mother."

During the years we had wonderful competitive concerts, all of the church organisations taking part. Once, in a play, I was the "heavy" father, and tried to shoot an unwelcome suitor...I missed, but finally all was well. The young couple really got married shortly after. Perhaps they may remember. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Butterworth were adjudicators at one of the concerts. In another concert, Rev. Robens hypnotised Mr. Avery and Mr. Holmes. They were playing marbles on the floor! Then I was "put under", and I had fleas. I began brushing them off, then started to get undressed. On the point of dropping my trousers...someone drew the curtains.

Then there was the time we held a Popular Man contest in the Circuit. I was Kurri's entry. We held a very successful Junior Eisteddfod. We had 1152 entries for a 3-day Eisteddfod. I won the competition, and still have the umbrella presented to me. After that, we had three more Eisteddfods, then War broke out, and many things changed.

The choir was a big item in my life. In Rev. Trafford Walker's time we rendered "The Rolling Seasons". Mr. Bill Owen was conductor, but he took sick at the last, and I took over, as I had been Assistant Choir Master. Then in 1962 the choir again rendered "The Rolling Seasons" at the Church Anniversary; Rev. John Fullerton was guest speaker.

About 1932 Mr. Harold Worboys asked me to help out with the Endeavour, which I did, mostly on the music side as the Endeavour was the Sunday morning choir. Later I became Superintendent, with 65 on the roll, and an average attendance of 45 to 50. Every Mothers Day we had a special service, with the Church beautifully decorated. Mrs. Wilson was the oldest mother in those days. We always had our annual picnic by bus, and our Christmas Party with Santa Claus (Mr. W. Hazzledene). I would like to express my gratitude and appreciation to Miss Emma Wallwork and Mrs. Marion Cook for their assistance and willingness towards the Endeavour over the years. When I retired, Mr. Tom Tweedie took over.

Another of my memories was the S.S. Anniversaries. Mrs. Russell and Margaret companions, and Mr. Ted Proud playing the cornet. Once, about 16 girls sang "Whispering Hope" in part singing. It was beautiful.

There are many more things I could recall, but have been told that space is limited. We have had some very happy times over the years.

George H. Brown.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We received this just one week before Mr. Brown passed away, and decided to print it, as he had been such an active and well-known personality during his lifetime in this area.
TO MY KNOWLEDGE my sister (Mrs. A. Young) and I are two of the oldest members of the present membership, with no break whatever in our attendance and membership.

We left England with our parents & landed in South Australia in June, 1912, & came to Kurri Kurri during December, 1912. My father having come on a few weeks ahead to find work on the coal-fields, landed at Weston and, being an accredited local preacher with quite a few years experience in England, had taken services at Weston and Kurri Kurri before we arrived. Weston and Kurri Kurri at that time were in the one Circuit under the Ministry of Rev. H.B. Hobson, the previous Minister being Rev. Sharkey.

Coming from England, we were used to walking, as we often went for long walks in the twilight. It served me in good stead as I remember walking to Neath with my father & mother, for him to take the evening service; to Abermain quite often, and to Weston just as an evening's stroll from where I live now. Pelaw Main & Heddon Greta were also taken in our stride. Now we think twice of going to service if there is no transport available.

I honour & revere the memory of my father (A.E. Barkwill) & the other preachers of the Kurri Kurri-Weston preaching plan in those days, they were men of substance who truly walked with God and for Him. Of course I know there were other circuits with Godly men, who walked even further to preach the word of God, but I am trying to show how solid were the foundations of Methodism in the Kurri Circuit. I am proud that I was able to just walk beside him.

One of my greatest experiences with our Church was becoming a member of the Mission Band, not a musical group, but a band of young men from 16 years & upwards, imbued with spiritual fervour, willing to conquer any evil this world had to offer. Most of the names will be remembered by quite a number of folk who may read this; A, Young, Joe Stewart (decd) Arch Turnbull (decd) Will Jackson (decd), Andrew Hyslop, G. Herron, Lawrence Butcher. Each one was coupled with a local preacher and went to his appointments with him, and gave out hymns and read the lessons, a great experience for a young man.

During this time we were afflicted with the "flu" epidemic, the aftermath of the First World War. The Churches and all places of amusement were closed for a period. The Mission Band still had their services; not in the Church, but under blue skies in the open bush. These happenings were during the ministry of Rev. Ingram Pearson, who proved to be a big help, and very understanding towards us.

About this time, the youth of the Church decided to build a Tennis Court, and the Trust kindly made us an offer of the empty block of ground where the present Church now stands. Having no money to build it ourselves, it was here I got my first introduction to the "working bee". We were very enthusiastic, but very inexperienced. We started with mattocks, spades, shovels, and barrows. We had just started making an impression on levelling the site when the Trust decided to build the present Church on the block they had just given us - you can imagine the popularity of that noble body of men (the Trust). However, we take our hats off to their wisdom, and they were good enough to give us a block on the other side of the Hall (which was the Church then), and had it
brought up to the same condition as the block we were working. After a lot of starts and stops, we eventually built a tennis court, which was used by the young folk for many years. I have a snapshot taken on 13.9.21 at the scene of operation on our first location; the faithful few, G. Herron, A. Hyslop, T. Street (decd), W. Jackson (decd), J. Hostelow (decd) and myself, taken by S.P. Jacobs. Another helper, not in the picture but a tower of strength was the late Roy Bagnall.

Of course, behind the working bee there were quite a number of lady helpers, altogether a happy, healthy band of young people. The Church was blessed with an abundance of youth during this period. This was my first working bee for the Church, but I have been in plenty since, and all for a worthy cause. As a Church we have never been too financial, and as a result our buildings have suffered. Painting was a dire necessity and buildings needed constant attention to keep up the appearances and for preservation. Our Church may not look the best in town, but it is still the place where we worship, and be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

I am now a member of the Kurri Kurri Church Trust, a job one can't hold lightly; we have proved in the past that we can weld ourselves into a united effort and have accomplished quite a lot of projects trying to preserve church properties. I hope I may be spared a little longer to work side by side with my fellow Trustees, doing the work at hand in the Master's service.

I derived great happiness & inspiration from my association with the choirs of the church, starting at an early age in the Juvenile Choir conducted by Mrs. Shaman. I'm afraid we gave her many heartaches as our thoughts were not always on music. Many of you who sang in the Choir will look back and remember the patience and hard work she put into it so that we would be proficient for the morning service. Just as our present Junior Choir is doing now, we helped in no mean way to add the beauty of music to our morning service. Then singing in the Adult Choir as a boy contralto under various conductors.

I suppose there are quite a lot who will remember the Sunday School Picnics we used to have at the old Heddon Greta racecourse. Quite a red-letter day for our Sunday school, catching the train at Stanford Merthyr railway station & dropping us at the racecourse. The grandstands were very useful & convenient for our picnic dinner and tea, shelter from rain & sun, and ample grounds to play in for the young folk. A must for the real agile young fry was a trot around the race track (about 1 mile) after which we could settle down and enjoy the various races & rounders game. Catch the train home to Stanford Merthyr after spending a wonderful day. Something to remember. Sunday School Anniversaries were something special in those days. The town had some wonderful singing from the various Anniversaries and the Methodists were second to none. Many of our artists on the concert platform made their debut at the S.S.A. Thank you, June and Nell for the opportunity to bring back memories of what the Church meant to us in the 'GOOD old days.'

Edwin Barkwill
Lang street
KURRI KURRI.

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THE SIMPLE REQUEST to send an account of some significant memories of my long association with our Church at Kurri brought such a flood of them to mind that to choose one or two becomes a major decision. Having been christened there (an occasion I do NOT remember!) some of my very earliest recollections are connected with the life of the church, and even the years of babyhood have been well filled in by parents and friends.

Thinking of childhood days, Sunday School Anniversaries and our Annual Bazaar seem to stand out. I can still feel the world-shattering tragedy of a wet day for the Anniversary, and the injustice of not being given parental consent to sit up on the very highest seat on the platform. I never did get to sit up there! And don't you all remember the way Mr. George Brown, our conductor, made us hold the final note of "He Lives" until we were in grave danger of coming apart at the seams?

As for the Bazaar - I remember, on the big day, taking a note to school, asking to be excused for having my hair in "rags", and to be allowed to leave early because I had to sing at "The Opening". Then, having done my bit at the official proceedings, standing in a queue to take my turn on the handle of the icecream churn, with Mr. Avery supervising. Never had I tasted such superb icecream - nor have I since! Then, carrying around trays piled high with small posies of flowers, which all and sundry were pestered into buying until the tray was empty. I can feel again, as I did when the results of the cooking competitions were announced, my pride in the fact that my mother invariably won first prize for her beautiful rainbow cake.

Then there were the people who left an indelible impression on my young mind. Of my Sunday School teachers, Mr. Jim Hestelow stands out, and Mr. Brewer, who was Superintendent of the Junior Christian Endeavour, Mrs. Sharman who led the Junior Choir, and to whom we must have been a great trial, and those wonderful friends of my grandmother who were, to me, so kindly and wise - Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. Barkwill and so many more. One of my most vivid memories concerns a Mission which, I imagine, was sponsored by all the local churches. I do know our own church was very much involved. The final meeting was held in the great barn of the Royal Theatre - so many of you will remember it, and the relatively small gallery which was reached by walking up a sloping area on one side of the building which also contained rows of seats, and it was in this particular area that I sat with my parents. I don't remember the Missioner, or anything that anyone said. The memory which remains so clearly in my mind is the slight figure in black, far away on the platform, singing "From sinking sands He lifted me......O praise His name, He lifted me!" I think I was only five or six, but I can recall the emotions I felt as I saw and heard my grandmother Forster sing that night - admiration at the courage which enable her to stand before, what seemed to me, a vast crowd, and sing with such power and apparent unconcern, the undoubted faith and conviction that came through in her singing, and the glow I felt because she was MY grandmother. Whenever I hear and sing this grand old hymn, the picture flashes to my mind, and I feel all those emotions again, and even after all the intervening years, am brought close to tears.

Then there were the concerts! But I mustn't start on those, for I've more than used my quota of space, I'm sure. I'm hoping that my music teacher, Olive Fewins-Thorson (Mrs. Nelson) will have covered the excellent
ones she organised with her pupils, and that other folk will tell us about
the competitive concerts, and those wonderful programmes given entirely by
the Pryor family.

Precious, very personal memories are always with me concerning my
church at Kurri, including many family experiences - my wedding day - but
those have been set aside for more general occasions which were shared by
so many dear and valued friends over the period of thirty years when
Kurri was my home town. Looking back, with warm affection, they were
wonderfully good days, and after 27 years, and belonging to many other
Methodist churches throughout the State, Kurri is still mine, in a very
real way.

Mrs. Jess Cowper
The Parsonage,
3 Malvern Avenue,
Croyden.

