



Living Water

Season of Creation 2026

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Living water satisfies our thirst while irrigating the earth

By Fr Fred

Pope Leo XIV's prayer intention for the month of September is for the care of water. The Pope said: "Imagine a hot summer day, after hard work or a long walk, you finally take a sip of cool water. Feel how relief and energy flow through your body."

He added: "Moments like these remind us of what a blessing clean water is yet, one in four people worldwide still lack safe drinking water. Entire communities and nations need our action and our prayer for the care of water for the blessed relief."

This coincides with this year's Season of Creation theme, 'Living Water', explores Ezekiel 47:9 and 12 as a powerful biblical vision of hope and ecological healing.

The observance was first established in 1989 by Ecumenical Patriarch Dimitrios I, who proclaimed 1 September as a Day of Prayer for Creation for the Orthodox Church. It was subsequently adopted by wider Christian communions. In 2007, the Third

European Ecumenical Assembly proposed extending the single day of prayer into a five-week ecumenical season, leading the World Council of Churches to invite global Christian communities to celebrate.

Pope Francis established a Catholic World Day of Prayer in 2015 following his Encyclical Laudato Si' as part of his emphasis that respect for our environment is central to Christian faith and not simply a political choice. The Season of Creation commences on 1 September and comes to its climax on the Feast of St Francis of Assisi in early October.

In the Christian tradition, Pope Leo XIV celebrated Mass for the Care of Creation at the Laudato Si' Village in Castel Gandolfo on 1 September, marking the annual World Day of Prayer for the Care of Creation.

Continued on page 2



St Matthew's
Bridgewater



St Joseph's
Lobethal



St Matthew's
Birdwood



Our Lady of the Rosary
Stirling



St Catherine's
Stirling

Continued from page 1

Living water satisfies our thirst

Pope Leo's homily emphasised that caring for God's world is a personal and collective responsibility and encouraged an 'authentic ecological conversion'.

'Let us place in "silent mode" the many noises generated by human activity, so that we may hear the melodious voice of creation, through which God, the Author of all things, speaks to us.

'This task of contemplation, which disposes us to an encounter with the Lord, is a first step towards an authentic ecological conversion, where the effects of our encounter with Jesus Christ become evident in our relationship with the world around us'.

The 'Living Water' theme is about flowing waters as distinct from the still water in wells and containers. Living or flowing water satisfies our thirst, but it also irrigates the earth, enables crops to grow, flowers to bloom and birds and insects to blossom and produce fruit.

It is an essential part of the circle of life and beauty of the world. Most of us take it for granted, but the rainfall on which our life depends relies on the complex harmony of sunshine, rainfall, winds and low emissions.

In his Gospel, St John emphasises the Good News

that God joined our world in Jesus and describes faith in him as living water.

The Good News offers hope for the world which is stronger than the drought and flood that we experience in our lives. Like flowing water, it extends beyond our own limited lives to irrigate a dry world and to turn winter into spring.

In his great poem 'The Canticle of the Sun', St Francis speaks of water as useful, earthy, precious and pure, qualities that are both desirable and modest.

He sees human beings together with animals, birds, insects, plants and microorganisms as loved by God.

In their relationships, they depend on one another. This contrasts with the view shared by many Christians that human beings are above the world and that all other things are given to them to enjoy and to use however they please.

In celebrating the Season of Creation, we are encouraged to delight in the beauty and delicacy of our natural world, to weep for the world devastated by exploitation, and to celebrate its preservation and nurturing.

The whole world of which we are part reflects the beauty and the love of God.

Does 16kg, 295mm diameter ring a bell?

By Fr Fred

With progress being made on our renovations at St Matthew's Bridgewater, my search for a suitable bell becomes more pressing.

I'm told that what we need is, ideally, a 16kg, 295mm diameter bell.

I have asked other Christian denominations but without any success.

Perhaps you know someone who has a hidden bell in his or her shed?

Or someone who knows someone who might just know someone who recently saw a bell lying around!?

If so, I'd love to hear from you as, failing this, I will have to look at buying a new bell.

My thanks to all of you out there searching for a bell.

Hopefully, we will have some good news soon.





Dad loved life, and what's more, he lived it!

