



## **The New Church Newsletter**

**Hurstville Society May 2018**

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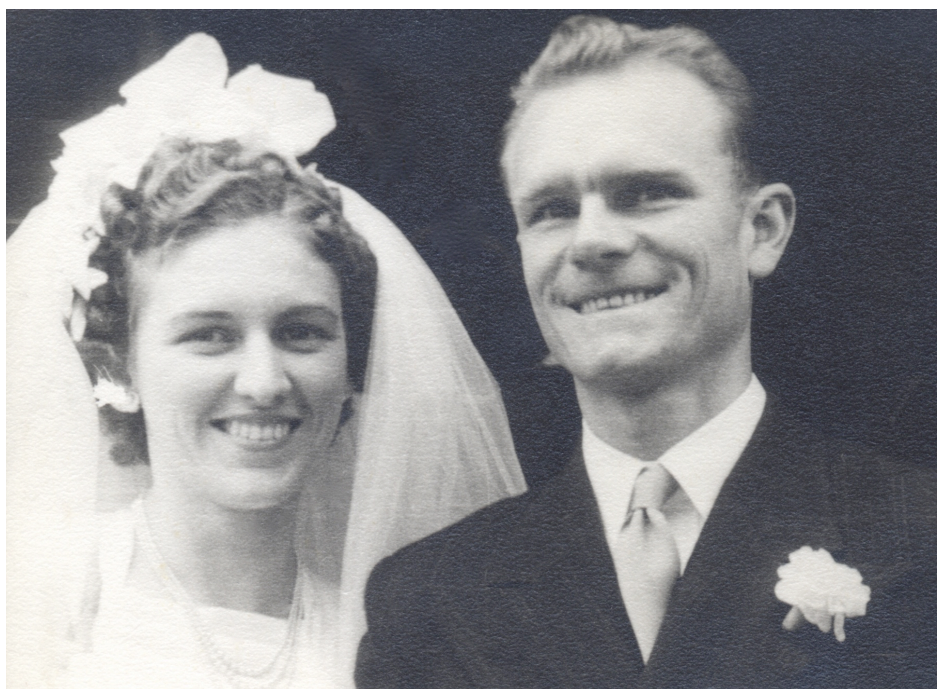
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## **The New Church Newsletter**

### **Hurstville Society May 2018**



#### **Norman Wattle Heldon**

1<sup>st</sup> August 1917 – 5<sup>th</sup> April 2018

Our Newsletter this month is dedicated to Norman Heldon in memory of a true gentleman, father of 3, grandfather to 12 and great grandfather to 17, who passed into the spiritual world a few days after Easter. He was born into the New Church over 100 years ago. His father, Fredrik Wilhelm Hellberg (name changed to Heldon in 1913) came to Australia in 1890 from Sweden when he was a young man in the Swedish merchant marine and decided to settle here. He was a founding member of the Hurstville Society in 1905. Norm loved the teachings of the New Church and wished to share them with everyone. This is evidenced in his writing of articles for the Newsletter and in many of his short stories and poems.

On 11<sup>th</sup> April the church was full to overflowing for Norm's Memorial Service. In this issue is the minister's address and eulogies by son Owen and granddaughters Naomi, Angela and Michelle. Margaret Heldon read the poem by her daughters who were unable to attend the funeral. She had been with them a few days earlier in Bryn Athyn USA where she and Michelle and family had been visiting Angela for the birth of her baby Everlyn (see April Newsletter). They spent the day before Margaret returned honouring grandpa and the verses embody that experience.

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### **Address by Rev Todd Beiswenger**

Good afternoon, and welcome to the memorial service for Norman Heldon. I think we all knew rationally that this day would eventually come, but I don't know about you, there was a part of me that doubted whether or not I'd live long enough to see it! Last year at his birthday party he said he'd completed his "first 100..." and you know, there was a part of me that actually thought he might pull it off!

As many of you know, I came here six years ago, and up to that point I'd never met Norm or any other Heldon. The possibility of me coming out here permanently was being explored and I asked Rev Grant Odhner about the people of Hurstville, and whether or not I'd be a good fit. He started telling me about the Heldon family, a bit about Owen, a bit about Murray, and he said, "Then there's their father. Norman. He is such a treasure." That really stuck with me. When somebody is described as a "treasure," what is that? You know it's good, but it's hard to pin down what that actually means.

