

Word and Light

St John's Anglican Parish, Otumoetai

*Music
is an
outburst
of the soul*



Theme: Music

June 2020

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Themes for Word and Light

The theme for the next edition will be ***Tales of Winter – the Good, the Bad & the Ugly***. Photos will be welcome. Please send your contributions to Lynda, the Parish Administrator, or the Vicar by **17th August**. Remember that, to keep readers' attention, your articles should not be too long.

A theme for our October magazine will be *Friends and Friendship* – for example what is a friend; who are you best friends and why; surprising friends; how do you show friendship? You can send your contributions any time. We will send another reminder in September.

Vicar's Voice

Psalms 95 opens with these words: 'O come, let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation! Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise to him with songs of praise!'



Most of us will readily agree that music is a wonderful gift from God. Music touches our soul and evokes a wide range of emotions. I can think of pieces that have made me laugh and pieces that have made me cry, pieces that have made me want to dance and pieces that have enriched a time of contemplation.

Music is a fundamental part of worship for me and, I imagine, for many of you too. We are blessed at St John's that we have the opportunity to sing as part of our worship. We give thanks for the talents of those who accompany us on organ and piano and we are grateful for the time and care they take to accompany us.

It is worth remembering that worship is *so much more than words*. We use words but we also use 'things' – the Bible, the cross, the altar, bread, wine and vessels for example. Worship involves music, movement, actions and gestures and many of the senses – hearing, sight, taste, touch, and sometimes smell. The word liturgy can be used to include this 'so much more'. Worship – or liturgy – is something we do. The word 'liturgy' means something like 'people's work' (from the Greek words *laos* 'people' and *ergon* 'work').

The non-verbal dimensions of worship are of enormous importance. Hymns and spiritual songs help make our beliefs and our scripture memorable but they touch our hearts as well as our minds. Singing allows a part of our hearts to speak to God in a way that doesn't happen as we hear the spoken word.

When we sing as part of a community, a congregation in worship, something awakens not only in the heart of each person but also in the collective heart of the Body of Christ, connecting us to each other and to God in the deepest part of who we are.

Singing is one of the ways in which we express our love towards God with our whole being. We engage every part of our being in worship to God.

Worshipping through music changes and transforms us. It inclines our hearts to God in ways other forms can't accomplish. Worship strengthens us, builds us up, and even restores us. In other words, when we sing and devote our whole selves to God, something godly happens within us.

Music that honours God will make our hearts to sing. And when our hearts sing, worship happens. We're transformed on the inside as we are filled with the Spirit and devote everything we are to worship, praise, and thanksgiving to God.

With every blessing

Sue (Vicar)



Singing for worship: a joyful note

by Rev'd Sue Genner

St Cecilia is regarded as the patron of music, because she heard heavenly music in her heart when she was married.

I'm not sure that the music we make on Wednesday afternoons is always heavenly but it is fun. We are a group of music-lovers and we spend an hour from 4-5 on Wednesday afternoons singing together at St John's. The focus is on the music for the upcoming Sunday worship. Only some of us read music so that is not a requirement and not all of us make it every Wednesday – many come when they can. We are always looking for more to join us and would especially like to add some male voices.

I found this musicians prayer online and we could all pray this:

'God grant me the serenity to start each day on a joyful note
courage to sing the song of my soul and wisdom to trust
You always accompany me. Amen'

The Servant Song

by Isabel Mordecai

Have you ever thought about a piece of music theologically? In 2005, while I was training to become a Priest in Auckland, this was one of the questions that we were asked to write a reflection about. The song I chose was 'The Servant Song', words and music by Richard Gillard. You may recall singing it at some stage during our worship services at St John's. Richard Gillard was born in England and emigrated to New Zealand when he was three. He lived in Auckland and worshipped at St Paul's Anglican Church in Symonds Street.

