

Word and Light

St John's Anglican Parish, Otumoetai



Theme: Taonga / treasure(s)

Winter 2021

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Themes for Word and Light

The theme for the next edition will be **Food: growing, cooking eating**. As ever, please use your imagination – there are many possibilities.

We look forward to your contributions. Photos welcome!

Please send your contributions to Lynda, the Parish Administrator, by **20 September**. Remember that, to keep readers' attention, your articles should not be too long. If you have ideas for future themes, please let us know.

The Editor has the final say as to the suitability of articles for inclusion.

Vicar's Voice

I have enjoyed reading the contributions to this edition of our Magazine. They illustrate very well the range of 'treasures' people have in their lives – objects and art feature but a clear theme is that, for many of us, our relationships are key. I sometimes call my husband, John, 'treasure' as, among the many riches of our partnership, he has been, and continues to be, a wonderful support to me in the not-always-easy life of being a parish priest.



There are many other 'treasures' I could speak about. The natural world, particularly mountains, hills, the bush and other wild places, gives me a sense of being close to the author of creation and I love walking in the open air. The arts are important too. Music and poetry enrich my life and through those media I often find spiritual nourishment.

My taste in music is wide – classical, opera, jazz, folk and some contemporary music, particularly of my younger years. There is a wide range of poetry which inspires me too:

from the metaphysical poets of the 17th century, including John Donne and George Herbert, to more contemporary poets including RS Thomas, Leonard Cohen and Malcolm Guite.

Leonard Cohen, the legendary Canadian poet and singer/songwriter who died in 2016, is someone whose music has accompanied me since early adulthood, although I have come to appreciate the meaning of his words more and more as time has passed. Trained as a poet, his songs sit somewhere between philosophy and prayer – songs radiating the kind of attentive prayerfulness which, in the words of Simone Weil, could be described as 'the rarest and purest form of generosity'. Some of his material is similar to what biblical scholars call 'wisdom literature', including the books of Psalms, Proverbs, Job and Ecclesiastes. Though Cohen was Jewish, he studied Zen Buddhism deeply, becoming an ordained monk for several years, and was fascinated by other religious traditions.

Cohen was known for a habit of sometimes seeing things ‘darker’ than others. But he had messages of hope too. There is a set of powerful lyrics from his song *Anthem*, from the 1992 album *The Future* which is a message of hope in darkness:

*Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That’s how the light gets in.*

This song took Cohen a decade to write and it remains a meaningful message for our troubled and troubling times: ‘*There is a crack in everything, that’s how the light gets in.*’ It springs from a central concern of Cohen’s life and work, one which he revisited in various ways across various songs – including in ‘*Suzanne*’, where he writes ‘*look among the garbage and the flowers / there are heroes in the seaweed*’, and in the iconic ‘*Hallelujah*’: ‘*There’s a blaze of light / In every word / It doesn’t matter which you heard / The holy or the broken Hallelujah*’.



Cohen did not like dissecting or explaining his work, so part of the task of interpretation is ours. In dark times, poetry and music often become more important to us, providing the kind of transcendence we need to interpret painful events in a wider context. Cohen wrote *Anthem* one of his most beautiful and hopeful songs, in a tumultuous global period. *The Future* is an album full of references to traumatic historical events, including the Second World War and Hiroshima. While Cohen was writing *Anthem*, the Berlin Wall fell and on the same day of the year 27 years later – 8th November – Donald Trump was elected to the US presidency. 1989, the year that the Berlin Wall fell, also saw a massacre of students in Tiananmen Square.

He seems to be saying that we cannot abdicate our own personal responsibilities towards ourselves, our work and our relationships:

'Ring the bells that still can ring'. There is no perfect situation or solution in anything: in our love of God, our love of family or friends. The thing is imperfect. Furthermore, there is a crack in everything that we put together: physical objects, mental objects, constructions of any kind. But that is where the light gets in, and that is where resurrection is and where repentance is. It is with the brokenness of things.

Jesus said to his disciples 'You are the light of the world'. Some people when they walk into the room brighten up the place, like the sun! Some of us, sad to say, do not always give off light. Most of us, probably, are in between. We are not always the sun, but we are not black holes either. We are somewhere in between. We are the earthen vessels that Paul speaks of in the 2nd Letter to the Corinthians, chapter four. We are the light of the world, but we have this treasure in earthen vessels, clay jars, pieces of pottery that crack and break quite often.