IN LOOKING BACK to the early days of Methodism in Kurri, it was intended
to build a modern brick church on the corner block, but for various
reasons it was never built. But a wooden building was built which was
too small for the number of people who were attending at that time. So,
having closed the church at Heddon Greta it was decided to move the
building to Kurri and add to the Kurri church, which from then to the
present time has fulfilled the purpose for which it was built.

The Kurri Kurri circuit has had some outstanding Ministers down
through the years, and they all spoke very highly of the bright and
inspiring singing by the choir and congregation. When the choir sang
some of those old anthems, such as "King of Kings" and "The Lord is My
Shepherd" you could hear several "Amens" coming from members of the
congregation. Most of the visiting preachers would also comment on
the excellence of the singing, which, they claimed, gave much inspiration
to the service.

One of the highlights of the year was the Competitive Concert, in
which all the various departments of the church took part, from the
oldest to the youngest. They always put on a very enjoyable evening,
and you needed to be early to get a good seat!

Many really good concerts were held every year, and were very well
attended. All this added to the social life of the church, and helped on
the financial side. There were many really good artists on the coalfields
who were always very willing to give their services whenever we were
having any special functions. This was always very much appreciated.

One of the concerts which has stood out in my mind was the one the
Pryor family gave. It consisted of father, daughters and sons, and they
gave the entire programme. A most enjoyable time.

William Forster
Mamong.
THANKS FOR THE OPPORTUNITY to mention some of the incidents that have taken place in the earlier days of my life in the Kurri Kurri Church.

I well recall the days when our local preachers travelled to Mulbring and Branxtonville churches by horse and sulky. The roads at times were almost impassable, especially in the wet weather, caused by the bullock teams that travelled the same road. But we always managed to fulfil our appointments, and will always remember the fellowship and hospitality received from the members of both churches.

I would like to mention here a few of our older local preachers who have passed on to their reward, having done a great service to our church. Mr. B. Hestelow; Mr. J. G. Binney; Mr. J. Lamb; Mr. A. Barkwill; Mr. A. E. Robinson; Mr. R. E. F. Williams; Mr. J. Nicol; Mr. T. Roberts; and Mr. A. Young snr, my father. These men were all active in the days of Rev. George Pearson. Our preachers mostly walked to their various appointments. One Sunday in particular, I walked to Neath to preach, and back.

It was a joy and privilege to have been for many years Junior Circuit Steward, working with the late Mr. Len Lowbridge as Senior. After Mr. Lowbridge resigned Mr. Harold Worboys took over the position for a few years.

Also I would like to mention, and thank God for opportunity of, service rendered in the Sunday School. Mr. J. Gilmore was at this time Superintendent, and I was assistant. We spent some very happy times together with teachers and scholars. One of the highlights was the S.S.A. service, which drew a large congregation every time. It was an inspiration and a blessing to all, hearing the scholars sing under the baton of Mr. Gilmore, and later, Mr. George Brown. After Mr. Gilmore left the district, I was appointed Superintendent and held the position for quite a few years. We can now see some of our former scholars holding office in the church, and their children attending Sunday School, some of them being in the Sunday morning Choir which is very much appreciated by the morning congregation. Carry on the Good Work!

As God led His people in the past, we look forward to the future with confidence, knowing that under His guidance and blessing all will be well.

I would like to close with the verse of a hymn by Rev. J. Fawcett:

"Blest be the tie that binds
   Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
   Is like to that above."

Adam Young
Barton street
Kurri Kurri

Older people speak of the younger generation as if they had nothing to do with it.
REMINISCENCES OF THE CONNECTIONS of one's family and self with the Methodist Church wandered over a great number of years, for my parents joined the church on their entry to Australia from England in October, 1912, and remained members until their passing in 1930 and 1948.

My father, A.E. Robinson, was a lay preacher for many years until no longerable to carry on, and my memories include accompanying him to churches, not only those still existing centres at Pelaw Main, Mulbring and Brunkerville, but also to Neath, Haddon Greta and Sawyer's Gully. He also preached in churches of other denominations, particularly the Baptist and Presbyterian, when the last-named occupied the block where the Co-op. Society garage now stands.

We also attended the Mission Hall at Abermain, in Harle street, round the corner from the Dorman Hotel, when he preached on the second Sunday after its opening. After this service we walked home along dark, rough gravel roads to Stanford street, Kurri, when cars were few and far between, and buses non-existent.

I would pay tribute, unquestioned I'm sure, to the influence his efforts had in directing several younger men to the ministry of Methodism. I would mention here my mother's brother, Rev. Arthur J. Keeling, who left Stanford Merthyr mine about 1917 to enter the ministry. He served in much of N.S.W., from Wilcannia to Moree to Casino and lastly Chatswood, serving at one period as President of the Methodist Conference.

Kurri, being a mining community has always been loyal to the cause of the miners fighting for conditions, to the extent that restrictions placed on the use of electricity by the Unions about 1928 meant that no lighting by this means could be enjoyed by anyone, under the threat of reprisals, such as perhaps broken windows or victimisation by work-mates, or boycotting of a business.

It happened that during one such electricity ban, a visiting clergyman, was guest speaker for the Anniversary night service. Lighting was supplied by kerosene lamps, so that the interior of the church was quite subdued. The Reverend gentleman, not so sympathetic to the union's action, spoke out rather strongly and critically that the Church members should have been more forceful, denied the ban, and shone lights in the House of the Lord. The congregation received the admonishment passively, no doubt out of respect for the cloth, and an understanding that actions are often louder than words. So the service ended, the congregation dispersed, and a self-satisfied Clergyman, having told those miners a thing or two, prepared to depart. Alas - a little hitch - flat tyres on his car. (This incident was reported almost identically by Mrs. Cowper)

A visiting Missionary at S.S. offered a prize of a daily Scripture calendar for the one who could find a verse of scripture that had 22 words. Three of the words were used four times each. The first week produced no discovery, so a clue was given:- one of the words was "upon" used four times. Second week; still no results, so a second clue was given. The word "precept" was also used four times. The prize was mine'. What was the verse?

Fred Robinson
Alexandra street
Kurri Kurri
READING AN L.C.A. report book dated 1925 takes me back a few years, when my mother, the late Mrs. H. Barkwill and I first joined the Aid. Our Minister at that time was Rev. P. Williams.

As I look back over the years I think of the happy fellowship shared together with the ministers and members of the Aid.

One of the outstanding events was the Church Anniversary Tea meeting. This has now disappeared from our activities. It was a great week-end of Christian fellowship, as well as being the main source of income for the Kurri Trust. Many will remember the Tea Meetings, with many artists and guest speakers. The school hall was always packed, as both old and young turned out. Then the Sunday, when special services were held with special speakers, and the P.S.A. with groups and choirs from other districts. Much could be written of the fellowship shared then.

The ladies' part was to cater for the tea, and to do this various ladies went collecting. We always received a great welcome, as folk expected us to call each year. My memory goes back to one time, when Mrs. Lowbridge and I collected. I shall never forget this day. We had commenced at 9.30 a.m., and had walked until noon, and we were getting tired with walking (no cars then). We enjoyed our visits, but no one offered us a cup of tea, as they normally did. However, as we only had a few more calls to make, we decided to go to Lamb's shop to see what we could buy for lunch, as we were beginning to feel hungry. To our dismay we could only buy cold meat pies. We solemnly bought one each, but as I said, we were both tired, and we both had a lively sense of humour, and once outside the shop we just looked at each other and began to laugh. To finish it all, just as I stepped off the cement under the awning, I caught my heel and fell on my face. Nell dropped all the things she was carrying and came to my assistance, only to be pulled on top of me. By this time we were really helpless with laughter, and to our dismay, the Cessnock bus pulled up at the bus stop! People stared at us from the window, and I'm sure they must have thought we were drunk! Eventually we calmed down enough to realise we were in no fit condition to approach anyone else that day. So we trudged home, still laughing, and finished our collecting another day.

I am still a member of the Aid, perhaps not so active as I used to be, but still enjoying great fellowship with our ladies, as we seek to extend the work of the church.

We are pleased to note the re-forming of the M.G.C. in our Church. I recall many pleasant memories back in 1922, when under the leadership of Mrs. Weatherall, the girls took an active and keen interest in the church activities. We wish the Comrades of today every success, and God's richest blessing.

For many years I was a member of the choir, which was a great help to the services. We always looked forward to Thursday night choir practice which was a happy fellowship. Now I close, thanking God for His many blessings and fellowship in the Kurri Methodist Church.

Louie Young
Barton street
Kurri Kurri.
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Louie Young
Barton street
Kurri Kurri.

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offered by the grand old stalwarts. I remember in particular three old dear friends... they were ministering angels: Mrs. Forster snr., Mrs. Wilson snr., and Mrs. Binney. We were fortunate, too, to have a number of local preachers. Mr. Barkwill told us from the pulpit that on his very first preaching day he chose for his text "Behold I stand at the door and knock" and he felt like knocking.

Mr. Whan and Mr. Harry Diggins were two church Stewards, so loyal always at their post, hail or shine. Harry used to sit at the side of the organ, and pump away for our anthems and hymns. We have treasured memories of the Roll of Honour. My brother Bart is listed as "Killed in action" (1st World War) along with other dear friends.

Thanks, folk, for giving us the opportunity to add some memories to your book, and if all the folk you have written to have derived as much pleasure from it as Ann and I have, your little book won't be so little. Best wishes to all our remaining friends, wherever they may live. We moved to Lambton and formed up with Trinity Church.

"Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love".

Isabella Millen (Johnson)
Ann Johnson
36 Carrington Parade,
New Lambton.

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HAVING BEEN APPROACHED for some comment on our family association with the Kurri Methodist Church leads me to declare this was the turning point of my life, as a follower of Christ, in the association of the Wolfenden family of ten, who all grew up in this church.

Years have passed, and with the advent of time, plans and destinies become clearer.

On moving to Newcastle we have settled between neighbours of the same denomination, and are now attending Adamstown Heights centre of worship. From where we live we are surrounded by the Word of God as proclaimed from the Methodist pulpit, as we have Adamstown proper to the east, Kotara proper to the north, Kotara South to the west (which does seem paradoxical, but to us it IS west), and of course, our own centre to the south, all within a radius of a mile or two. So you can see direction can be put down to design of our Methodist Fellowship in our lives.

The Shipley family,
14 Crossland street
Adamstown Heights

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THE CHANGING SCENE: Remember how once upon a time, the only time you asked "Is it a boy or a girl?" was at the hospital?
MRS. IRIS STEPHENS and I often have a chat after Church services. We exchange what we have heard of Kurri. I don't get up that way often now. A car ride to O.E.S. has been my limit for the last two years. I still limp badly, can't get far, and always with a stick to help me along. But well myself, after the upset 15 months ago.

The families here are well. Gary (21) and David (19) working and Uni. keep them busy. Margaret (23) has been in England for nearly 2 years on a "working holiday" and enjoying every bit of it. Says she will come home for Christmas. We got long interesting letters from her. Of Mary's girls, Christine is in a chemist shop, and Lynne in a doctor's surgery, and Margaret in a dentist's surgery.

