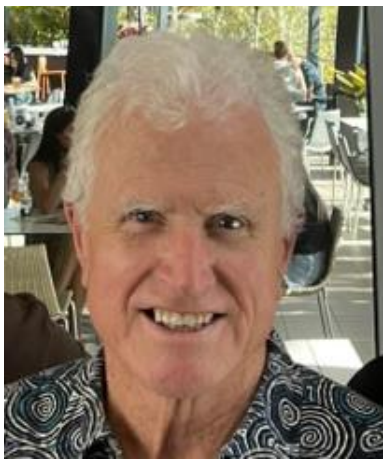
New Horizons

Newsletter of the Warwick/Killarney Parish
OCTOBER 2026

Pastoral Pondering



The bible's "one another" commandments update.
Perhaps you remember the first day Glenys and I were with you; I talked about the 'one another commands" of scripture. In particular we considered - Love one another - Serve one another - Forgive one another - Encourage one another - Pray for one another - Bear one another's burdens - Be devoted to one another - Accept one another - Submit to one another, to name just a few of the 59 plus one another commandments. We noted that the "one anothers" form the foundation of Christian community and they are the practical expression of Christlikeness.

Today I'd like to introduce one more, the slightly problematic instruction to "greet one another with a holy kiss" which appears several times in the New Testament. See Romans 16:16, 1 Corinthians 16:20, 2 Corinthians 13:12, 1 Thessalonians 5:26, while in 1 Peter 5:14, the instruction is to "greet one another with a kiss of love". What do we make of this instruction in our modern context?

Back in the late '70s, a friend of mine and his wife were on a fact finding tour in the USA, visiting many churches prior to the amalgamation of several smaller congregations into what was to become the Logan Uniting Church. One of the stories they shared on their return was of entering the foyer of a church in Texas. They approached the greeter and extended their arms to shake hands. They were not ready for what happened next. This big bear of a man gently?? pushed their hands aside, and loudly proclaimed, "We don't shake hands here! We hug each other!" With that, he embraced them separately in a bear hug that just about took the wind out of them. Hugging strangers was not part of their culture and they didn't feel blessed when it was imposed on them.

Most Christians understand the 'holy kiss' instruction as not commanding a specific physical gesture for all times and cultures, but rather, a sincere and pure expression of Christian love and fellowship. And the precise form – handshake, hug, high 5, hand on shoulder - can vary according to culture and circumstance. For me, mostly it's hand on shoulder, I'm becoming a bit more relaxed about hugs, but the bottom line of this ancient instruction is that we need to cultivate closeness rather than keeping at arm's length. How can we best do this?

May God bind us together in love … however we understand the 'holy kiss.'
Blessings and best wishes, Ian



October Market day – what a blessing.

It wasn't really on our radar – pun intended – but in age-old fashion – the rain that blessed our Market Day on Saturday 10th October was welcome by everyone – even those who didn't have an umbrella to hide under.

In other years Market Master Scott has brought rain plans into action when wet weather threatened our usual setup, but who could complain about the damp conditions when we had cracks in our yards from the lack of rain.

Our crowds didn't seem to be perturbed either. We have developed a faithful following of supporters who come to sample all of our offerings – whether it's a sausage in bread, home-baking, books, collectables, craft, sweets, produce – or the ever-popular plants. And remember that the Courtyard Coffee crew offered treats both Friday and Saturday mornings.

There was a good response from our members who donated goods for sale - from a range of precious items that we no longer use or need, or we just want to declutter. Those of us who cook for the markets were busy during the few days before the markets – some chores just can't be done much ahead of time.

The entertainment during the morning certainly had that highland theme – with all but the Filipino dancers channelling Revs Ansie and Willie's recent time in Scotland. A big thank you to these busy groups who are asked to perform at various community events throughout the year.

Once again, the students from SCOTS PGC helped cart heavy loads of plants and produce to buyer's cars – in one case being entrusted with keys to a lady's car. Their pipers played in the church due to the unpredictable weather and then they joined us at worship the next day. Great to have them with us as part of our church community.

But one aspect that does need to be addressed – is that those of us who are currently convening stalls have done so for many years. There was a time – decades ago – when we took over the relatively light responsibility of being the contact person for a particular stall – or to fulfil an organisational role. Some of us are asking for someone else to take over their role.