Simply put, we are not perfect, or perfected, yet.

*Ring the bells that still can ring,
Forget your perfect offering,
There is a crack, a crack, in everything.
That's how the light gets in.*

Those words ring true when we are embarrassed about what we might offer the world, or offer God, or much more usually, embarrassed about what we might offer our nearest and dearest. Often, we simply do not have the perfect offering.

Be realistic, says Cohen 'There is a crack in everything. In fact, that's how the light gets in'.

It may just be, however, that cracks are how the light gets out, too. It is when people see our weakness, our woundedness, even our pain and brokenness, that they can also see God's grace, God's light, in our lives.



With every blessing

Sue (Vicar)

The Return of 5 Treasures (Taonga) to their Home

by The Reverend Geoff Crawshaw

53 years ago Geoff Crawshaw met and married Cherie Mardell. One of the surprises that came to our marriage was the possession of a number of Māori artifacts, and it fell to us to be kaitiaki (carers) of these taonga until last month when they were returned to the people of Te Atihounui-o-paparangi at the Putiki Marae in Whanganui.

The items were

- 1 a sacred Mere which belonged to Kawana Kiritoi PaiPai and was used in battle in pre-European times and later, and it always came home in victory, such was PaiPai's prowess. When you held it, it had a power and presence.
- 2 a Korowai (an ancient cloak).
- 3 a Pata (canoe bailer).
- 4 a waka head from a river canoe.
- 5 a large picture of Kawana Kiritoi PaiPai holding his Mere.



Wherever we moved they came with us to Hamilton, Katikati, Hamilton, Taumarunui, Whakatane, Tauranga, Mt. Maunganui, Cambridge, and finally back to Tauranga,

We kept a low profile about them to keep them safe.

Through Cherie's Māori land holdings (Morikanui, Atihau and Whanganui blocks) we kept in touch. A few times Cherie went to the AGM in Whanganui and about 25 years ago she raised whether we were worthy to hold them and was told that she was the legal person and they would always protect her.

Let me at this stage give Cherie's Whakapapa (her blood line):

- Kawana Kiritoi PaiPai was born in 1793 - 1884, the son of Chief Tawhitiiorangi
- His son was Hori Kerei 1826 - 1920
- His daughter was Harete Paipai and she married William Forsyth from the Irish guards stationed at Whanganui
- Thomas Forsyth was their oldest son and the Taonga went to him; it then switched to the female line as there were only daughters from then on
- Charlotte was next: she married another military man called Cumming Clark. Their daughter Moana was next in line, she married Francis Brett (Cherie's grandfather)
- Next was Valda Tui Hingston Brett (Cherie's mother who was married to Thomas Mardell)
- Then in 1967 it came to Cherie, which is where this story began.

18 months ago we talked among our family and our three children felt it was a great responsibility for them and we began exploring ways of returning the Taonga home. Our son Peter did an assignment of the history of the Mere. We have copies of it if anyone is interested. So 15 months ago we made contact with Pūtiki Marae and the Whanganui Museum Custodian. After many months negotiation it was decided to take them home and arrangements began. Cherie then became too sick to travel, and then came the Covid lockdown and it all went on hold. There was even a thought that the Custodian and some Elders might come up in a minivan and the handover could be at St Johns Otumoetai, Cherie died on 20th January 2021.

We continued to fulfil Cherie's wishes and on 23rd April 2021, we all assembled at Whanganui for the big day. The Mere was to be handed over. We met Pahia Turei (the son of Tariana Turei who is also a member of the Pūtiki Marae) – he was our representative and spoke for us.

The Karanga began and we laid the Mere on a sacred mat. As we were not fluent Māori speakers we could only speak after the formal procedures. We all then exchanged hongis and sat in a circle and I spoke first giving the Mere's history with us.

Then a kuia stood up and challenged our Whakapapa. My son responded with Cherie's Whakapapa, then Andrea spoke and we placed the Mere in a special display cabinet. I blessed the display and they recommended we have some kai.



Then I said, 'What about the other Taonga in the back of the car?' 'Bring them in' they said. Well, when the family came in the main door their jaws dropped. They became overwhelmed and we began all over again the passion of welcome.

Then we had some kai and shared for hours.

As an aside, as we locked the display case the curator said that they had just insured the Mere for \$200,000. And we had it wrapped in a towel at the bottom of our wardrobe for 53 years. Whew.

