

# WAIAPU News

Issue 30

April 2008



It's miles off the beaten track, so why were Bishop John and ministry convenor Jack Papuni heading up there with the diocesan chequebook? Turn to the back page >.

# Drawn to Waiapu

## Dean of Dunedin heeds the call: Go north, young man

**W**aiapu's Bishop-elect, David Cappell Rice, is a rare specimen: he's equally at home in town and country, and he slips readily from high eucharist to laid-back storytelling in the central aisle. He is also just 47 years old, which means he's hardly into full stride as a churchman on the move.

As Dean of St Paul's Cathedral in Dunedin for the past six years, David has warmed to the role of building stronger ties between church and city. But it hasn't been easy. He took over a cathedral that was still groaning after the travail of scandal and litigation, and the fact that St Paul's is now securely the mother church of the diocese *and* the heart of the Octagon is due in large part to his careful hand.

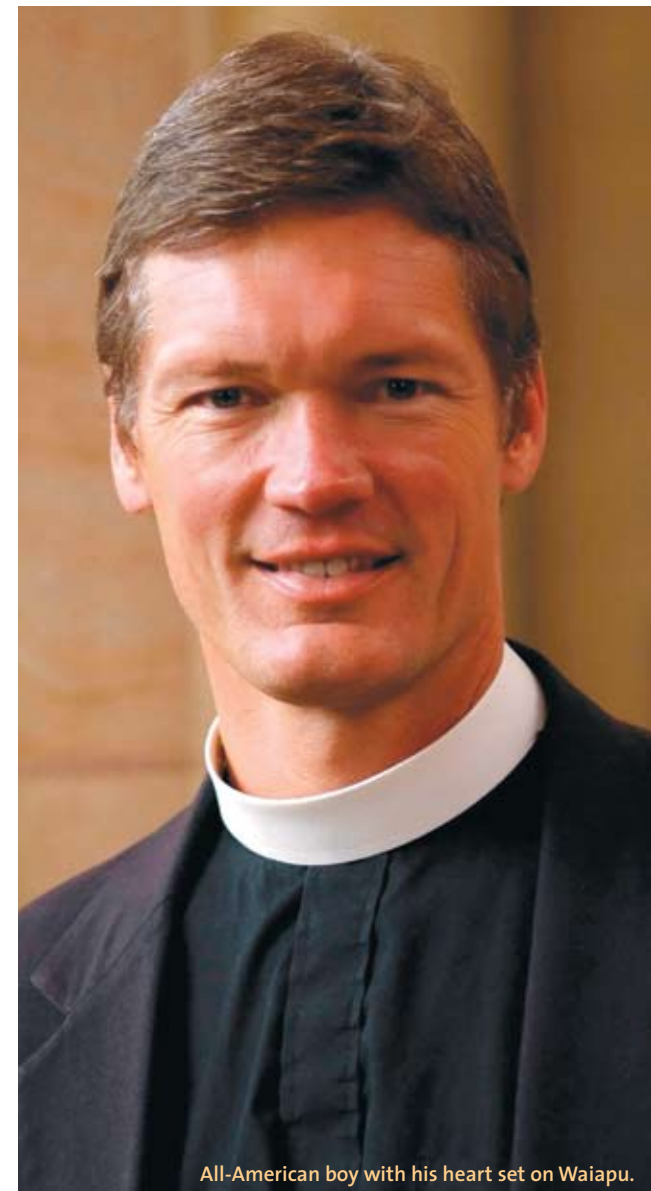
"It was a complete rebuilding project," he recalls. "No budgets, no committees, no funds... So we implemented all these things, and built a lot of very significant relationships with the city and the university. Now, in my seventh year it's a solvent cathedral."

Before all that, of course, David Rice was the quintessential country pastor, in the Parish of Mt Herbert, on Banks Peninsula. His regular round took in six little churches and a diverse flock ranging from fourth-generation farming folk to dormitory professionals from Christchurch.

"Up until then I'd been a suburban cleric," he says. "Now, here I was, driving a newly acquired 1962 Morris Minor, like the Vicar of Dibley, all over Banks Peninsula. I absolutely loved it."