In the Word a "treasure" represents spiritual knowledge of what is true and what is good, and Norman did have a keen grasp of what was true and what was good. He wanted to do what was right, and he was the kind of person who turned to the Lord and looked to His Word to get straight from the source what actually was right. And then he'd go out and do it. He'd then take time to reflect on his life, and see areas where he had come up short, and even plot out what he would like to do with his life ever mindful of making sure to avoid any spiritual pitfalls along the way.

Here's an example of what I'm talking about. Once when I was visiting with him, I asked him what it was that he wanted to do in the next life. He said he wanted to be an actor, or a performer. He said that he's always enjoyed performing on stage, but he followed that up with saying that he's got some concerns because there's a temptation with that job, that actors do the job for themselves, that is they do it because they want fame, praise, and to otherwise enlarge their ego. So while he wants to perform, he does want to avoid doing it for the wrong reasons. This is a wise man, but because of his wisdom, he'll get his wish and be able to avoid the pitfalls.

We have a quote from True Christianity that talks about performances in heaven:

"The angel called his group together again, and as they walked he taught them the following things about heaven. In heaven as on earth there is food and drink, and there are dinners and parties, and the tables of leading figures are laden with glorious spreads including special delicacies you don't find elsewhere; these things rejuvenate and refresh the mind. There are also sports and shows and concerts of vocal and instrumental music, all at the height of perfection. All these things are a joy to the angels, but they don't constitute their true happiness. Their happiness has to be present for these things to bring them joy. The happiness that is present within them during the joyful events is what makes the events joyful, enriches them, and keeps them from becoming meaningless and tedious. And the only source of anyone's true happiness is doing something useful through his or her work." (TCR 735)

Folks, this quote really speaks to me about Norm. He's going to enjoy the sports, the shows and the concerts, but he's going to be able to enjoy them because now he'll also be able to get back to doing something useful in his work. And maybe that work will be putting on a good show. He expressed to me a great fondness for Shakespeare's works, and that he'd love to meet Shakespeare, and perform in his plays. But once again, Norm was mindful of spiritual realities and said to me, "There is one problem with Shakespeare's plays: they all seem to revolve around the concept of death. For example, 'To be or not to be, that is the question,' well, it's not such an interesting question when you've already died and the questions about the afterlife have already been answered!" You've got to admit, he has a really good point. He says, "Well, maybe Shakespeare will rewrite some of his plays to tone down the death aspects of the story, or maybe they do these plays in the World of Spirits, before you get into heaven, where perhaps people still have the concept of death on their mind." Seems reasonable to me. That's the kind of person he was: wanting to be useful here and now, but also mindful of the heavenly life he was preparing himself for.

Just this past Sunday the topic of our service was "Pleasing the Lord," and what we can do to please Him. There are some basic things we can do... follow the commandments, do our job well, be kind... but the Scriptures do give us a good example of what pleases God in the disciple John. John is described as the "one whom Jesus loved." He gets that description a number of times in the Gospel, and what the New Church teaches about why John is described this way is that John represents good works done from love to the Lord and love to the neighbour. I think Norm could have carried that representation in the Scriptures as well because when you reflect on all the things he did, you can see that he did it because he cared for other people. He didn't do good, kind and generous things because he had to, he did them because he loved to do them. Like John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, Norm loved to take the knowledge that he had about spirituality and put it into practice, and bring it into reality.

One way he brought his love into reality was with the church gardens. He would spend hours and hours and hours back behind the church and Baringa working on the gardens. He'd go to the nursery and buy fertilizer, plants, and anything else he thought the gardens needed, and then come here and go to work. While the gardens have been missing their chief gardener the last few years as Norm has been living at Ferndale, the gardens really are very impressive today when you consider the size and scope of the project that was spearheaded by one man. He's going to be blown away with the gardens he's going to get to see and work in now. Here's what Swedenborg writes about gardens in heaven:

"As regards the paradise gardens, these are breath-taking. Such gardens are to be seen, of vast extent, consisting of trees of every kind, and so beautiful and lovely as to surpass everything imaginable. These are presented so vividly before the eyes of spirits or angels that they not merely see them but even perceive the details far more vividly than the sight of the eye can take such things in on earth..."