The next day we met at St Paul's Church, next to the Marae (it is an Anglican Church with a long connection through the early missionaries) and had a tour and prayers, then off to the Pūtiki Marae where after various rituals the other Taonga were placed. After about 117 years they had all come home.

As we sang, for the second time our Waiata – yes Andrea taught it to us – the cell phone, which was Cherie's rang in my pocket. It never ever rings, never. When I checked later, it was BOP



Headstones, saying that Cherie's headstone had been completed, with an accompanied photo. Well, well, well, what a God-incidence.

We came home at peace, everything Cherie had wanted was complete.

Praise be to God.

'I treasure these times we share'

by The Reverend Sue Genner

'I treasure these times we share', I said as we ended the call. T and S both live in Wellington and we've known each other for over 30 years. They were the kind of friends where, even though we lived far apart, when we got together in the same city and met up we were immediately comfortable, catching up was fun and conversation always went beyond the superficial. We met occasionally in person and were Facebook friends. Things changed last year during lockdown. We started having regular FaceTime calls together as a threesome and began to connect again on a deeper level. We share things on Messenger and every few weeks we share a call. We share poetry, beautiful music, funny things and our struggles and frustrations, hopes and dreams. So, I treasure the friendship and the shared times. I look forward to our calls.

As children we read 'Treasure Island' and other stories about buried treasures and lost treasures which generally referred to gold and jewels. The dictionary defines treasure as wealth stored up or hoarded, riches, a collection of precious things and finally something of great worth or value. Jesus spoke of treasure using those first meanings to lead us to question what we value. In the Sermon on the Mount, he said 'do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth ... for where your treasure is, there is your heart also'. He likened the kingdom of heaven to a treasure hidden in a field or a pearl of great price for which someone would sell all they had.



In my adult years the romance of buried treasure has paled. I don't look forward to time spent checking my bank balance or pouring over favourite jewellery. I have come to realise that it is people and relationships that matter most to me – these are the things I value.

In church it is not the pretty stained-glass windows that I value most – it is the people with whom I worship and share a cup of tea that I value.

In the Kingdom of God, it is relationship that matters – relationship with God, each other, and the community. These relationships are characterised by caring, compassion, justice and mercy. Because we value these relationships, we make them a priority. As Jesus' parables remind us, how we spend our time, money and possessions reflects what we value and treasure.

There is a wonderful, well-known Māori proverb which goes like this

'He aha te mea nui o te ao

What is the most important thing in the world?

He tāngata, he tāngata, he tāngata

It is the people, it is the people, it is the people'



Matariki

by Angela Stensness

As we farewell June and embark into the true wintery weather of July, we enter a time of celebration in Aotearoa named after the star cluster known in Te Reo Māori as Matariki.



Matariki is of course visible in many other locations around the world and so it is known by lots of other names within various cultures. The Greek name is the Pleiades, in Japan it is called Subaru and in China it is Mao, the Hairy Head of the White Tiger of the West. In fact, Matariki is even mentioned in the Bible:

It is the LORD who created the stars, the Pleiades and Orion. He turns darkness into morning and day into night. He draws up water from the oceans and pours it down as rain on the land. The LORD is his name!

Amos 5:8

Although there are about a thousand stars in Matariki, nine stars are visible to the unaided eye. At this time of year, te iwa o Matariki, the nine stars of the Matariki star cluster can be seen by looking to the north east in the early morning.

In te ao Māori, each of the whetū (stars) is associated with an aspect of wellbeing and the environment. For us as Christians, these nine whetū would seem to provide us with useful prayer prompts of supplication and gratitude at this time of year:

- Matariki (Alcyone) – people’s health and wellbeing
- Tupu-ā-rangi (Atlas) – things that grow up in trees, including fruits, berries and birds
- Waipuna-ā-rangi (Electra) – rainfall
- Waitī (Maia) – freshwater bodies and foods from these waters
- Ururangi (Merope) – the winds
- Tupu-ā-nuku (Pleione) – food that is gathered/harvested from the soil
- Waitā (Taygeta) – the ocean and foods that come from it
- Pōhutukawa (Sterope) – those who have passed on
- Hiwa-i-te-rangi (Celaeno) – attainment of goals.

What a precious taonga we have been given by God in these stars.

Reference: <https://www.sciencelearn.org.nz/resources/2322-the-matariki-star-cluster>

Treasured Memories!

by Helen DÁth

A simple piece of supplejack! Who would have known what treasured memories this brings to me?