Since it was first written in 1977, the words of the first line have been changed to become more inclusive, saying'Will you let me be your servant', instead of the words 'Brother, Sister let me serve you'. The words of the song are based on a scriptural background, mostly from Matthew 20:26b-28.

I can see the image of God in this song, providing comfort, caring and compassion. There is also the image of Christ throughout the song. This image comes from the first verse 'Brother, Sister let me serve you, let me be as Christ to you'. God's action was to send his son Jesus Christ into the world, and in this song God is telling us to act in the same manner as Jesus, as a servant to all people.



It is also saying that we should hold our hands out to one another and offer a sign and voice of peace and love. We should stand with each other, laughing together when we can, or weeping together in sorrow. We should share our joys and sorrows with our brothers and sisters in

Christ and walk on the journey together. We should reach outside the church walls to hold the Christ light for our neighbours, to help our neighbours and to welcome them to join us. I really like the imagery of the words of the Christ light, I could imagine someone holding a Christ light or comforting another person in the night-time of our fear. There are many passages in the Bible that may come to mind here from Matthew 5:14 or John 8:12.

Symbolic words like 'Pilgrim' describe exactly that we are on a journey of faith with God, we are always travelling on. We are pilgrims on the journey and we are here to help each other walk the mile and bear the load. To allow others to be as Christ to us we need to allow ourselves to be vulnerable, to take risks with each other, to be honest with each other, to be like family in our community of faith. The words 'we are travellers on the road' always brings to my mind a picture of Jesus meeting Saul on the road to Damascus. Acts 9: 3-9. To stop travelling ourselves would be to stop growing in our faith. And we cannot know what or where God is leading us in our life, but if we look back we may see that the hand of God that has been guiding us.

In the last verse, the words say 'when we sing to God in heaven, we shall find such harmony. Born of all we've known together of Christ's love and agony'. Weeping, laughing and sharing together, reminiscent of the words from I Corinthians 12:26. It has elements of transcendence and immanence and reminds us that God is everywhere for us, in our everyday situations. Often, we may forget to pray or to let others help us, to say that we need help; sometimes we are too proud to do this. It is asking that question 'pray that I might have the grace to let you be my servant too'. It is also saying that God is there ready to help and serve us if we pray for help and guidance.

The hope and life in this hymn is the promise that Christ will always be there, walking alongside us and helping us on our journey, if we let him. Life in this hymn is through acting the way that God wants us to act, as his son Jesus Christ acted, to love one another and to act as a servant unto others, through all the good times, and the hard times in life

The life is also in the wonderful music which can be played on a piano, organ or guitar. It is an easy song to sing. You may go home from church humming it; it's a great song to end a worship service. It has a nice solo piano bridge between verses to emphasise the score with five verses with the first verse repeated. Songs of this style of worship were extremely popular and had a great influence on church worship during the 1970's and 1980's. It can be sung anywhere and is often sung at weddings.

Brother, Sister let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you.
Pray that I might have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
we are travellers on the road.
We are here to help each other
walk the mile, and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear
I will hold my hand out to you
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping,
when you laugh I'll laugh with you
I will share your joy and sorrow,
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
we shall find such harmony.
Born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Music is an outburst of the soul

by Helen DÁth



I love to sing and was in both the Chapel Choir and the School Choir in my teens.

Due to my job which involved travelling around and marrying early (as we did in those days!), pregnancies and family commitments, I lost my confidence to

venture into choirs again until about 15 years ago when a friend asked me to join the Sweet Adelines in Hastings. That was a challenge after not really singing for so many years, but a capella was not for me!

The next challenge was unforgettable. I was persuaded to sing in a four-part choir in the lovely old St Matthew's church in Hastings to celebrate All Saints' Day. Traditionally the music sung is *Faure's Requiem* to remember the dead.

It was difficult music to learn but I loved it and it was beautifully played on the big old organ. Very emotional, especially as it was only six months after my husband Robin had died and his daughter and granddaughter were sitting in the front row!

