

ST JAMES' CHURCH, KING STREET, SYDNEY



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR  
THE LIFE, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OF

**KAY McDONALD**

(27 April 1937 - 30 May 2022)

Thursday 9 June 2022

11:00AM

*THOSE PARTICIPATING IN THIS SERVICE*

OFFICIANT

The Reverend John Stewart  
*Associate Rector of St James'*

PREACHER

The Reverend Andrew Sempell  
*Rector of St James*

ASSISTANT

The Reverend Ron Henderson, OGS

READER

Sue Mackenzie

ORGANIST

Simon Nieminski

CHOIR OF ST JAMES'

Brianna Louwen ,Claire Burrell-McDonald,  
Ian McCahon & Andrew O'Connor

SERVERS

Gordon Cooper, Lindsay Beresford, Greg Murray  
Stephen Samild – *Head Server*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## **ORGAN PRELUDE**

*Before the commencement of the service the organist plays 'Rhosymedre' by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) and 'To his servant Bach God grants a final glimpse: the morning star' by Graeme Koehne (b.1956).*

## **PROCESSIONAL HYMN**

*Please stand and sing, as the ministers enter the church.*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
forgive our foolish ways;  
re clothe us in our rightful mind,  
in purer lives thy service find,  
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
beside the Syrian sea  
the gracious calling of the Lord,  
let us, like them, without a word  
rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress,  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm!

Words: John Whittier (1807-92)  
Music: REPTON, Hubert Parry (1848-1918)  
CCL license 552064

## PLACING OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS

*Please remain standing.*

*The Officiant says,*

Light immortal, you brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. May we, with Kay and all the baptized, know the full light of your risen presence. **Amen.**

*The coffin is sprinkled with water.*

In the waters of baptism, we died with Christ, and began to walk in newness of life. May we, with Kay and all the baptized, be brought to the fulfilment of your eternal kingdom. **Amen.**

*A copy of the Scriptures is placed upon the coffin.*

In life Kay was nourished by the Word of God. May Christ greet us with Kay, saying: 'Come, blessed of my Father!' **Amen.**

*A crucifix is placed upon the coffin.*

Lord Jesus Christ, you bore our sins on the cross. May this crucifix be a sign to us of your love for Kay, and the forgiveness of her sins. **Amen.**

## INTRODUCTION

*The officiant welcomes the congregation, then continues,*

† We gather in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

**All** Grace and peace from the Lord be with you;  
and also with you.

We have come together to thank God for the life of Kay McDonald, to mourn and honour her, to lay to rest her mortal body, and to celebrate her life. We all face the certainty of death and judgement, yet Christians believe that those who die in Christ share eternal life with him. Therefore, in faith and hope we turn to God, who created and sustains us all.

All † Rest eternal grant unto your servant Kay, O Lord;  
and may light perpetual shine upon her.

Let us pray,

All Loving God, you alone are the source of life.  
May your life-giving Spirit flow through us,  
and fill us with compassion, one for another.  
In our sorrow give us the calm of your peace.  
Kindle our hope, and let our grief give way to joy;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## SENTENCES

*Please be seated.*

*A minister reads,*

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord :  
he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live :  
and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,  
shall never, shall never die.

(John 11: 25-26)

I know that my redeemer liveth,  
and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.  
And though after my skin, worms destroy this body,  
yet in my flesh shall I see God :  
Whom I shall see myself,  
and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

(Job 19: 25-27)

We brought nothing into this world,  
and it is certain we can carry nothing out.  
The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away :  
blessed be the name of the Lord.

(1 Timothy 6: 7 & Job 1: 21)

## FIRST READING

*Read by Sue Mackenzie*

### I Corinthians 15: 51-58

Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

‘Death has been swallowed up in victory.’

‘Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?’

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord, because you know that in the Lord your labour is not in vain.

For the word of the Lord:

All        Thanks be to God.

