



Hello Everyone,

This is your new Prayer and Spirituality Coordinator, Lesley McLean, writing to introduce herself. You may know something of me already from the Easter Leaflet: that I have recently shifted my goods and chattels from the Adelaide Hills to a unit in the very edge of the parklands that surround the square mile of Adelaide.

In a very real sense I have come home. I was born on the Adelaide plains and two maiden great-aunts lived in this very street where I was fortunate enough to buy my unit when my husband died in 1998.

As a child and into my teens I lived with my grandmother and mother near the beach. Although my mother didn't formally divorce my father until I was six, we were always at Nana's house so I have no memory of 'moving in' as such. Three ages of women lived frugally in the faded glamour of heady colonial years in Burma. There Nana played bridge, gave parties and shopped (my unit is adorned with a remnant of the 'curios' she purchased) and my mother played with her pet monkey and stamped her pretty foot at her 'ayah'.

Our family's transition to the Church of England, as it was known then in Australia, was effected by my mother's older sister. She had come back to Adelaide for her secondary schooling, was boarding near the cathedral and saw the girls from St Peter's School walk there each Wednesday in Lent. She decided she wanted to go to that school and marched off to introduce herself to the headmistress. So the connection with Anglicanism began for three generations of us who have attended that school which was begun by the Sisters of the Church.

When I was to begin my secondary education, God moved in a mysterious and wonderful way. When Aunt Jessie and her house sold, my mother chose to use her inheritance to send me to her old school, St Peter's. This was a defining opportunity for me: a loving community for a lonely, only child, a good, classical education for a thirsty brain. Here in the late 1950s the sisters' 'Tractarian piety continued to permeate the school'. Scripture lessons, daily prayers with hymns helped grow the seeds that had been planted at my local parish church. I had been sent irregularly to Sunday School which began in church for Sung Matins. Gentleness and reverence mingled with Anglican Chant. Devotion was tangible and Christian love evident in the lady who helped me find the psalm. This experience formed me and stood me in good stead for the years ahead.

Here I am writing now and wanting to get to know YOU. I am thrilled that some have responded to my Easter Leaflet. Someone has asked for prayer suggestions. One of the joys of getting older has been 'memory': the snatches of hymns and prayers heard as child now come as deeply imbued prayer and love. I have learned to hold onto them, as gifts which return each church season, such as 'Forty days and forty nights' for Lent. Newer treasures haunt the senses, such as the Taize chant, 'Jesus remember me when you come into your kingdom' so appropriate for Maundy Thursday. We voice our faith and our longing for heaven on Easter Day when we sing 'Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!

Bless your remembering.

Lesley *(February 2017)*