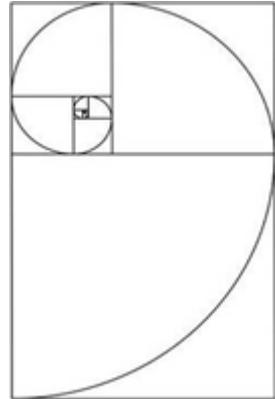
As I said, unforgettable!

Maths, medicine and music

by Beryl Dent

They say that maths, medicine and music go together.

Fibonacci was an Italian mathematician, who in the thirteenth century showed the sequence $1+1=2$, $1+2=3$, $2+3=5$, $3+5=8$ etc. etc. This sequence plays an important part in Western harmony and musical scales. It is called 'nature's code'. When you make squares out of these numbers, you get a nice spiral. This is like the bass clef in music.



An octave on the piano consists of thirteen notes, eight white keys and five black. A scale is composed of eight notes of which the third and fifth notes create the foundation of a basic chord. In a scale the dominant note is the fifth, which is the eighth note of an octave. These are all numbers in the Fibonacci sequence – 3, 5, 8, 13. Composers and instrument makers have been using this sequence for hundreds of years. Stradivari used this method to make his famous violins.

There is also a relationship between the Fibonacci sequence and medicine, but the theme for this month is MUSIC.

A beautiful musical event

by Debbie Garrett

I am a huge fan of Dame Kiri Te Kanawa and have followed her career over many years. My husband, Barry, was a sound technician for the NZBC and had met and recorded Kiri for future broadcasts on several occasions. I have heard her sing live at least three or four times, the last being in New Plymouth where I was able to meet her in person and have her sign my programme. We had a lovely chat, reminiscing about the times she had sung at the Founders' Theatre in Hamilton.

In 1993, a few months before we moved to Auckland, so I could attend St John's Theological College, Air New Zealand advertised a bus trip for people living in the Bay of Plenty to travel to Auckland to hear Kiri sing. Barry and I, and a friend I worked with at the time, decided this was an opportunity not to be missed.

It was the most beautiful musical event I think I have ever attended. Kiri's stage was a boat in the basin on Auckland's waterfront where the more recently proposed stadium was to be built. We were seated on tiered seating where cranes usually work, but there were also people on boats. Although Kiri was quite far away her magnificent voice floated across the still water with ease. As evening descended the sunset filled the sky with various hues of orange that lit up the nearby buildings of central Auckland. The city looked amazing and it was a truly magical event in more ways than one. I have remembered it with great clarity and a sense of joy ever since.



Wind please!

by Bob Shaw

The magnificent organ in our village church of St. Mary's was shared by two accomplished organists, Miss Nellie Whaddup and Mr. Johnny Phipps.

Nellie, who was always in a hurry to return home to her invalid mother, played at an allegro tempo, while Johnny who never hurried on his farm played a far slower melody. It suited Nellie to play at

morning prayer where her brisk playing was in tune with the awakening day, while Johnny's accompaniment to the hymn 'Now the day is over, night is drawing near', suited the mood of the somnolent congregation at evensong. Before a supply of electricity arrived in our village it was my duty, on occasion as a choirboy, to take over the hand pump on the organ, a task usually performed by one of the older boys whose voice had broken. He confided in me, 'see if you can make 'er fart'. He was referring of course to the organ and not the dear lady at the keyboard.

The pressure in the organ raised by the hand bellows was measured by a lead weight suspended from a pulley beside the pump handle. He had found that by letting the pressure fall beyond a certain point on the scale, the organ would emit a loud groan not unlike a horse breaking wind.

Feeling wicked one drear winter's morning I dared to follow his instructions. The organ stopped emitting a loud groan. Nellie arrested in mid tune, leaned around from her perch on the organ stool and sharply ordered 'Wind please!' Feeling extreme remorse I set about pumping with great vigour and decorum was restored to matins.