My father cut this out of the bush on our farm over seventy years ago and used it to rake in the stray lambs. Look closely and you will see he has shaped the top into a horse’s head. Horses were his passion too.

My dear Daddy passed away far too young, aged 68 in 1970. I just wish I had known him longer as I grew into adulthood.



We had a close relationship when I was young. But as I so wish, I recall many treasured events

.....my first memory (aged five) – I was riding my pony Fanny for the first time – led by my father with a guide rope, but leaning forward to open a gate, he let me go, and Fanny took off! I fell off on the far side of the paddock when Fanny put the brakes on and broke my ankle! My mother was furious, as Fanny had been a brumbie off the Kaimais. Too rough for a little girl not used to riding!

.....he built me an outdoor playhouse, big enough for two, and high enough to stand up inside. He built in a 'kitchen bench' with a little round sink, and a tap attached to a wee water tank outside. Very creative.

.....yes, he was a creative natural builder, he added on/improved every house we lived in. My first memory was his building an inside laundry, shower and toilet about 1950, at our Matamata farm. Wow! And there was also a Hot Water Zip! And, in the front of the house, he incorporated the porch into a spare bedroom.

.....cutting up his breakfast toast my Daddy always put two pieces of buttered toast together and then cut them in half. My mother always disapproved.... He always had a strong black tea – totally opposite to my mother's very weak black tea!

.....and, I will never forget that smell of that 'Havelock Aromatic' tobacco. (He was always an avid pipe smoker.)

.....he imported one of the first new Jaguar cars into New Zealand in 1952, and shocked my mother and an aunt by driving them at 100mph up the Desert Road. That was a family 'scandal' for years!

.....another horsey story – Ross was a new shepherd from town and had never ridden a horse in his life. Daddy made him get onto his horse when he was immediately bucked off. Daddy was cross and impatient and made the poor boy get on and on till he could stay in the saddle.

.....in the days before TV listening to 'Dossier on Demetrius' serial on the radio in front of the roaring fire. 'Quiet please'!

.....my father was both innovative and artistic. In 1956 we went on a three-night cruise from Wellington to Milford Sound on the Monowai, and he went to great lengths to make the most original fancy dress costumes for my mother and himself. He got some large pieces of cardboard from a nearby tobacco factory and turned them into Whiskey and Soda (Johnnie Walker for him and a soda syphon for her). They won first prize but had to discard them for dancing!

.....sad memories now – the only time I ever saw my father cry – after my little Vanessa died, I remember so well opening up the door to my parents, and there he was sobbing.

.....after suffering a stroke, there he was in the hospital bed, trying his hardest to make the nurse understand he wanted a shave as he had visitors. Silly girl didn't comprehend and he was upset.

.....my very last memory: we were parked outside Palmerston North airport terminal, waiting for my plane to take me back home to Tauranga. Daddy would not come inside and was reluctant to say goodbye. He knew we would not see each other alive again.

Treasure

by Bob Shaw

'Lay not up treasure upon earth'...the admonition of Jesus whispers for ever in my ear, but I console myself with the sure knowledge that my 'treasure' rests in God's heaven. Golden memories are worth more than any amount of that heavy metal.



Memory of my maternal grandmother, a saintly lady who adored the church where she worshiped and loved to sit by her fireside while I knelt at her black draped knee to say my childish prayers. My paternal grandmother, possessed of more worldly wisdom, taught me to read at an early age and directed me to the pursuit of learning, from her respected position on the Oxford Education Committee.

At school I sat in the front row of the class, to capture my wandering attention, while the redoubtable Miss D. our history and religious instruction teacher admonished us to take nothing as truth in words or writing, without careful evaluation using our God given intelligence. My father's words were carefully examined and found to be without fault, while my mother's over-protective advice was valued as a golden sign of her unreserved love.

In later years, sitting in St John's Church, I look around to remember the golden friendships forged with faces no longer present, such as my old friend Russ, with whom I sailed on the Bay of Plenty in his yacht 'Fiddle Sticks', and Wilf who crewed for me on 'Ghost'. Golden memories come back of Rod, with whom I walked the forest paths, and whose strong voice brought life to the hymns he sang and the readings he gave. Many others, both ladies and men, shine in memory of church functions and private coffee mornings. Worldly possessions tarnish and grow frail but memories never fade. We carry them with us, closely guarded, until the end of our days.



