



The Christian Community

Newsletter of The Christian Community
in Australia - Sydney

Movement for Religious Renewal

8 Montague Street, Balmain
June 2017

Dear Christian Community,

Transubstantiation is the core work of our community. We offer our perceptive life, our feeling life and our will substance into the cauldron of human karma and cook up a storm, spicy and fragrant for the beings who made flowers, rainbows, storm clouds for our delight. Time and pain and the sheer fire of sacrifice are powerful creative forces.

This is a story told by the Buddhist monk and teacher Jack Kornfield. It was the day of his father's funeral and he chose a man to sit next to in the train and began a conversation. The man told him he had worked in the diplomatic service in India until one day they called him in and told him he needed to stop paying his servants too much. He quit on the spot and returned to America where he began to work in a program for young men who had committed murder.

One teenager had murdered a 14-year-old boy in order to be accepted into a gang. At the end of his trial the mother of the murdered boy stood up looked him in the eye and said: 'I'm going to kill you,' and sat down again. After the convicted boy had been in jail for about a year that mother visited him. She talked to him about what it was like in jail and gave him a little cash. The visits continued and after four years he was due for release. At the time of the murder he had been living on the street and had no family and no friends. She got him a job with a friend of hers and gave him the spare room for a while.

One night she called him into the living room and asked if he remembered what she had said at the

trial. He said he would never forget that moment. She told him that she knew that she did not want the boy who had killed her son the walking around anymore so she had set out to change him.

'And now,' she said, 'you are no longer that boy.'

'No I am not,' he replied.

What alchemy she must have worked in that first year before she was able to face him in a way that was not just rage and righteousness one can only imagine. And who was the more changed in the end and who died?

To die while we live, to die into life is the transubstantiation of biography into bread for the worlds. Time, pain, and sacrifice a powerful in the hands of the Master of Love.

*When love beckons to you follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.*

*And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may
wound you.*

*And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the
north wind lays waste the garden.*

*For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you.
Even as he is for your growth so is he for your
pruning.*

*Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your
tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in*

their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.

He threshes you to make you naked.

He sifts you to free you from your husks.

He grinds you to whiteness.

He kneads you until you are pliant;

*And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you
may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast.*

*All these things shall love do unto you that you may
know the secrets of your heart, and in that
knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.*

Khalil Gibran

Lisa Devine

A message from the Committee

We receive gifts from the altar through grace. Grace gives without expecting to receive, nor does it wait for 'worthiness'. Our movement's unique sacraments are a gift of grace from the spiritual world for the advancement of the physical world. The Act of Consecration also provides nourishment to the dead, especially those who had a connection to the altar during their incarnation. Almost as a side effect, we individual incarnated humans are strengthened and supported.

The altar sits at the threshold of the physical and spiritual worlds. It sits on the physical side of the threshold, holding open the door so to speak, for the spiritual world to flow through like a cooling breeze. Yet the altar, our chapels and our priests are grounded in the physical world. Without the kind of support that the physical world requires, they would not be there to bring these gifts to the world. It is our choice whether we support this

work to ensure it continues, including our regular donations.

Our movement is dependent on the financial support of members and friends. It is a challenge to our will, in today's world with competing demands on our scarce resources, to put money aside for donations when no-one is demanding it. Yet even modest but regular donations make a difference to our viability as an organisation: and the future reaches her hand to you here in the present to shake it and thank you.

Ioanna's induction to the Sydney Community

What a joyous occasion this has been, having Martin, Lisa, Darryl, Hartmut and our Lenke, Cheryl, with Ioanna and two of our most experienced servers at the altar. Ioanna celebrated with great calm, grace, substance and humility. Cheryl gave an inspiring talk touching on the role of the priest and the importance of the community to support the priest. After a short break we gathered in the chapel for Lisa and Kimberley performing in eurythmy the beginning of St. John's gospel, spoken by Wolfgang in Greek. Then Adam Chan performed in eurythmy a poem spoken by Lisa. After that there was a very humorous and gentle skit to round off the performances and Lisa spoke very special words of gratitude to Ioanna that she now was part of the priest circle and synod and brings her own special quality to this work.