## PSALM 23

*The Choir sings ‘The Lord’s my shepherd’ by Howard Goodall.*

The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures  
He leadeth me besides the still waters

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I will fear no evil  
For you are with me, you will comfort me

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
All the days of my life  
And I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever  
Forever

Words: Psalm 23 (BCP)

Music: Howard Goodall (b 1958)

CCL license 552064

## SECOND READING

*John 14: 1-6*

Jesus said: "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way to where I am going."

Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

For the word of the Lord:

All Thanks be to God.

## HOMILY

*The Reverend Andrew Sempell*

## PRAYERS

*Please remain seated.*

Let us pray with confidence to God our Father,  
who raised Christ his Son from the dead for the salvation of all.

Thanks be to God for the gift of life.

You have made us in your image

and called us to reflect your truth and light.

We thank you for the life of Kay McDonald.

We give thanks for her family life and friends,

her partnership in ministry with John

and the inspiration she brought to those who knew her.

We are also thankful for both her quietness and gregariousness,

her acceptance of people, her selfless attitude,

and her love and concern for the wellbeing of others.

Above all, we thank you for your gracious promise

to all your servants, living and departed,

that we shall be made one again

in our Lord Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Almighty God, Father of all mercies and giver of all comfort,  
deal graciously, we pray, with those who mourn,  
especially Ian, Peter, David and the wider family and friends.  
Casting all their cares on you,  
may they know the consolation of your love:  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life,  
until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes,  
the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over,  
and our work is done. Then, Lord, in your mercy  
grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last;  
through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

God grant to the living grace, to the departed rest,  
to the Church, the Queen, the Commonwealth, and all people,  
peace and concord,  
and to us and all his servants life everlasting. **Amen.**

Lord, make us instruments of your peace,  
where there is hatred, let us sow love. where there is injury, pardon.  
Where there is doubt, faith. where there is despair, hope.  
Where there is darkness, light. where there is sadness, joy.  
O divine Master, grant that we  
may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console.  
To be understood, as to understand. To be loved, as to love.  
For it is in giving that we receive.  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned.  
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life. **Amen.**

All As our Saviour Christ has taught us, we are confident to pray,  
Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive them that trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,  
For ever and ever. **Amen.**

## FAREWELL

*Please stand. The officiant says,*

Lord Jesus Christ, you gave new birth to Kay by water and the Spirit.  
Grant that her death may recall to us your victory over death,  
and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in the Father's love.  
Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way,  
to live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit,  
to the ages of ages. Amen.

*Silence is kept.*

Let us entrust Kay to the mercy and love of God:

All Holy and loving Father, by your mighty power you gave us life,  
and in your love you have given us new life in Christ Jesus.  
We entrust Kay to your merciful keeping:  
in the faith of Jesus Christ, who died and rose again to save us,  
and now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit  
in glory for ever. Amen.

## HYMN

*Please stand and sing,*

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
all thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
pure unbounded love thou art;  
visit us with thy salvation,  
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,  
let us all thy life receive;  
suddenly return, and never,  
never more thy temples leave:  
thee we would be always blessing,  
serve thee as thy hosts above,  
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,  
pure and spotless let us be,  
let us see thy great salvation,  
perfectly restored in thee:  
changed from glory into glory,  
till in heaven we take our place,  
till we cast our crowns before thee,  
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Words: Charles Wesley, (1707-88)

Music: BLAENWERN William Rowlands (1860-1937). CCL license 552064

*During the hymn, the coffin is sprinkled with holy water and censed. The sprinkling with holy water is to remind us that through the waters of baptism we die to sin and are made one with Christ and begin to walk in newness of life. We pray that God will bring his servant Kay and all the baptised, to the fulfilment of his Eternal Kingdom. The incense reminds us that our mortal bodies are a temple of the Holy Spirit.*

## **SOLEMN BLESSING**

*Please remain standing. The Officiant prays:*

God the Father, by whose love Christ was raised from the dead,  
open to you who believe the gates of everlasting life. **Amen.**

God the Son, who in bursting the grave has won a glorious victory,  
give you joy as you share the Resurrection faith. **Amen.**

God the Holy Spirit, whom the risen Lord breathed into his disciples,  
empower you and fill you with Christ's peace. **Amen.**

And the blessing of God almighty, † the Father, the Son, and  
the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

## **RECESSIONAL MOTET**

*The Choir sings 'Pie Jesu' from Requiem Novum by Mårten Jansson as the coffin is prepared to leave the church.*

*Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.*

*Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

Blessed Lord Jesus,  
Give them rest.