Matariki and Messy Church

by Angela Stensness

Whilst Matariki is actually visible throughout most of the year, there is a short period of time in June or July where Matariki is hidden from our view by the sun. The reemergence of Matariki from behind the sun is therefore seen as time of celebration, renewal, remembrance and anticipation.



It is fitting then, that at this time of year, following our star-flooded Matariki Messy Church, that we pause to celebrate; renew our commitment; remember; and look forward with anticipation to the year ahead for this aspect of our Children and Families Ministry.

With so many places around the world still struggling to return to regular in person gatherings, we can be grateful that over the last 12 months we have only missed two Messy Church sessions due to COVID changing alert levels and that we were still able to reach our Messy Church congregation with 'Messy Church in a Bag' packs on these occasions. This is certainly cause for celebration. Whilst our numbers continue to fluctuate and are yet to return to their pre-COVID level, it is obvious that God is still at work through our Messy Church and so our commitment to this form of Ministry is renewed.

We also pause at this time of Matariki to remember those who have supported Messy Church in the past and we give thanks for their faithful ministry over the time they were a part of the team. We are grateful for those who began our Messy Church over 5 years ago. We are also grateful for those who have supported Messy Church over that time who are no longer with us. Finally, we are grateful for those helpers who have ceased to be part of the Messy Church team over time due to other commitments or health struggles. We appreciate the commitment of all of these people in sharing the Gospel through this ministry.

Finally, we look with anticipation at the year ahead and what that may mean for Messy Church and Children and Families Ministry at St John's. We look forward to the continued support of our current team and we look forward to welcoming new helpers. Support for Messy Church can manifest itself in a multitude of ways, from administration support, to craft and activity support, to musical support, to food and hospitality support, to prayer support, to cleaning and manual lifting and shifting support, to financial support, to word of mouth support. All of these forms of support are valued equally. We also look forward to continuing to work with our current families who attend Messy Church and to welcoming new people to our congregation. There are so many exciting things to share with our congregation about the love that God has for each of them. What a special taonga we have in Messy Church!

Ngā mihi o Matariki, te tau hou Māori, ki a tātou katoa.

Wishing you all a Happy Matariki!

Musical treasures

by John Beverly

Don Ottavio, in Mozart's Don Giovanni, starts his aria – singing to the wronged Donna Anna – 'Il mio Tesoro'. I have always struggled to warm to this opera finding Don Giovanni – Don Juan – a repulsive, rather than a likeable, rogue. But I can agree with Don Ottavio that often one's real treasure is to be found in a person or people without whom life would be infinitely poorer. Over a lifetime perhaps a number of people may come to be regarded as treasures – particularly parents, siblings, friends but above all one's life partner – but perhaps we should add to this number those who have decisively influenced our life's direction – teachers, colleagues, clergy. So for me treasure lies in relationships.

And I discovered after writing my first few sentences that Martin Luther wrote of music that it is a divine gift that appears throughout nature – but reaches its perfection in human beings. He said also that, next to the word of God, the noble art of music is the greatest treasure in the world. Music is indeed for me an indispensable part of worship – in church but also at home. I value hymns – I am preparing this listening to Maddy Prior singing hymns in a folk idiom – but above all such masterpieces as Bach's St. Matthew Passion. I sometimes imagine what music I would take to my desert island and I always exceed the BBC's ration of 8 pieces – Desert Island Discs being a favourite radio programme. So many musical treasures!



A Tale of Two Taonga (Treasures)

by Geoff Crawshaw

A MAADI CUP

In 1958 Geoff was attending Mt. Albert Grammar School in Auckland and was Captain of the rowing eight. MAGS has a good history of rowing under the coaching of Eric Craies. His two brothers had won MAADI cups before him.



The MAADI cup had been won in Egypt at MAADI and when the soldiers came home they presented it to the NZ Secondary Schools Rowing Association to be competed for the supreme Champion of Secondary rowing. So in 1958 our crew flew to Dunedin. We were billeted with pupils of King's High School.. On the day of the race we climbed aboard a slow train to Lake Waihola, south of Dunedin. There we were loaned an old boat. It was in pretty rough condition, but after 2 hours of hard work we had it cleaned up and the rigging reset and we disappeared out of sight to the other end of the lake.

The gun went off and we rowed our hearts out. Good grief, we won. That night we received the cup at a special dinner and once again preserved the reputation of MAGS. This was the forerunner of the modern MAADI Cup regatta, which today attracts thousands of competitors. It is a Treasure to me (Taonga) and I want it on my coffin one day.