How about the Golden Jubilee Anniversary? The enclosed snap of the cake I made and iced is dated 1903-1953. Do you remember it? Slices were sold...one slice for £5.

Do you remember the Spring Fairs? Brick-laying for the NEW Fence? L.C.A. Annual Services, and the Garden Party at our home in Barton street? In a competition to name as many plants as possible, one lady found a WEED!! which was almost unbelievable. How I remember that day.

I have happy memories of Kurri, 1919 to 1962, and some sad ones. To be a member of the Methodist Church at Kurri was a help at all times.

"God grant me serenity to accept things I cannot change; Courage to change the things I can, And wisdom to know the difference."

Ida Pringle
16 Mereleview street
Belmont.

REMEmBER WHEN A GROUP OF MEN decided that they could do a better job of catering than the Ladies Aid could? They got together and arranged a dinner...they even got dressed in white coats and black bow ties. They did everything at the dinner ....but the funny side is that they had to get their wives to do all the cooking for it.

Needless to say, they did all the rest, including the washing up. They made quite a sum of money from the dinner. I think they only wanted to see if they could do it all alone.

Ethel Moss
Kurri Kurri

(Ed. note: We are sure that many people will remember Ethel's parents, the late Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Avery, and the many years of faithful work and devotion they gave to our church)
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, about 60 years ago, Mr. Butcher and a few other people thought it was too much for us little ones to walk to church two or three times each Sunday.

So Mr. Butcher, or perhaps the minister, asked Mr. & Mrs. Lane of Brunker street if they would have all the children in their home for Sunday School each Sunday. Mr. Butcher was our superintendent, and Miss Lydia Lane our organist, and she also had a class of small children.

All of the children's fathers helped clear a piece of land "down the bush" and for years it was called "the picnic ground". Each year we had our picnic, and I remember our first picnic. The late Mr. George Booth, and his girl-friend (just out from England, she later became Mrs. Booth) brought along a large washing basked full of good things for our picnic lunch. We had some very happy days at our Sunday school "down at Lane's".

Ema Wallwork
Brunker street
Kurri Kurri

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WE LIVE A VERY ORDINARY LIFE, so I don't know if I can help you with your book.

The only great thing that clings to my mind is something I shall never forget. It's when my son, John, was sent to Vietnam. I shall never forget that dreadful day, and the helpless feeling of seeing his plane slowly disappearing into the horizon. Knowing for the first time that this was something he had to do on his own, and not to be there to comfort him when he went to this bewildering place. Wondering desperately what he was going into, and knowing he was getting mixed up in war. Praying to God to bring him safely home again. Then waiting anxiously for letters, which were often held up. Then, after twelve months to the day exactly, the wonderful news that he was on his way home. To see him step off the plane, thinner, but whole in body, thank God, and beaming from ear to ear, was the most wonderful experience I shall ever have.

Mrs. Ada Hodgson (Gilmore)
57 Hanbury street
South Wentworthville.

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WE HAVE NO PARTICULAR episode to relate. Just a host of wonderful memories of our days and years with the Methodist church in Kurri. Our connection with the choir, L.C.A., and Sunday School, and all other sections, bring many nostalgic memories. These happy times were shared with out loved ones, whom we have since lost, therefore making the remembrances more precious. May we add our congratulations to the Kurri church on its 60 years, and pray it may continue to serve God in the coming years.

Dorothy Grant, Heather and Don
13 Gallagher street
Gessnock.

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MY FIRST MEMORY OF THE CHURCH LIFE at Kurri Methodist Church is when I was a child, living at Pelaw Main. I used to come to church at Kurri, and at that time the church service was held in the home of Mr. & Mrs. Dyson in what is now known as Rawson street (in those days the streets were not named). I can remember going home after church, being piggy-back by my father, all the way home to Pelaw Main.

My next memory is the Church Fair being held in the grounds, where now stands the church, and as a little girl I made the presentation of a pot plant to the lady who opened the Fair. If my memory was right, she was a nurse. At this Fair, the stalls were made of bush, and I can remember one of the getting on fire, and of course there was great excitement.

Many happy times were spent in the Sunday School, where Mr. J. Lamb was superintendent, and two teachers I was very fond of were Miss Eva Lamb and Miss Lily Shepherd. My mother was also a teacher. I was also a member of the Christian Endeavour with Mr. Brewer and Miss E. Shepherd as leaders and later on I was a senior helper.

I was an officer of the first Girl’s Comrades, of which I have happy memories. By this time I was very active and happy as assistant Superintendent to Mrs. Butcher in the Kindergarten, where I remained until I left the circuit. I was also a member of the choir and sometimes helped with the organ.

My happiest memory of Kurri Methodist church is my wedding day. So ends my life as a member of Kurri church, and I moved to Weston where I still live, and work and love my church.

Vera Stewart (Binney)
Weston

ONE FINE SUNDAY MORNING many years ago, my brother (Jack Thompson) was riding a very smart horse along Rawson street. He had just reached the church corner as the folk came out after morning service. They were chattering on the footpath. Just as Jack was about to raise his hat to the ladies he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was slipping from the horse’s back. More and more it slipped, until down in the dust he landed. I have an idea that his hat beat him to it, but the saddle landed on top of him. The belly band had broken! Most of our church's good folk rushed to his aid crying "Oh, Mr. Thompson has fallen off his horse!" I'm afraid it was a very red-faced Mr. T. they found, dusted off, and helped to his feet.

Marie Bagnall (Thompson)
76 Lynbara Avenue,
St. Ives.

MIDDLE AGE: When you know your way around, but don't feel like going.
NOT HAVING BEEN IN THE FAMILY of Kurri Church for very long, I find I do not have too many incidents to recall, but Gerald and I have very much appreciated the friendship and fellowship of the church.

Don't know if I'm treading on anyone's toes, using a hymn as a base or framework for this story, but:— Of four-legged friends who have visited this place, one 'Kitty' (Tully) apparently became rather intoxicated with the perfume of flowers which were standing on a spot, now marked with a sign "Watch this Space".

"Hushed was the evening hymn
The church's porch was dark
Then suddenly a cat, bless him
Did slip, then hark
Down crashed the vase, water and flowers
Shattering the calm within the church."

'Fritz' Wong, our cat, the first of the chosen in his family, of many battle scars to defend his family and honour. One fine sunny morning, Dick Whittington and his cat were being discussed in the pulpit. Being an aristocrat from way back, Fritz took a stroll, from the vestry, through the altar rail, past his humans sitting in the front seat (who suddenly seemed to freeze) and quietly went out the front door. The soloist and choir didn't miss a note.

Elizabeth Wong
Rawson street
Kurri Kurri.

MY EARLIEST MEMORIES OF Kurri Church are associated with music. Our children's choir, led by Miss Sharman, competing at the Eisteddfod at Cessnock. Practising for the anniversaries with first, Miss Lily Shepherd at the organ, then May Pryor, then my sister Flo. Dick Wells was our choir master for years. I well remember the voice of Liza Brown, also the boy soprano, Bill Jackson. Our concerts were famous. Solos by May Pryor, Belle Johnson. My sister Flo and I sang duets, and Rene Hestelow always recited. The Kindergarten needed a new piano, and on purchasing it, the required signatures read:— J. Lamb, Supt. L. Shepherd, Sec.
A. Butcher Kindergarten Supt. The names make a fine coincidence.

As to our life, Fred and I are connected with the Belmont church, which is at present united with the Presbyterians. Both Fred and I have held office in the Church....Circuit Steward, Church Steward, Sunday School, Ray's, and Choir. We are not so active these days, for health reasons. We have one daughter, Maysie, named after my parsonage friend of the Kurri days, Maysie Gilsenan. She (my daughter) has two daughters, Glenys Joy and Kathleen, and lives at Bankstown.

Joy Forster (Butcher)
26 Evans street
Belmont.
WHEN WE LOOK BACK to the time we spent in Kurri Kurri, we have many happy thoughts. Often we think of what you people of the Church thought that first day we walked in with the "McLennon Clan" as we called our family. That day was the beginning of a lot of happy times for us.

I don't know if you have trouble with names or not, but we do, so we set out to try and not make mistakes. One of the first people to make himself known to us was Adam Young. He was most friendly, and made us feel welcome. Naturally we didn't wish to forget him, so we decided to put to use the theory of association of things and names. As we had just bought a car from Young & Green, we used this association. The trouble was that we used the wrong name and always called Mr. Young, "Mr. Green". He always smiled when we said 'Good morning, Mr. Green' but said nothing, so you can imagine how silly we felt when, some 12 months later we spoke to him as Mr. Green in the company of Beryl Shipley who told us his name was 'Young'. Do you know, even to this day we still have to stop to think. It proves the theory alright, but we had it all wrong.

We think of the Sunday School picnics, especially the one held at Ellwood's farm near Nulkaba. The flies in the tent out there were so bad they almost walked off with the teachers as they tried to cut lunch. I think the flies were the only thing Annie Calderwood didn't get on film that day.

And that great game of Soccer out at Mulbring Park on day, and the family almost had to carry Mum about for the next few days, as her legs just didn't seem to belong to her anymore.

When we left Kurri Kurri to go West we thought we had gone to the end of the earth, and Mum told the children not to form any attachments in Condobolin, as we didn't like it, had no intention of staying, or going back. All went well until the week before we left. Beth met a chap who, when she left, ended up following her, and she is now Mrs. Wayne Taylor. She is in her final year at general nursing at R.N. Hospital. Helen is engaged, and in her second year at Teacher's College. Jenny got with the strength and Banks Commonwealth here in Maitland. Malcolm is 6ft. tall and bigger than his father. He is doing 4th Form this year. Heather is in 2nd Form now and Mark, although we find it very hard to believe, is in 5th class now, 5ft. tall, and much bigger than the 5 months old boy who used to have his bottle in church when we arrived in Kurri Kurri.

I have rambled on, but just sitting down, thinking, had brought back a lot of things I had forgotten, and I have enjoyed it. So many thanks for the opportunity to think back. 'We cannot go back to the days when our children were little ones, but we can have many happy memories.

Lillian & Arthur McLennon
Ambulance Station,
Maitland.

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CHILDREN: Not only a comfort in your old age...they help you reach it sooner.
SINCE RECEIVING YOUR LETTER my mind has been doing hand-springs. It has revived memories that have been dormant for years. Now I find myself ploughing through photographs, and remembering all sorts of things, and wondering where this one and that one might be.

REMEMBERING:- when I transferred from Pelaw Main to Kurri - Boy! was I scared of those older girls in the Comrades...what a let down; they were nothing to be scared of, but instead turned out to be true-blue friends.

REMEMBERING:- the trips we made to Singleton Sports Days for M.G.C & CK's of the Maitland-Singleton Districts - Miss Tulloch and her fabulous energy, hand megaphone and all!!