David and his wife Tracy spent just under five years in Mt Herbert before the call to Dunedin. And prior to that? Well, this is where David's career path becomes even more interesting, because he's actually an American citizen (of Irish and Cherokee descent) and a johnny-come-lately to Anglicanism.

His story begins in the Appalachian Mountains – hometown Lexington (pop.20,000) in North Carolina – where he won >>p2



All-American boy with his heart set on Waiapu.

# Called to Waiapu...

by Brian Thomas and Lloyd Ashton

>> an athletics scholarship to Lenior Ryne, a Lutheran college, on the strength of his tennis and gridiron.

Yes, he's tall – 6ft 4in – and he weighed 110kg back in the early 1980s. "I was recruited as a quarterback," he says, "but they moved me to a receiving position because of my height. I lined up with all the brute guys – not quite as glamorous as Dan Carter – but I also went and caught passes from the quarterback. I lived in both worlds."

On the academic side he took degrees in history and religion, winning a place in Duke Divinity School in Durham, where he began studying for a Master's in Christian ethics. Duke is a Methodist seminary but its students cover the Christian spectrum. It also has a world-class faculty, including theologian Stanley Hauerwas.

The doyen of southern preachers, William Willimon, was dean of the chapel and therefore another strong influence on David during his Duke years. They jogged together out of class time, and David picked up some mighty fine rhetorical skills from the master.

David also met Tracy at Duke, and their first appointment as a couple was to a Methodist church in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1989. "It was a large parish – 2000-3000 members – and similar in style to an Anglican church. We stayed for three years, then decided to give the southern hemisphere a try."

The lure downunder wasn't completely out of the blue. After college, David had taken a year off to cycle Europe and the East, and he'd met up with a lot of Kiwis and Aussies along the road.

He liked them – *naturally* – and so dawned a desire to one day explore this part of the world. Tracy picked up on his interest while the couple were in Charlotte, and eventually David put out some feelers to both Australia and New Zealand.

"Then someone from a Union parish in Thames, Coromandel, rang me and said: 'We're in vacancy. Come and do supply ministry for a couple of years.'"

David's bishop wasn't pleased but off the couple went, in 1991. "And what a great introduction it was – to New

Zealand *and* to biculturalism," David says.

Their son Ian also was born during their time in Thames, and they might have put down roots then. But pressure from zealous grandparents and an *over-zealous* bishop saw the family return to North Carolina at the end of two years – to another Methodist parish in the area where David had grown up.

"The place exploded, in the best possible way. It was a very successful parish, and our daughter Zoe was born there also." But their taste of New Zealand had left them hungry for more, and after three years they decided that their future lay downunder.

They arranged a "reconnaissance" exchange with a Methodist minister in Rangiora, just out of Christchurch, and this led to a lengthy lunch one day with Bishop David Coles. *Why this sudden interest in Anglicanism?*

Well, you could say that the Episcopal seed had been germinating in David for years. "I was well known in Methodist circles as a high sacramentalist," he says, "so the shift to the Anglican Church was very natural.

"In many ways, it was a coming to fruition of many influences over the years, starting at seminary. Tracy was Episcopalian, and our son was christened in the Episcopal Church. Liturgically, it was a better fit for me. Theologically as well."

Of course, it meant that David would have to be re-ordained as an Anglican priest, but he was very clear about what he wanted. So, in 1997, the family moved into the Mt Herbert vicarage in Diamond Harbour – and David planted both feet on the road to episcopacy.

**W**aiapu offers many attractions. First off, there's the bicultural nature of the diocese, which resonates with the Cherokee strand to David's whakapapa. "It's a diocese with a rich history, and my hope is that it will continue to enrich the tikanga-rua relationship within the whole church."

Another attraction is Waiapu's moderate to open theology – "and if anybody looks at my track record they'll

see that it's a good fit," he says.

"I love the synchronicity of the fact that I'm going to a diocese that's not named for a town or province, but for abundant waters – a river.

"As a town and country lad, I look forward to leaning over a fence and having a conversation with a farmer, or maybe going flyfishing with that farmer."