Blessed Lord Jesus,  
Give them everlasting rest.

## RECESSION

The organist plays Organ Sonata IV Op 65 (1 & 3) by Felix Mendelssohn.

Would you please follow the family out of the church through the west or north doors.

*In lieu of flowers  
the family requests donations be made to  
St James' Church at:  
[www.sjks.org.au/donate](http://www.sjks.org.au/donate)*

*Ian, Peter, David, and the extended McDonald family  
appreciate your kind expressions of sympathy  
and thank you for your prayerful support.*

*A celebration of Kay's life will continue following the service  
downstairs in the covered Courtyard.*





## BIOGRAPHY

Mum was born in 1937 to Ken and Edith Cornwell in Mortdale in Southern Sydney. Her grandparents had settled in the Peakhurst area as orchardists and builders, and her parents had been childhood sweethearts.

Her parents never gave Mum a middle name, saying that, if she found one she liked, she could have that (though she never did, and – in tune with her character more generally – was satisfied with and thankful for what she was given). Her adored brother, Ron, was born two years later, in 1939.

Mum had fond memories of childhood: walks with family (and particularly with one of her grandfathers in what was then the bush and dairy farms around Peakhurst to select Christmas trees or to collect cow pats for his vegetable garden); tennis; the family dogs (Prince 1 and Prince 2); wonderful family get-togethers with her many aunts, uncles, and cousins. Mum, however, had severe asthma and was often extremely ill as a child. Given the lack of effective treatments at the time, it's rather a testament to her strength of will that she survived as long as she did.

With the war directly threatening Australia, Mum's father enlisted in the army and was posted for over two years to Darwin as part of the 54th Anti-Aircraft Regiment, sending letters home daily, to the house he and Edith had built in Boundary Road Mortdale just a few years before and which now, in the central hallway, had extra buttressing, the heavy dining-room table to sit under and other "protection" against any potential bombing.

Mum finished her education at St George Girls' High School before training as a receptionist/stenographer, working first in the Repatriation Department in town, and then with the physician Sir Thomas Moore Greenaway in Macquarie (who also acted as MC for her wedding).

Church was always a central feature of Mum's life: first at St. Peter's Mortdale, where she sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday School, and was an active member of the fellowship. She met Dad at a church retreat in the Blue Mountains in the early 1950s. Dad was extremely shy, so we understand Mum broke the ice and courted him by repairing a broken button, even though Dad was fully capable of doing this himself. Very early, she knew that Dad was the one for her.

The relationship flourished despite the geographic distance between where they lived – with Dad (and an inevitable bunch of pink carnations) often meeting Mum in town after work for a milkshake or pineapple juice.

Dad and Mum were finally married in 1959. It was a big year for Dad, who was deaconed, married and priested all in the one year. Ian, Peter, and David followed, with Mum still periodically struggling with her asthma. Mum moved with Dad from

parishes in Mosman, Baulkham Hills and Stanmore before they settled in for almost 30 years as rector and rector's wife at St Basil's Artarmon.

In the early days at St Basil's, one visitor to the parish expressed outrage at the poor lady in the front rows trying to manage three kids aged 6, 5 and 2. Where was her husband? It was only later pointed out that he was in the pulpit – and the story always tickled Mum's sense of humour (and she was often given to a fit of the giggles with the boys or other members of the family).