Rose-Marie van Hoogstraten

Tribute to Fay Dalton 18/4/33 – 28/4/17

Fay, being born in the Zodiac sign of Aries, was strongly connected with pioneering ventures. We have seen that from her volunteer work for the Christian Community over many years. Her office was organised meticulously. Whenever we needed to find something and she was not there, the item would always be in the same place. She had a book

called 'Where the heck is it!'... and all would be listed there. She was a great organiser and I remember her incredible work in helping Rosalind with the booking and organising of the Trans - Tasman Conference, which was held at the Conference Centre in Lane Cove Park off Delhi Road - the first and only one of its kind for the Christian Community in Australia. Fay also assisted Rosalind in booking venues for the annual retreats.

Fay was a wonderful daughter, taking Ursula Hayman de Jong to the Tuesday and Thursday evening lectures at Rudolf Steiner House and also every Sunday to the Christian Community, and then taking her home afterwards. Helena Villa at the church was fitted out to be rented to students which brought in much needed money for the Christian Community - Fay was the landlady. Fay could be so frugal, making the budget stretch extra yards. She and Innes organised garage sales and then took the unsold items to the Balmain/Rozelle Markets. This is just a little cameo of her quiet, but substantial contribution wherever she committed herself.

Fay, we thank you for just being you, with a wicked sense of humour.

Rose-Marie van Hoogstraten

Dove

Breath of the spirit...
Winged blessing
I receive from the touch
of the priest
on my cheek.
How else can I know
the Dove?

I have nothing
to give here
for I am emptied
of who I think
I am.

I am the tomb,
the empty cave,
and so the Dove
can enter...
nest in my heart,
its beating wings
fanning the breath
breathing
through me —
Breath of the Spirit.

Oh may I remember
the Dove...

Helen Cameron

Julian's message

You are endowed with many gifts through being a human person: you can think, feel and act, you have many senses; you are able to be creative and can bring order into your life. You can reach out to others with support and understanding and show them the love that radiates from your heart. And you are able to turn inward and pray for goodness to penetrate the earth and humanity. All this is thanks to Christ who is in your heart and who wants to lead you on a path of goodness and love. He will test you at times but will always be at your side, because he is always 'on your side'.

A heart-warming message filled with wisdom! The above comes to us from Reverend Julian Sleigh who as a priest in The Christian Community played a vital role in the establishment of the Church in Australia and in New Zealand, as he had previously done in South Africa. Julian, who was born on 6 October 1927 in Florence died in South Africa on Wednesday 2 October 2013 (four days before his 85th birthday).

I was privileged to work with Julian Sleigh who never lost interest in our progress in Australia and New Zealand even though he was never robust enough to make a visit to Australia after 1987.

Julian had great confidence in the power of prayer and confidence in the future of the Movement for Religious Renewal which became one of his principal vocations after he had spent quite a number of years as a devout Roman Catholic. On a personal note, may I be permitted to say that Julian acted as usher at the Sacramental Marriage of this writer with his wife Margaret, celebrated by Reverend Michael Tapp on Sunday 14 October, 1984.

John Shaw

Goodness down the generations

Recently I had a conversation with my 94 year-old mother about her family, and in particular her grandmother 'Nanna Lloyd', who raised her. I was interested to find out the context of Mum's family life, and with the help of old photo albums, a picture started to emerge.

