

Word and Light

St John's Anglican Parish, Otumoetai



Easter & Autumn

April 2022

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Theme for Word and Light

The theme for the next edition will be **Stars** – this could be stars in the sky, or anything that the word star makes you think about. Articles on other topics you think may be of interest are also welcome. As ever, please use your imagination – there are many possibilities. We look forward to your contributions. Photos will be very welcome!

Please send your contributions to Lynda, the Parish Administrator, by **4th July** Remember that, to keep readers' attention, your articles should not be too long (*up to 700 words*). 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 spent most of my life living in the northern hemisphere. As far as the church year is concerned, this means that Advent and Christmas are in the dark months and Easter in the spring. When we celebrate the birth of Christ during dark, often gloomy, days the season helps us invoke the symbolism of Christ's birth as light coming in darkness: 'The light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it.' *John 1:5*.

Spring is when vitality returns to the land after the desolation of winter and nature's cycle of life, death and rebirth is at its most visible. These signs of new life in spring chime well with the Easter celebration of Jesus' resurrection and the triumph of life over death and love over hatred.

How does my thinking change when we celebrate Easter in the autumn? Autumn is a season of great beauty, but it is also a season of decline: the days grow shorter and summer's abundance decays. Faced with this inevitable winter, what does nature do in autumn? She scatters the seeds that will bring new growth in the spring. Although we may sow seeds in our gardens during autumn, we may be largely unaware of the seeds nature is scattering without our aid.

As we explore autumn's paradox of dying and seeding, we sense the power of metaphor. We may see the many possibilities being planted to bear fruit in a season yet to come. We may see in our own lives what we could not see at the time – how a loss or dead end turned us toward new opportunities. On the surface it might seem that life was diminishing, but silently the seeds of new life were being sown.

This is another metaphor for resurrection. The hopeful notion that living is hidden within dying is enhanced by the visual glories of autumn. Does death possess a beauty that we – who fear death – cannot see? How shall we understand autumn's testimony that death and life are inextricably connected?

Thomas Merton – Trappist monk, writer, theologian, mystic, poet, social activist and scholar of comparative religion – helps answer those questions: 'There is in all visible things...a hidden wholeness'.

In the visible world of nature there is contained a fundamental truth: diminishment and beauty, darkness and light, death and life are not opposites. They are held together in the paradox of the 'hidden wholeness'.

In a paradox, opposites do not negate each other, rather they come together in mysterious unity. We might think we want light without darkness and the glories of spring and summer without the demands of autumn and winter but if we allow the paradox of darkness and light to be, the two will bring wholeness and health to every living thing.

Autumn constantly reminds us that dying is a necessary precursor to new life. If we yield to the endless interplay of living and dying, dying and living, the life we are given will be real and colourful, fruitful and whole.

Here is the final verse of a hymn we sometimes sing at this time of year: *Autumn comes in all its fullness.*

Buried in Autumnal endings
Lies the shoot that bursts the tomb,
For the letting go in Autumn
Sows the seed that births the bloom.
Every death brings hope of birthing,
Every birth enfolds life's end,
For the seasons of our living
Mirror patterns nature penned.

With every blessing for Easter

Sue (Vicar)



Forget the bunnies and the eggs!

By Helen D'Áth

Easter's all about Jesus, and that's why we're here!

Easter memories take me right back to school, and the foundation of my Christian Faith.

For five years I was immersed in religion at Nga Tawa (the Wellington Diocesan School for girls) where we attended Chapel twice daily. On Sundays we had Holy Communion in the mornings and Evensong after dinner. The rest of the day was the traditional day of rest - "silent reading", quiet games, writing letters home, and "cakes" in the afternoon.



We were allowed outside the gates only three days each term, on exeats. Easter was an exception. We had exeats on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, though we had to be back at school each night!

But Good Friday was very different. I can't quite remember how many hours we spent in the Chapel, but it was most of the day, on and off. We had "silent reading" in our house studies for a few hours too, with absolutely NO talking!

So you can see why we revelled in THREE days out of school! Driven home by my father, often with two or three friends for the day, Mother's traditional roast dinners, outside with the animals – Happy Days!

Easter remains an exceptional part of the year for me.