Waiapu, get used to fishing metaphors, because David Rice is an avid angler. He also swims daily, runs marathons, and cycles. Plenty of scope for all of that in Waiapu, *but where will he find the time?*

He's already talking to other bishops about the demands of the job, and he's fully aware that he'll do much of his thinking behind the wheel of the episcopal sedan.

"I'm a husband and father as well, so I'll try to juggle those things as best I can – to make all those concerts and soccer games, but also to do what I'm passionate about: *work!*"

Despite his North American lineage, David owns a passion for the church in these islands. "I think I'm also bringing a broad worldview, an ability to unite people, and a positive approach. We have endless possibilities as a church; that's why I stay in the game."

But he's under no illusions that he has all the answers. "I'm mindful that in every parish where I served, I learned a lot about ministry. Dunedin taught me about deanship, and I expect Waiapu to teach me about being a bishop.

"I welcome the learning curve ahead of me. I'm also confident that in learning what Waiapu is, I'll learn where Waiapu wants to go.

"Episcopacy is about loving people and the place where you are. As a boy from the Appalachians, that pretty well resonates with me."

**David Rice will be ordained and installed as the 15th Bishop of Waiapu in the Cathedral on Saturday, June 7. The service is still shaping up, but it's sure to capture components of David Rice's own whakapapa, as well as elements of Waiapu's unique identity.**

# Opotoki ordinations reflect the Easter hope

**N**o one at Hiona St Stephen's could be sure, but it's probably a hundred years since the historic Opotiki church hosted an ordination. And certainly never four, as happened last month when Bishop John ordained Mary Irving as deacon from Papamoa Mission, Frank Ngatoro and Pat Davidson as priests from Waikohu Co-operating Parish, and Jenny Reynolds as Priest from Edgumbe/Kawerau Parish.

Famous as the place of Volkner's (the first vicar's) murder and Mokomoko's pardon for wrongful blame, the beautifully restored church houses the pardon in the porch as a sign of its commitment to reconciliation in a town that still bleeds from the confiscation of half a million acres in response to the Volkner killing.

The current vicar, Jim Austing, addressed the packed congregation:

"Welcome to this sacred place, to the place of the joining of the Otara River and Waioweka River flowing out to the Pacific. To this place of the gathering of peoples, spirits, chiefs. Welcome to this sacred place. Welcome to this wounded place, to the place of Volkner and to the place that marks the reinstatement of the mana of Mokomoko.

"To this wounded place which bears the signs of the efforts of healing – the sandblasted windows as a gift from Torere, and the Tukutuku and Kowhaiwhai crafted by local people, all of which speak of reconciliation, peace, and new life.

"Welcome to this place which in its history is of special significance to the whole of the Diocese of Waiapu, and which as a place of wounds and healing is an especially appropriate

place for the ordinations of those who are called themselves to be wounded healers."

As a venue for a diocesan ordination, Hiona St Stephen's proved to be a powerful place of memory and hope – the two poles of Christian vocation as Bishop John explained in his sermon.

He challenged the candidates to be bearers of hope and witnesses to the resurrected presence of the risen Christ.

From a history better known for death and despair, the ordination liturgy was an encouraging Easter experience for the Anglican community in Bay of Plenty and Eastland and strongly supported by clergy and lay people from across the two regions.



Newly ordained at Opotiki on Sunday, March 30: From left, Frank Ngatoro (priest) from Waikohu, Jenny Reynolds (priest) from Edgumbe/Kawerau, Bishop John, Mary Irving (deacon) from Papamoa Mission, and Pat Davidson (priest) from Waikohu.

## So how do you read the Bible?

Anglicans haven't spent much time together examining how differently they read the Bible. But two recent national conferences have signalled this is work long overdue.

Through different eyes and understandings of Scripture, the same text can produce radically varying results. And for a church that claims to base its life and behaviour on Scripture, that spells trouble ahead.

Waiapu aims to address the challenge in a series of regional workshops over the next three months. They will be open to everyone who wants to deepen their knowledge and skills in biblical reading and interpretation.

Biblical scholar Dr Howard Pilgrim, Vicar of Gisborne and well known across the diocese for his workshops on Bible study, will lead the regional programmes with the support of our diocesan delegates to last August's national

conference on hermeneutics (interpreting the scripture).