Mary Ann Lloyd, nee Pass, my great-grandmother, was an illiterate country girl who never went to school, born in the 1880s. In 1905, she married my great-grandfather George Lloyd at St Peter's church, St Peters in Sydney. The following year they had my grandmother Violet Lloyd, living in a rented house in St Peters. Whilst Violet was still a young child, George, a merchant seaman, went away to sea without indicating his intentions to Mary. He was gone seven years. During that time she had no word from him, and worked at cleaning houses and sewing to make ends meet for herself and Violet. She even managed to pay for Violet's dancing lessons. George returned, walking back into the house 'like nothing had happened', in my mother's words. Mary took George back in, and they stayed together for the rest of their lives.

As a teenager, their daughter Violet danced on the stage at The Tivoli. She became pregnant, hastily married my grandfather Robert Collingwood Harris, and gave birth to my mother May Gladys Harris at age 16. Violet was considered too young to raise a child, so the new family lived with Mary and

George, and May was raised by her grandmother. Bob Harris was a strikingly handsome man, but he was unkind and my mother freely confesses she 'couldn't stand him'. Notwithstanding, they all lived together for several years. When Violet and Bob finally were able to rent a house for themselves, May refused to leave her grandmother Mary, so stayed living there until she married my father Edwin Redvers Augustine Jackson at age 21 (also at St Peters church). Violet and Bob had three more children and eventually divorced.



Mary Ann Lloyd, 1942

I imagine the sacrifices made by Mary, working hard to keep herself and her child, abandoned by her husband. Then taking him back after the shock of his return. Then taking in her difficult son-in-law and raising her granddaughter. How different would Violet's life have been if not for her mother's sacrifices? How different would my mother's life have been? And although I never knew my great-grandmother, her loving sacrifice resounds through the generations and I am a grateful recipient.

Lisa said in a talk some time ago that if we are good, then it is because someone has put goodness in our way in the past. Of course this story is from one part of my parentage - my father came from a large, close-knit family with a rich history.

I have come from an ancestry of both goodness and weakness, but feel that it is loving sacrifice which has provided the power that has allowed the goodness to prevail overall.

Pam Jackson

Nursing the Higher Self: adventures in aged care

Inspired by the Pastoral Care, and Care of the Threshold courses that Lisa has run over the last few years I have recently trained and begun work in Aged Care. The nursing home I work at would be termed 'premium'; it is expensive and well-resourced. Although the management staff like to promote the ultimate in aged care as having one's every wish attended to, I am seeing that this notion is not where the clients are really receiving value for money.

When the Lower Self is tended to, nothing is ever good enough, and in lives where the circumference of influence over the day's activities has become small, complaints about food and laundering of clothes are times where this shows itself. However financially fortunate - or prudent with saving - these human beings have been, it is not enough to afford what they think they want: 24/7 one on one care. Like it or not, the residents I attend to are being forced into community living. Even if they choose to stay mostly in their own room and not engage with their neighbours, their care needs can only be attended to on a roster: the unfolding of their day is dependent on the needs and ability of everyone else who is living or working in their ward.

The role of AIN (Assistant in Nursing) is remarkable, although one could see it as basic: feeding, washing, toileting - the fundamentals of a human existence. I am there as my residents first open their eyes in the morning and I tuck them in to bed at night. But because I am present for so many ordinary daily moments, I am also sometimes present for extraordinary ones. I'm not sure who, if anyone at my workplace would agree, but to me

these moments are the pure gold, the jewels that my residents are receiving for what they pay. And these are the moments when their wishes are relinquished, when their expectations of concierge service melt and resolve into acceptance and understanding of communal existence.

When an elderly lady suffering from Parkinsons Disease and often unable to move or speak asks me: is there anything I can do for you? Or when a tantrum at having to wait five minutes to have a call light answered is eased as the resident realises the delay was because her neighbour was in extra pain and needed the nurse's care for longer; when the anxiety-ridden woman finds a moment of calm on her own or someone breaks through the haze of dementia to read my name badge and greet me...It is these moments when the dear human beings in my care are able to reach beyond their own needs that I see their real selves shining through, and perhaps I am lucky enough to be nursing their Higher Self.