This is where those are who live the life of paradise; and there I saw them. Every single thing growing there appears at its loveliest as in spring and blossom-time, with astounding magnificence and variety. Every single one owes its life to being representative, for there is nothing that is not a representation and does not carry some celestial or spiritual meaning. In this way they not only delight the eye but also fill the mind with happiness.



There were certain souls recently arrived from the world who, on account of the assumptions they had adopted during their lifetime, doubted whether things of this sort could possibly be found in the next life where there is no wood or stone. They were brought up to that place, and from there they talked to me. In their amazement they said that it was beyond description, that they could never think of any way of representing how far beyond description it was, and that forms of joy and happiness shone from every detail - and this in ever-changing variety. Souls who are introduced into heaven normally make first of all for the paradise gardens. The angels however look at those gardens quite differently. It is not the gardens that delight them but what they represent, the celestial and spiritual things which give rise to them.” (Secrets of Heaven 1622)

When I read this, I think of the gardens behind the church, because part of that project was the creation of these signs that were placed throughout the gardens that talked about the meaning behind what was there. Norm absolutely loved the teachings on correspondences, how everything in this world has a deeper meaning that reflects a spiritual reality. While Norm could be seen as just a simple, nice man, he really was a deeply spiritual man who believed in not just the natural beauty of what was being created, but he had that angelic perspective of being able to delight in the deeper meaning of what was being presented.

His personal depth absolutely extended to his love for his dear wife, Ruth. He liked to tell me this story about her that he had always called her “Ruthie,” but one day he called out to her, “Ruth!” He says she was rather upset, distraught, and she said, “You don’t call me that. I’m your ‘Ruthie.’” He said to me, “I never did that again.” It’s a sweet, touching little story that illustrates the kind of relationship they had. That their relationship wasn’t just two people who happened to share the same home together, but that there was depth there, some real personal intimacy. It was a relationship that Norm received so much out of. The New Church teaches that marriage is an essential of heaven and describes it as such:

“For the conjugal union of one man with one wife is the precious jewel of human life and the repository of Christian religion ... Conjugal love is the precious jewel of human life because the character of a person’s life is such as the character of that love in him, that love forming the inmost element of his life. For it is the life of wisdom dwelling together



with its love, and of love dwelling together with its wisdom, and thus it is the life of the delights of both. In a word, a person is a living soul as a result of that love. That is why we call the conjugal union of one man with one wife the precious jewel of human life. ... this love is the fundamental love of all celestial, spiritual, and consequently natural loves and that into this love have been gathered all joys and all delights, from the first to the last of them.” (Married Love 457)

I think Norm would agree that his marriage to Ruth was the fundamental of all his loves. While I never met Ruth, whenever I would visit him he was certain to bring her up with every visit. You don't do that unless you really do love somebody. He was looking very much to reunite with her, though at times he would say he was uncertain that she would still be waiting for him after all these years. He wanted to apologize to her for not being as good a husband as he should have. He felt badly that he spent a lot of effort in his hobby of creative writing, but that he didn't give Ruth enough appreciation for the hobbies she was doing. I told him that I'm sure Ruth is aware of his feelings, and knows that she'll never find somebody who will love her as much as he does. It's just another example of the way he operated: concerning himself of the needs of others, and reflecting back on his own actions to see if they measured up to the ideals that the Word teaches.

He told me that they met on the tennis court, and I assume that's the tennis court here, but that the relationship had to be put on hold while he went off to war. He started in the Army, but then he and a buddy decided that they would rather be in the Air Force, so they moved over to the Air Force where he was a wireless operator on a Lancaster bomber flying missions over Germany.



Again, let me give you this illustration of the character of the man: Norm said to me that he felt bad for getting into the war so late. Well, he enlisted June 28 1940. Australia's involvement in the Second World War began on September 3, 1939, and he was not discharged until December 24 1945. So while he may have arrived a few months after the war began, he stayed on after the war ended, but somehow he didn't give himself credit for that. He also failed to give himself credit for putting himself into a far more dangerous position by joining the Air Force. Flying over Germany on a bombing mission was a much higher risk position than being a signal operator in the Army. But he took it on anyway.

He told me that on his first flight mission he noticed how bright the stars were, and how brilliant the sky was, and so he remarked about this to others on the plane... there was silence over the intercom until one of his fellow airmen said, “Norm... those aren't stars. Those are enemy shells being shot at us...”