And there's another very special memory I shall never forget – the setting full moon one early Easter morning in 1955. It was absolutely breath-taking! Every Easter I try and see another one, but I have never been so lucky – yet!



HAPPY EASTER everyone!

Recollections of Earlier Times

by Bob Shaw

Times change, there is no doubt about that, and our perception of the world about us changes too. Spring brought renewed prosperity to our little family, as our mother's hens began to lay eggs again and her young pullets began to lay small eggs in the nesting boxes attached to the wooden hen-houses, in which they were kept safe from the fox at night. Soon mother was able to fill trays with fresh eggs for the two old men, known as higlers, to collect and take to the railway station to send to the folk who lived faraway in London. The money from the sale of eggs restored the family budget, at a time when few farmers brought their wagons to my father for repairs.



My cousins in the cities talked of chocolate eggs and chocolate bunnies, but our village shop only stocked bars of chocolate. Bunnies were popping up in the fields and woods around us, ensuring that through the next cold winter there would often be rabbit for the pot. Our village baker did not bake hot cross buns, just plain white bread sprinkled with mouse droppings. What was most important to us was that the land dried up so that our precious store of seeds could be planted early enough to ensure a good harvest.

At church we celebrated Easter with well-remembered hymns, but when the Vicar recounted the Easter Story and told us that Jesus Christ had died on the cross for our sins, we did not know whether to be happy or guilty. It was so long ago and about people who were Jews or Romans. We only knew of one Jew, Lord Rothschild, who was a very rich man living in a vast mansion in the village of Waddesdon on the road to Aylesbury. Romans went to a different sort of church from ours in the market town and spoke a language named Latin.

A few weeks later we celebrated Pentecost on Whit-Sunday. This made good sense to us. The 'Comforter' would speak directly to us each when it was needed, without the difficult, embarrassing, conversation with the Vicar about our domestic problems.

On one notable Whit Sunday I was confirmed a full member of the Church of England by the Bishop of Oxford. Oxford is renowned as the 'home of lost causes'. It was there that Bishops Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were burned together at the stake in the reign of Mary Tudor, for with other sins, insisting on reciting mass in the English language.

Summer brought hay making, when my father was busy repairing wagons and other equipment neglected through the winter. Autumn was a season of joy and hard work. The wheat, barley and oats were cut, stooked and carted.

Women and children descended on the stubble fields for a 'bit o'gleaning' as they called it, picking up the fallen ears of wheat to take home and store ready to be taken to the local mill and ground into flour. My mother and I picked the ripe fruit from our garden, gooseberries and blackcurrants to be bottled in sealed jars for the pies and tarts that would enrich our table in wintertime. Fathers dug crops of potatoes from the ground and stored them in frost free buildings. Carrots were dug out and buried again in sand, while beetroot was cooked and bottled in vinegar. Apples and pears were picked and stored in attics, but plums and other soft fruit had to be cooked and bottled. Late in autumn we held the 'harvest festival' in the church.



This was the best attended service of the year, surpassing Christmas or Easter. We came together to give our thanks to God in Heaven for all his bounteous gifts that would enable us to survive the cold joyless winter. We decked out the church with piles of huge potatoes, huge bunches of carrots, marrows galore, rosy apples temptingly in reach of choir boys.

Huge pumpkins sat on top of the coke heaters idle for months, and the pulpit to which the vicar climbed to address the largest congregation of the year was decorated with dahlias, chrysanthemums, and other flowers from our gardens. There was no need for him to tell us that all this bounty came from the Good Lord God, as we had

seen it, we had ploughed the fields, scattered the seed and reaped the harvest. When the service was over the produce used as decoration was boxed, sacked and otherwise prepared for the village carrier to take to the Radcliffe Infirmary our local hospital in Oxford, with his horse and covered wagon. It is said that the patients resident there became a little tired of stuffed marrow.

The fruits of our labours were stored away to give us joy and pleasure at Christmas time. There was a similar festival which predated Christian times. In the days before Saint Augustine brought the message to the rough mix of Celts, Angles and Saxons who tilled the land in our village, it had been the custom to observe when the nights grew shorter, and the prospect of the end of winter drew nigh, to plunder some of our harvest stores and make fun. So apples were brought down from the attic and given to rosy cheeked children, housewives opened bottles of stored fruit to make dainty tarts and pies, and men relaxed with tankards of home brewed ale.