The family grew when Jasper, a sweet orange tabby, adopted Mum (who had never been particularly fond of cats). There were also, at various times, Ian's pet mice, Peter's aviaries of chickens, finches and quail, and the occasional injured bird the boys had rescued – but Mum was always there, including to look for them when they were lost or chase them around the yard when they got out ..., In other cases, though, Mum would help if you lost something by remarking, once it was found "Well, I will stop looking, love" each party knowing full well she had never started.

Mum was extremely gregarious and social – a perfect complement to Dad's shyness and preference for one-on-one discussions of theology or politics. Around the parish, she would often be found making up batches of scones or pikelets; there would be endless cups of tea for parish visitors; all the silver and cut crystal would be laid for Sunday breakfasts when we had visiting bishops or missionaries; there would be batches of Christmas cakes at Christmas, and multitudes of bottles of lemon butter and dozens of apple pies for church fetes.

While Mum's Sunday roasts were awesome, one also knew when it would be cabbage or brussel sprouts for dinner: as was the custom, such were always boiled for at least three quarters of an hour or so before serving, with the less than delicate aromas filling the house to warn all and sundry as to "what's for dinner, Mum?".

This being the 70s (and with money being tight, with three growing boys to feed), Mum would also make ginger beer, yoghurt, and bread. David recalls Mum being up at 4 am baking – and then being somewhat annoyed when all the bread was gone for breakfast before it'd even had a chance to cool.

Mum loved ensuring we were all well-fed – and it wasn't unknown for her to come flying out the door and down the hill in her dressing gown if one of the boys had forgotten to pack the inevitable corn beef and lettuce (or, occasional, pickle) sandwiches for school... and she would always ensure there were three glasses of iced coffee in the fridge before the boys came home from school each afternoon.

While her cooking repertoire for week-day meals broadened in line with Australia's growing multiculturalism during the 70's and 80s, Christmas always saw the return

of some real specials such as orange and beetroot jelly (direct from the Davis gelatine recipe book circa 1960), with beetroot straight from the can.

Hospitable to a fault, if one of the boys' friends happened to be there at dinner, she would just share out whatever was already on the plates to make an extra meal – and there was always bread and vegemite to fill up on later if we were still hungry. We survived and always thankful of anything we are served – it being mandatory to finish everything on your plate.

Mum was very gentle, but no pushover: if the boys were sick as kids, there would be no TV and no getting out of bed, which ensured sick days were few and far between. Mum wouldn't have us hanging around the house unless absolutely necessary on a school day, and unless we had piano practice or homework to complete, "go outside and play" was a common mantra once we were home from school.

Mum was, however, infinitely patient. Sam particularly remembers her patiently teaching him how to paint – and both grandsons particularly remember her taking them to the beach where they would scoop for fish and play on the sand. Sam particularly remembers dig holes in the sand for what seemed like hours (and wonders whether she thought "mmmm, this grandson of mine must have a simple mind" – but she would still love him.)

Throughout her life, Mum knitted and sewed, making most of her own clothes, as well as complex cable-knit jumpers for herself, Dad, and the boys. She later undertook various dressmaking, pattern-making and tailoring certificates at TAFE.

In her earlier days (and much like her own mother) she dressed stylishly – with one of her uncles (who at that time was a fashion milliner) keeping her supplied with hats. That said, the emerald-green gloves and scarf she wore on a particularly cold day on a trip to Bathurst with a brown and orange ensemble embarrassed the boys no end ... but our reminding her of this in later years always evoked a giggle from her.

Until the holiday house at Copacabana on the Central Coast was leased out full-time, Mum and Dad would take the boys there for the duration of all the school holidays, with Dad commuting back to Artarmon for services (though checking the SMH daily to see whether he would need to go back sooner for any funerals). They had bought there in one of the first land releases, and holidays were filled with swimming (at the beach or in the lake) and lots of long walks, including on all the local National Park trails. At the time Copacabana was a very small settlement, with orchards and dairies and vegetable farms in the back valley – and a single public telephone outside the general store, which Mum would use to keep in contact with family.

Particularly when Dad was away, afternoon naps were compulsory – we didn't have to go to sleep, but we couldn't talk, and we couldn't get off our beds. At least that way Mum got an hour's break each day.