An edited version of the eulogy delivered at Geoff Oliver's funeral by his son, David

My Dad, Geoffrey Thomas Oliver, was born in Glenelg in 1928 and grew up during Depression, where one in three breadwinners across Australia lost their jobs, including Geoff's grandfather.

This had a profound effect on Dad and while he had a very happy childhood, he had a 'waste not, want not' attitude that would follow him throughout life.

From the time he could walk, nothing would keep him away from horses and, by lucky coincidence, he grew up next door to Jim Cummings' stable. Jim was Bart Cummings' father and a significant trainer at the time, and Dad started helping at the stables and with the horses, to the point where he and Bart become great mates. The highlight of this period was taking the best Cummings horses over to Melbourne and being part of the Cup action.

Aside from growing up around the stables, Dad his school years at St Leonard's Primary and Sacred Heart College. Up until his death, he was the school's oldest living old scholar. He was very proud of this!

After completing his schooling, Dad enrolled in vet science but his heart wasn't in it. The bush was calling and Dad progressed through many outback stations in many varied roles, working for some legendary pastoral families. He was often the horse master in charge of breaking in and managing hundreds of horses for station staff that at many times numbered enough to field two football teams.

Loving the lifestyle, Dad soon stepped up and purchased a 120-acre farm in Clarendon. His farming career had begun and, before long, he needed a bigger farm, leading him to a beautiful property at Meadows. This was where things started getting really interesting for Dad. He met Mum.

With an arm that only half worked because of an earlier accident, he nonetheless played tennis even if his poor grip meant he often lost and broke racquets. One day, doing just that and in search of a racquet to borrow, he met a beautiful young lady from up north and had the good sense not to go back and finish the game!

Jane, Anne and I were born on that property. We then all moved to Meningie where our childhood really began, and not long after this, Sally was born. Looking back on these years growing up in a wild country on the lakes and Coorong, I am always amazed we, as pretty wild kids, survived. Surprisingly, Dad wasn't overly alarmed by any of our antics.

On the lakes at Meningie, Dad taught us all to sail, the basics of which he picked up during his time at Glenelg. I am eternally grateful for this.



Geoff Oliver's love of horses and horseracing had him a regular at the parish's annual Melbourne Cup lunch

For Dad, family was everything, so much so that when we were approaching secondary school and boarding school loomed, he and Mum decided that they didn't want us to all be apart. So, typical Dad, he didn't hesitate to sell up the farm and become a city slicker again. From there, he entered the fodder business and got back into the racing world.

There are too many stories and too many chapters of a very full life to go into here, but the next chapter saw our mother die way too early.

Weddings happened, grandchildren were born, another farm was bought, this time at Narrung, where he could agist and pre-train racehorses.

He was only in his mid-70s, that's what you do isn't it? Start another business? Precisely, if you're Geoff Oliver.

Dad had a beautiful heart and was generous to a fault, his kindness and compassion for people in need being legendary. He intervened to help many people in trouble and made a real impact on peoples' lives. Generous with money, generous with his time. Never short of time for a chat even though he was always "snowed under".

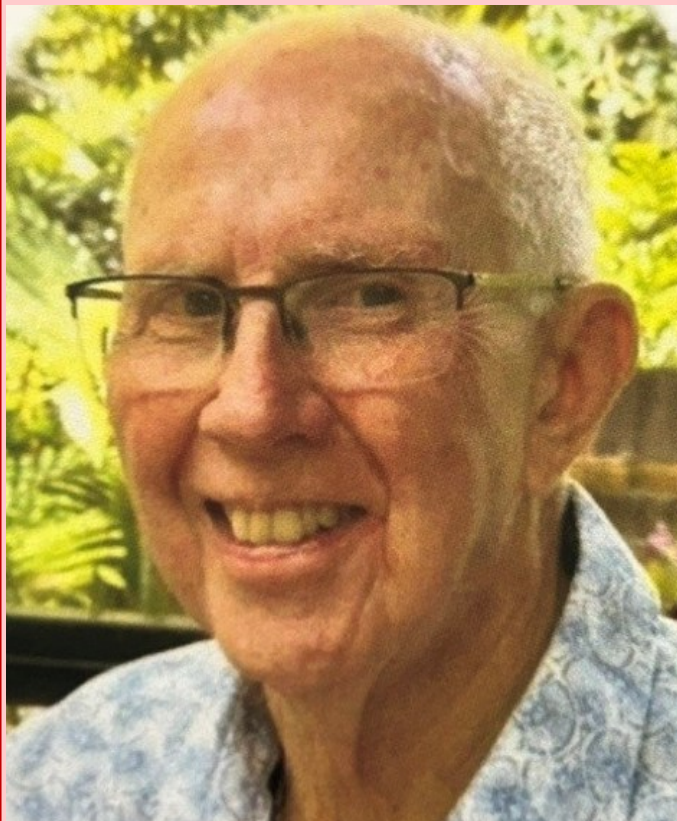
Dad loved ice cream, he loved life and, what's more, he lived it!