Waking up to Music in Africa

by Ryan Cameron

I first visited the continent of Africa (Tanzania) at the request of Bishop Given Gaula in 2013. I was staying in the small city of Dodoma in Tanzania and volunteering for MAF (Mission Aviation Fellowship) as an aircraft mechanic. Each morning at about 5.30am the local mosque would begin their call to prayer with loudspeakers that would wake up everyone in the city. To compound this the local church started to broadcast a sermon over their loudspeaker and it ended up sounding like a commentator calling a horse race at loud volume. I couldn't understand anything that was said as it was broadcast in either Arabic or Swahili. MAF went and spoke to the church and asked that, as we were pilots, could the church please refrain from broadcasting their early morning sermons? The pastor declined and said everybody should be excited to wake up to the word of the Lord every morning.

A few weeks later the senior pastor of the church returned and put a stop to the early morning sermons as the church is not in competition with other religions.

A few years later I found myself living in the northern Kenyan village of Log Logo. Imagine my surprise on the first morning in Log Logo of being woken at 4.30am by loud music coming from my neighbour's house. He was one of the only Muslims in the village and had decided to play Arabic music early in the morning over loudspeakers. Once again, the local church which was also my neighbour on the other side, decided to play their music through their speakers at the same time. As much as I love music, I felt that 4.30am in the morning was not the best time to appreciate it.

A picture of my house in Log Logo.



Music in my life

by Lynda Wallace

Music has always been a big part of my life. My childhood was full of music of all genres thanks to my parents love of music. My parents actually met through music – my Mum having advertised in *The Evening Post* that she wished to form a small group to meet regularly to listen to and discuss music – my Dad was the first to join.

My parents were enormous fans of opera and orchestral music so my early childhood memories are of listening to performances by the likes of Caruso, Lanza, Maria Callas and to the great classics – Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Chopin, Vivaldi being some of our favourites. More modern music like that of George Gershwin and Oscar & Hammerstein were also popular. We also listened to musical performances especially made for children (mainly from Readers Digest) – Peter & The Wolf being one that lingers in my mind – the bassoon was scary!

As we grew up, we were encouraged to share our music with Mum & Dad using record vouchers from relatives so that we could buy a variety of 45s and later on the latest Solid Gold LPs. My first purchase of a 45 being Puppet on a Swing by Sandi Shaw! Oh dear.

As well as listening to music at home we so enjoyed musical performances – my earliest memory of those being going to the Embassy Theatre in Wellington to see Oklahoma (on wide screen!) It was fantastic as with that wide screen you almost felt you were in the cornfields too. At the same venue I enjoyed Mary Poppins, The Sound of Music, Fiddler on the Roof. And then there were the musical shows – the likes of West Side Story, Hello Dolly, The Wizard of Oz, Half a Sixpence, Brigadoon, My Fair Lady, The King & I, The Sound of Music, Joseph & the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat etc.

In my adult life I have continued with that love of music and have an eclectic collection of music and music DVDs and have continued to enjoy going to concerts and musical productions.

My granddaughter Dani loves music too – she helps keep me up with modern music (although bizarrely she loves Kenny Rogers – not one of my favourites). She is a very accomplished pianist and I always

enjoy listening to her play. I was delighted to be able to introduce her to her first live stage musical when I took her to Sister Act a few years ago. She was sceptical about going but absolutely loved it. It was wonderful to share with her the experience of a live musical show.



Sadly my love of music does not come accompanied by a singing voice or any other musical talent – my violin playing was tortuous and although I sang in the Combined School choirs my presence was either due to Malcom Blow's tolerance or his knowledge that no-one would hear me in that massed choir.

Travelling the Road of Faith through Music

by Deidre Freeman

I want to share a small portion of my journey of faith.