Resources from that conference will be made available along with some hands-on small group experience of breaking open the meaning of key biblical texts.

All lay and clergy people are welcome from teenagers upwards, regardless of your level of biblical and theological background.

Please register your interest with Jan Downing no later than two weeks before the workshop to ensure a minimum enrolment is reached.

- Bay of Plenty Region: May 31 in Rotorua
- Napier/Hastings (Hawke's Bay): June 21 at St Augustine's, Napier
- Southern Hawke's Bay: June 28 in Dannevirke
- Eastland Region: July 26 at Holy Trinity, Gisborne

# Not with a whimper but an AMEN

And all the assembly said "Amen," and praised the Lord. – *Nehemiah 5:13b*

In recent years there has been much emphasis on the active participation of the congregation in worship. But one seemingly small word keeps being withheld from the people, and stolen by the clergy for their own use. AMEN is a cry of assent, a shout, an affirmation. Yet often we experience it as a barely audible whimper.

A small but mostly forgotten piece of good advice (in earlier days this was known as a 'rubric\*') on page 549 of *A New Zealand Prayer Book He Karakia Mihinare o Aotearoa*, would help congregations to reclaim their AMEN. Liturgy is always invitation and response. Liturgy is first of all

God's invitation and our response. Good liturgy needs to echo this through the presider's invitation and the people's response.

A prayer needs to draw out a response from the people. People feel confident and secure that this invitation has been extended if they clearly recognize some words of invitation. A prayer that seems to finish in mid-air, leaving the congregation to guess whether it has ended, does not evoke a confident AMEN. The person praying the prayer and saying the people's AMEN for them, (with perhaps a straggle of muttered congregation 'Amens' following) simply confirms the congregation in their passivity.

"Amen":

We are present. We are open.

We hearken. We understand  
Here we are; we are listening to your word.

"Amen" makes demands

Like a signature on a dotted line:  
Sober bond to all that goes before;  
No hesitation, no half-heartedness,  
no mental reservation allowed.

"Amen":

We support. We approve.  
We are of one mind. We promise.  
May this come to pass. So be it.  
Be careful when you say "Amen."

– **Barbara Schmich**

\*A rubric is a bit like a good secretary, who knows how things should be done, and even more importantly, how they shouldn't be done!

## Towards Pentecost

Easter arrived early this year, and as a result the church calendar seems to have sped up. We barely recovered from Christmas before it was Lent, Easter came partway through the first school term and now we're heading towards Pentecost, already.

But what is Pentecost? How should we prepare? How can we prepare? Pentecost doesn't bring with it the community recognition that other Christian festivals do, but it is a wonderful, joyous celebration of the birthday of our church. For it was on Pentecost that the disciples were equipped for their mission by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The lectionary reading for Pentecost, Acts 2:1-21, relates the story of the transforming events of that day. The disciples had waited, and waited, and waited since Christ's Ascension nine days earlier. Some probably waited patiently, and some with ill-disguised impatience. It could have felt like waiting for an overdue pregnancy to come to an end, or for NCEA results, or for loved ones to return

home from overseas.

And then, suddenly, a sound like the blowing of a violent wind came from heaven and filled the whole house where they were sitting. They saw what seemed to be tongues of fire that separated and came to rest on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in

other tongues as the Spirit enabled them (Acts 2:2-4).

Were the disciples frightened, or emboldened? Were they puzzled or confident? A mixture of all these emotions? The imagery of fire and wind may seem nebulous. But just how do you convey the feelings involved in such an experience.

Maybe, like St Basil the Great, Bishop of Caesarea, we can describe what the Holy Spirit does. He said, "Through the Holy Spirit we are restored to paradise, led back to



the kingdom of heaven and adopted as children, given confidence to call God 'Father' and to share in Christ's grace, called children of light and given a share in eternal glory."

What a wonderful, awe-inspiring, all-consuming gift. How could we not be excited and overwhelmed by the gift of the Holy Spirit? We as Spirit-filled people, are able to achieve what might seem unachievable. We are Christ's hands and feet here on earth, until he comes again.

So how should we prepare for Pentecost?

By celebrating the birth of our church.

By remembering the millions of faithful believers who have gone before us.