Philip Glynn, a man of many facets, interests and talents

An edited version of the eulogy delivered by his son, Terry

Dad was born in Brisbane on 11 September 1940 and educated at the Catholic Boys School in the city, before gaining a scholarship to study medicine at the University of Queensland.

Soon after graduating in 1963, he met my mother Edna through her brother Zeldo, with whom he worked. They were married early 1965, after which he worked as a country GP in Homehill for a year, followed by two years as Medical Superintendent of Mareeba Hospital. He moved to London in 1969 to commence surgical training and eventually arrived in Adelaide he successfully sat the Surgical primary then back to Cairns for ongoing surgical training. Pictured below, he moved to Adelaide in 1972 to consult in vascular surgery at the Queen Elizabeth.



He began private practice, as well, consulting from rooms in North Adelaide until his retirement in 2000. My mother died in 2007, the following years being a period of some sadness for my father who, despite this, took some solace from relearning and playing piano and travelling.

He later reconnected with Anne, who he had known when working at St Andrew's surgical theatre. A slow burner, it culminating in their marriage in 2017 at Our Lady of Rosary in Stirling East.

Dad was what one may call a 'Renaissance Man', a person of many facets, interests and talents.

A colleague, a mentor, a friend and confidant, a loving family man and husband and, to many, a saviour. My father saved lives. I remember him leaving the house at all hours of the day and night to attend to surgical emergencies. There is very little in vascular surgery which is non-urgent, and on more than a few occasions, I accompanied him to assist when I was a medical student as the timing meant no one else was available. I remember being impressed by his calm, controlled manner in what were often very tense situations.

While his career made many demands and took up a lot of his time, he was much more than just a surgeon. From his earliest years, he was fascinated by things that float on water and fly. He sailed competition dinghies growing up and maintained his love of the water with a sailing boat kept at Goolwa and a yacht called Apple Slice, moored at Outer Harbour. He learnt to fly single engine planes and gained his pilot's licence, flying becoming his passion.

Dad had an abiding fascination with the world and read widely. He loved and was influenced by books on history and politics and would happily discuss politics, never shy to express his viewpoint. He bred pedigree corgis when we were kids, my sister Andrea and I delighted by the tiny little puppies running around the back garden of our house at Woodville.

He was a devoted and loving husband to my mother Edna and Anne with long marriages to both. He travelled extensively with Anne over many years and spent much time with Anne at another holiday house they bought at Newell Beach in his beloved North Queensland.

The adventures could fill a book: trips to Europe, often with a musical focus; African safaris and road trips across much of Australia; boat trips through the Norwegian fjords, the Pacific Islands and the coast of Japan; and the highlight, a three-month cruise from the Arctic to the Antarctic down through the Americas and Galapagos Islands.

Anne, I know he loved you greatly and I want you to know that you made his later years ones of purpose and joy. My father's life was one filled with curiosity, love, family, friendship, duty, public service, hard work, travel, music, boats, planes, activities and hobbies. It was a long life and a good one, before he eventually succumbed to a progressive lung condition on 13 August 2026.

You will be greatly missed by many, Dad.

Vale Philip Glynn



St Catherine's Catholic School News

*Excitement abounds at St Catherine's as **APRIM, Krystina Dawe**, gives us a peek into sustainability project that's about to have the wraps removed, shares the joy and enthusiasm on show during an action-packed St Dominic's Week and congratulates the 12 students who last month completed their Sacramental Programme faith journey*

We celebrate St Dominic's Week

Our school community recently came together to celebrate St Dominic's Week, with activities focused on the four Dominican Pillars of Prayer, Study, Community and Ministry.