When I was a little girl there was nothing I loved more than to stand beside our harmonium on a Sunday night – Mum playing 'Jesus loves me this I know' or 'Jesus bids us shine' or Grandma singing 'I think that when I read that Sweet Story of Old when Jesus was here among men – He called little children as Lambs to his Fold I should like to have been with him then' – I often asked Gran to sing about the lambs. Then there was 'I'll be a sunbeam for Him' – I really thought I would be a sunbeam.

I started playing the organ when I was 12 – the first hymn was 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds'.

From the beginning I have played 'Breathe on me breath of God' before a big funeral service – to relax and settle the nerves – it is my prayer.

At my wedding 'A New Commandment I give unto you that you love another as I have loved you' had so much meaning.

I have shared the words of scripture and song that have helped my faith to be sustained.

Whitby Abbey (UK): a musical connection

by Rev'd Sue Beverly

A few years ago John and I spent a few days walking on the Yorkshire moors and along the coast of north Yorkshire. We stayed on the outskirts of Whitby. If you have ever been to Whitby you will know that the skyline for some miles around is dominated by the ruins of Whitby Abbey. Whitby Abbey has a fascinating history and much of particular significance in early Celtic church history happened there. There is also an ancient musical connection which is interesting given the theme of this month's magazine.



Whitby Abbey was founded in 657 AD and a remarkable woman called Hilda was the first Abbess. Hilda was a member of one of the royal families of Northumbria. She was born in 614, just before her father was poisoned in a court intrigue. Hilda and her sister and mother went to live with her father's uncle, King Edwin of Northumbria, and she grew up in the royal court. King Edwin's wife was a Christian and had a chaplain, Bishop Paulinus, who had come to Britain with St Augustine. When Hilda was 13, King Edwin was baptised by Bishop Paulinus. Hilda also was baptised, along with the rest of her family.

When Hilda was 33, she decided to become a nun and made preparations to join her older sister in a convent in France. But St Aidan, the Bishop of Northumbria, did not want to lose her to France and asked her to stay in Britain and lead a small convent in his area. Hilda learned about the Celtic traditions from St Aidan, particularly the importance of humility and simplicity in religious life and the Celtic vision of God revealed through nature.

The Celtic church encouraged female leadership and soon Aidan asked Hilda to become abbess of a large double monastery, for both monks and nuns, called Hartlepool. Hilda quickly gained a reputation for

intelligent and wise leadership. Together with her membership of the royal family, she was an important leader in the Celtic church of Northumbria which illustrates the egalitarianism of Celtic Christianity.

Her good reputation led to a dramatic turn in her life. Her relative King Oswiu, after winning an important battle, gave a large tract of land to Hilda on which to create a new monastery. There Hilda established a new double monastery which became known as Whitby. So Hilda is known as St. Hilda of Whitby.

Hilda built up her new monastery into a centre of learning by acquiring a large number of books. Hilda built up a large library which attracted many people who wanted to become monks, nuns and priests. Children were also educated there, learning to read Latin and absorbing the knowledge accumulated in the many books of the monastery library.

In addition to educating people, Hilda maintained strict monastic standards at Whitby. All goods and property were held in common, all residents of the monastery studied the scriptures and prayed together, and peace and charity for all was the standard.



In 867, the abbey fell to Viking attack, and was abandoned until 1078, when it was re-founded by Regenfrith a soldier monk, under the orders of his protector, the Norman, William de Percy. The second monastery lasted until it was destroyed by Henry VIII in 1540. The abbey buildings fell into ruins, and were mined for stone, but remained a prominent landmark for sailors.

Tradition tells us that Hilda also was instrumental in nurturing the first English poet. One day Hilda heard a shepherd – Caedmon – singing verses he had composed in Anglo Saxon, the local language which eventually became English. Hilda was impressed by his ability to compose poetry and she invited him to take up residence in her monastery. That meant he could leave his occupation of herding and spend more time composing verse and song.