This is not something I articulate explicitly, but I attempt to carry it with me as I work. The picture of human life that we are allowed access to through Anthroposophy sustains my nursing, but it is also tested. Many of the human beings I tend to are holocaust survivors, and certainly have stories to tell. One lady recently showed me her wounds and told me of the moment in the camp where she turned her back on God. 'All I believe in now,' she told me, 'is that every human being should treat every other human being with love. But I am finished with God.' I pondered this afterwards and wondered was this perhaps also the moment when she found God within: the Christ?

Unlike this particular lady, what I often see is that however rich people may be, many are poor in spirit. Very, very few are they who feel at peace with the meaning of their life, or have any certainty that even this part of their life, and their death can have any meaning.

As I tend to and witness not only the dying, but also those whose 'I' is departing, the cliché is true: often what I hear expressed is the wish to 'go

home'. This wish for 'home' may indeed be the one where both want and need can be reconciled.

Vaike Neeme

A Three Kings play in Germany

Every year at Epiphany, the students of the Hamburg Seminar put on a Three Kings play and do a small tour of 11 performances around the communities and schools (including a Biodynamic farm) of the Hamburg region. This year I was invited to play the part of Joseph.

The play consists only of singing, with no dialogue. Before the play begins, the audience sit in quiet anticipation, with the performers outside the performance space. The distant singing can be heard by the audience coming from afar, gradually drawing nearer. But before the singers enter the space, the figures of Joseph and Mary with the child, slowly, silently, in their richly coloured costumes, walk through the room to the candle lit stage.

Before each performance began, the preparation rooms were a hive of activity. Costumes needed ironing, hoods needed refitting, make-up had to be applied for the African king and his page ('black face' is not taboo in Germany), sometimes repairs were required and each performer needed help from another to dress. Once everyone was ready, a few minutes before each performance, we would quieten ourselves and listen to a reading of the birth story from Matthew's Gospel, then we would say a verse together and the singing would begin.

Every time I heard the story from Matthew, I experienced again, the sense of intense drama that surrounded this birth and imagined the sense of wonder, awe and perhaps even shock, that Joseph may have felt as these strangers appeared out of nowhere to kneel before his own son and offer their gifts. I thought of the questions that may have arisen in his mind; Who are these people? Who *is* this child of mine? What does all this mean

for *my* life? What am I meant to do with this experience?

In Matthew's story, it is often through dreams that the spiritual world offers its answers or requests. And only then after much inner searching and disturbance on the part of the dreamer. The Priest-Kings or Magi are directed in a dream not to return to Herod to bring him news of the birth. Then Joseph is told in a dream to take Mary and the child far away into a foreign country. The spiritual world sends the message to the dreamer, but this is only the offer. The dreamer then has to act on it, or not, as the case may be. Was it an easy decision for Joseph to follow what he heard in the dream? Was it a given, that the Kings would return home by other routes?

Matthew's story is full of drama and tumult. The heavy dread of the figure of Herod hangs over the whole picture. But in the midst of this heaviness, these fears and difficult destinies, come helpful messages from the spiritual world.

As we busied ourselves in preparation for each performance of the Three Kings play, the pre-performance nerves and disquiet started to creep in. It can feel a very weighty thing to stand in these roles and to try and live into these ancient stories. One can feel terribly unworthy! But somehow, you put one foot in front of the other and the next thing you know, you are standing there, singing in front of an audience and taking the actions that you have learned and committed to taking.

Where can we in our own lives, in the middle of the disquiet and tumultuous nature of today's world, create the space in which to listen, to hear the messages that come from the spiritual world? And then, how do we find the courage to take the steps that we have been asked to take?

This is where, for me, some kind of meditative or prayer based practice becomes crucial. We can try to create the space where the divine has a chance to speak, even if only for a few minutes every day. Then out of this space, something new can come. A new idea, a fresh way of looking at a situation, an adjustment in our feelings. But then, no matter

how inspired I've become, how full of idealism I feel, it is up to me what happens next and whether I take on this new 'role' or not. It depends on me whether or not I take those difficult first steps on the next part of the journey. We never know for sure what is going to come of our actions. To simply take the next step, this courage and faith.