These pillars provided a wonderful opportunity for students to reflect on how we can live out our Dominican values through our everyday actions.

Throughout the week, students participated in a range of experiences designed to bring each of the pillars to life. We gathered as a whole school to celebrate Mass, created prayer chains, enjoyed connecting with creation through nature play and embraced the pillar of Study by challenging ourselves to learn a new skill.

Our Year 3/4 students also attended Mass at St Matthew's Church, strengthening our connection with our wider parish community. There was also plenty of joy and community spirit as students came together for a fantastic Peter Combe concert, providing a memorable way to celebrate together.

Our School Captains also enjoyed the special opportunity to attend a St Dominic's Day Mass at Cabra Dominican College, joining with students from other Dominican schools to celebrate our shared faith, traditions and Dominican heritage. This was a wonderful reminder that we are part of a much wider Dominican community.

The week was a joyful celebration of our Catholic and Dominican identity, reminding us that prayer, learning, serving others and building community are all important ways we can follow in the footsteps of St Dominic and put our faith into action.



Sacramental Journey Celebrations

We warmly congratulate the 12 St Catherine's students who completed their Sacramental Programme last month.

Surrounded by family, friends and members of our community, the students celebrated their final sacrament at St Matthew's Church, marking a very special milestone in their journey of faith. Throughout the programme, the students have deepened their relationship with God and grown in their understanding of what it means to live out their faith in their everyday lives.

We thank Fr Fred, our school community, families and all who supported and guided the children on the journey. We also congratulate the students and pray that they continue to grow in faith, hope and love as active members of our Catholic community.



There's excitement in the air

Our student leaders have been working behind the scenes on an exciting sustainability project as part of the East Waste Schools Program. Over recent weeks, they have been researching, planning, creating and putting their ideas into action, and we are almost ready to share the results!

As part of the program, students have created a video submission showcasing their project, which will soon be available to the public – and this is where we will need your support!

We don't want to give too much away just yet, but keep an eye on our school communications over the coming weeks for the big reveal. We can't wait for you to see what our students have been creating. Stay tuned as all will be revealed soon!



Father's Day reflections at Birdwood and Bridgewater

As is tradition in our parish on Father's Day, parishioners Mick Russell and Paul Somers shared reflections on their fathers at St Matthew's Birdwood and St Matthew's Bridgewater respectively. We carry abridged versions of the presentations across this spread.

Dad's great love for Australia ended at the cricket!

By Mick Russell

Frank Wylam Russell was born in Newcastle, England on 12 October 1925. He was one of two children, his parents in the medical profession. His father served in World War I and his mother was somewhat a pioneer, having studied medicine at the time when very few women were doing so and eventually went on to specialise in anaesthetics.

When World War II began, his London school was evacuated, and the entire family moved to Ross-on-Wye, near the Welsh border. Dad often spoke of this being one of the happiest periods of his life, roaming around the beautiful Wye Valley. Unfortunately, this blissful life ended when Dad was 16. His father, Billy, became ill and died.

In 1944, Dad began studying medicine in London and on qualifying, worked as an intern at various London hospitals. The following year, he joined the British Army as a medical officer and served in Korea until the "forgotten war" as he referred to it, ended.

On his return to England in 1954, he got a job at the Newmarket General Hospital and it didn't take him long to notice the gorgeous anaesthetic registrar who everybody called 'Mac'. He quickly set about using his charm to win the attention of Kathleen McNamara, and three short months later they were engaged, marrying in September 1955.

They moved to Brighton and it was during this time that their first two children, Eleanor and Michael, were born. With the National Health Service not working efficiently, Dad accepted an offer to join a medical practice in Woodville, South Australia. On arriving, they enjoyed blue skies and much welcome sunshine. Happy years followed, two more children – Anthony and Patricia – joined the family and he discovered his second great love, Hartley Vale Farm in the Kenton Valley.

