

# Norton Summit Baptist Church



## COMMUNITY HARVEST THANKSGIVING

SUNDAY APRIL 16 2023



*Harold Gore outside the markets with his Foegal truck load of produce.*

The first truck to cart produce from Summertown to the markets in 1914.

## Welcome

Thank you for joining with us this morning as we honour farmers, vigneron, and horticulturalists who produce food, wine, and fruit in our local district. Today, we thank God for his rich blessings.

<b>Prayer</b>	Max Schultz
<b>Song</b>	Blessed be your Name
<b>Song</b>	Great is thy Faithfulness
<b>Notices</b>	Bring produce to the cart
<b>Readings</b>	Dan Fennell    The First People Jody Playford    Early History by Di Liebelt Dan Fennell    The East End by Colin Thiele
<b>Song</b>	New Wine. (Offering taken)
<b>Song</b>	Everything that has breath
<b>Reflection</b>	Max Schultz
<b>Bible Reading</b>	Neil Gore        Psalm 65:5-13
<b>Prayer of Thanks</b>	Max Schultz
<b>Message</b>	Dan Fennell    2 Corinthians 9
<b>Song</b>	The Great South Land
<b>Benediction</b>	

# **WELCOME PRAYER**

**Where many paths and errands meet**

**Eternal and loving God,**

**you know who we are:**

**People with a good conscience,**

**people with a bad conscience,**

**Happy people and unhappy people,**

**reassured and anxious,**

**Christians by conviction or tradition, believers, half-believers, and unbelievers.**

**And you know from where we come:**

**from warmth of home or icy loneliness,**

**From parents, friends, acquaintances,**

**or from a great solitude,**

**From a peaceful background**

**or from all sorts of difficulties and torments,**

**From family circumstances that are happy**

**or tense or broken;**

**From the heart of the Christian community**

**or from its periphery.**

**Here we are before you in spite of our differences:**

**All equal by the fact  
that we have wronged you and each other,  
equal because we all must die,  
equal because we would be lost without your grace,  
equal because your grace is promised and given to us  
in your dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.**

**We are gathered together to praise you  
and to let you speak to us.  
May it be so during this time we have together  
and the week of work ahead of us.  
For we ask it in the name and  
by the words of your Son:**

**Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us the wrong we have done,  
as we forgive those who have wronged us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power,  
and the glory are yours,  
now and forever. Amen.**

**The Adelaide Hills are traditional lands and waters of the Peramangk and Kurna peoples.**

For millennia Aboriginal peoples have called the area we now know as the Adelaide Hills home.

Generations of people have lived in the area and made a life for themselves and their families.



The Hills provided shelter and sustenance to Aboriginal people and the land, and the resources it provided people were carefully managed to ensure that the area could provide a living for generations to come.

# From **The History of Summertown and Uraidla**

Diane Liebelt 1981

Our district described in the **CYCLOPEDIA OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

**BURGESS H.T. ed.**

**Adelaide Cyclopedia Co. 1909**

**Vol. 2 Page 800.**

“The countryside is nearly all garden. Apple orchards, cherry orchards and fruit plantations of other kinds, vast strawberry beds, vegetable gardens and flower beds not reckoned by the acre but by the square mile as far as the eye can see. Most of the uncleared ground shows forests of stringy bark gums. The landscapes extensive and beautiful and the climate bracing. Churches by the dozen, and schools wherever convenient. A fine institute at Uraidla. Clubs and societies flourish. Several jam factories and a stream of traffic to the East End Market on market mornings is almost continuous.”



