



THE OPEN DOOR MAGAZINE

January 2026



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SERVICE TIMES

January 2026

Sunday 4th January 10am Combined Eucharist
FEAST OF EPIPHANY

Sunday 11TH January 10am Combined Eucharist
BAPTISM OF OUR LORD

Sunday 18TH January 10am Combined Eucharist
EPIPHANY 2

Sunday 25th January 10am Combined Eucharist
EPIPHANY 3

Sunday 1st February 10am Combined Eucharist
CANDLEMAS

Meditation Thursday 8 – 8.45am.

Mid-week Eucharist Wednesday 10am.

Vicar's Letter

As my wife, Angela, will vouch, I love watching programs on the telly about space, planets, and the universe. I find it all mind-blowing. So mind-blowing that most of it is baffling and utterly incomprehensible to me. But I am still fascinated by it.



Did you know.....that as of early January 2026, NASA's Voyager 1 is approximately 25.4 billion km away from planet Earth? On 13th November it will become the first human-made object to reach a distance of 1 light-day from Earth, about 26 billion km away. Currently travelling at approximately 61,000 kph it's making its way through space on a journey that started on September 5th, 1977.

I find Voyager 1's nearly fifty year journey truly mind-blowing. However, having reflected on this when I learnt of it recently, it's importance paled into insignificance once contrasted to this verse from Genesis: *"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."* (Genesis 1:1) That's some statement that sits beside another verse from the other end of the Bible: *"Then I saw "a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away"* (Revelation 21:1)

What this says to me, is that whatever happens this coming year, whether planned or unplanned, it will all take place in the presence of God, the one who revealed himself in a vision to St John exiled on the island of

Patmos, recorded in Revelation chapter 1, in these words: *“I am the Alpha and the Omega,” says the Lord God, “who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty.”*

This is the Creator of everything, as we have just reminded ourselves over Christmas, was incarnated in Jesus Christ, the one who chose to be with us in human form, sharing in the joys and sorrows of human existence. He is with us all, NOW, and will travel with us throughout 2026, but now as the resurrected Jesus sitting at the right hand of God to intercede for us.

Let us put our trust in Him at the beginning of this New Year, remembering his last words recorded in Matthew’s Gospel: Matthew 28: 18 *“Then Jesus came to them and said, “All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age.”*

Wishing you all a Happy New Year,

Fr Stephen

Ann Drayton found this and took a photo whilst she was holidaying on Kangaroo Island.

8P street sign outside the Penneshaw Hotel, Kangaroo Island. Doesn’t matter if there is no room.

“I thought it amusing that there is this lengthy parking time outside the pub. The hotel is the building just up the street.”

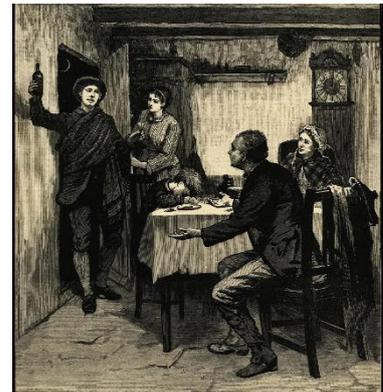


STRANGE NEW YEAR TRADITIONS FROM THE 'MOTHERLAND'

By Fr Stephen

First-Footing

First-Footing is a New Year's superstition found right across the UK, though it seems to matter most in Scotland. The first person to cross your threshold after midnight is believed to dictate your fortune for the year. Tradition holds that a dark-haired man brings the best luck; a fair-haired visitor points to bad. The custom dates back to the days of the Vikings, when a blond stranger at the door often meant trouble. Perhaps to combat the possibility of any uncertainty, I remember that it was my dad who always left the house about 5 minutes before midnight (carrying a piece of coal!!??) who would then ring the doorbell at about five minutes past midnight. Needless to say, he had dark hair. As a very young lad I always remember him telling us that before the clock struck midnight he bumped into a man who had as many noses and there were days in the year. I used to have nightmares about this until I figured out what he was on about!!



Black Rabbit, White Rabbit



Another tradition has its origins in Yorkshire and relies on saying the right thing at the right time. Just before midnight on New Year's Eve, repeating "black rabbit, black rabbit, black rabbit" is meant to usher out the old, dark year and banish evil spirits. As the clock strikes twelve, switching to "white rabbit, white rabbit, white rabbit" welcomes the light and invites good fortune for the year ahead. The ritual comes from older superstitions linking rabbits to luck, with familiar variations such as saying "Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit" on the first day of the month.

