



The Journal of Killara Uniting Church Parish

"Fiveways" - Corner Arnold Street and Karranga Avenue

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120 Years!

Killara Five Ways celebrates its Anniversary

On Sunday, July 17th, Killara Uniting Church celebrated 120 years as a worshipping community, with current and past members, ministers who had served our church and community leaders.



More photos
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**From the Editor**

A major theme in this issue is the Church Anniversary on July 17th. It was not just an occasion to celebrate, but was also a time to gain some perspective about the people who have had an influence on our Church life, and the events of the past which were significant in our Church's life. The Anniversary has brought to the foreground the many talents and acts of generosity within the Church family and beyond. Finally, it has been an opportunity to examine where we stand today and look forward.

I hope you enjoy looking at the photos and reliving the day.

These past months have seen us farewelling stalwarts of our Church – particularly Bill Locke and John Fogarty, both men well-loved and contributing warmly to the fellowship of the Church. Bill's life is honoured in this issue, and John's will be in our next. We also celebrate the lives of those amongst us, and include a shortened version of Heather Sulerzyski's life story. Heather is a member of our sister church – Lindfield Uniting Church.

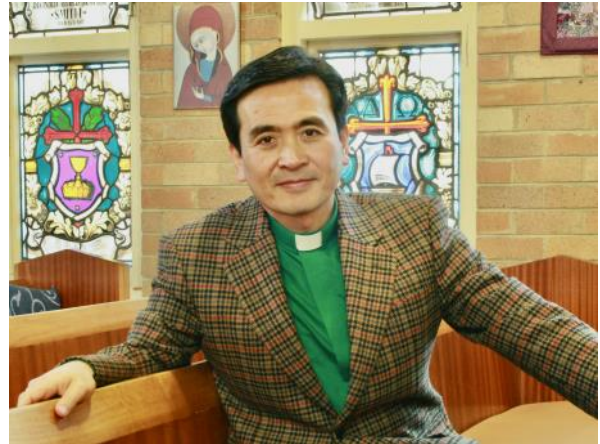
What richness of experience is within our church families!

Julie Sekhon



From the Minister's Desk.

Luke 10:41-42 (NRSV) the Lord answered Martha, "Martha, Martha, you are worried and distracted by many things; there is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part, which will not be taken away from her."



Ever since the Reverend Marshall Brown "124 years ago, in 1898, with his prophetic eyes, looked at a bushland Killara, and felt a concern for the spiritual welfare of the people", and ever since the first worship services held in people's homes, to the first opening of our precious Killara Five Ways on Saturday, 19 July 1902, God has been with us.

Numerous historical documents can be found in our Congregation's archives, and so can many meaningful memories embedded deep within our hearts and minds. Indeed, the guidance of the Holy Spirit is more than just a murmur in our postcode, but a faithful proclamation that God is with us.

From packed out pews generating uplifting vitality, to the feelings of futility and angst manifested by world wars and pandemics, God will continue to be with us.

Today, we are facing yet again another crisis. The Uniting Church, and other mainstream churches, are facing a crisis of extinction. The Gospel reading given to the church during our 120 Year Anniversary service however reminds us to not be distracted.

Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, you are worried and distracted by many things; there is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part, which will not be taken away from her."

Martha, Martha, we, good Christians, have been **distracted** by doing many good things. We, good 'Marthas', have failed to realise what should be the top priority in our life, in our Christian discipleship. **Being** is taken over by **doing** good things. We have been more concerned about **doing** than **being**.

As God continues to guide us, as he always has, and always will, let us focus on being more. A Church that learns to be more, and surely, in being more, will do more.