The picture left is a photo taken in Cambridge.

It is Rob Waddell's single skull in which he won the Gold Medal at the Olympic games.

In the photo is his mother Sue, myself and the boatbuilder. That day we blessed the boat and stuck a small wooden cross inside the bow. It was first over the line. Who knows it's probably still there.

From Church Hall to Church

by Suzanne Franklin-Gard'ner

Treasures come in all forms and most of mine are intangible – memories, important and significant times in my life that I can keep safe within me wherever I go and recall them at random.

St John's Church here in Otumoetai is one such 'treasure' because it holds so many precious moments for me beginning back in 1968 when our family first started attending services in the hall.

Those days you needed to arrive early, especially for Christmas and Easter services, or it was standing room only! This prompted Rev'd Titterton, and others, to build a church to accommodate this growing congregation - so he pleaded one day - 'it is time to put your hands in your pockets' to make it happen. After much fund raising and tireless volunteer work it became a reality and on 29th May 1971 Bishop Paul Reeves conducted the dedication service before a gathering of over 500 people - a momentous day of thanksgiving and celebration.



Something was missing though – stained glass windows! However, some thirty plus years later this was rectified when Dr Robin Scoular so generously donated the two beautiful windows that adorn either side of the sanctuary in memory of his dear wife Anne. The radiant 'light' and content that they project is a constant reminder of God's beautiful creation.



This is my 'special home' where I come for spiritual nourishment, to hear and receive the 'Word' and join in worship with my church family.

A unique fellowship exists here and an example of this unity and caring outreach came to the fore in 2011 when we joined together to provide a 'quake brake' for a family of 6 who had suffered from the Christchurch earthquakes. This was a huge undertaking, truly a faith journey, but we did it!

What was surprising, and unexpected, was how people in the community wanted to be a part of it and gave so generously towards it. We managed an inclusive 8-day holiday with flights, timeshare accommodation, food, rental vehicle plus sightseeing tours. Unforgettable was the arrival day at Rotorua airport when our welcoming team met 'our Christchurch family' for the first time. Their excited, happy and smiling faces along with expressions of gratitude made it all worthwhile, reinforcing that it is more blessed to give than receive.



So many happy and joyous occasions for me at St John's – our daughter Cindy receiving her Christian education from Sunday School to the day of her Confirmation conducted by Bishop Paul Reeves. And years later our granddaughter Josie coming to church with me and attending the children's programmes. Then the precious moment of witnessing the baptism of our grandson, Sean.

The re-affirmation of my baptismal vows here on 26th February 2009, conducted by Bishop David Rice, was not only reminiscent of, but formed a link to, my Confirmation on 29th March 1950 at St John's Church in Bermuda.

From happy times to sad times all of which are part of life. The death and funeral for my husband Teddy, who had an affinity here because he received his Christian education in St John's Church, Bermuda. This connection remains intact because I lovingly carried his ashes back there to 'rest in peace' in the Franklin family grave.

I never expected to be granted 'wedded bliss' for a second time in my life, but I did... here...when John Gard'ner and I were joined together in Holy Matrimony. John became a regular worshipper and embraced being a part of this church family.

Unfortunately, sadness struck again with the death of John. His funeral here was not only emotional but memorable for the honour and tribute

paid to him as four RNZAF pilots, bearing the Air Force ensign, preceded his coffin in and out of the church in recognition for his services both in the RNZAF and RAF.

The prayers, support, compassion and sympathy extended to me here during those sad times were invaluable in helping me navigate the healing process of my grief. To quote Queen Elizabeth 'Grief is the price we pay for love'.

It is now 50 years since I began worshipping in this sacred place and to receive Holy Communion from Archbishop David Moxon on the 6th June this year was a blessed anniversary present.

So, I hope, by sharing with you my precious 'treasures' that in some way it may convey why St John's Church is such an important and significant part of my life, as are you, my church family.

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us (Waldo Emerson)



The Gifford family taonga

by Esther Mark

Edward Augustus Gifford my Great Grandfather trained as an Architect and Painter at the Royal Academy London where he graduated RA and winner of the coveted Royal Academy Gold Medal. Following marriage to Emily Cartwright they travelled extensively through Italy and Florence. He painted many masterpieces along the way.

Back in England, 6 children were born while EAG continued to paint commissions throughout Britain. With great encouragement from his younger brother, EAG sold his RA Gold Medal to pay for the family passage to NZ and ultimately Oamaru where his younger brother was the first Anglican Vicar of the Waimate Parochial District.