My maternal grandmother was master wine maker. She was able to take a mash of elder flower and turn it into an enchanting white wine, fit for a rich man's table. Her parsnip wine was as clear as any wine made in France, but a little too sweet for anything other than to accompany the desert.



Those days have gone. Brutally smashed aside by Hitler's war, crushed by the roll out of the supermarket. We have lost the innocence of country village peoples' thinking. The village church stands empty now that the resident priest visits only on infrequent Sundays. The old rectory, with its spacious gardens has been bull-dozed to make way for small brick dwellings inhabited by strangers who commute to the towns far away for their employment. All my old friends who played together in the school yard are now laid to rest in the cemetery on the outskirts of the village in Moat Lane. Using Google World I can look down on the village as it is today, but nothing can bring back the spirits of those who lived and died there in sweet innocence.

Easter Day: the first day of the rest of your life

by Sue Beverly

Alleluia! Christ is risen. He is risen indeed.

The day of the resurrection is the first day of the week. The day of the resurrection marks a new beginning.

For those who encountered the risen Jesus at the tomb, a new phase of life began in a very dramatic way.

Everything turned upside down. It was the first day of the rest of their lives; a new world had dawned.



Perhaps we can identify with this. There may be dramatic occasions in our lives – the birth of a child, a marriage, news of a serious illness, redundancy, loss of a loved one – when we have to face the first day of the rest of our life. These occasions may be marked by elation, sadness or fear or a mixture of emotions.

For those at the tomb it was a mixture: 'they left the tomb quickly with fear and great joy' (Matthew 28.8). Can we identify with their feelings when we face great upheavals or complete changes in our own lives? Calling to mind the impact of Christ's resurrection on the disciples may help us on our way. None of them could have imagined what the future would be. We know because we have the benefit of scriptural accounts, of history and of Christian tradition.



Matthew, in Chapter 28, describes the atmosphere very powerfully. It is dawn on the first day of the week: two beginnings. A descending angel unites heaven and earth. The angel is dazzling and white: 'Do not be afraid; I know that you are looking for Jesus...go quickly...' It conveys reassurance and yet urgency.

Jesus comes, with a simple greeting, a reassurance, and they worship him. He gives the command: 'Go and tell my brothers to go to Galilee; there they will see me'. Everything is over very quickly: mysterious yet unmistakably clear.

This changed the world. Ever since then things have been different, and we are the inheritors of that difference.

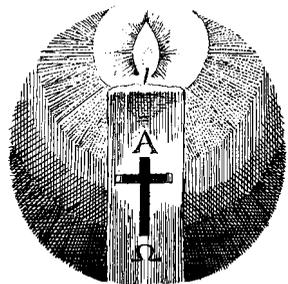
How do we respond to upheavals and changes? Change is often feared. Some changes are very difficult to bear. But is it always justifiable to fear change? Perhaps there are things which need radical change. Maybe we must be brave enough to identify where we need to begin again and establish the first day of the rest of our life: this could be the case for us as individuals, as family groups or as institutions. It may involve fear but it may also bring great joy.

When change comes to our lives – whether it be joyous or sad – faith in the risen Christ provides the reassurance we need. As Paul says in chapter 15 of his first letter to the Christians in Corinth, it is only the resurrection which makes the crucifixion anything other than a horrible end for another failed messiah.

Paul makes the point that the Christian worldview is different. It has the power at the personal level and the rigour at the intellectual level to take on the old worldviews and win – the resurrection is the foundation of the Christian life. With Jesus' resurrection, Paul insists, a new world has opened up, in which the all-embracing power of sin and death no longer holds sway.

We might regard it as paradoxical that the end of the Gospel marks a new beginning. The Gospels are not 'and they all lived happily ever after' stories. They are mysterious stories, all without satisfactory, clear endings, and then there is white space. And then Acts. This is why we read from the Book of Acts in Eastertide. It is the next chapter, it is looking forward.