Caedmon is often referred to as the father of English sacred song. He took the religious ideas of the Bible and Christian tradition and set them to music in verse – that is, he composed hymns in English. They helped Hilda and her monks and nuns teach the local population about Christianity in an attractive and easy way.

Here is one version, in modern English, of what is known as Caedmon's Hymn:

Now we should praise the Guardian of heaven's kingdom,
the Creator's might, and His subtle thought,
the work of the Glorious Father; how He [all] wonders was,
eternal Lord, originally establishing.
He first shaped, for Earth's children,
heaven as roof, Holy Creator.
Then middle-Earth: mankind's Keeper,
eternal Lord, afterwards made
for men: our Earth. Master almighty!



Te Pouhere Sunday 2020: Gazing into the mirror *by The Reverend Sue Genner*

Te Pouhere Sunday is celebrated each year on the Sunday after Trinity Sunday. It is an opportunity to gaze into the mirror of history and try to understand who we are.

206 years ago Samuel Marsden landed at Oihi, this was the beginning of the Anglican church in NZ. It was a Māori-focussed missionary church. Much of the early evangelisation of the Māori was by other Māori. Missionaries would arrive in a place to find the gospel had travelled ahead of them and their task was not introducing the Māori to the gospel but helping their Māori brethren build on that foundation. The well-known story of Tarore illustrates this.

It was the missionaries who pushed for the Treaty of Waitangi – they recognised that the flood of incoming settlers were exploiting the indigenous people and insisted legal protection be put in place, resulting in the foundation document of our country.

Bright beginnings turned darker – the church (which put this document in place) did not uphold the principles within the treaty of equality and participation in the relationship between the Māori missionary church and the Pākehā settlers' churches in NZ. Te Reo was not valued and it was a shamefully long time before Māori were in leadership positions and their voices listened to. Patriarchal attitudes abounded – Pākehā were making decisions for Māori, including about their spiritual and leadership needs. By 1860 there were only 6 Māori clergy in NZ and it was 1928 before there was a Māori Bishop at all (and he was a suffragan bishop).

The 1970s saw the NZ Anglican church starting to re-examine its responsibilities with the Treaty of Waitangi. This culminated in the forming of our constitution in 1992. Te Pouhere comes from the the word 'Pou' which means a post like the great posts that support the ridgepole of a meeting house and 'here' or guide – so it could be translated as the 'Guiding Framework'. Thus was formed our unique 3-tikanga church Tikanga Māori, Tikanga Pākehā and Tikanga Pacifica. A multi-faceted church where power is shared equally and where consensus is sought together before God. Three ways of being church in one Anglican Church of Aotearoa New Zealand. It is fitting indeed that we celebrate Te Pouhere Sunday immediately following Trinity Sunday. Our God is wondrously 3-in-one, a loving community and our 3-in-one Church is a loving community, no one subordinate, modelled on our triune God.



Our symbol is a woven cross. Weaving together makes the threads a great deal stronger than the individual threads would be alone. The woven fabric of the 3 tikanga creates a strong foundation for our church. Strong foundations are a theme in the story of the wise and foolish builders found in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew.

This is NOT just a fun Sunday school story or a cute song. The story begins with 'everyone who hears these words of mine...' so what we must ask ourselves is 'what words is Jesus talking about'. This passage

is found at the end of the Sermon on the Mount. This very confronting sermon talks about God choosing the underdog, loving your enemies, about money, prayer and judging others.

The story of the builders is telling us not to treat the sermon on the mount and Jesus' teaching in general like just a pretty poster. Those who merely put 'Blessed are the poor' and the rest of the beatitudes on their literal or figurative walls are fools, according to Jesus. Real wisdom is not just knowing the beatitudes, real wisdom is living them.