From the moment EAG set foot on NZ soil his imagination was captured by the pristine beauty of the NZ scenery from shore to Alps. He travelled extensively recording feverishly the fiords, sounds, the back country and the harbours.

The Oamaru harbour was painted every year to record the progress of its growth.

My family was privileged to be raised in a veritable Art Gallery for our large Kauri Villa equipped with picture rails

where hung the most wondrous paintings both oil and watercolour. And two huge architectural drawings entitled Rome as it was and Rome as it is!! With a diagrammatic handbook to walk one through the wonders of Ancient Rome.



Many wonderful paintings of wind-swept Otago coastline, Moeraki, Otira Gorge, Mitre Peak, Lake Pukaki and broad landscapes. EAG also painted a portrait of Bishop Selwyn – it hangs in the Lichfield Cathedral in England.

My life long intrepid friend loved the large oil painting pictured and said let us both go and find the place where this was painted. After letters, phone calls and some dead-ends we located the region. We travelled 15 kilometres up the Lindis pass from Omarama and where the highway veers sharp left drove off the road to the right into the



Ahururi conservation area. We then travelled 25 kilometres up this metal road, with many fords to cross, and yes, the distant Mount Mary with the hills folding down into the valley are still the same today.

In real life you can visit the painting which is my taonga and see it just as EAG saw it in the 1870-80s era. Our Edward Augustus Gifford paintings are distributed among the 5 Gifford siblings. These paintings hang with pride and awe that one man's fervour, courage and talent could provide such an everlasting gift to the heritage of all New Zealanders.

Meet our new Toy Librarian

This month we say goodbye to Yvonne Cooper as our Toy Librarian. She has been excellent in the role over the eight years she has held the position. We wish her well in her new job. Thank you, Yvonne!

Our new Toy Librarian will be Emma who says....

Hi everyone!

I'm Emma van de Molen and I'm delighted to be taking on the role of Toy Librarian. A bit about me... I have a communications, fundraising and events background and I love baking, running and volunteering. My husband Chris and I have two boys – Matthew (7) and Benjamin (3), and we have a friendly dog called Charlie (2) who secretly thinks he is a human. As a family, we enjoy being outdoors, taking part in events, building Lego creations, cooking together and spending time with loved ones.



I'm passionate about play-based learning and I'm very much looking forward to working with Yvonne over the next few weeks to learn the ropes and discover the full range of resources the Toy Library has.

I can't wait to connect with our members, support group and the wider community; and look forward to sharing all that the Toy Library has to offer. I look forward to meeting you all soon!

Treasures in Heaven

Searching for old hymns which talk about treasures, I found this...

No. 36. **TREASURES IN HEAVEN.**
E. E. HEWITT. Matt. 6: 19, 20. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Have we laid up our treasures in heaven? The land where no moth shall consume,
2. Have we laid up our treasures by caring For those who are lonely and sad?
3. Have we laid up our treasures by trusting The Father, whose help is so nigh?
4. Have we laid up our treasures in heaven, Rich treasures of faith, hope and love?

No beau-ti-ful links shall be riven, No frost blight the lily's fair bloom.
Each gift and each happiness sharing, To make others grateful and glad.
Our lives to his counsel adjusting, And serving the Master on high?
If so, what bright stars shall be given, What blessings await us a-bove!

CHORUS.

Won - derful treasures, heav - en-ly pleasures, Nev - er to
Wonderful, wonderful treas-ures, heavenly, heav-en-ly pleas-ures, Never to, never to
per - ish, nor fade a - way;..... Won - derful treasures,
per - ish, nor nev-er to fade, to fade a-way; Wonderful, wonder - ful treasures,
heav - en-ly pleasures, Are..... we lay - ing up treasures to-day?
heavenly, heavenly pleasures, Are we now laying up treasures in heaven, our treasures to-day?

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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.

Contact Us

Vicar:	The Reverend Sue Beverly	
Ph:	576 9923 or Vicarage 570 0424 or 021 432 365	
Email:	sue.beverly@waiapu.com	
Parish Office:	Lynda Wallace	
Ph:	576 9923	
Email:	admin.otumoetai@waiapu.com	
Website:	www.stjohns-tga.org.nz	
Wardens:	Bill Aldridge	021 982 984
	Roger Clark	027 683 8466