REMEMBERING:- how as teenagers we always sat in the back seats at church on Sunday nights, and not always did we listen at intently as perhaps we should. Giggling over some slight joke. Now I want to say "Thank you" for the patience of all the older folk - today in Kotara church, history repeats itself. Now I'm the "older folk", practising patience and hoping in some way this patience will pay the same dividends that it did for me.

REMEMBERING:- when a certain young imp tied my lovely long ribbon tails from my special Anniversary Hat to the back of the seat! When I tried to rise gracefully to do "my bit", hat and Doreen parted company. This was a special Christian Endeavour service, and poor Mr. Brown felt as badly as I did. However, it was a natural practical joke, as were many others. Again I say it's a pity we can't appreciate the patience of the older folk until we are past our early teens!

REMEMBERING:- the sad times, too. When Mrs. Dempsey lost her new born baby, I was working at Kurri Hospital, and felt her loss because I was "involved" and was actually scared, as a teenager, to go and talk with her. However, I came good and for some reason must have said the right things. She thanked me for my thoughtfulness quite a little time after, and said my going had helped her. This was another lesson in my Christian life - bury your own feelings and think for the happiness of someone else. It bonded a feeling of fellowship between Mrs. Dempsey and myself, and gave me a feeling of pride. Heartaches are often hard to bear, harder still to understand.

REMEMBERING:- when the whole of the church watched a love blossom between Albert and myself. This was a special ... but one not destined to mature. It led me to leave Kurri and all my friends and go to Newcastle to live. A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then. I still have a copy of an M.G.C. Recorder dated 16th May, 1949. In the social pages it lists my engagement to Allan Connett....the engagement of Doreen Gill and Tom Tweedle....the marriages of Betty Brown and Robert Aitcheson; Beryl Davies and Nev. Mewett; Noella Wolfendon and Ken Moy; Beryl Wolfendon and Ron Shipley; all girls products of the Kurri MGC.

REMEMBERING:- my wedding day. I returned to Kurri Methodist Church for this special day. L.C.A. catered for all those guests (limit 100) What a magnificent effort. Remember too that the Comrades turned up in full colour and gave me a guard of honour. This was not only an honour, it was the thrill of a lifetime.

Remember Kurri Church? How could I forget! I made friends there that tho' the years have parted us, we could meet tomorrow and the old
feeling of friendship would flare up as strong as ever. Yes! Kurri church has a tradition and I'm proud of it. I know that were I to walk into church some Sunday I would be welcomed home. That is the feeling Kurri church has given me, and helped me to carry through my life.

What Kurri church taught me I've carried on doing. Kotara church is my stamping ground now. Allan and I have worked there for many years, and we are proud that our sons, Graham and Raymond are attached there too. Best wishes to you all.

Doreen Connett (Tweedie
78 Birdwood street
New Lambton.

MOTHER AND FATHER WENT TO KURRI in 1903. I wasn't able to be with them for a few years, as I had a position in Newcastle.

As soon as they settled in, they joined up with the church, Rev. Thomas Davis was the Minister. Mum & Mrs. Binney walked to Pelaw Main every Sunday afternoon, and taught in S.S. for 3 years. Mum also collected what everyone called "The Stipend" for years, and of course, was in L.C.A.

Jack, Bob, Amy and Allan joined the S.S. When Amy married H. Martens, they went to Paxton to live, and she joined up with Paxton Church and stayed active there until her death. Jack taught in S.S. and later married May Whan. He went to World War I, but never returned, being killed in action.

In Rev. Sharkey's time I became a member of the church, and taught in S.S. I was married to Fred McMullen in January, 1912 by Rev. Hoxton. Fred was active in church affairs, and played violin in the orchestra conducted by Mr. G. Batey. We were sorry when Mr. Batey left for the South Coast, as the orchestra had to be disbanded. The church was our whole life, and I spent some very happy years with a crowd of lovely young people.

Carrie McMullen (Wilson)
127 Mitchell street
Stockton

ABOUT 1930 REV. MAWFIELD decided we should have a Junior O.K. I was one of the boys who attended the first meeting, and successfully "rode the billy goat". One Monday DISASTER STRUCK! we found that one of the boys has told his sister THE PASS-WORD, and as she belonged to the Rays it was soon common knowledge to the girls. But as we only used the pass-word for latecomers to our meetings, I don't think the Rays would have got past the door.

When I attended the S.S. in the 1920's and 1930's, it was a great honour to win first prize in the senior school for attendance, etc. I
obtained my greatest thrill when I won first prize in my last year as scholar, in 1933. In those days you had to attend every Sunday to have a chance to win first prize!

I wonder how many can remember the days when Christian Endeavour was at 11 a.m., and then we would go into church at 11 a.m. We would sit in the choir seats and sing during the collection, taken by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Blishen. Sometimes some of the girls (June Davies or Pearl Whalen) or one of the boys (Tom Harrison) would sing solos.

I wonder how many heeded the advice given by Mr. Gilmore, S.S. Superintendent, on Temperance Sundays, when he told us "If you don't take the first drink, you can't take the second." The Anniversaries, when the children sat on seats almost to the ceiling, and so many people attended to hear the children at the three services, that many would have to look through windows and doorways. The Anniversaries were held on two Sundays, and another service, on the lighter side, on Monday night. We would stay back after S.S. finished at 4 o'clock to practice hymns and go along after school during the week for our poems.

Ken Wallwork
Main Road
Abermain.

AS ORGAINIST OF OUR CHURCH the Minister made a practice of conveying me to the Kurri Church after he returned from the early service at Pelaw Main. On one particular Sunday morning as I stood waiting, I saw (or so I thought) his car approaching, so I walked out to stop him. As the car pulled up, much to my surprise two greyhound dogs put their heads out of the window to greet me. Through fits of laughter I managed to explain to the driver the mistake I had made. He finally went on his way, laughing heartily, saying he didn't think the church grounds would be an appropriate place to train his dogs. My daughter still bursts into fits of laughter when she, like I, recalls this humorous incident.

As a teenager attending service at Brunkerville Methodist Church, I can say in all reverence that the Holy Spirit descended on me. I did not realise for some time what had really happened, but it was such a joyful feeling which had come over me that everything seemed to change, and from that day God has walked all the way with me, and is ever there when I need him most. Praise His holy name.

Elsie Osland
Victoria street
Kurri Kurri
THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF MY happy memories associated with Kurri Methodist Church. As regards the church and O.K.'s from the social and sporting aspect during the 1930's and in the time of Rev. Manefield who, to us, was just "one of the boys" himself.

We used to indulge in many sports of interest; cricket, tennis, and athletics. Many happy times were enjoyed on the cricket field, against various Sydney O.K. teams, and against the Kurri Brotherhood team in particular. Mr. Tippet was one of their keen players. One game I mention was played at Richmond Main, and one incident I recall was whilst bowling. I was asked by the incoming batsman, none other than Uncle Will Forster, to "give me an easy one to hit", which "donkey drop" was duly served up by me....and missed by the batsman after a lusty swing with the long handle, hitting the middle stump, and he was out.

Then there was the time, when being conveyed to a match on the air-cushion pillion seat of Ken Jackson's Ariel motor-bike, and over the notorious pot-holes of the Heddon Greta road, there was one loud bang. A punctured pillion seat! And a hard, bumpy ride on the mudguard to the destination and return. It was a case of tea off the mantle shelf for the next few days.

Our social evenings were very noteworthy, and in particular the O.K. Saveloy Social for the M.G.C. with George Soper and the chief chef. To cut a long story short, George put a few dozen saves into the copper with a furnace fire thereunder, and then became engrossed in twos and threes and "Kiss in the Ring", forgetting all about his task. When reminded of his self-proclaimed cook prowess, he found that the protesting saves had disintegrated, and so the guests had an enjoyable? supper of bread rolls and saveloy skin....well, er....sliced buttered bread and skins, with an occasional piece of sav. adhering. I forgot to mention that the bread rolls had inadvertently been overlooked when catering was done.

Then there was the "Back to Childhood" night, with me as babe in pram, and Vic Woodhan "me mammy". I was complete with all the required accessories; bonnet, feeding bottle, talc, etc. The villain of the piece was one Ab. Williams, who, against the wishes of Mother and Babe, decided the pram could break a speed record or two over the length of the hall, and proceeded to do just that. To our disgust, we could not enter the Grand Parade due to the fact that our vehicle, with me arranged inside and outside could not stand the strain, and we were de-wheeled.

The O.K. sports were always interesting, with the "Mile" event usually a foregone conclusion for one named George Soper. However, at Singleton, and my last O.K. sports appearance, George was de-throned in the event "by one of his close associates" who had even trained with him for the event. Such was the tumult that the cry nearly got to the "Give him a swab" stage.

One of my recollections is with regard to the church car, the Essex Super Six, which used to take local preachers out to Brunkle and The Mull. The "Super" bit was a misnomer, as breakdowns were a frequent part of the scene. From one of the "boys"

Frank Gilmore
26 Pearson street
Lambton

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IN OCTOBER 1943 I MOVED TO KURRI from Gunnedah with my two little girls, Pamela and Beverly. My husband was serving overseas with the R.A.A.F.

Needless to say, as a mother with two little girls, just 7 and 5 years old, and a husband at war, one learned to pray every hour of every day, and many long hours of the night.

The first opportunity I had, I went to church. It was a night service, and after the service, a pleasant, kindly woman, Mrs. Robinson, introduced me to the Minister, Rev. Dempsey. Since 1943 I have worshipped regularly in this church.

I joined the Junior Aid, then known as the Young Women's Fellowship. I held office as president for this organisation for 15 years, during which time we were also known as the Methodist Ladies Fellowship.

During Rev. Arthur's ministry I joined the L.C.A. and have been treasurer of this organisation, and am now secretary. One of the happiest days I can remember was when Rev. F. Best asked me to become a Communion Steward, and I still hold this position.

Praise the Lord for all the blessings He has given me, for there have been many, and I am thankful.

Jean Owen (Avery)
Hopetoun street
Kurri Kurri

ONE OF THE FIRST ORGANISTS at the Kurri Methodist Church was my mother, Mrs. Thompson (Mrs. Fewins), a position she held for many years. During a concert held while she was organist, she was presented with a gold bangle bearing the inscription:

"Presented to Mrs. Fewins with esteem from the Kurri Kurri Methodist Church Choir."

One of my treasured possessions is that bangle, which I wear with pride today, and it is greatly admired.

Taken from a paper cutting:-- "The concert given by Miss Olive Fewins-Thompson and pupils in the Methodist School Hall was the most successful yet organized, in connection with the Methodist Church in Kurri. The proceeds of the evening, amounting to £20 will be used to build a stage in the school hall. A vote of thanks was tendered to Miss Fewins-Thompson, who was presented with beautiful bouquets and boxes of chocolates. She was heartily congratulated on the creditable manner in which the pupils acquitted themselves. Refreshments were sold during the evening by the Girl's Comradeship and the Ladies Church Aid."