Cake on a Cow

There's a very strange custom from Hertfordshire that dates back to medieval times and is as strange as it sounds. On either Christmas or New Year's Eve, farmers do a song and dance around a bull before placing a plum cake on its horns and splashing cider in its face. The way the cake topples is an omen for the year ahead. A forward-falling cake predicts a good harvest; backward, less so—and perhaps what's deserved for throwing cider in a bull's face!



Cold Swimming

Cold water immersion has ancient ties to healing and spiritual cleansing but marking January 1st with a polar plunge is apparently a distinctly UK tradition. In Wales, the custom of taking a New Year's Day dip dates back to 1823; it now attracts thousands of swimmers in fancy dress. Edinburgh's "Loony Dook" began in the 1980s as a hangover cure, sending costumed revelers into the icy Firth of Forth. Similar events now take place across the UK, and indeed across the world.



Bread Throwing

This old Irish practice involves taking stale bread left from Christmas and either throwing it or banging it against a wall on New Year's Eve to scare off hunger and evil spirits and invite in abundance and good fortune. The tradition is waning today, but variations like Abingdon's bun-throwing festival still exist. If you've got an old loaf to spare, it might be worth a whack.



Father Time



In the 1960's I remember my mum and dad telling me and my two brothers to put one of our slippers by the front door before we went to bed on New Year's Eve. When we got up on New Year's Day we found a tangerine, some nuts, and some chocolates in them. Father Time had been and left them for us. Father Time was an old bearded man who carried a clock or an hour glass and, rather disconcertingly, carried a scythe. I can find very little on the internet that talks about this

tradition, so it's a bit difficult to know where its origins lie. Still I always appreciated what I found inside my slipper.

All Saints Honour Board: Alan & Doris Green

By

Stephen Yewdall

On the All Saints WW1 honour board there is the unusual connection of a brother and sister listed. They are nurse Doris Green and her elder brother Alan Green. Both were born in Colac to Ernest and Elizabeth Green. Ernest Green was the Manager of the Colac Branch of the Colonial Bank of Australasia.

Sadly, Ernest died of typhoid in April 1890 at the age of 32 when Doris was just 9 months old. Alan was 7. Their mother Elizabeth remarried in 1892 to Alexander Read at St Paul's' Geelong but he died in 1909. Elizabeth moved to Melbourne and later to Geelong, living in Fernleigh Street Newtown.

Doris did her early schooling in Melbourne but undertook her nursing training at Geelong Hospital whilst also attending All Saints. She completed her training in 1913 and joined the staff of Dr Frederick Bird at

his private hospital in Spring Street Melbourne. Come WWI, Dr Bird volunteered himself as did 4 of his surgical nurses including Doris, all embarking on 22/10/1914 and later arriving in Egypt.

With Dr Bird, Doris served on the hospital ship 'Sicilia' and during the landing on Gallipoli in April 1915 they treated some 1,300 wounded who had been evacuated. Doris also nursed in Salonika, Greece, in India, Basra Iraq and London as well as other hospital ships over the next 4-5 years. Doris was 'Mentioned in Despatches' for her long and outstanding commitment during WW1.

Doris finally returned to Australia in March 1920 with her military service terminated on 25 April 1920. Doris continued her nursing career in another private hospital, Vimy House in Queen Street Melbourne from 1921 to 1926 then in April 1927 married WW1 veteran, John Russell of Gembrook. John Russell had been wounded in action in Belgium in 1917 and subsequently had his right leg amputated.

Doris and John had one son, also named John and they continued to live in Gembrook till her death in 1973, aged 84. As well as All Saints, Doris is also recognised on the Geelong Hospital Staff Honour Roll for WW1.

Doris did not enlist for military service through the 'normal' enlistment process and therefore there was initially no military record of her service. This later caused her many problems in repeatedly required to prove her service to enable any pensions or medical assistance through the Repatriation Department in her later years.

Alan Green was born in 1883 and had his schooling at Geelong Grammar and Geelong College finishing in 1901 whilst also attending All Saints. Alan went to South Africa and served for 3 and a half years in Capetown with the Cape Mounted Police.