[This is an abstract of the sermon preached on 17th July 2022]

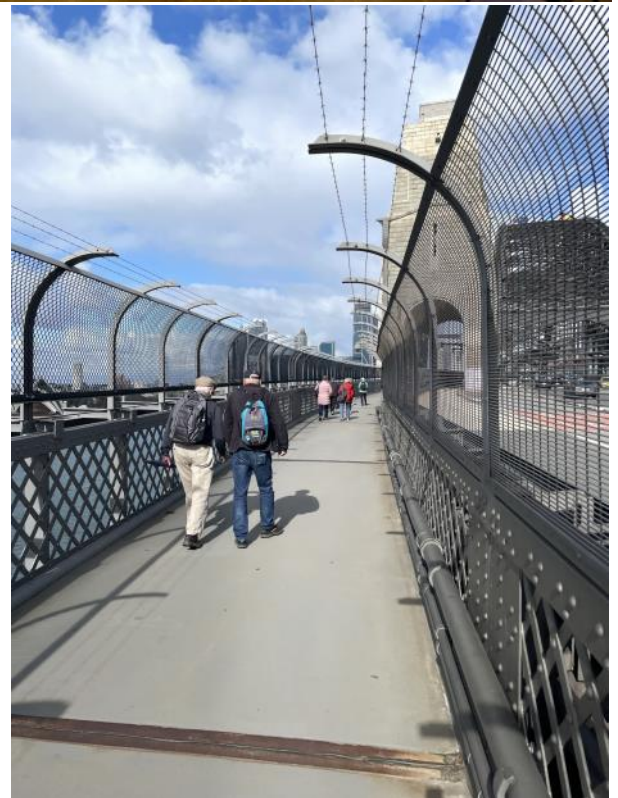
Yangrae Son [Minister of the Word]

Centre Stage for Centrum

On free to air TV (usually during Bargain Hunt) or through advertising campaigns using youtube, some observant people have seen our church hall and stage as a backdrop. Search 'Centrum Benefit Blends—Collagen Boost & Glow 2022'. It's reached 2.9 million views.



Harbour Bridge Walk 22 July 2022



A group met at Milson's Point Station and walked across the bridge to enjoy a coffee in the Rocks area. There are lifts on both sides of the bridge which makes this an accessible and enjoyable activity for locals and visitors alike.



William John Locke
16.8.1930-12.7.2022

We remember Bill Locke for his warmth and friendship, and his greeting, often accompanied by a joke at his own expense: his outgoing nature and friendliness endeared him to many. Bill was also a man of committed faith.

He grew up in a family who worshipped in the Methodist tradition, and Bill adopted these values and beliefs. He valued good preaching, but his own faith found expression in practical ways.

His son, Chris, says:

‘Before he and [Patty] married, he joined the Methodist Social Services Department under Revd Bill Hobbin, joining weekend working bees at “Landra” – a property near Greenthorpe which had been bought by the Church as part of its mission to boys from broken homes, or first offenders. He had great memories of ‘the fellowship of labour’.

Chris goes on to tell of Bill’s involvement with Rotary (he became President in 1989), and in the renovation and rebuilding of halls at the Gordon Methodist Church, leading to their replacement with the Highway Centre.

‘He lived out the premise of the Methodists that faith can be transformative of character, and that faith should always reach outside the tent of organised religion... It’s not surprising that he loved the mission and purpose of the Uniting Church, from Gordon Uniting to later Killara.

His faith response was to push himself to work hard and love deeply. He always judged himself harshly against his peers, but he didn’t take his opportunities for granted.’

[During his time at Killara Uniting Church this practical approach was seen in his championship of the Aboriginal Scholarship Scheme of SDN Children’s Services] To quote Chris Locke again, ‘He loved family and delighted in his friendships. He felt very lucky – a fortunate life.

A great life, well lived, and a blessing to us all.’

(Thanks to Chris Locke for use of his Eulogy)

120 Years! *Killara Five Ways celebrates its Anniversary*

On Sunday, July 17th, Killara Uniting Church celebrated 120 years as a worshipping community, with current and past members, ministers who had served our church and community leaders Hon. Paul Fletcher, MP and Deputy Mayor Barbara Ward.

It was a day which brought reminders of the richness of our Church heritage, a joyful reunion of friends and an open-hearted giving of music by our guest musicians – Gioconda Augimeri on the flute, and So-Jean Yun on the cello.