Greetings to all my friends, from

Olive Nelson (Fewins-Thompson)
Unit 3, No. 2 Nelson street
Penshurst.
WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR 22 years and they have been years of wonderful happiness. In that period, of course, I had my sorrows and sadness. My brother, Gordon, dropped dead on the tennis court which was nearly more than I could bear, but somehow you are given strength from above. But all my loved ones who were so near and dear are always with me. Robert, Gordon's son was doing his 1st year Pharmacy, and we had to break the news to him; and in his last year, his mother dropped dead over the typewriter, so neither of them knew of his results. My husband and I went to his graduation, and believe me, that was a sad day for me. He is now happily married to a lovely girl, and he is now a Pharmacist at Roselands Shopping Centre. Janet, his sister (who used to sit at the organ with me) is now Mrs. Marshall, and they live at Warners Bay with their three children.

We have one son, John, who is nearly 21. He has given us great joy. He is now in his 1st year Law, so he still has a few years to go.

My life in Sydney has been a busy one. It is only recently that I have given away tennis, but still play golf. I was president of the P&O Ladies Auxiliary for 3 years, then Secretary of P&O. I didn't have any association with John's High School, as I'd had enough.

I joined Life Line, and had 8 years with the Ladies Auxiliary, being their Treasurer. I was very fortunate because my husband, being an accountant, did the books for me. I gave that away, and then was asked if I would help the mental patients by playing the piano for them, which I did for 2½ years. It nearly broke my heart the first day, but then it gave me great pleasure, because they were happy. In between times, I would help with Meals On Wheels, and with the Spastic children, and throughout all these associations I have made some wonderful friends. My piano hasn't been neglected, my main playing being for mannequin parades which I like doing very much and those being nearly all for charity. I have played for a few weddings - electric organ - which are boay. We go to Newcastle periodically to visit John's mother, who is 78, and his brother Allan, who is general manager of Commonwealth Steel. We were up there recently for his daughter's wedding, and of course I go up once a year for the Winn's Old Girls' Re-union.

Margaret Morgan (Harrison)
9 McDonald Crescent
Boxley North.

MY MOTHER, SARAH ANN WOODMAN, was one of the first ladies to join the Ladies Aid at Kurri church. The ladies were very active, and always very busy, especially for the Anniversary Tea. My mother's job was to collect enough money to buy two hams, and I believe that ham was 1/- per pound in those days. Another task she performed was to collect the fortnightly "stipend"

I had joined the "Girls' Guild" and we just loved helping the ladies. We always had a "dressed-up" stall at the Fair, and one year we won first prize for the best-dressed "Rainbow" stall.

Marion Cook (Woodman)
Drunker st., Kurri Kurri
THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY of turning back the hands of time and just remembering, especially now as age is catching up on so many of us. Something I’ll never forget was not church, but "getting there". Sunday in the Holmes household was just one big rush. My father had first preference to all amenities because, what to us became a household saying: "He has to get there early to open the church, put the hymn books out and wind the clock." How I remember that saying, and after a busy day starting with C.E. at 10 a.m. we seemed to be still there at 10 p.m. doing the reverse, although in stead of "winding the clock" it was "counting the collection.

Wonder if anyone remembers the bus trip to Quarterly Meetings at Mulbring and Brunkerville? Driving, white with dust from gravel roads, but happy, and us "littlies" just waiting patiently for the serious business of church affairs to be over so we could have afternoon tea.

Often wondered what Rev. Trafford Walker said under his breath when we missed the last train back to Newcastle after a late service and he drove us to Mayfield accompanied by Rev. Maitland Ellis.

Then the night the Salvation Army Boys from Newcastle gave a program and Bert rendered a mouth-organ solo, complete with music stand and a tiny scrap of paper. He played on and on, and the audience, thinking it was some sort of comedy act, laughed. He was quite horrified, sure that he was Newcastle’s Larry Adler.

Although we are closely associated with Waratah Church, Kurri will always be "home" to us, and we extend an open invitation to any who pass this way to visit us. We remember with love so many dear folk, and look forward to reading this interesting book.

Bert & Edna Grice (Holmes)
14 Platt street
Waratah

I DON'T THINK THIS BOOK would be complete without some mention of the old "Canardly". That will bring back many memories, especially to the O.K's of that era. The old "Canardly" was a blue Essex, owned by the church, & driven by everybody who wanted to use it for church work. "Pop" Manefield had a list of people who, for various reasons, had to be driven to church, so the first of the drivers that turned up for church each morning was the one to do the honours.

Then six of us formed a Mission Bani, and would help out with services in the country centres. It would also be driven to O.K. rallies and degree services anywhere in the Maitland District, to cricket matches, and O.K. & MGC sports days, and in the meantime, "Pop" would use it for visiting. It was often said "It can hardly go", so what better name for it?. What fun we had in and with it, and also a lot of repair work to keep it on the road. This job always fell to Frank Gilmore and myself, but it was always a labour of love, because it gave a lot of folk a lot of pleasure. I think it fitting to bow our heads in honour of "The Old Canardly".

Harold Worboys
Kurri Kurri
LIFE IN OUR HOUSEHOLD seems to be taken up with education, work, trying to make ends meet, church, Sunday school, and all activities connected with church and soccer etc. . . . not necessarily in that order.

Reg and I celebrated our 18th wedding anniversary last December. Reg was at sea for about 4 years when we were first married, then he came ashore to work at BHP dealing with troubles on the loading cranes and Company's ships.

Susan is 17, in 6th Form at Hunter Girls' High, and this is an important year for her. We hope her work will reward her eventually. Carolyn is 15, in 2nd Form at Kotara High, really enjoying school and always doing her best. Janelle, 9, is in 4th class. She attends Rays and Christian Endeavour at our church, St. Paul's Methodist, Kotara South. Peter, just turned 8, is in 3rd class and also attends C.E.

We are very fortunate at our church here, which is in the Adamstown Circuit, to have a wonderful minister, Rev. Lloyd Vidler. All the organisations are quite strong, and we have some wonderful leaders. Susan, Carolyn and now Janelle have each been in the Rays, each separately, as, being 4 years apart, as one dropped out by turning 12, the next one joined so the leader who has been with the Rays all this time has always had a Bennett to contend with.

Unfortunately, there are no senior Rays, mainly because, on going to higher education, the girls have not time to devote to such an organisation. There are no Comrades for the same reason, I suspect. We do have Youth Groups, and Susan attends the Senior Group. Discussion groups are held on Sunday nights, monthly; music with guitars etc. at interested persons' homes, and these nights are proving most beneficial to youth.

Our S.S. is very large, and we still have no enough space to accommodate all sections at the same time, so classes are staggered, which has resulted in dropping attendances. This is a big headache and those in authority are trying to remedy the situation.

The S.S. picnic is a great success. The train being a novelty, we take a train from Kotara to Blackalls Park, and the children love it. The water is not too good for swimming, but the games, rides in two boats, eating buns and ice-blocks keep them happy and a good day is had by all. The mothers are happy because they can have a good talk while preparing lunch, for which everyone pays a small sum, and we all sit together for lunch instead of being in small groups, as it tends to be when we travel to a picnic spot by car.

Reg rushes home from work twice a week to coach Peter's soccer team, under 8/2's (sounds impressive). Peter loves his sport, and after 3 girls who don't, it is a change for me. I'm ashamed to say I have become one of those side-line Mothers who cheer their sons on to victory! ?!

Things are always happening, and we have a happy time as a family. Best wishes to you all at Kurri.

Joyce Bennett (Winship)
127 Rae Crescent,
Kotara South.

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WHAT WONDERFUL MEMORIES I HAVE of Kurri Methodist Church. Being blessed with Christian parents, starting kindergarten with Mrs. Butcher as our superintendent. She was a wonderful person, and left her mark on my life.

Moving on to memories of music. We had wonderful concerts, lovely S.S. Anniversaries with the Hall full, and Mr. Avery putting in more chairs at the last minute, children in all their glory, right to the rafters, singing their little heads off under the baton of Mr. Gilmore.

They were happy times. I was church organist for a number of years having filled the position when May Pryor left to be married. Music has been a joy to me, and the things that happen when one holds that position!! One incident -- playing the organ for a large wedding. Everything going beautifully, and after the "go ahead" sign from the Minister to start the Wedding March, the MUSIC slides off the organ! To my horror it slides under the organ. I close my eyes, hoping to strike the right chords and send the blissful paid on their way not knowing the organist is sitting petrified on her stool.

Remembering the M.G.C.; "Pop" Manefield; the picnic at Sugarloaf and so much fun. The little suppers, and fellowship we had at the parsonage. Will we ever forget!!

I live at Gunnedah at present with my dear husband, Wilfred. We are still interested in church, and music. At a Convention at Gunnedah recently two little stories were told. They impressed me so much I would like to pass them on.

A mother was heard to say to her daughter "Do not forget, dear, when you are pointing your finger of scorn at anyone, your thumb is pointing right back at you."

Two ladies chatting together, one saying how badly she slept. "I've tried everything, even to counting sheep." Her friend said "Forget the sheep, and try talking to the shepherd."

Dear friends, I have proved this really works, as I was one of the two ladies. Wishing God's blessing on all who read this, and may your memories be as happy as mine.

Maud Jones (Barkwill)
Elgin, street
Gunnedah

RE-LIVING SOME OF THE HAPPY FELLOWSHIPS I enjoyed at Kurri, were the buses loaded with S.S. Scholars for the annual picnics, the well-attended S.S. anniversaries, and concerts.

Ken and I left Kurri to live in Auburn in 1958, and we attended Auburn Methodist church, where I taught in the Infants S.S. and attended their picnic held along the Parramatta River. We teachers met at the unearthly hour of 5 a.m. to cut sandwiches. This was my first introduction to "Fairy Bread" as the most popular food of the day.

Auburn was the first of five circuits I was to be welcomed to, and I can only stress the word "Welcome". I have heard many times, and I am
sur you have also, of cliques and cold congregations being in the Methodist church, but I have never as a visitor found anything but warmth and helpfulness and fellowship. Do these complainers expect to "receive" before giving?

We returned to Kurri for a short while before going to Carrington to live, and there again, we shared family worship in the church, Rev. John Mason being the minister, later posted to Dubbo, where he was nominated by the Country Party and became an M.P. A drop of sanity in the ocean of politics?

Along with others, I became a foundation member of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Kilaben Bay Youth Centre. Then we moved to a new home at North Lambton, and joined the Jesmond church, then later on we attended Unity Church. This circuit was so complex, and the membership so huge, we had a remarkably large S.S. ranging from Infants to High School students. As our only child was a boarder at M.L.C. Burwood, I helped the various schools and was greatly benefitted in a deeper understanding from my preparation of God's Word. What a privilege to take it to some children who had only heard His name as a swear word, and wonderful friendships from fellow scripture teachers.