By being open to the work of the Holy Spirit and by praying 'Your will be done, on earth as in heaven.'

I'll leave the last few words to St Augustine of Hippo, who expresses the essence of Pentecost in a way that is moving, and very real:

*"Breathe in me, Holy Spirit, that I may think what is holy.  
Move me, Holy Spirit, that I may do what is holy.  
Attract me, Holy Spirit, that I may love what is holy.  
Strengthen me, Holy Spirit, that I may guard what is holy.  
Guard me, Holy Spirit, that I may keep what is holy."*

Shalom. – **Oenone Woodhams**

# Coming home to serve

By Adrienne Bruce

Two “new” arrivals in Eastland are actually returnees after more than 40 years away. They are the Rev Wally Te Ua, recently installed as Ecumenical Hospital Chaplain to Tairawhiti Health, and his wife Lynette, who brings a wealth of experience in social services to the role of Manager of Anglican Care’s Elder Care Rest Home and Hospital, Te Wiremu.

## Wally Te Ua

Originally from Waihirere in the Gisborne area, Wally left in 1964 when he began his first period of service in the Army. During this time he served in Viet Nam.

Having trained at St John’s College with Wally around 1980-81, I asked him where he had been in the last 25 years: “Following Jesus, of course,” he said, “a political Jesus, not the meek Lamb of God. This has taken me to some pretty horrific places which started at college.

“I was on the field in Hamilton for the aborted Springbok game in ’81. George Armstrong had a profound effect on my theology, which was narrow-minded, evangelical and conservative. George, through his lectures and friendship, convinced me that I needed to be a lot broader in my thinking.”

Perhaps one of the more formative experiences for Wally in this time was a conversation with “a guy in Otara who said to me: ‘What ... has your Jesus got to do with getting me a job?’ This floored me and from then on I have been working at unravelling that challenge.”

This challenge has taken Wally through the World Council of Churches network based in Singapore and a stint at St Paul’s, Symonds Street in Auckland. Wally’s ongoing search in terms of Jesus and the poor saw him working for the Maori Mission in Auckland, involved with the NZ Prisoners’ Fellowship, and subsequently working for the Department of Justice as a probation officer in South Auckland.

He was also a senior social worker for Social Welfare, working in child protection in South Auckland, and he continued to chase the question of whether social action really worked in the lives of the people.

In 1990 he returned to “the fold” as chaplain at Starship Children’s Hospital in Auckland, followed by other chaplaincy roles, including prison, the military, and in 2004 aged-care chaplaincy for the Uniting Church in Sydney.

Wally has served three stints in the army: first as a soldier in Vietnam, then in the 80s as a chaplain, and again in the 90’s. “Chaplaincy is a specialist ministry – often working in isolation, but with the wonderful opportunity to be the human face of God, open to people’s ideas which might contradict my own.”

## Lynette Te Ua

Lynette comes from the far north, from what is often referred to as Tarara ancestry – the name given to those from Croatian and Maori whakapapa. Lynette remembers with fondness her aunt, Dame Mira Szászy, whom she credits with having the biggest influence on her life.

Following in these very large footsteps, Lynette began her working life by training as a social worker. She then worked for a large number of government agencies, starting with Maori Affairs, then Social Welfare, the Education Department and Probation. She was also Human Resources Manager in the Army for a period and



Governor for the Mt Eden Women’s Prison for several years.

With the move to Australia Lynette worked in Juvenile Justice in Sydney and then for a philanthropic non-denominational Trust “Mission Australia” based in King’s Cross. This work included helping women to escape domestic violence, work with intravenous drug-users and those struggling to cope post-operatively following transgender surgery.

Many of the people Lynette worked with were Maori, and often from Gisborne and Wairoa – “a huge learning curve.” She spent three years in this work before coming to work with Anglican Care in Gisborne.

Lynette’s position means a complete change of client group. However, social justice issues are still just as important as ever.

What do this couple do for relaxation? They have a great love of music, jazz in particular. Lynette is a keen singer and Wally plays guitar.