The Message paraphrase puts it like this 'These words I speak to you are not incidental additions to your life, homeowner improvements to your standard of living. They are foundational words, words to build a life on.' If we look again at the words of the Beatitudes they are words of compassion, mercy and peacemaking. As we gaze into the mirror of our own lives, our church, our history – if we are really honest the reflection is disturbing – there are changes to make. The changes made in our constitution were a beginning – the weaving together of the threads of our three Tikanga created a strong foundation for building our church (a woven cloth strong like the rock in the parable). But the work did not finish with the foundation – the building goes on – in our individual lives, our churches, our country, our world. With God we are creating an edifice that reflects the values in our constitution of participation, partnership and protection.

Movements such as #blacklivesmatter are an invitation for us to change attitudes and behaviour. To work towards true equity. The work starts in the lives of each one of us here, in our very own parish church of St John's Otumoetai.

Fascinating life story of Archbishop Norman Lesser of Waiapu

About the book

How did Norman Lesser, a boy from a terrace house in Liverpool, become the Archbishop of New Zealand?

The answer lies in sheer native ability, great energy, a talent for leadership, a happy outlook on life and a bit of luck – or if you prefer, the Grace of God.

Following effective ministry in different English parishes, he served as Provost of Nairobi Cathedral for seven eventful years before coming to be Bishop of Waiapu in 1947.

Lesser's 24 year tenure saw the building and consecration of the Cathedral in Napier, the establishment of several old people's homes and rapid growth in the parishes.

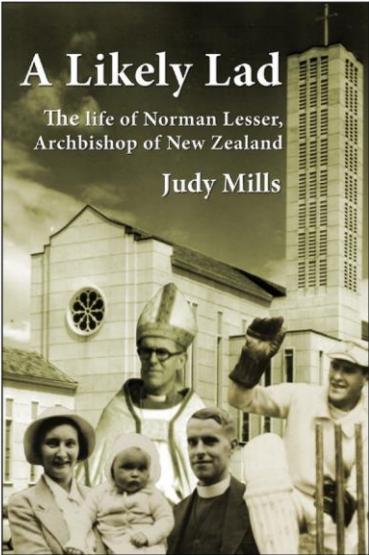
A gifted preacher and speaker, and blessed with the common touch, his quickness of mind, sense of humour and dramatic story-telling are still vividly remembered. As Archbishop he guided the church through the tumultuous changes of the 1960s and for years was at the forefront of Church Union negotiations.

Norman Lesser's world might seem different from ours. But the values of faith, resolution and compassion that we see in his life-story are still relevant today, offering challenge and inspiration.

Praise for A Likely Lad

"...Knowing and honouring our past is important to our faith journey, and this book will be of interest not just to Anglicans but also the wider community who loved and respected Norman Lesser. He was in fact an 'extra-ordinary' man and I commend this timely recognition of his life of devotion, humour, and compassion."

Andrew Hedge, Bishop of Waiapu, Lent 2020



About the Author

Judy Mills is a retired teacher, social worker and local body politician. She graduated with Honours in English from Auckland University where she encountered the Student Christian Movement, and it was here she first learned that you must love God with your mind as well as with your heart and soul.

Her interest in Norman Lesser, beginning in 2008, led her to include Liverpool, Barrow-in-Furness and Nairobi in overseas travel, and these visits have significantly contributed to a greater understanding of his world before his arrival in New Zealand.

She enjoys music, especially the piano and singing, good conversation, time with friends and family, and the outside world.

She has held leadership rôles in the National Council of Women and the Association of Anglican Women and remains actively involved in caring for the environment and issues of justice and peace.



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About this Magazine

This Magazine is called *Word and Light* because our parish church is dedicated to St John the Evangelist. At the beginning of the Gospel of John there are many powerful images. Two of these are *Word* and *Light* and they are woven together. Jesus as the *Word* of God echoes the story of creation. Jesus, the *Light* of the World, is the one who shines in the darkness. We hope that the words and images in this magazine will bring some light to your life.



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