Dad continued his work as a doctor and his

patients invariably recalled him as a devoted and caring family doctor who did everything from delivering babies, performing surgery and assisting at operations. In 1983, the farm suffered the Ash Wednesday bushfire and while the house caught fire, it was thankfully saved by the local CFS.

He retired from medicine and eventually sold the farm, and although he missed the country life, the frequent visits of his nine grandchildren seemed to bring much joy to his life.

Australia was a real home to Dad. He loved the wide-open space of Australia, the outdoor life, the red gum trees, the wedge-tailed eagles, the magpies and the kangaroos, although he never forgot his loyalty to his British heritage and always cheered for the English cricket team whenever they played against the Aussies.

Dad, pictured below, always professed to being a poor student but could recite vast amounts of poetry when the moment called for it. Any signs of intelligence in his offspring he attributed to Mum's genetic influence! Further evidence of his modesty.



Dad never professed to being religious, although Mum was an Irish Catholic. He supported her in practising her faith and bringing the children up as Catholics. He genuinely liked people and was always interested in their stories. He had a very soft spot for babies, children and animals, he loved his cattle and treated them

with great respect and care, emulating his namesake St Francis of Assisi.

Dad was a commonsense person and seemed to have an innate moral conscience. He could never fathom how a rational society could devote one floor of a hospital to save premature babies while in another wing, terminate babies and discard them as if they were trash. "It just isn't right and does not make sense," he would say.

Dad was a gentleman who respected women, was moral and honest and always treated others as he would like to be treated himself. He and Mum made a great team, their whirlwind courtship followed by 56 years of marriage.



Dad's legacy – providing us with a happy, harmonious and humorous household

By Paul Somers

My parents had seven children, four daughters and three sons, with me the fifth in the pecking order and the youngest son.

My father's name was Stanislaus – or Stan, to most – and I have very fond memories of him, still miss him to this day. We would often holiday in Wales and I remember my father painting 'water colours' of the local land and seascapes. He was actually quite a talented painter, as was his father, and I recall an oil painting of my father as a baby, painted by my grandfather, hung in our family home.

I also remember my parents buying me a toy castle and some toy soldiers, for Christmas – then again, that might have been Father Christmas! Some time later, my father constructed a significant extension of the castle, which provided me with hours of pleasure. The great thing was that he involved me in the construction, although I don't recall that I brought much to the table when it came to technical competence.

Maybe I handed him the appropriate nails, screws or tools. Either way, it proved to be a great shared experience which I have never forgotten. He was obviously quite handy as a carpenter, a competency I didn't inherit.

When I think of my father, I think of love, affection and security, which he and my mother Joan gave me unconditionally. I am also most grateful for the happy, harmonious and humorous household I grew up in. My father had a great sense of humour and would often say he and my mother were united against the common enemy: their children.

On another occasion, I remember looking at some photos of my parents in their youth before, as my father would say, they were struck by lightning!

He taught his children to be critical of what we were fed through the newspapers, television news and even our teachers. In other words, he taught us to seek out the truth and not to take everything at face value. He taught us to seek out contrary evidence in order to come up with a balanced view or opinion.

My parents proved to be great role models when it came to parenting and I like to think that this had a very positive effect on me and my wife, Debbie, when the time came for us to be parents.

I remember the last time I saw my father alive...it was when Debbie and I were leaving England and returning to Australia. I somehow knew that this would be the last time I'd see him and I found it very hard to say goodbye.



Stanislaus – or Stan to most – brought love, affection, security and humour to the Somers household

When my father passed away, I travelled back to England to attend his funeral and it was a blessing to be with my mother and siblings to say farewell. We were able to share many experiences of times spent with our father and this helped all of us deal with the loss.

My father and mother provided me with great Christian values and I believe the greatest gift they gave me was my Catholic faith.

While in my youth I wandered away from my faith for a while, the birth of our oldest son, David, drew me back to it and I thank God that the faith has been with me ever since.

I look forward to the day when I will be reunited with my father and mother, so that we can continue our journey together.

Thank you, Stan, for being my father. I count myself truly blessed to have been your son and if I can be half as good a father as you were, I will have done well!

I miss you, Dad, and always will. May God bless you now and always.