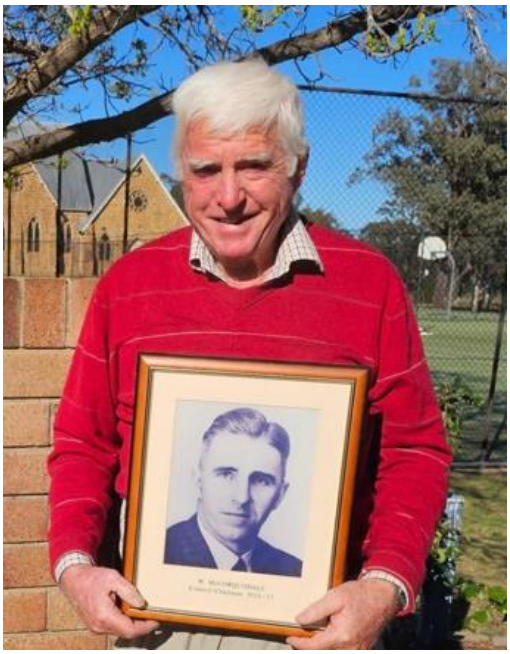
Three such roles are – contact person for entertainment – publicity and convener of the home-baked stall. Please give this some consideration as we endeavour to share the work that is involved in the presentation of this significant event in our calendar.

And to complete our blessings our labours provided a very pleasing total of over $10 100 – sales from the sweets will continue till they are all gone.

So, our markets brought some much-needed rain, welcomed enthusiastic local crowds into our precinct and also provided funds that will be put to use in our involvement with our community. And we thank God for this multitude of blessings he has once again gifted to us all.

Sue Campbell – for the Market Day Team

Another Member of our Congregation



We sit beside them…we welcome them and greet them warmly…but how much do we really know about them? This person sits beside me, gives me a great big smile and is gradually becoming a friend to those who sit around him, and those he talks with at morning tea. Many already know him from other activities, they have shared in together. Have you guessed who he might be? His name is Ross McCorquodale and he lives alone on his property at Dalveen. Ross joins us every second Sunday to worship amongst us.

Ross was born on June 5th1944 in Sydney where his mother was sent during the war then they returned to the family property at McKinlay in Queensland's Northwest. His father sold this property in1946 and they moved to Dalveen onto the Sheep and Wool property where he still lives.

From 1951 till 1955, Ross was a weekly boarder at Scots and then at TAS, The Armidale School, an Anglican Boarding, from 1956 until 1961, which meant 11 years at boarding school. Here he met some friends who were Presbyterian and they worshipped together at the Armidale Presbyterian Church at times. From school, he was employed as a Jackeroo near Cunnamulla, learning all about sheep and cattle for a year. He also worked near Claremont and Tasmania, after which he returned home to the Dalveen property.

Ross was married for 9 years where he became a dad to a son and a daughter, but, unfortunately, it ended in divorce. His daughter is married and lives in Victoria while his son lives in Toowoomba now owns the property at Dalveen.

Always a farmer, Ross became part of The Graziers Association, and a member of The Woolgrowers Association which floundered when the price of wool had to compete with the rise of cotton and synthetics and this meant a lack of income for a period of time. He was on the Stanthorpe Show Sheep and Wool Committee, and on the Stanthorpe Art gallery Committee for 14 years and serving as the President for 4 years.

Droughts is always a trial and has at times needed to move his sheep and cattle to Moree and Kyogle; while in the !965 drought, the cattle were moved by train which meant checking on them all along the way. Life on the land has its ups and downs and money was often scarce. But Ross has good friends in Dalveen where they all help each other and are helped in turn. He plays pool on Tuesday mornings and meets for dinner at the Dalveen Hall on Friday nights.

Ross grew up Presbyterian and was baptised Rev John Flynn at Mackinlay and Rev Fred Mackay of outback fame was a close friend of his father. His father died in 1986 and his mother was on the original organising committee for the setting up of Akooramak.
He says he was always a Christian and lives by The Ten Commandments. As there is no church at Dalveen anymore, he watches the You-Tube on the weeks he isn't with us.