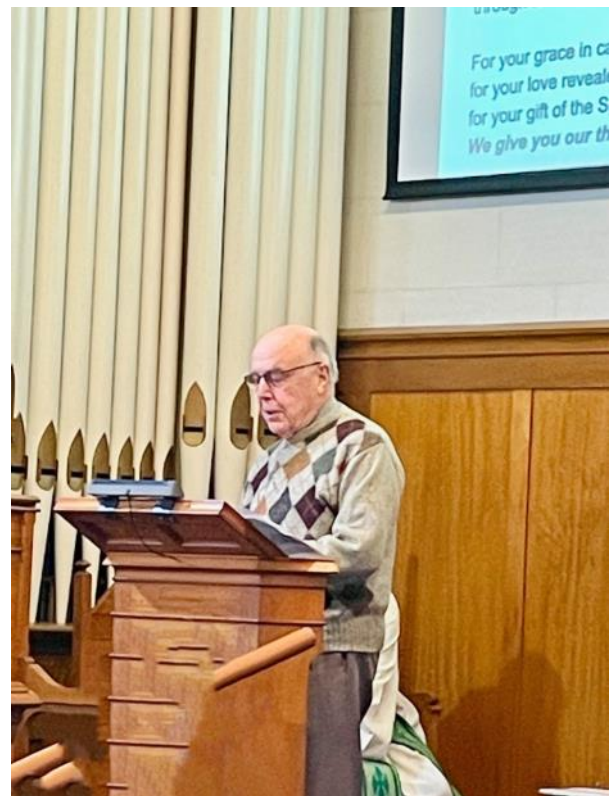
There was much goodwill behind the organisation for the day, from those who provided cakes and slices to supplement brunch, to those who photographed the event. Special thanks go to Elaine Morell who took charge of the catering and Jan Stanwell who produced the invitations. An unexpected delight was the gift of a drawing of the Church by Brian Caldersmith – a friend of Jan's, and someone who also gave freely of his talent and time.

Paul Wait, in welcoming the guest dignitaries gave a thoughtful speech reflecting on the Anniversary, and both Hon Paul Fletcher and Councillor Ward spoke appreciatively of the part the Church plays in our community.

The service which begun the celebrations recognised some of the people of our past who have helped build up our church as a caring community, and also celebrated some of the high points of past years.

Whilst recognising that the Church is a giving community and celebrating that, we received a challenge from our Minister, Revd Yangrae Son, in his sermon. Noting that in today's Australian community only 44% believe in God (compared to 90% in 1902) he commented that we need to recognise the reason for which God had called the Church into existence. He said that the Uniting Church has been too busy 'doing' -- doing many good works – and not attending to 'being' – being a witness to God's grace with moral compass and prophetic imagination in the midst of a fallen world.

A point for reflection, and one to take us into the future.





Heather Sulerzyski looks back on an eventful life

(an abridged version of the talk given at Open House on 8th March)

I was born in 1930, in Shanghai, China to Lily Guthrie Marshall, an Aussie born, Lowland Scot, and George Donald Grant, a Punjabi born, Highland Scot, and inherited a Shanghai born brother, Colin Stuart.

At the time, Dad was the Superintendent (as we would now say, CEO) of Shanghai and Hongkew Wharf Company, a subsidiary of a large Scottish firm, Jardine Matheson & Co, so we lived on the wharf compound, surrounded on four sides by a 7 foot wall topped with jagged glass!

Our 3 storied house was a 50-year-old cube of red brick and shutter covered glass windows, with two large gardens, and a stone garage. It was a peaceful place for small children, who were not aware of the political and labour conditions of the city in which they lived.

The Sino-Japanese War

My first awareness of problems in China was in 1937, when Dad, who was always intuitive, realizing something was about to happen, advised Mum to start packing our more precious ornaments into the wooden crates he provided. This the servants were doing, with Mum typing an inventory, when she received a phone call from



Dad, to say the Consulate had phoned, and all women and children were to pack up and be over the Garden Bridge within half-an-hour. Why? Because the Chinese were going to bomb the Japanese warship Idzumo, which was moored in the middle of the Whangpoo River, right opposite the wharf property.

Bags were packed and loaded into the car. The chauffeur inched his way through the incredible traffic of scared Chinese refugees trying desperately to get over the Garden Bridge to the comparative safety of the International Settlement. He delivered us to the Palace Hotel, on the Bund.