Then my husband realised his life-long ambition, and we moved to Pearl Beach on Lake Macquarie. Julie Ann was already attending Tocal agricultural college as a boarder, so no longer my excuse of staying in town near the Uni. Renovating this 8-year old home, and replanting a large garden will claim present time. Wangi Methodist is closest, and already be have experienced the same wonderful warm friendliness, being officially welcomed on Good Friday morning.

Whilst holidaying at Forster, we went to church on the Sunday night, arriving ten minutes late. We could not see a steward, or find hymn books in the porch. However, later on, someone gave us one book between the three of us. The minister said they were very short of hymn books, as some visitors mistakenly took them home, and were then too shy to return them. When the service was over, and we were walking home, we found we were carrying the Forster hymn books with us!! Julie hurriedly took them back, just in time as the doors were being closed by the Steward.

Noella Moy (Wolfendon)
70 Beach Road,
Wangi Wangi

MEMORIES ARE WONDERFUL THINGS. My problem is what to write of them; will it be just one or two? Or will I slip quickly through the years, and tell a little of here and there? That is the answer.

The year is 1940, the month of May, a significant time for me, a sad time. My husband and I said good-bye, and soon he was sailing away to serve his country, with the A.I.F. The ship, I learned later, was the Queen Mary, on its first trip as a troop ship.

So I came to live with my parents for the duration (a phrase often used then) With my mother, I attended the evening service at Kurri Church,
We were living in Hedden Greta then, and depended on the circuit car to take us to church and bring us home. Shortly after this time, a bus service became available, and so the poor circuit car was relieved of one of its burdens. Nevertheless, the people concerned were very grateful for the services rendered, over the years.

While my husband was still "somewhere in England" a son was born to us. He was a great joy. In a few years, I brought my son up to the Kindergarten Sunday School, and quite soon I was asked if I would be able to help with a class. So began many years with the Kindergarten. What a joy that was for me. I loved the children, and got to know each one. How they loved to tell of anything new; from baby brother or sister, to ribbons, shoes, shirts or ties. All were duly admired. Memories, too, of faithful teachers.

There are memories spent with the Methodist Girls' Comradeship. That was a happy time, too. The devotional part of the meetings were always a highlight. Inspiration was given by the Directors, and remembered today.

One year I helped with Junior Christian Endeavour on Sunday mornings. A most interesting time, I had no contact with Christian Endeavour before. Mr. George Brown was their able leader. Their forming the morning choir and the items they rendered were a pleasure to see and hear.

Memories then of the news of my husband's death. How wonderful the people of the circuit were to me. A special memory of the late Rev. J.C. Dempsey and Mrs. Dempsey, then of our Parsonage. What a wealth of spiritual help they gave me; practical help too.

Many happy years have been spent with the Young Women's Fellowship, and the Ladies Aid, both very busy groups. Hard work, yes; but it is enjoyed, because we work together, as a team.

Finally, memories come crowding in, of all the folk who have lived in the Parsonage. My grateful thanks to them all.

Una Gregg (Logan)
Kurri Kurri

I ARRIVED IN KURRI KURRI with my parents in 1905, at the age of 18 years. We were soon members of the Methodist Church. My father was choir-master and a violinist, and mother joined the Ladies Aid. I became assistant organist, choir member, Sunday School teacher, and a member of the Christian Endeavour. I have very happy recollections of Sunday School and Choir picnics at Speers Point, and Buchanan with dear friends, some of whom are now living in the Newcastle District, and I see them occasionally. Hannah, Lila and May Pryor at Hamilton, also Belle and Ann Johnson, and at Stockton I see Carrie Wilson at the Methodist Church, and also visit her.

The ministers at the Kurri church, when we were living there, were Rev. T. Davies, Rev. Sharkey, Rev. Gilsenan, and Rev. Weatherall. We returned to Kurri in 1914 and resumed membership and other activities, and I was again assistant organist to Mrs. Belle Fewins. The Ministers then were Rev. Manefield, Rev. Trafford-Walker, and Rev. Robens.
When my parents passed away, I left Kurri in 1944 and went to Sydney for 2 years, and then to Speers Point, and from there I came to reside here in Wescott Presbyterian Homes for Aged. I am very thankful for all God's goodness to me, and am still able to get about at 83 years of age.

Miss Mary A. Batey
Wescott Presbyterian Home,
Fullerton street, Stockton

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ONE INTERESTING AND ENJOYABLE EVENT I remember well was in November, 1965 when I was installed as Worthy Matron in the Order of the Eastern Star. It was a wonderful and exciting day for me, and the banquet was prepared by the Ladies Church Aid, among them being quite a few "girls" who had attended Sunday School and other church activities with me. Among them I was very happy to see my Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Young, who has always shown interest in her Sunday School students. Seeing her just completed a very happy day for me.

Pearl Sim (Dixon)
Kurri Kurri

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(MARGARET (PEGGY) & ELSIE STREET HAVE LONG been associated with the church, as were their parents, the late Tom Street and Mrs. Nance Street. They have had connections with the S.S. and Junior Christian Endeavour, and of late have travelled extensively in Australia, one of their latest trips being Adelaide-Flinders Ranges, and last year they visited New Zealand. Space does not permit a detailed account of these most interesting tours, we would like to recount some of the highlights of these holidays)

We flew to New Zealand by Boeing 707, and began a coach tour of the North Island. We travelled through beautiful country, visiting various places of interest, including the Glow Worm Caves. Here, it is completely dark and, looking at the ceiling, you can see millions of glowworms gleaming. They are sensitive to noise, so you have to be very quiet. After touring the North Island, we crossed to South Island by overnight ferry. Moving on to Dunedin and the famous Milford Sound, we stopped at the Skyline Chalet for lunch, where we had to go up 1500 feet to the restaurant, and we travelled up in gondolas. On the way down, the power failed, and we were left suspended in mid-air. The driver had told us that when the power fails, they drop you straight into the cemetery, which is underneath the hill. On then to the Haas Pass, then to Franz Josef, where we stayed two nights. In the morning we were issued with thick socks and heavy boots, and a pointed stick to help us in the climb up the glacier. It was very slippery going; one lady broke her leg. Then we had a ride in a plane over the snow-covered mountains before returning to Christchurch, and finally back home.

On the trip to Adelaide, we went down the Highway through Berrima and
on to Canberra. We visited Parliament House, the Mint, and the War Memorial. Next day we moved on to the Snowy area, had lunch at the Alpine Village and went up in the chair-lift, 1900 feet above the valley. On then to Albury and Melbourne, where we did more sight-seeing. We arrived at Adelaide in time for the Festival of Arts but unfortunately did not have time to spare, having a tight schedule to keep, and we went on to a small town named Hawker, where we stayed overnight. Then we went through sheep country where we spent three interesting days at Arkaroola, which reminded us of the "Ponderosa". Then back the way we had come, to Adelaide, then to the Barossa Valley where we inspected Seppelts Winery. At Mildura we had a trip on a paddle steamer, then to Riverland where we saw oranges being graded and packed. At an overnight stop at Swan Hill, we inspected old homesteads built by the early pioneers. Finally we returned to Melbourne via Bendigo, then to Sydney by express coach.

Margaret & Elsie Street
Kurri Kurri

WELL! I DIDN'T THINK there was anything of interest I could add to your little book, and I would like to thank those who had the idea of putting memories on paper.

Thinking back to when I was in the Junior Choir under the baton of Mrs. Sharman; duets sung with my dear mate, the late Doug. Gibson. In Sunday School with Mr. Adam Young as our teacher, and what a headache we were to him. He later became my brother-in-law, and I have learned to admire him as a friend also.

My father (Pop Jones) known to so many - growing potatoes each year, making sure that the first and best were for the church fair. Then I cannot forget the sincere work done by my aunt ("Aunty Jones") who cleaned the church with pride for years, and going down before each service to dust the seats "just to make sure" as she would say. Playing with the Tennis club, making friends one never forgets... the Butcher family, also the Blishen family, and others. Leaving Kurri in my early 20's, and visiting many times throughout the years. Helping with P.S.A's, always with song. Music is a wonderful thing, and will always be an interest and blessing to me.

Wilfred Jones,
Elgin street
Gunnedah.

MY FRIEND AND I, BOTH BEING BORN and raised in Pelaw Main, became almost inseparable from the day we began attending school and Sunday School. As we grew up and were able to take an active part in things like Sunday School anniversaries, spending many hours practising duets, and then singing nervously on the "great day" - and indeed, S.S. Anniversaries in Pelaw Main have always been great days; teaching, helping with the organisation of the annual picnics and many other social activities which were so much a part of our life, the friendship became stronger.
After leaving school, we worked in different spheres, but still shared many common interests, both inside and outside the church. Later, after having set the date for my wedding, I excitedly called to give her the details, only to discover that, at about the same time, she had chosen the exact same date for hers.

Sid and I were married at 2 p.m. on a glorious April day in 1949, our little church in Pelaw Main being laden with beautiful flowers, and so many friends. My dear, life-long friend, Eileen, married Pratt Scott at 3 p.m. that same day. The only disappointment was that we could not attend each other's wedding, but shared some of our friends as guests. We each had three daughters, of similar ages, and then Eileen had a son and I had another darling daughter.

Although our meetings are fewer now each year we and our husbands celebrate our wedding anniversary together, and we are guilty of that occasional matter on the phone. Nevertheless, the closeness of those first days and years spent in Sunday school at Pelaw Main is just the same, and we are never at a loss for something about which to reminisce.

Beryl Penny (Bain)
Aberdare street
Kurri Kurri

I SUPPOSE MY MOST VIVID RECOLLECTIONS are the Anniversary days. I can remember very well walking the mile six times each Sunday - church morning and night, and S.S. in the afternoon. The Anniversary was usually in October, and it would be so very hot, and invariably we'd get a storm at some time during the day - mostly just at the end of the afternoon session, or between then and evening.

I can remember playing the piano and Margaret Harrison playing the organ, then later after Margaret left, playing with Mum for the performances, and then we'd be on tenterhooks wondering what pauses or changes Mr. Brown would make, and woe betide kids and organists alike if we made a "blue". Anniversaries were hard work, but despite that, were happy times and I think of them often.

Margaret Bevan (Russell)
23 Hevenson Avenue
Mayfield West.

Footnote: Margaret is doing a wonderful job, teaching deaf children at Waratah Deaf School. Their ages range from 3 to 4 years, and they have to be taught to speak and breathe properly, and even to learn the difference between "up" and "down". This must be a very exhausting and sometimes frustrating effort, but Margaret says it is also very rewarding, and she loves it. I'm sure we all wish her well, and pray God will give her health and strength to carry on this wonderful work.

Editors.
WHILE WONDERING IF I COULD remember anything worth mentioning, I remembered
that I was five years old when we arrived from Scotland, and we used to
walk to the Presbyterian S.S. because the people who took me went there,
and my parents were Presbyterians. Then Doris Brown (Mary Malcolm's
mother) took me to our Methodist Church, where Mrs. Butcher was the
Superintendent.