Let's never forget that every small act of kindness matters

By the Social Justice Team's Cathie Oswald

It has been a busy few months for the Social Justice Team with Souper Sunday in June, and functions with guest speakers in August and September, all of which aligned with our vision to heighten parishioners' awareness of issues of injustice in our world and encourage them to do what they could to help.

Over the past four years, the Social Justice Team has encouraged parishioners to consider the challenges faced by the women of Kopanang in South Africa. We have helped to buy school children's uniforms, beanies, blankets, tinned fish and bags of corn, always seeking to identify a need each year and raise funds to address it. This year, the Souper Sunday money purchased a queen-sized blanket, a rechargeable light and a sewing kit with embroidery scissors, a dress making pencil and a tape measure for each of the 32 women.

We also became aware this year of Orange Sky, a volunteer organisation that provides free shower and laundry services to homeless people or those who don't have access to shower and washing facilities. Struggling to understand such situations, we invited Orange Sky to visit our parish to help us understand. Mikaela Rawlings spoke with sincerity about the very real hardships faced by the homeless and others experiencing problems with housing, etc, and left us with an insight into Orange Sky's work. Unfortunately, the one van in South Australia has only washing machines and driers, whereas the trucks and vans in the other states have both shower and washing facilities. The local van, 'Splasher', visits 13 different locations each week and Orange Sky hopes to add another van soon. The \$620 we raised and donated will go towards this very expensive purchase.

Most recently, we invited Jack Snelling from Bright Futures to speak at our annual lunch to celebrate



the Nativity of Our Lady. Jack explained that Bright Futures is a Christian aid and development agency that works with overseas partners to deliver health, education and development programs in India, Kenya, Pakistan and Uganda. Jack illustrated the change Bright Futures can make by sharing the story of Jennifer, a young woman in the slums of Nairobi, and her son, Wycliff, who was born with significant intellectual disabilities. Wycliff's challenges made Jennifer an outcast, to the point where she struggled to survive and care for her son. A programme financed by Bright Futures helped Wycliff receive crucial occupational therapy, learn to speak and walk and so achieve greater independence. This, in turn, alleviated Jennifer's overwhelming caregiving burden, and she now helps others in similar situations.

While disappointing that so few attended, those who did were inspired by Jack's presentation, they enjoyed a delicious lunch of lasagna, Moroccan chicken and ginger pudding, all washed down with a glass or two of 'bubbly' and helped raise \$880 for Bright Futures.

My thanks to all who have supported our activities and made donations, as well as to the Social Justice Team who continue to give in many ways and remind us that while what we do is so small in the big picture, every small act of kindness matters.

If you wish to join the team, please email me: catherine@adelaidehillsparish.com.au.



Top: The women of Kopanang were delighted with their gifts

Far left: Orange Sky's Mikaela Rawlings spoke with sincerity about the very real hardships faced by the homeless and others

Left: Those who attended the Bright Futures event were inspired by Jack Snelling's presentation



The Gathering highlights close ties with first Australians

By John Leeton



Left: Members of the Ecology Groups of the Adelaide Hills, Mt Barker and Blackwood/Aberfoyle Park parishes in attendance

Above: The Living Water ceremony closed the Gathering

Catholic Earthcare – Season of Creation *Gathering* 2026 was held in Our Lady of the Adelaide Hills Parish Hall on 3 and 4 September. A joint effort with the Mount Barker Parish Ecology Group and attendees from the Blackwood/Aberfoyle Park Parish, it attracted 15 participants.

With a theme of 'Living Water', the event reflected and highlighted close ties with our first Australians as they see water as the living spirit of God. It further highlighted Aboriginal people's view of country, creation and God as one.

Across the two days, attendees joined group presentations and discussions, as well as breakout sessions, with an online presentation by the Bishop of Broome, Timothy Norton, opening proceedings. Other presenters included Shirley Quaresimin, Nyikina Elder and chair of the Aboriginal and Torres



Strait Islander Catholic Council.

The *Gathering* concluded with everyone pouring a glass of living water into a tier of cascading water to symbolise our coming together into communion with Christ.

Contemplative Walk reminds us of our duty to care for creation



Members of the parish gathered at Our Lady of the Rosary Church in Stirling East on Saturday 12 September 2026 for a Contemplative Walk as part of our Year of Creation reflections.