With warmest greetings from the Hamburg Seminary for the Christian Community.

Michael Young

Would you like to help support Michael's studies? Michael is now living in Hamburg with his wife Emily and two young children and studying at the seminary. It is now possible to sponsor Michael's studies with even just a few dollars. Please visit www.gofundme.com/mickstudyhamburg if you would like to help. Watch Michael's video where he describes his journey.

Bread and wine on the moon

Extract from *Magnificent desolation* by Buzz Aldrin and Ken Abraham (2009).

[20 July 1969: *Apollo 11 Landing Module Eagle had just landed safely on the moon's surface with less than 20 seconds worth of fuel left*].

According to our schedule, we were supposed to eat a meal, rest awhile, and then sleep for seven hours after arriving on the moon... But it was hard to rest with all that adrenalin pumping through our systems.

Nevertheless, in an effort to remain calm and collected, I decided that this would be an excellent time for a ceremony I had planned as an expression of gratitude and hope. Weeks before, as the Apollo mission drew near, I had originally asked Dean Woodruff, Pastor at Webster Presbyterian Church, where my family and I attended services when I was home in Houston, to help me come up with something I could do on the moon, some appropriate symbolic act regarding the universality of seeking. I had thought in terms of doing

something overtly patriotic, but everything we came up with sounded trite and jingoistic. I settled on a well-known expression of spirituality: celebrating the first Christian Communion on the moon, much as Christopher Columbus and other explorers had done when they first landed in their 'new worlds'.

I wanted to do something positive for the world, so the spiritual aspect appealed greatly to me, but NASA was still smarting from a lawsuit filed by atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair's after *Apollo 8* astronauts read from the biblical creation account in Genesis. O'Hair contended this was a violation of the constitutional separation of church and state. Although O'Hair's views did not represent mainstream America at that time, her lawsuit was a nuisance and a distraction that NASA preferred to live without.

I met with Deke Slayton, one the original 'Mercury Seven' astronauts who ran our flight-crew operations to inform him of my plans and that I intended to tell the world what I was doing. Deke said, 'No, that's not a good idea, Buzz. Go ahead and have your communion, but keep your comments more general.' I understood that Deke didn't want any more trouble.

So, during those first hours on the moon, before the planned eating and rest periods, I reached into my personal preference kit and pulled out the communion elements along with a three-by-five card on which was written the words of Jesus: 'I am the vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in me, and I in him, will bear much fruit; for you can do nothing without me.' I poured a thimbleful of wine from a sealed plastic container into a small chalice, and waited for the wine to settle down as it swirled in the one-sixth Earth gravity of the moon. My comments to the world were inclusive: 'I would like to request a few moments of silence... and to invite each person listening in, wherever and whomever they may be, to pause for a moment and contemplate the events of the past few hours, and to give thanks in his or her own way.' I silently read the Bible passage as I partook of the wafer and the

wine, and offered a private prayer for the task at hand and the opportunity I had been given.

Neil [Armstrong] watched respectfully but made no comment to me at the time.

Perhaps, if I had it to do over again, I would not choose to celebrate communion. Although it was a deeply meaningful experience for me, it was a Christian sacrament, and we had come to the moon in the name of all mankind – be they Christians, Jews, Muslims, animists, agnostics, or atheists. But at the time I could think of no better way to acknowledge the enormity of the Apollo 11 experience than by giving thanks to God. It was my hope that people would keep the whole event in their minds and see, beyond minor details and technical achievements, a deeper meaning – a challenge, and the human need to explore whatever is above us, below us, or out there.