Our church had lovely Harvest Festivals; all kinds of fruit & veges,
jams, etc., and on Monday night Mr. Jim Butler of Pelaw Main auctioned it
off. All my pleasures were in the Comradeship, and the tennis court
next door. Harry and I were married in the Methodist church.

I have not seen Stan Whan for about 46 years, and last night he rang
me up. We were so happy as we talked of the time we had in the church.
Our son, John, remembers Kurri well, because they MADE him stand on a chair
and sing duets with Margaret at Anniversaries. You may remember that I
played for the Anniversaries after I was married. Now I go to the Tarro
church.

Mary Russell (McNamara)
8 Challis street
Beresfield

IN 1961 MY HUSBAND AND I CAME to live at Heddon Greta. We found no
Methodist church there, the nearest being at Kurri. Having no car, and
there being no bus service that arrived in time for the services, we were
unable to go to church.

In 1962 I saw advertised that the Wallsend Men's Choir were singing
at Kurri in a special afternoon service. My old neighbour, Mrs. Swinton
(who has since passed away) got to that service, and I came with her. It
was a memorable afternoon for me. Not having been inside a church for at
least a year, I found it wonderful to enter that church, so homely and yet
so sacred. The people who worshipped there regularly couldn't feel the
pleasure I got out of that service. The singing was lovely - to me there
is always a message in the hymns, and that afternoon it was particularly so.

Sometime after that I met Mrs. Betty Wyper, and told her of my problem
of transport. She kindly offered to take me, and Mrs. Swinton, each Sunday
and to this day Betty takes me to Sunday morning service, and L.C.A. meetings.
This, I think, is a very big thing to do for such a long period, and I do
thank her for this truly Christian spirit, otherwise I still wouldn't be
able to get to church on Sundays.

Mrs. R. Pender
Heddon Greta.

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LOOKING BACK, I REALISE THAT about 20 years have passed since I left Kurri, after working there for about three years.

During that time was was privileged to join the fellowship of the Methodist Church, where I enjoyed genuine friendships, so valuable to one going alone to a new community.

I have happy recollections of Saturday afternoons when, with L.C.A. members I took part in preparations, regularly undertaken, for wedding receptions. My place was in the "fruit salad team". During the years we must have produced hundreds of buckets of the most luscious fruit salad! On these occasions there was perfection in the team work, under the capable captaincy of Nell Lowbridge. I often wonder whether this work still continues at the same pace.

An occasion I can remember with amusement was a visit to Weston church, to a musical programme. I had travelled there by bus, and after the programme concluded, a lady from Kurri, quite disturbed that I was a bus traveller, insisted that I drive home with her. To my dismay, my lady friend and her party took off without me! I believe that, during the journey, this lady kept saying "I seem to have forgotten something". Fortunately I was not stranded, as others restored me to my dwelling place. But late that night, memory recalled the "forgotten article" and my friend's husband was sent back to Weston to rescue me!!! She, like I, has long since left Kurri.

Sister Mabel McLean (ex Baby Health Centre)
Unit 26, Woodberry Village
Winston Hills.

HOW WELL I REMEMBER AN INCIDENT that happened to me at the Kurri Methodist church. It is amusing now, but at the time it was most humiliating, I can tell you. One Sunday night, about a month after I was married, I was asked to sing the solo at the service. This I consented to do, willingly, and was proud of myself when the minister announced "Mrs. Worboys would sing". Just one month of being called "Mrs." was really something.

I finished the solo alright, and turned round to walk back to my seat when my heel caught in the choir matting, and down I went. I suffered a very painful knee, because it slipped out of joint. So now you can imagine my humiliation, as I was so full of pride I didn't see the hole; but the best of it was the name of the solo -- "Hold Thou My Hand". I don't think I could have done such a convincing job of it, do you?

June Worboys (Davies)
Lang street,
Kurri Kurri.
GREETINGS TO ALL KURRI METHODISTS

We will always have happy memories of our years at Kurri, and our association with the church there.

The 1930's may have been depression years, but the Church life was certainly not depressing, thanks to the activities of Rev. & Mrs. A.C. Manefield, as our church offered much social contact from the time Mrs. Manefield formed our Rays branch until we retired from the Comrades.

The O.K's were also a very dedicated group and a great asset to the minister and the church, and many folk will remember the successful concerts that Rev. Manefield organised, and the happy socials we enjoyed.

We have been living in Lambton for the past 25 years, and are associated with Lambton Methodist church, being involved with the various societies here, but we do wish June and Nell every success with their venture, as we are always interested in the welfare of the Kurri Methodist Church.

Edna Gilmore (Forster)
24 Pearson street
Lambton

IT IS WITH WONDERFUL MEMORIES that I look back to Kurri Methodist church, has, having been a Sunday school teacher myself for 10 years, one often wonders if you are really getting through to the children you teach. But when I take down my Sunday school prizes from their shelves, and see "100%" and signed by "Mr. Gilmore, Supt." it takes me back to memories of love and affection of belonging to a great Church-Family, to which I feel I owe much, especially the teachers, whom I could teach. But when we look back over old photos of picnics etc., we recall the faces with much love and many wonderful memories. I was disappointed at not being able to attend the 60 years of Methodism in what I regard as my old church, but I read about it in the paper. As I hear sung, sometimes, "Church in the Wildwood" it always reminds me of Kurri Church. I think my earliest memory would be of walking into church each
Sunday morning, to see old Mr. R.E.F. Williams, dressed in his cream silk suit, sitting in his basket chair at the front of the church. I will always remember him as one of the dearest people in my memory; also his wife, who was my first S.S. Superintendent.

I look forward to reading your book, and it will be a great pleasure I'm sure to read some of the names that will be mentioned there.

Peggy Pond (Cox)
151 Bridges Road,
New Lambton

ON LOOKING BACK OVER THE MANY YEARS spent in the Church, there is one incident which stands out in my memory, was back when I was attending school.

As now, our minister came to the school Scripture class, and probably to see if we were reading our bibles, he asked us to see if we could find out how many times the expression "I will" was used in the Bible. Thinking he would probably forget about it, or not being sufficiently interested, of course, I didn't do anything about it.

But after a few weeks, the question was asked if anyone had found out the number. Silence reigned! The girl next to me whispered..."I think about 800". So, nothing daunted, I called out: "800". Then the deluge. Having gone thus far I was involved immediately. Instead of admitting that I had only repeated what I had overheard, I was caught. The minister asked if I had gone through the Bible, and of course I said "Yes". Things went from bad to worse, for what should he ask?...to see the Bible from which I had worked.

Between the devil and the deep blue sea—not daring to go home and admit telling a lie, I hastily took the Bible and began earnestly going through it (to be produced next week). Family were staggered at my sudden interest in the Bible, until curiosity got the better of them, and by this time things were getting desperate, so father finally took over, and I had to admit what I had done. What to do! After punishment, lectures, etc., Dad rallied round, and between us, we went through the Bible, marking the "I wills". I'm afraid at the beginning we did start to read, but as things were desperate it was just a matter of scanning the pages to conform to the time limit. Success achieved, I went back to school (exhausted) on the scripture Wednesday with my Bible, suitably marked, under my arm. Regrettably, I have not kept a note of the actual number, but I still have the Bible with "I will" marked out. Imagine my feelings when, a few weeks later, I was presented with a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" (which I still have) suitably inscribed... "Presented to Nellie Clay for best results in Scripture Research".

Nellie Foster (Clay)
Kurri Kurri
WE WERE MARRIED IN THE KURRI CHURCH in 1936; only married 10 months when my husband took very ill. I feel this is one way I can say "Thank you" to our good friends in Kurri church. I'm sure God answered their prayers and spared my husband. It is just on 36 years we have been together, and very happy ones they have been.

We have two sons, Noel and Neville, and have two grand-daughters and two adopted grand-daughters. They are just lovely.

Some of the memories I have, is of being Christian Endeavour Leader, with the help of Mrs. Manefield; S.S. teacher, and playing the organ. And of those old sing-songs, not forgetting the lovely times we had when we went to Mulbring and Brunkerville. The people were so kind to us, and they loved to have us go out there.

We wish the church God's richest blessing, and may the future bring many good things to pass.

Joe & Clara Newton (Holmes)
58 Upfold street
Mayfield

HOW WELL I REMEMBER ONE OF THE FETES that were held during the ministry of Rev. Best. The stalls were all erected in the church grounds, and Mr. Adam Young and I were put in charge of the Men's Stall, which turned out to be the "dumping-ground" for anything that wasn't wanted on another stall.

We had everything! Old ties, discarded by men who must have had them in their wardrobes for years (the ties, I mean). We must have had hundreds of them, and we sold them all for sixpence each. They sold like "hot cakes". We also had a lot of old shoes, old coats, vegetables, fruit, tinned food and a host of other things too numerous to mention.

Adam had worn a hat to the Fete that day, and had just left it on the end of the table. Somebody came along, picked up the hat and tried it on. "How much" he said "do you want for this?" "I don't know" I said, and turned to Adam and asked him how much for the hat. To my amazement, Adam said "You can't buy that, mate, that's MY hat!!" Adam was very lucky that day, he was almost minus a hat.

Harold Worboys,
Kurri Kurri

ALTHOUGH I HAVE BEEN CIRCUIT STEWARD for about 22 years, I have only been directly connected with Kurri church for 6 years, having attended Mulbring church before moving to Kurri.

The work of Senior Circuit Steward is quite interesting - he always seems to be holding his hand out for money, but never holds onto it for long.
Welcoming new ministers and their wives and families is quite pleasant as well as interesting, for Stewards can do quite a bit of "sticky-beaking" with the new arrivals. But after being associated with them for 4 years, it is our duty to farewell them, which perhaps is not quite so pleasant.

I have seen the church pass through some troublesome times financially but somehow or other, by God's grace we have managed to pull through.

During our younger years, Kath and I were members of a Young People's club, formed in each centre by the late Rev. A.G. Manefield. During these get-togethers, we spent many pleasant hours with the Kurri Youth Group. One of these young men entered the ministry, and I refer to Rev. John Fullerton. During the last War I had the pleasure of meeting John at Port Moresby, and later at Lae, where he was serving as a Padre in the Army. Needless to say, we had some very pleasant chats about old times and old friends.

Mem. & Kath Foster
Kurri Kurri

AS ONE OF THE ORIGINATORS OF THIS BOOK I find I share a common problem with most of the contributors. Which of dozens of incidents will I write about. After much thought, this one won.

During Rev. Manefield's ministry, I was young and full of energy, and loved all sport. We played tennis each Saturday, and in many matches, I was "Pop's" partner...on his GOOD side, so he wouldn't crash into me. From this I learned much about good sportsmanship, which I have never forgotten.