Based on Laudato Si and St Francis, The Canticum of Creation celebrates the 800th anniversary of his Bodily Death.

Remember, God does not give us the of not caring for creation!

Pictured here are, standing, from left, Otta Koavk, Debbie Somers, Jeff Cantwell, Mike McGeogh, Paul Anderson and Jenny Johnstone,

Kneeling, in front, is Helen Cantwell, while the photograph was taken by John Leeton.

‘Tax collection’ time at St Matthew’s Bridgewater

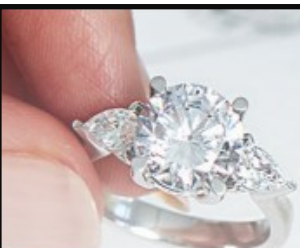
While the Feast of St Matthew – the patron of two of our four churches in the Adelaide Hills Catholic Parish, Bridgewater and Birdwood – will, according to the liturgical calendar, be celebrated on Monday 21 September this year, the occasion was marked at St Matthew’s Bridgewater at the 10.30am Mass on Sunday 13 September.

And as is now customary at this Mass, we again had a visit from the tax collector, albeit with a slight twist this year as he ‘beefed up’ the collection team by adding a young helper to assist him in relieving parishioners of spare coins and notes as they were leaving the church.

Before following Jesus, St Matthew was known as Levi, a despised tax collector working for the Roman Empire. His immediate response to Jesus’ call to “follow me” shows that no person’s past is too messy for God’s grace.

Matthew, aka parishioner Christian Dumancela, is helped by his son Allesandro, to collect ‘taxes’, with all money raised going to Catholic Charities.





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1 Wembley Avenue (PO Box 713), Bridgewater SA 5155

P: 08 8359 0674 W: www.adelaidehillsparish.com.au E: stmatthew@adelaidehillsparish.com.au

PARISH OFFICE

Parish Priest

Fr Alfred Farrugia 8359 0674

Parish Pastoral Coordinator

Cathie Oswald 8359 0674

Parish Secretary

Paul Robinson 0408 855 178

Baptism Teams

Helen Cantwell 8390 3290
Maria Thompson 0408 898 357
Anne Moore 0417 861 373
Eric Toome 0418 896 695
Deb Stapleton 0408 835 990
Pam Broadbridge 8339 5013

Catholic Women's League

Barbara Mott (Bridgewater) 8339 1083
Gayle Raven (Birdwood) 0419 807 463

Children's Liturgy

Jane van Mierle 0438 723 259

Choir

Damien Mansfield 8339 4133

Christian Life Communities

Paris Huffman 0400 283 683

Ecology Group

John Leeton 0419 243 814

Faith Formation Team

Fr Fred (Chair) 8359 0674
Paris Huffman (Secretary) 0400 283 683

Finance and Maintenance (F&M) Committee

Paul Howe (Chair) 8388 5281

F&M Birdwood Contact

Gayle Raven 0419 807 463

Hills Combined Christian Churches

Maria Thompson 0408 898 357

Liturgy

Birdwood and Lobethal - Fr Fred 8359 0674

Men's Spirituality Coordinators

Paul Somers 8339 5118

Dan De Fazio 8339 3393

Our Lady of the Rosary Community

Representative

Debbie Somers 8339 5118

Parish Atrium

Sue Sachse 0431 117 840

Parish Facebook Page

www.facebook.com/adelaidehillsparish

Parish Pastoral Council

Inge Parodi 0430 829 244

Rosary Group

Paul Anderson 0416 032 925

Sacraments

Call Parish Office 8359 0674

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Communion to the Sick
Religious Education

Safeguarding (formerly Child Protection)

Mark McGeough 0419 150 758

St Catherine's Catholic School

22 Ayers Hill Road
Stirling SA 5152 8238 8238

Principal - John Low
School Board Chair - Ben Clements

St Matthew's Sewing Group

Stasia Duszynski 8339 4396

St Vincent de Paul Society

Marianne Berry (Stirling) 0407 903 382
Lea Crosby (Northern End) 0431 092 725

Social Justice Group

Cathie Oswald 0428 244 958

The Bridge

Paul Robinson (Editor) 0408 855 178

WHS Volunteer

Marianne Berry 0407 903 382