Returning to Geelong he enlisted for WW1 on 20 August 1914 and recorded his address as Fernleigh Newtown, the same as his younger sister Doris. He listed his occupation as a Planter. Alan landed at Gallipoli in April 1915 but after 3 months, was evacuated to England with what

was determined as a broken ear drum. He was subsequently discharged, returning to Australia in October 1915.

Married in 1918 to Amy McCallum of Batesford, Alan took up an appointment as a plantation manager in Rabaul, New Brittan with Burns Philp Co. Alan was still in Rabaul when the Japanese Army invaded in 1942. Amy had earlier returned to Australia and later died in 1973 aged 87 in Hawthorn.

Alan Green was interned whilst still a civilian, and was loaded onto the ill-fated ship, Montevideo Maru which was taking 845 Australian PoWs plus over 200 other civilians to Hainan Island China, when it was torpedoed off the Philippines and sunk by an American submarine the USS Sturgeon in July 1942. All hands were lost. Alan was 59.

Alan and Doris Green are 2 of the 137 names listed on the All Saints WW1 Honour board. Lest we Forget.

Further information on Alan and Doris Green along with many of the other persons on the All Saints honour board is available via the QR Code which is located directly under the honour board.

Source: Virtual Australian War Memorial:

a) Alan Green:

<https://vwma.org.au/explore/people/286873>

b) Doris Green:

<https://vwma.org.au/explore/people/805337>



ALL SAINTS' CHOIR



Not since the 1990's has All Saints had its own robed choir. Thanks to the inspiration and determination of Terry Norman, one of our church musicians, we were able to put on a Service of 9 Lessons and Carols on evening of Sunday December 14th.

With a congregation exceeding 100 the choir sang 6 choir carols and lead the congregation in singing some favourite traditional Christmas Carols. The service was followed with mince pies and port.

Be assured, plans are afoot for Easter!!

All Saints – Australian Flag

By

Stephen Yewdall

“All Saints has been successful in obtaining another Australian flag for flying at All Saints Newtown.

In December, the Church was visited by Mrs Bev McArthur MLC, State Member for Western Victoria in the Upper House, where she presented a new Australian flag to All Saints.

State and Federal MPs have a limited number of flags available for community organisations and All Saints has been successful with receiving 3 flags in the past 12 months.

Last year, Senator Sarah Henderson presented a flag. It lasted 8 months but due to wild weather it became frayed and Sandra Chapman mended the edges but it again became tatty. Then the office of the Federal Member for Corio Deputy Prime Minister Richard Marles provided a replacement. It still looks good but thankfully to the generosity of Bev McArthur, we now have one in reserve.





In providing the flag, Mrs McArthur wrote in a social media post “I was pleased to meet Fr Stephen Pollard and Stephen Yewdall at All Saints Newtown where I presented the congregation with a new Australian flag. All Saints is led by some very passionate and warm-hearted people”

All Saints is proud to continue to fly the nation’s flag.

Fr Stephen, Bev McArthur MP, and Stephen Yewdall
12th December 2025

What is a “Collect?”

A “Collect” is a short prayer, two examples of which we find in our usual Sunday worship. The word “Collect” dates back centuries to early Christianity where it originated in the “collecting” of the prayers of individual members of the congregation into a single prayer. (It has nothing to do with the “collection”, which may take place during an Offertory Hymn!)

Just as some types of poems have a special format such as a sonnet, which has 14 lines according to a particular pattern, so a Collect typically has 5 sections best illustrated by the “Prayer of Preparation” which begins each Communion service:

1. Each collect always begins with an address to God. Various forms may be used e.g. “O God”, “Eternal God”, “Blessed Lord”, etc.:

For example, “Almighty God,”

2. Then follows a phrase indicating something we believe about God, some attribute of God:

For example, “to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hidden:

3. Then follows something we are asking God to do for us:

For example, “cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of your Holy Spirit,”

4. Then follows the reason WHY we are making that request. Often this section of a Collect begins with “that” or “so that”, or at least that is what is implied:

For example, “that we may perfectly love you, and worthily magnify your holy name,”

5. And a Collect always finishes with a phrase or ascription which, in various words, mentions Jesus Christ and/or the Holy Trinity. One could say that the purpose of this last section is to emphasise that we can only offer the above prayer believing that “Jesus would approve of it”! (Hebrews 7:25)

For example, “through Christ our Lord. Amen.