But of course, Acts does not end tidily either. The story goes on. It is about us – we are part of it. We do not know what the future will hold for us but we do know that, whatever it holds, the risen Christ will be with us all our days.



Easter

by Judith Davies

Jesus' body hangs like a broken butterfly pinned in its frame
His body in threads and in so much pain...
God, His father does not intervene.
I am dying too, so I can have new life
I wriggle and struggle like the butterfly pinned.
“Let me go!” I cry inside. “This is not fair. Where are you God?
Don't you care?”
Jesus learnt obedience unto death For the Joy before Him.
Crying for His persecutors, “Forgive them!
They know not what they do!”
Can I forgive? Can I carry my cross? Will my old man die?
He was already God and the Son. He had nothing to prove.
He knew I was dust. He sent the Comforter as a Companion.
I need Him so, for I am weak But He is strong.
One day I will be with the Lord, the Messiah
All my sadness and emptiness gone.
Ah, the Joy, My reward.
To worship with the angels and adore Him,
is *my* resurrection time.

Autumn: the gateway to Slothsville!

by Shelley Varnam

After the blistering temperatures of summer, the welcome arrival of cooler weather, stunningly sunny days, and darker mornings, autumn is bliss.

Autumn is the time of year our body starts to wind down ready for the slumbering hibernation of winter. As with the astronomical seasons, our minds and bodies have seasons as well. Our suprachiasmatic nucleus (word of the day!) which is our master circadian clock, is a seasonal clock that measures the length of daylight and adjusts our rhythms



accordingly. We naturally start to slow down in the cooler months as the hectic summer energy wanes. The softer feel of autumn allows us to slow down and start preparing for the cold winter ahead. We begin looking forward to snuggly blankets, good books, glowing firesides (if you are lucky enough), nourishing hearty food, and rain on the roof. Our energy levels naturally drop, we can feel sluggish, tired and may put on weight (ugh). Although this can be annoying, it is actually very much part of our rejuvenation and revitalisation process in preparation for the busier energies of spring and summer. We are designed to become 'sloth's' – no excuse necessary!

The season heralds the arrival of my most favourite of fruits – feijoas! Running a close second and third are persimmons and, a little later, tamarillos! I can't get enough feijoas, they are quite weird in their texture, but oh so fantastic to cook with. Feijoa cake, Feijoa chutney,



Feijoa and Chicken curry (trust me!), Feijoa and white chocolate muffins, Feijoa jam, stewed Feijoas, Feijoa and Apple crumble.... the list goes on. Did you know they originated in southern Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, and parts of Argentina, arriving in NZ in the 1920s. The fruit are filled with antioxidant-rich vitamin C, as well as B vitamins, vitamin E, and vitamin K. Feijoas also have plenty of great minerals in them as well, including calcium and magnesium and are full of fibre. But most of all they are just delicious!

Growing up on a dairy farm, I always looked forward to the colder months. Getting up in the wee hours to help my father milk the cows under the dark starry sky, feeding out the hot stinky silage, hand feeding the new-born calves in the hayshed and making sure they had warm dry hay to sleep in! The rhythm of the farm was completely different to the hectic summer days of making hay, grubbing thistles, and whizzing around on the farm bike – I loved it!

The beginning of autumn also meant netball was just around the corner. The reacquainting of club members was great fun after months apart. Our teams were always close knit and we had wonderful times

playing with and against each other. I remember standing on the side lines, freezing cold in tiny t-shirts and skirts, skinny legs covered in goose bumps – those were brilliant days!

Autumn is so beautiful with colours changing throughout the garden. The wonderful and immortal words from Nat King Cole's song 'Autumn Leaves' sums up this gorgeous season beautifully ... 'the falling leaves drift by the window, the autumn leaves of red and gold'.



Easter eggs and autumn leaves

by John Beverly

I cannot say I really recall the Easter when I made myself ill by consuming several Easter eggs before breakfast but my parents used to recount the story. I do remember the Easter tea with my aunt and uncle in the bank house in Dufftown, Banffshire – I do wish they had not got rid of the old Scottish counties – when I tossed an unwanted cake into the next door garden having secreted it in my pocket at the table. The rule was if you take something you eat it. Another feature of our visit to Dufftown was rolling painted hardboiled eggs down a grassy slope in what was then something of a tradition.