**Strawberries  
Norton Summit**

# East End Markets Adelaide by Colin Thiele

## On the façade, Grenfell St.



**‘THE EARTH IS THE LORDS AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF’  
Psalm 24:1-2**

Nothing suggests the fruitfulness of the earth more wonderfully than an agricultural market. The rich medley of sights, sound and smells can send the senses reeling, potatoes heaped prodigally like a million dumplings, melons bigger than cannon balls, carrots like glowing marline spikes, freshly decapitated cabbage heads, cucumbers as thick as forearms, onions in long red netting sacks like lumpy legs in fishnet stockings. Everywhere there are trucks and barrows and trolleys trundling energetically among buyers, and growers who look themselves as though they had sprung from the soil. And above all else is the smell – cloying and all pervasive – of fruits and plants and berries, and splashes of colour in red and orange and green and yellow, as if earths cornucopia has suddenly opened and rained its produce on humanity.



That has been the good fortune of a small part of Adelaide for more than a century – the area loosely known as “East End”. The first market established there in 1861 by Richard Vaughan near the end of Rundle Street, and by the early 1800’s comprised the whole of the frontage from Exeter Hotel to East Terrace, and thence to North Terrace. Before long however it had outgrown this site to such a degree that there was “a large overflow of trade, on to the streets and a gross want of shelter and convenience. It was left to William Charlick, an East End merchant, to do something about it. He bought a large block of land nearby, between Rundle and Grenfell Streets, persuaded parliament to pass an enabling act, and finally opened his new market in 1904.





## Max Schultz Reflection

As kids stirring in bed at about 3.30am in the morning, we would hear our red Ford truck being driven by our Grandfather, grinding slowly past our house to the old East End Market to sell the produce gathered and loaded the previous day from the family market garden. In later years, after my Grandfather stepped back when he was eighty, my father did the marketing, but the procedure was the same.



Truck after truck would trundle down the Greenhill Road in the dark hours of the morning to sell their produce in Adelaide. They would arrive at the market and growers and sellers would usually be trying to catch each other to make sales. The aim was for growers to sell to the green grocery stores and wholesalers and sell all of their produce. If it was plentiful the price would be low, if in short supply, a good price could be negotiated. But the loads were not to be unloaded until the whistle blew, I think at 6.00am.

Soon after 5.00am when most sales had been completed, both the producers and buyers would go to the local cafes for breakfast where it was quite a jolly occasion. Then back to the trucks for unloading at 6.00am. Most of the greengrocery buyer's vans were parked in the surrounding streets and the whole east-end was particularly vibrant.

Vehicles everywhere with men wheeling the barrows from truck to buyers dodging regular traffic which would avoid the area if it could. There was real camaraderie within the market culture as virtually everyone knew almost everyone. This routine went on for about 100 years in the East end of Adelaide before the Markets were relocated to Pooraka where they still operate. I occasionally went with my father on these early morning sales trips. More often, one of my other brothers or even cousins went with my father and enjoyed it more than I did. It was a unique sub-culture essential to the prosperity of this part of the Adelaide Hills.

There was quite a knack to loading the produce correctly onto the single axle barrows, and even more carefully unloading them. Because if you unloaded from the wrong end, the barrow would tip up and possible all the quality produce would be damaged should it fall to the floor. Fortunately. one would usually sense the imbalance as unloading and quickly return it and sort things out again. For efficiency, the loading and unloading would also be done in the order we would be going to particular buyers.

When the produce was hopefully all sold, the growers would return home, often with other produce not grown locally just for their own use. It was a bad morning if not much sold and some had to be brought home. Usually, the later the growers returned home indicated that they were still trying to sell their crop, so in desperation would offer it below market value rather than waste it. An early return would usually mean everything sold well and the dads had to return because within 20 hours they would be up at dawn to get the load for the market the following day. A side-benefit of having a permanent market stall was that if our truck wasn't in the market we were allowed to park our car in that space, or one nearby. For non-market holders there was a charge, but it meant we knew where we could park in Adelaide in those days.

A likeable man called Snowy was the caretaker and knew us all, but those days are long gone. I have never been to the Pooraka Markets, now already 35 years old.



## 2 Corinthians 9:10-11

Now he who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will also supply and increase your store of seed and will enlarge the harvest of your righteousness.

You will be enriched in every way so that you can be generous on every occasion, and through us your generosity will result in thanksgiving to God.