We booked into our room facing the Bund, and looking out of the window saw the first bomb drop, and explode, not knowing that it had missed the Idzumo and fallen on one of the godowns (warehouses) on Dad's wharf! Mum realized this was not a good spot to be in, so organized for a friend in French Town to allow us to stay with her family, and to pick us up as soon as possible.

5 minutes after we left the Palace Hotel, a bomb landed right in front of it! 5 minutes away from Wing On, where we had just shopped, it was bombed! 5 minutes after we had passed through a very busy intersection, it too was bombed!

The carnage was immense.

To help comfort us, Dad had gone back to the house to collect toys for us children. He also found that the servants... had continued packing, and screwed down the lids of the packing cases, before leaving. Their loyalty meant, that, when our house was looted, the cases in our enclosed verandah were saved, as they were not seen.

For the next day or so, we watched the bombs fall out of the planes, counted the time they took to explode, and could calculate how far away they landed. Eventually we were told that all British women and children were to be evacuated to Hong Kong the following day. We were taken down the Whangpoo River to Woosung, at the mouth of the Yangtze River, and loaded onto the Empress of Asia.

On arrival in Hong Kong, we were taken to the Mount – the highest residential building on the Peak. My main memory is of a very, very bad typhoon that hit Hong Kong. We barricaded ourselves in and in the middle of the night there was a phone call from lower down the peak, to say that they could see a fire coming out of one of the chimneys, and no one could come to our rescue! I awoke to see a parade of nightie-clad women, each clutching a jug or potty of water, searching for the fire, which they found in the kitchen, and suitably doused!

We were eventually able to return home. On arrival we moved into a flat in French Town, until our home was renovated, it having been looted and vandalized. Looking out of the windows on winter mornings, we saw the tragic collecting of bodies of people who had died of cold during the night.

From 1937 to 1940 we lived a fairly normal life, apart from being transported to and from school in a Police bus, with a machine gun carrying Russian guard, seated next to the driver. When the bus was being serviced, we were collected in a Black Maria, or as we might say here, a “Paddy Wagon”!

1938 saw us in Sydney, on 6 months leave. On our return to Shanghai, we all participated in the activities of the British Women’s Association – knitting socks and gloves, rolling bandages, etc. By December 1940, Dad could see problems ahead with the Japanese, so sent Mum, Col and me to Sydney, to be placed in boarding school.

WW2 arrived

The Japanese Navy, who requisitioned the wharf, initially confined Dad to our compound, with an escort to the office each day. Dad operated a Ham Radio, which was not confiscated because the Admiral wanted to hear the overseas news! When the Navy considered themselves able to run the business, the Admiral tossed Dad out and took over the house, car and cruiser!

In 1945 when the war with Japan ended, we heard nothing from Dad for a whole month. Eventually, when the Yangchow camp was freed, and people returned to Shanghai, we heard from Dad. Jardines then demanded that, before he took leave, he re-establish the firm – Dad was 65 at that time!

Heather Sulerzyski looks back on an eventful life

(an abridged version of the talk given at Open House on 8th March) continued

On our return to Shanghai, Colin joined Jardines, I passed my Matriculation, did a course at the British Commercial Institute, and also joined Jardines, as a cashier for their Ewo Cotton Mills. This at a time of rampant inflation: pay came in millions of dollars. A male colleague collected the cash for the workers' pay, seated on sacks of cash, on a flat top truck with a gun across his lap!

While studying shorthand, I did voluntary work with the British Emergency Planners, based in the British Consulate. The plan was to evacuate the British residents by sea, in the event of a Communist takeover. All the British were registered, and detailed plans were ferried to the prominent Taipans (heads of Industry).

So confidential were the plans that they had to be hand delivered, by a British person, who just happened to be me! I was driven from firm to firm by Consular Jeep, with entrée to every board room. These plans had to be scrapped, once the HMS Amethyst was caught between enemy fire on its way to Nanking...

As political tension rose so did partying! Previously exclusive clubs welcomed younger members in order to keep viable. I met Rom Sulerzyski in the swimming pool of the Shanghai Rowing Club. Little did I dream that this "older man", would one day be my life-long mate!