Beating jetlag

There is a way to avoid JETLAG which involves tapping specific points on the body - a 'simple' technique, which has taken its creator Roger Callahan, some 20 years to develop and fine tune. For me, Tapping has meant I arrived each time in the country of destination with no jetlag at all, just some minor tiredness if any. Five trips between Australia and Europe in all. Based on these experiences, I'd like to make Tapping known amongst fellow members of The Christian Community.

Should you wish to have a demonstration and a chance to try Tapping to avoid Jetlag, please let me know at sydney@French4travel.com

(Book: *Tapping the Healer within, Thought Field Therapy to instantly conquer your fears, Anxiety and emotional distress*, by Roger Callahan ISBN: 0-7499-2232-X. Note: the demonstration will solely cover jetlag going East or West.)

Anne-Marie Chazeau

Ave Maria

In recent months a nostalgia, surprising and tender, has visited, gracefully. A memory of prayers from my childhood said in rote, as part of the rosary, aloud or silent, alone or with others. Ecclesiastic Latin intoned in litanies, mantras, salutations and praise. Also prayers from the Tridentine Mass...

Ave Maria!

Pray for us now and at the hour of our death...

As a small child I knew about death. Our dog Chips was run over by a car in Fitzroy Street. Someone brought him in, and we laid him on the back grass. Stiff, warm under this short woolly coat. Brown eyes closed thanks goodness! What scary fishy-eye stare would otherwise be apparent?

We all loved Chips. His bark, his attempt to wag his stubbed tail. The way he ran alongside as I pedalled my bicycle. We kept an even pace together. I guess he slept somewhere, but I have no idea where.

Another pet we had was a pure white kitten with blue eyes. We took the tiny creature on our summer holiday. We camped in a caravan at Evans Head. As we were having lunch indoors, a man knocked on the caravan door; he held a bleeding kitten in his hands.

'Is this your cat? The bulldog has bitten it in halves!'

The decision was made. No more pets after that!

Another childhood pet was Ginger, a cat dabbled, placid and co-operative. Ginger was transvestite. I dressed him in pink and white baby clothes. I made his bed sheets, blanket and pillow in a cradle. Never once did he scratch or protest. By pressing my left hand on his belly, and rocking the cradle with my right, he surrendered. Did I sing him a lullaby?

Salve Regina

Hail Holy Queen, mother of mercies...



There was much 'mercy' needed in the life around me, aged five.

The tragedy of lost or maimed soldiers – from every street in our country town.

We were safe.

Yet every evening at twilight, windows were closed, dark blinds would be pulled down, and the streets were empty. We spoke in hushed tones. Serious, scary, dangerous. We had a radio which stood on our floral carpet against the wall in the lounge room.

The news began. Silence!

'Hitler has collapsed!'

I knew it to be good news. The newsreader had a happy voice.

Alma Denton

Young people today, university education and the threefold social order

The study of Steiner's ideas on the threefold social order can open doors widely to insights into our

contemporary social, political and economic dilemmas. In the last seven years of his life Steiner made an enormous effort to develop a truly 'social thinking' although most of what he sought for politically and economically didn't come to pass in his lifetime.¹ However, one healthy and strongly-growing child of this social impulse is the Waldorf schooling movement. The threefold social order is in no sense dated; the truth is that it belongs more to our dawning present and future than the past.

What this threefold social picture does is relate different initiatives which otherwise can seem like ends in themselves – biodynamic agriculture, Steiner schools, anthroposophic architecture, medicine, the sciences and arts, the Movement for Religious Renewal, pathways to a world economy. All these initiatives which first took shape between 1917 and 1925 are embraced by the threefold social striving because each is an aspect of a total impulse towards social renewal.

Young people today are understandably very concerned about our social problems but that doesn't mean it is easy to know the best way to think and act in relation to them. One of the difficulties is that there is a lot of pressure to quickly pass through tertiary education and get a well-paying job, often after a gap year of travel which is seen as a kind of interim relief. Whether on their travels or at university, it is very possible that their yearning for social insight and social praxis will not be satisfied – and that can be disappointing and even disturbing.