He loves worshipping with us and finds the congregation a very friendly place to come.
He even came to TWEATT! He doesn't know what the future holds…but he'll welcome it when it comes. Now, you all find out more ! Shalom, Jean

Some Glimpses from a Life Well Lived!90 Years and More to Come…

We all know her as Margaret Wilkie…or just simply as Marg! And she has so many stories and facets that have moulded her into the person we all know and love; so, what follows is just a tiny, fleeting capture of some of them. She maintains that she has lived in the best of times and she has certainly made every year of her 90 years count! So, who is she?

As a country girl, she rode her horse to primary school daily and describes a way of life so different from that of today's youngsters. She likens herself to a cat with 9 lives as she and her horse had a serious accident that left her with a limp, a serious bout of whooping cough and was also bitten by a red-back spider! The person who rescued her from the fallen horse was the teacher, Duncan Wilkie, who became her hero from there on and eventually her husband. Seems like that accident was meant to be!

Secondary School was undertaken at Warwick State High and Marg lived as a boarder at the CWA Hostel, travelling home by train for holidays. It was not the best of memories! After passing Junior, she was awarded a Teaching Scholarship for two years, training at Kelvin Grove Teachers' College, and was then sent back home to teach in the country. Teaching was very special to Marg, especially enjoying the younger classes, and this became a lifetime privilege.

Four years out from College, she and Duncan wed (it was always going to happen!) and she went on to teach for another 30 years after parenting two children, Tom and Janet. She spread her teaching mantle over primary schools all around Warwick, including PGC, St Marys and the Special Needs Unit. Get her talking about the memories of some very interesting Morning Talks with the littlies and you will stand entranced. Her love of children just pours out of her!

Marg's expertise in many areas saw her judging at the Warwick Show, in School Exhibits and in handicraft. She taught craft to members of the U3A and at the CWA rooms where she helped with the catering. Then came a very special trip to the UK! She and Duncan were planning a trip there when an invitation arrived for them to attend a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. They were given instructions from Australia House as to what to wear…hat and gloves for Marg and a Top Hat and Tails for Duncan.

They were presented to Charles and Diana and were in the presence of the Queen where some others were being presented to her. They spent 14 weeks in Britain, being able to meet relatives from both sides of their families, concluding with a cruise on the Danube. They also hoped to visit a one teacher school at Fair Isle at the top of Scotland but ran out of time! What a tale to tell of it all! Sadly, not long afterwards Duncan had a massive heart attack which left him very unwell and, he died in 1991. Marg entered 35 years of widowhood during which she has missed him enormously.

But life continued on and she took on many and varied interests. She was the leading light in The Wesley Indoor Bowls Group which saw its membership rise from 18 to 48. Her life in the church also spanned many roles from a period of Eldership, a long-standing Bible Study Group member, a stint in Alpha, taking part in the Adult Fellowship and their Afternoon "Dos," a member of a Worship Committee during which she manufactured a large amount of flames for Pentecost Sunday. She was also part of the casserole bank delivered to those grieving or doing it tough.

After 90 years, her family has also grown from 2 children to 4 grandchildren to 5 great grandchildren, and many, many friends! Marg now lives at Oaktree Retirement Village and enjoys people around her, a good game of cards, and curling up with a book. She sums up those 90 years as a really wonderful life with oodles of memories.

Happy Birthday Marg from all of us!

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FROM THE RISK MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Looking out for our little ones

We love being a church community where all generations can gather together.

To help keep children safe and ensure everyone can enjoy our time together, we ask parents and carers to supervise their children at church, Courtyard Coffee and other social events.

Thanks for playing your part in making our community a safe and caring place.





Food for Thought…Which Love Would You Obey?

World War II was raging in Europe and things were not going well. The Allied forces had been taking a severe beating outside Paris, France, for several days. At last, one bright, crisp morning, an Allied spy reported to the Allied General that he had located the enemy headquarters. He took the General to the edge of a cliff and pointed out its location.

The General called for the regiment's top gunner…a soldier named Hans Shroud. He led Hans to the edge of the cliff. "Corporal, do you see that valley across the way?" asked the General. "Yes Sir," snapped the Corporal in crisp military fashion.
"Do you see the clump of trees about half way back on the right side of the valley?"