As well as the “Prayer of Preparation”, we have in our usual Sunday worship “The Collect of The Day”. This Collect varies from Sunday to Sunday, and its 2nd and 3rd sections sometimes have a reference to one or more of the scripture readings which follow it in the liturgy, or some reference to the season of the Church’s year.

Some of the Collects we find in our Prayer Book are translations or variations of Christian prayers from earlier centuries. Others have been composed in recent years by” Liturgical Committees “of Anglican churches here and elsewhere. Usually Sections 2 and/or 3 and/or 4 occupy most of the words of the Collect, and sometimes these sections are blended together, or one of them is omitted, but more often than not you will find a “that” or a “so that” which indicates Section 4.

Many Christians have found it a useful discipline to use Sunday’s Collect of The Day (printed in our Sunday leaflet) in their daily prayers during the week – or even to memorise a Favorite Collect or two.

How about that as a New Year’s Resolution?

Experience Christmas



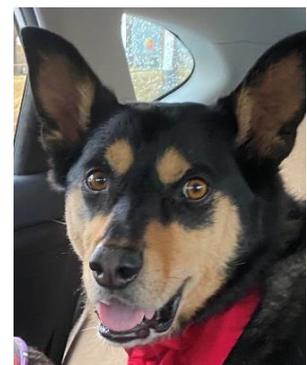
Once again, we did Experience Christmas with the school children. We had over 190 children from Bostock House and Geelong Baptist College. The children thoroughly enjoyed it and was given a beautiful embroidered angel made by Julie Crees and Sandra Chapman.

(Picture right) The shepherds fire after they left when they were told that Jesus was born in a stable.



A Kelpie who lived to Play

This poem was written by Angela Pollard and given to the staff at The Geelong Animal Referral Services (GARS) who took such good care of our dog Max for many years before his untimely death in November. The names featured in the poem are staff members at the referral centre. (Fr Stephen)



Barking at waves and chasing a ute,
the noisier the trailer, oh what a beaut!
I'd chase squeaky toys in any direction,
I'd a kelpie 'play bow' down to perfection!

I was just a kelpie who lived to play,
but found some days wouldn't end that way.
They said with seizures, there's usually a trigger,
But mine, Mum and Dad just couldn't figure.

They did their best, kept me safe as can be.
On the bed every night there would always be three.
Snug and safe in the middle I'd lay,
what a joy when I woke to a brand, new day.

I tried to give signs when not feeling so good,
sometimes it's hard to be understood.
So I'd chase my tail, or go lay all alone,
as my brain would soon fire like Al Capone.

Dr Barry was there every step of the way,
I managed to haunt him night and day.
I've even been known to bound through his dreams,
what's a kelpie without mischievous schemes!

But the number of tablets, give me a break!
there's more meds than meat in my daily intake.
The blood tests I need to endure, oh crumbs!
My legs have been shaved, far more than my mum's.

The drugs that I take, frequently reviewed,
my sense of reality's often been skewed.
Now I can't believe what they want me to do,
They think I'd get better by eating poo!!!!

Emma and Donna always made me smile,
while I had to wait in reception a while.
Always far better to visit by day,
It was nighttime when seizures would have their way.

I'm a Kelpie, intelligent, courageous and tough,
but needed the GARS team when things would get rough.

Always on hand no matter the hour,
to stop the unthinkable, they had the power!

More often than not my favourite was there,
gathering me up, with the greatest of care.
My guardian angel I've no doubt was Paige,
she nursed me through each and every stage.

When I'd recovered, I'd shout out my orders,
for me there were never etiquette borders.

An imprisoned Kelpie never must be,
we were born to herd and always be free.

Paige understood, and so lucky for me,
as when it was time for Paige to have tea,
out of the kennel she'd bring me to play,
always my favourite part of the day.

But I am not the star of this show,
to all of you the credit must go.
The life I've had could never be,
without the GARS team taking care of me.

There's so many of you, too numerous to mention,
but I've loved you all for your care and attention.

For I'm just a kelpie who lived to play,
I thank you for each and every day!

MAX