The Communist takeover

In 1949, as the Communists neared Shanghai, both Rom and Colin left – Col for Australia whilst Rom and his parents evacuated, under the auspices of the United Nations, for a temporary stay in the Philippines.

Mum went to visit her ageing mother, and to settle Colin in Australia, so Dad and I were on our own. As tensions rose, and Dad would often need to check on wharf matters during the night, I was billeted with the British Consul General.

I joined Shell, and initially worked for the Sales Manager, being located in the front of the building overlooking the Whangpoo River. In June 1949, the Shell installation was bombed, and a bomb fell in the river just in front of our building. It was my lucky day! The aftershock imbedded an enormous piece of glass in the seat of my chair. Fortunately, I was elsewhere and untouched.



Shanghai was “liberated” in 1949 by Mao’s Communist Army. Our home was on the front line of the fighting. The retreating KMT soldiers landed at the end of our street, hurrying to the main road to be picked up and transported to Woosung for en-shipment for Taiwan. In the midst of this retreat, a soldier, who had obviously just purloined a bike, was going up and down the street, learning to ride!!

Living under Communism was weird. Although one knew it could not be so, people felt that the ‘powers that be’ could actually tune into our very thoughts. Shell, as with many other British firms, sent regular reports to the UK Home Office, and a great deal of my working time was spent burning all copies of these reports.

In 1951, being under 21 – the then legal age of adulthood, my parents decided to export me to Australia, as they felt they could not ensure my safety in China.

With the embargo of China, and cessation of air traffic, the only route out of China was by rail. Another lass and I shared a two-bunk compartment , with lockable door. In the middle of the night the door was thrown open, and an armed soldier came in to search the area, followed by a nice little porter who made calming gestures.

At the hotel in Canton that night bedroom doors were again flung open, and armed soldiers searched the rooms and adjoining bathrooms, even checking under the beds!

The next day, at Sumchon, the border town, we were so thoroughly searched, my shoulder pads were examined and my friend’s rolled hair was examined! Our identification cards were then collected and we were sent across a bridge – ‘no mans’ land’ - to the checkpoint entrance to Hong Kong.

Back in Australia, I worked in Melbourne and Sydney, ... later joining 2GB Macquarie working as the Secretary to the Chief Engineer. In 1953, while staying with Grandma for the weekend, I received a phone call from Rom. We met some 6 weeks later – one must not rush into dates – and 5 outings later we were engaged, and later married...

We joined St David’s Uniting Church in 1971, and became good friends with Barbara and Heather Burgess, and Kaylin Simpson Lee, to name but a few. Our many friends at St David’s were a great support to me whilst Rom was ill, during the 9 years of his time at Leighton Lodge, and following his death. They are still my main support, and I am so very grateful for this.

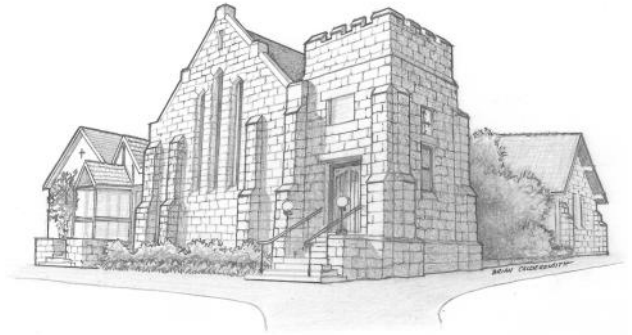
[Editor’s note: St David’s Church is now known as Lindfield Uniting Church]



Congratulations to the Son family



A granddaughter for Michelle and Yangrae Son. **Sophia** was born on Friday 9th Sept to her parents, Sayaka and Richard. Her brother Julian was excited to see his little sister.



A drawing of the Church by Brian Caldersmith – a friend of Jan Stanwell’s, and someone who also gave freely of his talent and time.

A special baptism

On 31 July Nicholas and Caitlin Tagg presented their children, Georgia and Olivia, to be baptised. The Killara Congregation joined the proud grandparents, Gabriel and Andrew Tagg,