"Yes Sir!" "Can you make out a small white house inside that group of trees?"
"Yes Sir!"
"Well, that has been confirmed as the enemies' headquarters. Do you think you can hit that house Corporal?"
"Yes Sir," said the Corporal quietly……."Then get to it!"

"Yes Sir!" said the Corporal, taking his leave.
With help from his regiment, Corporal Shroud brought the giant gun to the cliff's edge. He made careful calculations as to the trajectory of the shot. Then he loaded the gun, lined up the sights and fired. The shot was accurate. The little white house exploded into thousands of flaming pieces that shot into the air and through the grove of trees.

"You did it! You did it," shouted the General excitedly. "That was excellent shooting, son…excellent shooting!"
"Thank you, Sir," said the Corporal quietly.
"You'll get a medal for this, my boy."

As the General slapped the corporal on the back and congratulated him, he noticed the tears were running down the young man's face.
"I don't understand son," said the crusty old General. "You may have just saved the entire war for the Allied Forces. You should be elated. Why are you crying?"

"The house, the one I just blew up, belonged to my parents, sir. They still live there. The enemy had to have taken it over by force. I've just killed the family I love to save the country I love!"

Love sometimes demands great sacrifice! [*From World War II Records*]

The True Secret of Happiness *Natasha Josefowitz*

Everyday have something to do…or somewhere to go
Every day have someone to call…someone to see…someone to love.
But, most important, everyday have something to give to someone.

Shalom, Jean

Times haven't Changed.

This article by Rev Alan Walker was written in 1967.

If we are ever to pay off the debts of stupidity, bungling, timidity, resentments and criminal neglect to which generation after generation commits itself, we shall need greater resources than our own.

It is well to be reminded, then, that God's resources are limitless. But how do you get hold of them? And how do you apply God's wealth to man's poverty, his wisdom to man's ignorance, his patience to man's passion, his call to man's indifference?

One way is through prayer — and this is always the start. God can't give until we ask. But prayer is far too often regarded as the completion instead of the beginning of God's answer. We learn, perhaps, that there is a great need for social service ministry, so we pray earnestly that God will provide it; we read that opportunity is knocking urgently on behalf of overseas or aborigines missions, so we pray that God will open the door — and so on through all of the dozens of major projects which confront the church. Then we go home, wearied by much praying, worn out with words, and give ourselves to sleep, leaving the work to God.

If there is any more to be done, then, we guess, hope or pray that God will do it.

If this is our only means of bringing God's resources to bear upon man's extremity — then may that God have mercy on us!

Anyone who could have such a view of prayer must surely think that God's resources are up above, out there, or grounded, or whatever is the present theological jargon about a distant or incomprehensible divine being.

Let's look again at our problem. We do the praying. Who does the paying? The answer is, of course, we do. We pay, but it is God's coin. We do not really need to pray for additional resources. God has already given us all that we need for all that we have to do. Our hands are already in God's purse, and God's purse is in our pocket.

What, indeed, could we ask God to give us that we have not already received from him? Manpower, faith, abilities, compassion, information, strength, money? You name it, we've already got it!

There are some, of course, who are without service or financial abilities, and their valuable prayerful concern is all that they can give.

There are others whose days of service and giving are over, but whose very lives have been an effective, effectual, fervent prayer. But there are enough of the rest of us to meet every challenge the world and the church can bring. God's limitless resources are already available.

By all means pray. Your prayers are desperately needed, but God has already provided the answer.

Your hand is in God's purse, and God's purse is in your pocket.



Lovely, drizzly, cool, Scottish weather for the Warwick Uniting Church Markets. Once again, we had the pleasure of playing for a wonderful, appreciative crowd! Always fun to perform at community events!

Grandmas have fun at mainly music!



Warwick Choral Society Inc
And The Melomaniacs
Present
End of Year Combined Concert

LIVE, LOVE, LAUGH

And a tiny bit of Christmas! –

followed by **afternoon tea**
Proceeds towards upgrading our hall for future generations.
$15 entry

2pm, Saturday November 14th, 2026.
Williams Hall 37 Guy St, Warwick

Bring and Buy Stall
(including well priced Formal Dresses)

A prayer of blessing

May you hear God's voice, know his plans for you and feel the support his loving arms give. May you walk with God today, tomorrow and the days ahead. Amen.