He'd tell me that story, then laugh at himself at the end. It was some self-deprecating humour, and I see that, along with the rest of his reflection of his war experience as

evidence that Norman was a humble man who wanted to do his part. Even at a young age, he wanted to be useful, he wanted to represent Australia, fight the bad guys, but here he was in what must have been a frightening experience as he sets off on his first mission and yet, he was still able to laugh at himself.

While we can look at Norm's life and think, "Oh, he shouldn't feel the need to apologize to his wife over the hobbies," or "He doesn't need to feel bad about not enlisting the day after Australia entered the war," that he does feel this way is truly a sign that he really was a very humble man.

"When a person confesses and believes in his heart that everything good always originates in the Lord and not in the person, the Lord flows in with good and truth... Nobody can possibly be truly humble unless that acknowledgement and belief are present in his heart; and when they are present he is self-effacing, indeed self-loathing, and so is not preoccupied with himself, in which case he is in a fit state to receive the Lord's Divine. These are the circumstances in which the Lord flows in with good into a humble and contrite heart." (Secrets of Heaven 3994

Later in Secrets of Heaven it also says, "When a person worships Him in such humility the Lord can enter in with the life of His love, bringing him heaven and eternal happiness."

While we're really not supposed to make spiritual judgements, I feel confident that Norm's humility is going to allow the Lord to more fully give Norm His love, and bring him heaven and eternal happiness. He's going to enjoy this new life... though much of it will be simply returning to his old life. From reuniting with his wife, going for long walks again and getting out and about, and feeling useful in his work Norm is going to return to the man he always was. Though I figure one thing hasn't ever changed: he's still going to need that cuppa! And it'll literally be a heavenly cuppa at that!

I hope you can take a moment to let all of this sink in, to really reflect on how much you all loved and respected Norm, and that the reason you did was because of the way he led his life... a humble man whose mind had tremendous depth, who loved his wife, his country, and was willing to be led by the Lord at every turn. Six years ago I didn't know what it meant when Norm was described as a treasure, but I have however, decided that he was exactly right. Norman Heldon was and is a treasure.

### **One of Norman's Favourite Quotes**

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart  
Be acceptable in Your sight,  
O Lord my strength and my Redeemer. (Psalm 19:14)

## **Eulogy by Owen Heldon**

Norman Wattle Heldon was born on 1<sup>st</sup> August 1917. He never really liked the name Wattle but it could have been a lot worse because his parents wanted to call him just Wattle. Fortunately a family friend Mrs Ferran saved the day and said “You can’t call a boy ‘Wattle’ call him “Norman”. The reason for the name Wattle was that 1<sup>st</sup> August was officially known as Wattle Day at that time.

I have called Dad “the great survivor” because looking at the start he had in life you would have thought that his chances of making 100 were pretty bleak. When his father died, a victim of the Spanish flu epidemic soon after he was born his mother was left with 7 children under the age of 10. Looking at Dad’s birth certificate the list of siblings reads as follows: Elida age 9, Viva 7, Osian 6, Emanuel 4, Lindthman 3 and Sydney 1. No wonder when his father tried to join the armed forces for the First World War the army rejected him and told him to go home and look after his wife and kids.

So with no family allowance and no widow’s pension how did the family survive? Dad recalls they had a long backyard and they grew a lot of veggies. They also had chooks. And occasionally the butcher would be generous.

Despite this Dad recalls a happy carefree childhood where the kids could roam freely in the neighbourhood. Maybe we can see this tendency return late in his life in his 80’s and 90’s when he would head off on regular trips to Manly, the Royal Botanic Gardens and the Central Coast.

Continuing with the theme of “the great survivor” he survived being hit by a car. One version of this story says he was walking home from Sunday School and another says he was playing cricket on Hillcrest Avenue. Apparently he didn’t do too much damage to the car!

It was early on in his schooling that dad displayed a talent for acting and was often asked by the teacher to read poetry in front of the class. He left school after the intermediate certificate due to the pressing need to get a job, which he did at Pulsford’s carpets in the city and he continued to work in the carpet business all his working life.

Now what I am about to say next might shock a few people, especially the grandchildren. There was a time, as a young man, when Grandpa didn’t always go to church. He has told me that he would often set off on a Sunday morning with his good friend Tom Taylor who lived a couple of doors down the hill and they would cycle all day doing 100 kilometres, sometimes up to 200 kilometres. They could climb Bulli Pass on their fixed wheel (no gears) bicycles!