It can be disturbing because it is natural to hold high hopes for one's life after school and one's tertiary education. The very first Steiner school Year 12 had such hopes; they even signed a petition asking that a university could be created which was as 'natural and human' as the school they had been attending.² That university did not come into

¹ In the social chaos at the end of the First World War Steiner approached various German and Austrian politicians with his ideas for the threefold social order.

Interest was aroused but other influences led European society in a different direction.

² R. Steiner, *Human Values in Education*, Rudolf Steiner Press, London, pp.185-6. This refers to the pupils of the first Rudolf

being and such a university does not exist in Australia today. Young people entering Australian universities commonly find themselves in a highly intellectual environment where there are a lot of facts and theories, lots of ‘collaborative enquiry’, lots of ‘higher order thinking’ (analysis, evaluation and synthesis) but little or nothing which touches their human core, their potential for cognitive imagination and cognitive will. To put it another way, they are never taught to think as whole human beings – and that is exactly what is required to understand the threefold social order.

The younger generation today may think that theirs is a new problem but it is actually an intensification of what was occurring at century ago, in Steiner’s time. Around 1923 he was meeting with young people, discussing various matters including how they should approach doctoral dissertations through spiritual understanding.³ In 1922 he gave a series of lectures in which he addressed the issue that school leavers would pass through the gates of universities and not find what they were seeking: real teachers who embodied the wisdom of spiritual understanding. What they were likely to find then (and will still find today) is an academic community more interested in research than teaching, a kind of science and philosophy where the Sophia – the being of wisdom – ‘no longer dares to show itself and has to go about bashfully’.⁴

In our world today there is a great need for renewal in higher education as part of wider need for social renewal. It is only in a renewed higher educational context that the threefold social order will be able to be taught and pass its beneficial influences out into the wider world. Of course this is a difficult task and a challenge today, for there are many constricting political and financial factors involved. Nevertheless, it is a challenge which

needs to be taken up. In other parts of the world such initiatives are taking place and these, in their own way, can serve as inspirations.⁵

A few of us have made a start in this direction and created a foundation which is in part intended to serve a vehicle for the creation of such a tertiary institution. If you would like to know more about it, please visit:

www.educationforsocialrenewalfoundation.com

There you will find a section in which the following are among the stated aims of the new university:

- A human-centred education in which knowledge of the world and self-knowledge are always united in teaching and learning methodology. A pathway of knowledge inspired by the ideal of freedom in higher learning. Knowledge of world founded on knowledge of the human being.
- Research, genuine self-enquiry, as fundamental to learning – at *all* levels.
- A marriage of science and art, at least in a core orientation course of studies shared by all students (this is the way of learning which Steiner developed from the artistic and scientific methods of Goethe).
- A centre of cultural and spiritual freedom in accordance with the impulse of the threefold social order. This means the striving for autonomy and self-responsibility in teaching, learning and organisational management, inspired by the ideal of freedom.

Nigel Hoffmann

(Nigel has taught in Rudolf Steiner schools in Melbourne and Switzerland and is currently a high school art teacher at Glenaeon Rudolf Steiner School in Sydney)

Steiner School, in Stuttgart in 1923. A great deal of money was collected in response to the students’ request but this disappeared due to post-war inflation.

³ R. Steiner, *Awakening to Community*, Anthroposophic Press, Spring Valley, 1974, p.159.

⁴ Adapted from Steiner words in the lecture II, *The Younger Generation*.

⁵ See for example, the Thoreau College initiative in America based on the threefold social order: www.thoreaucollege.org



The Christian Community - Movement for Religious Renewal

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Giving

The Christian Community exists in the world only through the will of humans, including their free deed of financial support.

Donations can be made to:

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St George Bank

(Montgomery St Kogarah)

BSB 112 879

Account no. 165 196 945

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