I have to say that as a child I struggled to understand the significance of Easter but when I became familiar with Bach's St Matthew Passion the enormous meaning of it was to some extent clearer to me. I believe that this Passion is one of the finest pieces ever composed and to think it needed Mendelssohn to rediscover and revive it many years later!

Autumn meant sweeping up the leaves from under our two large elm trees, stuffing them into sacks to make guys for our 5th November bonfire and assembling every piece of wood in a pile at the bottom of our garden. Our pocket money went on fireworks – my father did not approve of them – but mother must have talked him round. We had a great time round the fire, letting off the fireworks and consuming the party food my mother had prepared. Lewes in Sussex still has an annual Bonfire with celebrity guys and you can probably guess who has featured in recent years – a certain US President was a popular choice!

Sue and I guided at National Trust properties for several years before our move here and autumn was a favourite season whether at Croome in Worcestershire (see photo taken by Sue) or Brockhampton in Herefordshire. The damson crop was splendid at the latter – damson gin is a splendid tippie. I



could never remember much poetry but Keats' 'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' did – and still does – stick in my mind. The only problem with autumn for a golfer is that the wayward ball buries itself in piles of leaves – is a yellow ball better than the standard white or the full range of colours now to be seen in golf shops?

Autumn Fades

by Judith Davies

Autumn

A time of wind, cool mornings, rain, and leaves falling rainbow style
Weeks of sunshine... I forget winter is on its way.

Flocks of birds taking flight to distant lands - a signal that
Autumn's light is dimming, flickering until it is gone.

But I do not care. Hope is always there...

Spring will come again

And birds and bulbs, buds and leaves, will reappear.

I must not be discouraged when all around is dark, - with wars,
Earthquakes, storms and disease. Birth pangs are in the autumn...

The end is near. Jesus will return

Just as winter passes. He will come as the Son.

Risen and glorified. When all seems lost

The sky will be electrified. Trumpets will herald Him.

Truth and beauty, hope and compassion, at such a cost.

Autumn and Art

by Sue Genner

Mention Vincent van Gogh and perhaps your mind would go towards sunflowers. Van Gogh loved sunflowers; they symbolised gratitude and there are five different Van Gogh paintings of sunflowers in a vase.

The sunflower is the national flower of Ukraine and in recent weeks people have been sharing images of sunflowers across the internet. Perhaps you might think of that brutal self-portrait painted after cutting off his own

ear and remember Van Gogh, the artist who suffered so painfully from mental illness. He painted over 900 paintings in his short life and died at the age of 37.



Van Gogh sold very few of his paintings throughout his life but one of the few we know he did sell was the Red Vineyard at Arles. He painted this in the autumn of 1888 and, saturated in the reds, orange and gold that we associate with autumn, it depicts workers in the vineyard at sunset and is considered one of his masterpieces. He said the vineyard was the colour of red wine. The painting was sold to an artist friend for 400 Francs (possibly equivalent to \$2,000), and eventually finished up in a gallery in Moscow. In recent decades Van Gogh paintings have sold for over \$80 million.

Van Gogh was the son of a pastor; he studied theology and undertook missionary training and at the age of 26 was appointed an evangelist in the Belgian mining district. He was dismissed six months later for his lack of preaching ability. He decided to preach not with words but with colour and light.

Van Gogh loved to paint peasants – small landowners and agricultural workers. He valued them as honest and down to earth. Like Jesus, he drew inspiration from those around him. He envisioned his paintings not just in galleries but on the walls of humble, honest folk.

He was a prolific painter but his genius was not recognised during his lifetime and it was 10-15 years after his death that his work really began to be appreciated. Although his life was difficult and he felt like a failure, Van Gogh continued to be inspired by the colours and the seasons changing around him. He continued to inspire others, not just artists but musicians – the beautiful tragic song “Starry Starry Night” by Don McLean was inspired by his life and his art.

On my street there is a tree which, every year at this time, begins to change to the most glorious gold imaginable; it is one of the joys of autumn for me to observe this tree change. All true art was inspired by that original Artist, God. “God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good.” Genesis 1:31. Thank God for artists like Vincent van Gogh who help us see the world around us, including the colours of autumn, in new ways.