The great survivor joined the armed forces soon after the outbreak of the Second World War serving first in the army and then the Air Force. One of the most dangerous roles in the war was serving in bomber command flying bombing missions over Germany. Over 1/3 of men serving in bomber command never made it through to the end of the war. It



was also during his time on the Lancaster bombers that his hearing began to deteriorate. Dad was a wireless operator and he had to sit next to the extremely noisy engine bay.

Returning from the war Dad married Ruth Fletcher and they moved to 287 King George's Road Beverly Hills, living in a garage until their house was built. Over the next 5 years three children Owen, Murray and Sylvia were born and what follows are a few of my memories of living at 287 King George's Rd.

When Mum and Dad moved there it was semi-rural. Opposite 287 across the 2 lane road was a horse trough and it was used! Over the hill was a dairy. The place was not sewered and it was served by the legendary "dunny man." Woe betide anyone who was on the throne when the dunny man came to collect the pan. When Murray and I were older Dad would take us to the nearby M5 road reserve, at that time just open space and he would put us to work chopping wood for the fire. Dad considered chopping wood was especially good exercise for teenage boys and likely to keep them out of mischief. And on the matter of the M5, Mum and Dad were great supporters of this future road because they said once it was built it would take most of the traffic off King George's Road. Wishful thinking!

At 287 KGR we had a huge backyard with room for a full size cricket pitch. We also ran chooks. Dad loved to grow things including veggies and strawberries and he would feed the plants manure he would make up using the chook droppings as its base. And it stank! In later years Mum and Dad built a huge swimming pool which was quite a hit with the grandchildren. And on the matter of chooks it was customary to kill and eat the birds once they ceased to produce eggs. Dad being a gentle soul at heart would call on the services of Tom Taylor or Uncle Tom as we called him to do the deed. And we children remember Uncle Tom chopping off the heads of the chooks and watching wide-eyed as the now headless chooks often flew over the fence into the neighbours yard.

The great survivor and his wife managed one more escape. There was a big fire at 287 KGR starting in the roof and causing major damage. Fortunately APIA covered the repairs on insurance including paying for accommodation at a house in Hillcrest Av while the repairs were undertaken over some months.

In the 1990's Dad took on a new role of looking after Ruth as her health declined. He devoted himself to being her carer as she became more and more bedridden. Dad never really understood her illness (bowel cancer) and would say if only she would eat well and get more exercise she would recover. This was his solution and no doubt is a good strategy for people who don't have a terminal illness. And it certainly worked for him over the years.

Following Mum's passing in 1995 Dad wasted no time in selling 287 KGR and moving to a 2 storey townhouse in Loftus close to the station. Dad now became refocussed even more on the church and the gardens behind Baringa. He spent many, many hours developing the gardens, spending a lot of his own money. The gardens so impressed one of the journalists from Burke's Backyard that he wrote a feature article about the gardens.

After the service take a look at the outdoor service area he created assisted by Ralph Horner without whom many of his projects would never have been completed.

Dad also undertook regular trips to Manly, Royal Botanical Gardens and the Central Coast where he was often met by Cybelle Liporoni. Cybelle deserves a special mention. Apart from being a wonderful friend to Dad it was Cybelle's encouragement and urging without which his wonderful book of short stories and poems, entitled *A Literary Smorgasbord* would never have happened. It is a mixture of real gems of wisdom alongside some quirky humour, much like the man himself. One of these gems, a poem *Spring Wedding*, has been used at weddings of more than one of his grandchildren:



This your Spring, love's early treasure  
Summer brings to fullest measure;  
Autumn's fruits of happy marriage,  
Winter's chill may not disparage;  
Through life's seasons you will find  
Joy increasing in the mind.  
Winter's trials are but showers,  
Spring returns with all its flowers;  
Pray your love be from the Lord,  
Eternal Spring be your reward.

Grandpa had long held a wish to walk the Federal Pass in the Blue Mountains when he was 90. This was because his mother who lived till she was 93 had done the Federal Pass when she was 90. So the family booked the Falls Resort and had a weekend away. On the Saturday we all set out with the kids plus Grandpa in front even running some sections until we got to the Scenic Railway. At this point there was a choice of riding to the top in the Scenic Railway or climbing the 1,000 steps to the top of the valley. Yes, you guessed it Grandpa climbed to the top.