During retirement, Mum and Dad took the opportunity to travel around Australia, Europe, and the USA. They travelled to Perth (and later Melbourne) to see Peter, Jo, and grandson Sam, and to Chicago to see David and Meg and grandson Jaden. Mum was also thrilled to have much more time to catch up with Ron, our aunt, Betty, and their families outside Maitland in the Hunter Valley.

Mum also finally had the chance to take art classes – turning out myriad watercolours and oils, all with a traditional bent, many of which decorated their retirement apartment and, later, Mum's room in Goodhew Gardens.

Mum also increasingly loved to read (and in retirement finally had sufficient time). She particularly loved Australian history and biographies, but she would also read the contemporary Australian fiction Ian fed her, giving critical comments back to him which would then guide future selections.

After Mum and Dad moved to Sans Souci, Mum also delved into her family history. She found various interesting forebears on her mother's side. These included: a colonial architect who had designed and was involved in building a number of theatres, a couple of churches (including Christ Church St Lawrence before he was replaced by Edmund Blackett) and a large number of the colony's schools; a female forebear who had been widowed and then ran a reportedly rowdy pub (the Victoria Inn) on Broadway; and the expected number of convicts (transported for the usual trivial misdemeanours). On her father's side, Mum very much enjoyed re-connecting with cousins still living in Cambridgeshire (from which her father had emigrated, aged about three, just before World War I).

As their health wore down over the years, Mum and Dad made the move to Woollooware Shores retirement village at Taren Point in January 2013, where Mum enjoyed the weekly get togethers for computer classes (she completed her introduction to computers several times) and "quiz crew". She spent, however, a lot of time looking after Dad, who had several major heart operations starting in about 2000.

Both Mum and Dad by this time were also regularly attending St James' King Street, where they always felt very much at home – particularly as St James' is and has been home to many people Mum and Dad had met in their previous parishes. For both our parents, Christianity is not something that asks you to "leave your brain outside", and they therefore enjoyed the breadth of the preaching and the social, theological, and ecumenical engagement which St James' offers.

Soon after Dad died in June 2021, Mum moved into Goodhew Gardens to be better helped with her ongoing lung cancer. She didn't particularly like the move as this was during the peak of covid, and friends and family were not able to visit as she or they would have liked. Despite this, she got involved in the wool winders/knitting crew and would routinely be photographed with her trademark broad smile and sparkling eyes. She also enjoyed the weekly movies (though possibly because of the ice-cream) and in particular the calls, emails and visits from family and friends.

The phrase "domestic duties" doesn't do justice to what women such as Mum give to their families and communities. It particularly doesn't do justice to the contributions of those with semi-public roles, such as a rector's wife inevitably held (at least until recently). Mum, however, loved "doing her parish work", in whichever situation she found herself: checking in that everyone was welcome, sitting down and having a chat, making sure that everyone had a cup of tea and something to eat, getting involved in all the relevant parish, school and college organisations – from the Mothers' Union, to making sandwiches once a week for tuck shop lunches at Artarmon Public School, to the Shore Mums and to the St Paul's College Women's Association.

In emails and messages the boys have received since she died, the words which recur refer to Mum's positivity, her quiet acceptance of other people, her unassuming nature, her kindness, her interest in other people, and her capacity to listen. The boys remember how she would always ask after everyone in the family – even in her final calls, giving her love to everyone – especially Jo and Sam, Meg, and Jaden – making sure that connections were maintained.

Mum loved people, and people loved her. She made friends easily, and treasured her friendships – with her cousins, brother and sister-in-law and their respective families, with friends from her Repat days, with clergy friends and their wives, with former parishioners and with people she met at St James', with people she met at exercise and art classes, and with friends and neighbours at Woollooware Shores.

Mum died knowing that she was indeed loved by her friends and family, and she remained strong in the faith that she was loved by God. As one fellow parishioner at St James' rightly wrote: "a life well lived".