Falling and rising again

by Beryl Dent

On looking at my favourite photos of the Fall Foliage in New England I was reminded of words from the Book of the prophet Isaiah, 'The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God will stand forever' *chapter 40 v.8.*



Autumn is the time when nature dies off ready to replenish the goodness from the earth and so appear refreshed in the springtime.

To me Easter is a speeded-up version of this. Christ died on Good Friday but rose again on the third day. Nature takes several months.

We often go on retreats to meditate and take time to increase our faith and renew our trust in God. This is so important this year with the crises in the world.

Autumn in McLaren Falls Park

by Sue Beverly



McLaren Falls Park is one of Tauranga’s treasures. I am sure many, if not most of you have been there. Did you know that the park is home to one of the best botanical collections of trees in New Zealand? In autumn, there are many different colours on display including dazzling rusty-red cypress trees.

John and I have been there in all seasons but our favourite time to go is in the autumn when autumnal colours are vibrant. We have explored many of the tracks in the 190-hectare park. I took the photos feature in this article – and the one on the front cover – in the Park at the end of April 2021.



New Zealand is fortunate in having four distinct seasons, and each has something unique to offer. Autumn is probably the most photogenic as our deciduous trees show a riot of colour often set against clear blue skies.

It helps that the weather can be beautiful – the mornings crisp, and the afternoons bathed in golden light.



The Christ we Share **Tuesday 12th April at 7pm**

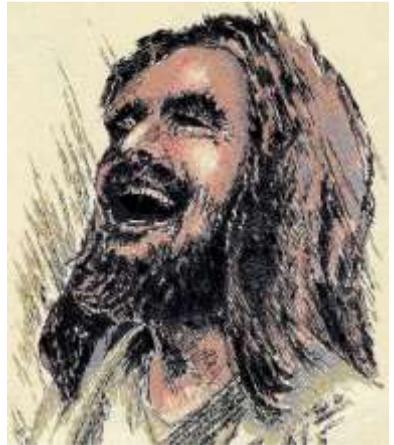
At 7pm on Tuesday 12th April (during Holy Week) there will be a meditation entitled *The Christ we Share*. We will look at pictorial representations of Jesus Christ from different parts of the world.

This will take place in church and via Zoom. Those on Zoom will be able to see the full presentation.

How we see Jesus influences what we think the Christian life is about. In Jesus, God was given a face and a heart. God became someone we could love. God became a person – in the words of the 1st letter of John – ‘that we could hear, see with our eyes, look at, and touch with our hands’. (1 John 1:1). The brilliant C20th Jewish philosopher Emmanuel Levinas (1905-1995) said the only thing that really converts people is ‘an encounter with the face of the other’.

There is no accurate description of what Jesus looked like. Some of the earliest images of Jesus set in non-European cultures were ‘contextual’. Many of those we will see depict the process of ‘inculturation’: Jesus is truly incarnated into that culture, as into every place at every time, and by doing so transforms it into something new and dynamic. We will see images which show Jesus incarnated into many different racial groups worldwide including oriental and African. This is in stark contrast to the so-called ‘raceless’ European Christ who has light skin, wavy brown hair and blue eyes.

The image above is often called *The Laughing Christ* although its proper title is *Jesus Christ: Liberator*. Copies of this picture have been found in several different settings worldwide. Its original source is unclear. God does not will suffering; but rather fullness of life and love for all. Even in the midst of poverty and oppression there can be joy. Luke’s Gospel says ‘those who suffer today shall laugh tomorrow’.



HOLY WEEK and EASTER Services

Sunday 10 th April	Palm Sunday 8.30 am and 10.00 am
Tuesday 12 th April	The Christ we share 7.00 pm <i>in church and via Zoom</i> <i>Images of Christ from around the world</i>
Thursday 14 th April	Liturgy of Maundy Thursday 7.00 pm
Friday 15 th April	Liturgy of Good Friday 2.00 pm
Sunday 17 th April	Holy Eucharist for Easter Day 8.30 am Holy Eucharist for Easter Day 10.00 am <i>with special Easter ceremonies at 10am</i>



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.

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