Two years later he did the Federal Pass again this time with only me accompanying him. This time he did take the Scenic Railway to the top. When he approached the exit gate he said in a loud voice "how about a free ride for a 92 year old who has done the Federal Pass on his birthday". The attendant opened the gate and said, "Walk through sir!" We can add this to his other achievements of climbing the Gloucester Tree in Western Australia and climbing the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Also at age 90 Dad's hearing was getting really bad. (Who can forget the sound of the high revving Hyundai Getz that he burnt the clutch out on?) Dad was assessed for a cochlear implant. This 5 hour operation is not one that would normally be done on a 90 year old but he was considered because he was extremely healthy and he was a social person who would make good use of the cochlear implant.



Norm on his 100<sup>th</sup>

Now a few remarks about the final chapter – life at Ferndale. Just over 3 years ago Dad broke his leg. He went to hospital and they operated and put a steel rod in his femur, gave him physio for a month and then sent him home. The same day, wanting to GET FIT he was doing circuits of the lounge room when he fell and broke his leg again! This time the doctors said they couldn't operate, recommended he go into a nursing home and gave him 6 months to live saying that he would never walk again.

Through sheer determination and help from the Ferndale physios he not only did walk again but lasted another 3 years and achieved his long held goal of passing 100 and getting his letter from the Queen.

Although Dad was never 100% happy at Ferndale, in his heart he knew it was the best place for him and he had lots of visitors. He would make a lot of funny remarks about his situation like “I think I'll buy a little place at Loftus and advertise for a wife.” Or “I want to go back to 104 Hillcrest Ave” (where he lived as a child). He often said “this walker you know, would have a lot of trouble getting along without me.” One day he looked in the mirror and said “Gee I hope I never look as old as that guy.” He especially complained there was no work for him to do at Ferndale.

But there were compensations. He especially loved his cappuccinos and was probably the café's best customer. He would tell Owen who doesn't drink coffee that he will never get to 100 unless he takes up drinking cappuccinos. And thanks to Ralph's chauffeuring Dad got to church almost every week.

To sum up Dad, he was one of the finest men I have known. He was a gentleman in every way. He did not have a nasty bone in his body. He was generous, funny, hard working. What more can you say?

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**Poem for Grandpa from Angela and Michelle**  
your “favourite” TWIN granddaughters

We heard you had passed away,  
Thank goodness we were together.  
We stopped and embraced so tightly  
We thought you would be here forever.

We took a walk down the Pennypack Trail in Bryn Athyn –  
A place you knew quite well.  
The air was fresh and clean and bright  
In all things beautiful you dwell.

Everything we passed had your name and face.  
Yellow flowers, singing birds,  
New shoots, a bubbling river.

We stopped upon a hill on high,  
The Cathedral shone in the distance,  
Baby Everlyn let out a little sound  
As we wove a circle together.

A dedication of Birth and Rebirth  
Spiritual worlds connected.

We spoke of all the memories,  
We cried and laughed and sung  
Oh what joy you brought to us,  
Grandpa you were just so much fun!

And then we looked up and saw you soaring Grandpa!  
On the wings of an eagle  
Soon Grandma joined you in the sky  
Two birds dancing – so regal!

We smiled, and thought of you in heaven.  
We imagined you being greeted  
“Here you are!” they cry with open arms,  
Hoorays and Harrahs repeated!!

We will always feel your spark  
Opening our hearts and minds,  
Flowers blossoming in the spring  
Forever a garden Divine.

You focused on uplifting  
And shared that sphere around.  
You defied all obstacles in your way  
Truth on steadfast ground.

As our daughters grow old we will teach them of you  
The most wonderful Grandpa the world ever knew!

## **Eulogy by Granddaughter Naomi** (excerpts)

In honour of him,  
I'd sit down to write,  
Neither eulogy nor simple card,  
But a poem like the ones we fondly remember,  
Only poetry is really, REALLY..... so hard.