But Tennis once a week wasn't enough, and soon it was a regular thing for Fred Robinson and me to go early in the morning for a set or two before work. This was long before "jogging" became the thing to do - and as for pollution, it hadn't been born!! Those clear crisp sparkling mornings were a delight. It was a case of up early, have a plate of cornflakes (or something like that) trot along to the court, put up the net, collect the balls from the parsonage, and then into tennis as hard as I could. I always had to play hard, as I felt that Fred was so much better than I, it would be a waste of his mornings if I didn't. We had to be quiet, so as not to disturb the neighbours so early, and also careful not to hit balls over the fence. And so we'd go, until "Pop" would appear on the other side of the wire netting, and drawl "It's time for you fellers to make tracks". Then it was in reverse, down with the net, return the balls and trot home, tingling with the exercise, have a quick cold dip, a slice of toast, and off to work.

It was surely good to feel so young and alive in those days. Thanks Fred for having shared those mornings so long ao.

Nell Lowbridge (Hyslop)
Kurri Kurri
GOODNESS, IS IT SO LONG SINCE I LEFT KURRI? Not that I will ever forget the happy times we all had while attending church, S.S. etc.

I wonder if such names as Rupert Groves, F. Denneth, Chas. Wrigley and T. Hunter (all O.K. cricketers from Sydney) might jog a few memories of happy times on the old "Richie Cricket Ground" and socials afterwards?

Who can forget the sight of George Soper, after triumphantly winning the "mile" year after year at the sports - or the walk up and down Lang st. after church on Sunday nights?

I have heard that a certain person I know has related how she was tied to her seat by her hat ribbon. Well...perhaps some can remember a certain Sunday morning on one of my frequent week-end visits, when on rising to sing the hymn after a very excellent sermon by "Pop" Manefield, the back of the seat flopped over with a BANG!!, it having been attached to the back of my very smart morocain dress by the ties of my belt. I still think that Frank Gilmore may have been the culprit.

Perhaps the thing which has had the most lasting effect on my life was the introduction to singing, and choir work in particular, which I received at Kurri. I used to sit wedged in the front row of altos, with Louie Young, Ena Wooderson, Mrs. Hodgson and my mother, and go for my life. How I loved singing those old anthems, and still do. Is there any wonder I can sing bass as well as alto, when I had my Dad and Bill Owen bellowing behind me?

Remember the times, June, when you and I sang so many duets? And the bright singing at Anniversary times! with choruses such as "We are soldiers of Christ the King" and "What will the summer bring?" (blowflies and heat)

What am I doing now? I am helping to have a group of women moulded into a fruitful and happy relationship together. Our "Contact" group has proved a very worthwhile experiment. Each month a regular group of ladies meet (all are welcome) and have a cup of tea and biscuit, followed by a speaker on varying subjects. After 3 years, we feel that much has been gained in fellowship and knowledge.

Norah Prigg (Tippett)
121 Crescent Road,
Waratah.

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BE YOUR AGE:

Don't try to keep up with the young folk
That's the last thing they want you to do
They know their world and the things they like
and they're prepared to make mistakes too.
But though they may think you out of date
They feel you know false from true
And that deep in those mellowed years of yours
You don't find much that is new
And though they don't want you in their set
They feel that your judgments are just
So don't try to keep up with the young folk
Just be someone to COME TO, and TRUST.
LIKE MANY MORE, I'm sure, I am trying to think just what to write about.

I had many happy years with the church, especially with the Comrades and Christian Endeavour. I was so sad when I heard of the passing of Mr. Brown.

When one thinks back to some of the names...such as Lorna, Jess, Doreen, Vincent, and our Albert, Tommy Nugent, Shirley, Elaine, Margaret Harrison, and others I can't recall, and the work Mr. Brown put into the Endeavour, I'm sure he will be missed by all. It will be lovely to hear how everyone has made out.

Also remember when we had the "Popular Lady" and our Jean was one of them. We used to have the Home Parties to raise money. What happy times they were.

I spend my spare time collecting stones from beaches when on holidays, and polishing them. I play competition tennis twice a week play A-3, and enjoy it very much.

Wishing your book every success, and regards to all at Kurri.

Beryl Chalmers (Wallwork)
27A Shaftesbury Road,
Burwood.

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IT WAS A METHODIST YOUTH FELLOWSHIP meeting night; one when the members were required to come in fancy dress.

They came in all sorts of fashions, with many dressed in way-out, hippy-type attire. Mop-tops were the approved hair-do.

A further authentic note was the usual protest signs. After an evening's gay hippification (somewhat spoiled by the traditional "tea and bikkies" supper), it was decided to let the rest of the town into the act.

Out into the bright, moonlight night they went, which added to the dress and made them look like "the weird mob".

After parading outside the picture theatre (gives you an idea of the age of this episode) the "demonstration" moved on to the housie hall. Several members went to the door, and one bellowed in: "Repent, you sinners; turn aside from damnation." There were some raised heads and startled looks, but regretably the "caller" never paused in his chant.

Robert Gregg
14 Chaucer street
Beresfield

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WHEN WE CAME TO KURRI KURRI first from Weston, our family was very young and I was not able to go out very much, but my husband joined the Church, and Choir, and Sunday School, and as our children grew up, I joined then too.

I liked the singing and services, but the Sunday School was my first love, to be amongst the children. When I joined, Mr. Jim Hestelow was the Super, and some time after, he asked me if I would take the senior girls class, and at that time I had the senior boys. I said I was quite happy with the boys. You can imagine the laugh that went around. Well, soon I did change over, and Mr. Jack Allomes took over. Then Mr. and Mrs. Hestelow moved away, to Sydney and my husband was asked to take the Superintendency of the school, and he was there until we left.

The Anniversaries were greatly looked forward to. The children in their pretty frocks and hats made a pretty picture on the stage, but their singing was even better. When they were practising, I used to feel desperate at times, because I thought they were not listening, but they always came up to scratch on the day, and their recitations were enjoyed. I used to put them through it once a week. One dear little girl was so sincere: she recited "The Pepper Pot", but put such emphasis on it that she said "THER Pepper Pot"; it was just delightful.

Then one mother came to me and asked Why her little girl's name had not been called out. I had not even got her name down, as she and her brother had not given me their names. I knew nothing about it. I was very sorry for that mother, as they were one of our best families, and such well-behaved children.

As I was leaving the school, a man and his wife - church people stopped to talk to me, and presently the man said to me: "What do you get out of this?". I was stunned for a moment. I said I would be more in pocket if I stayed at home, as I always made sure we all had our school money. He said "What do you do with the money?" I explained to him of the hymn books, and bible replacements and other things that had to be bought. I said "If you come to the public meetings you would hear the Treasurer's report, and the Secretary's report read out, and from them you would know where the money went".

Then there was the prizes to be bought. We had to go to Maitland to choose them, and usually took some teachers with us. We used to give Mr. McDonald a ring, and they would have a good assortment of books for us, and each book was chosen to suit the child. Mr. McDonald would wait after-hours for us. We had some very good helpers. There was Mr. Laurence Butcher, Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Avery, Mr. J. Allomes, Mr. Adam Young, and my son and daughters all helped. If I have missed any I am sorry, because there were so many.

Mrs. E. Gilmore
38 Haig street
Belmont.
I REMEMBER HOW THERE WAS SOME DISAPPOINTMENT in the difficulty of making
arrangements for the Annual Mannequin Parade. Then the suggestion: "Why
not something else?" "Yes. Why not? But what?" was the obvious question.

Among the suggestions was "Why not a super splash-up dinner, three-
course, and music, with a speaker to follow?" So, "Dine With Us" was born.

Mr. Duncan agreed to be guest speaker. Fruit juice cordial was
provided by the gallon. Much food was prepared, with sweets, and the
organ music provided by Mr. Wrightson. I think then of the several
other happy occasions following that first effort, and hope that they will
continue.

Annette Tully
Mayfield.

OUR STAY IN KURRI WASN'T of very long duration, but this was, I think, our
impression of our life there. We travel many roads, but there are some
milestones on life's journey that are never to be forgotten. That is the
way my late husband and I often spoke of our years at the Kurri Methodist
Church. I recall the many friendships formed, and others made stronger
in the close association of working together for a common purpose - our
Church.

Over all, and most important to us, was the acceptance in the fellow-
ship, and the feeling of belonging. For those happy times, I say "Thank
you", and may the church grow in faith and strength in the years ahead.

Ella Grant
6 Neers street,
Adamstown Heights.

HAVING BEEN INVOLVED IN THE PREPARATION of this book, in the capacity of
typist (E. & O.E.), sub-editor and printer, I had an excellent preview of
that which you have just read, and, I know, enjoyed immensely.

The pleasure of remembering, that I have received whilst typing the
various contributions has therefore prompted me to add my own two cents
worth. Not from the dim recollection of distant youth, but from a personal
event only three years ago. Not a humorous tale, but an experience that
will never be forgotten.

It was the occasion of the Baptism of our youngest, Phillip. During
the course of the Baptismal Service, our daughter Susan (then only 10 years
old) suddenly left our side, and with all the self-assurance of one much
more mature, went to the side of the organ, and sang "Only a Baby Small"... a
plot apparently hatched for some weeks between her music teacher (Mrs.
Fox) Rev. Tully, and Mrs. Osland, and with the apparent blessing of the
whole congregation. Bette was the only person present unaware of what was
intended, which made Susan's dedication to her little brother all the more
memorable.

Ron Lowbridge
Kurri Kurri
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Now that you have finished reading the book; if you have enjoyed it as much as I have in assisting to compile it, then the efforts have been worth while.

As one of the co-partners in this venture, I feel I must say thank you to my "other co-operator", Nell, for her consideration and patience in tolerating my fancy whims. To her husband, Bert, for his task in the original typing. To my own husband who (to quote him) said "You've almost dehydrated me through licking stamps." To Ron Lowbridge, for the final typing and printing. To the kind folk who generously donated money (which was not asked for) to help pay for the cost of the cause. To Rev. Waters, for giving us permission to use the church's equipment. To you all, for so readily responding to our letter.

It is with regret that we mention the passing to higher service of the late George Brown. We received his contribution a week before he died, and thought it only fitting that we print it, as so many people remembered him as a milestone in their lives; we thank God for the services of George H. Brown.

I wish to conclude with a portion of a very well known verse of scripture, which seems to be so applicable to this booklet, and have taken the liberty of adding one word:
"Not forgetting those things which are behind, we press on..."

God bless you all.

June Worboys.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

God hath not promised skies always blue
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through.
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.

But God hath promised strength for the day
Rest for the labour, light for the day
Grace for the trials, help from above
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

"Annie Johnson Flint (per June Worboys)

Now that all your letters are in, and my task of "editing" them is done, I can truly say it was a great pleasure to me to read your reminiscences. My only regret is that I had to shorten some of them (with your permission) as the original made such interesting reading. But we had to keep our eye on space. I hope I haven't exceeded this permission, and that everyone is happy with the final copy. Thank you, one and all, for your co-operation in this most unusual endeavour.

June has been an ideal partner, and I'd like to thank her, and Harold for their enthusiastic co-operation. I'd like to leave you all with the final words of one of my favourite hymns:

"We'll praise Him for all that is past
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Nell Lowbridge.