Even though I didn't inherit the poetry gene, there are other things I share with grandpa. I too laugh a little when someone has said something to me three times and I still didn't hear. I too enjoy a little nap in my chair after a big lunch, especially a Christmas lunch. I too hum to myself while I work and I too like to be useful. Like grandpa I'm convinced that Angela and Michelle are angels on earth. I too like to read the newspaper and, like grandpa, I drink both coffee and tea. I too take my tea with sugar, or without, or with honey, or with milk, or without - depending on who's making it. I too am a fan of beans on toast, a good bit of cake and I'm fond of a nice red wine. Incidental exercise and an apple a day sure do keep the doctor away. I too love Australian natives and walks through the Royal Botanic Garden and springtime is also my favourite. Like grandpa, I have a soft spot for Gilbert & Sullivan and colourful dresses and just like grandpa I too keep in correspondence with old and new friends both near and far.

Grandpa was truly one of a kind. He was humble, faithful, resilient, clever and witty. Grandpa always asked you how YOU were doing, and he was genuinely interested. He was caring, loving, creative, thoughtful and passionate. He was sprightly and active, meaningful and considerate and he embodied a sense of dotage, a childlike innocence throughout his most recent years.

My summer childhood memories are firmly lodged at grandpa and grandma's house. Together with my siblings, cousins and church friends we swam in the pool and jumped on the elephants, we made waterslides in the backyard, ate mulberries from the tree and strawberries from the garden. We played with the visiting cat, as grandpa always left out a dish of milk. We took over the back shed and played with the old toys and grandma's old makeup compacts and handbags. There were treasures galore! We had sleepovers at grandpa's in the spare room where the chest freezer buzzed and we watched tennis on the old TV. We ate green splice ice creams and I knew where the biccy tin was hidden. We whiled away hours on swinging chairs inside the screened porch around flowering cactus with cicadas humming. At larger backyard family gatherings we were entertained by Nosmo King and Nopar King, just a few of grandpa's characters.

As grandpa's short term memory started to decline on his approach to turning 100 years young, his knack for remembering children's names was remarkable. He would often remember Harper by name and once you mentioned April he would say "April ELIDA" or Aneira and he would say "Aneira Wren" and then proceed to spell the names. His recent weekly visitor was introduced as Lily and grandpa would complete her name as: Lily

Anne....Heldon! It was obvious to all that his family, friends and church were his life's treasures.

An image of grandpa in heaven is a wonderful thing; grandpa was often asking about meeting Ruth again and now I see them together. I picture Norm and Ruth young again, amongst the most beautiful gardens and grandpa finally able to listen to beautiful music once more.

Norm's belief in heaven was much to be admired as now he has retired to live for eternity with his beloved. On Easter Sunday his blue eyes were glistening. I hope he knows how we all will be missing him.

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### **Working Bee**

On 6<sup>th</sup> May we have scheduled a working bee that will happen after church. As usual we'll buy the pizza and you provide the labour. These working bees do provide our property with a needed quarterly boost to keep them looking respectable. There are plenty of areas around the property that could use a good weeding, and with Norm's passing I think this working bee I'm going to be in the back tidying up his gardens. Come along, it's good social time and good fun.

### **After Church Tennis**

Speaking of good social time, we're inviting you to join in for some tennis after church on the 27<sup>th</sup> of May. No grand plans here, but bring a picnic lunch, take a turn on the tennis court and have some fun. All skill levels welcome.

### **Melbourne New Church Relocation**

Recently we received the following email from the Melbourne Society:

Some time ago, a decision was taken by our membership to sell our premises in Mt. Waverley and relocate to more suitable accommodation. Negotiations with potential purchasers have been protracted but we are now delighted to advise that the process is complete and the property has been sold. Contracts have been exchanged and final legal matters are being processed, along with negotiations with the purchaser regarding their needs for access to the property and our needs in the intervening period before they take possession. The Board of The New Church in Victoria is therefore able to continue its search for appropriate new premises and leadership with renewed vigour, now that a sale has been achieved.

### **Birthdays**

Happy Birthday to **John Sandow** (18<sup>th</sup>), **Naomi Heldon** (20<sup>th</sup>), **Sequoia & Ezekiel Coates** (23<sup>rd</sup>), **Matthew Cooper** (25<sup>th</sup>), **Daniel Walsh** (27<sup>th</sup>), **Brian Walsh** (31<sup>st</sup>) & missed last month (Sorry) **Riley Evans** (11<sup>th</sup> April), **Lucy Evans** (27<sup>th</sup> April)

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