# Very retro for some timeless fun

By Adrienne Bruce and Noel Hendery

It turns 30 next year but it's still a kid at heart. It has its own traditions, it's quite churchy, but it's hot – well, like, pretty warm, eh. Under cloudless skies, at the Riverbend Camp on the outskirts of Havelock North, Waiapu Top Parish 2008 maintained the momentum by being the biggest of recent years.

Buses arrived in late on the Friday night from both Eastland and the Bay of Plenty and all were raring to go early the next day. This year's theme was *1970s retro*.

Saturday morning began with the marchpast – 250 young people, 34 teams from Woodville to Tauranga, from Hukarere school in Napier to Manawa o te Wheke Rohe in Waikato / Bay of Plenty, plus at least 30 helpers.

Each parish strutted its stuff in front of the judges, Bishop John and Liz Bluck. Banners, barracking and bribery. The Bishop briefly looked impressively pop retro in an Afro wig, one of the shady gifts from the competing teams. The Cathedral choristers won with their uncathedral-like cheer-leader dance. Very 70s. Very retro.

Then to the games. At least 19 games challenged the teams in both morning and afternoon sessions.

Wine waiters carefully propelled in wheelbarrows balanced their “wine” glasses on a tray as they raced against the opposing team.

Water balloons became grapes to be transported by a human chain into wine barrels for trampling and a final score.

Kamikaze antics were performed on Swiss balls being walked from one line to another.

A predominant rural theme included gumboots thrown at a target area, ‘lamb’ bean bags mustered on electric fencing, person-to-person along a line, three farmers in fadges attempting to synchronise their jumping as they traversed a course to score more rounds than their



opponent team, and the Tux Wonder Kids and their obstacle course. And, naturally, lashings of water flying.

Lunchtime saw the first elimination stage of the Bishop-for-the-Day competition, with challenges including: *Explain why you should be elected bishop* (Sample answer: “Because I’m awesome”) and (To show you understand the church that you are about to lead) *How is Easter dated – according to daylight saving, the moon or the Pope?* The first unsuccessful contestants are unceremoniously

bundled out.

Back to the games. By 3pm the contestants and marshals are wilting under the sun. We do only 13 of the planned 14 games.

Free time until dinner and the concert. More Bishop contenders are disposed of by another round of ecclesiastical questions. *Is St John’s Cathedral dedicated to St John the Evangelist, the Baptist or the Divine?*

Then the concert; the chaotic variety one would expect.



Some funny, some clever, some ... different. The dancing of the JC Rokkaz is outstanding; a stunning display of dancing in a strobe light.

The Bishop for the Day is elected – Bruce Reeves from Te Karaka – and given his robes and motorcycle mitre. The old bishop is given a standing ovation for what he has done and who he has been for the young people of the Diocese, and Josh sings him a song:

*“Bishop John is like a retractable pencil.  
If you push them too hard they will break...  
Bishop John is like sticky tape.  
When he preaches it’s hard to see the end.”*

Sunday morning: the Cathedral is full of people of all ages. The Weber Saints dance in the aisle, Ngongataha act out the Gospel, Hannah Jacobi and Josh Reid speak together thoughtfully from the pulpit. The Bishop for the

Day does episcopal things.

The awards are presented: Junior Top Parish team is Havelock North and the Open category is won by Taradale.

“Go back home and tell your people that you are all top parishes,” Bishop John advises.

The women of the Cathedral parish have made up 250 filled rolls and teams headed for home, lunch in hand, tired but buzzing.

So many were thanked for their efforts for yet another successful Diocesan youth event: marshals, message runners, cooks (awesome baking from AAW members and parishes around the diocese).

Of particular note must be Jocelyn and Alex Czerwonka who not only hosted the youth interns all summer, co-ordinated the Waiapu Parachute team, and were integral to the running of Top Parish – they then returned home to

Dannevirke to face the packers early the next morning for their move to St Luke’s Parish in Rotorua. Thank you.

**Results:**

**Games Open Section**

- 1: Retro Bunnies from All Saints’ Taradale,
- 2: JC Rokkaz 1 from Te Karaka,
- 3: Abbey’s Angels from Dannevirke.

**Junior Team Section**

- 1: Bush Bois from Havelock North,
- 2: Charlie’s Angels from St Mats,
- 3: Te Karaka’s JC Rokkaz 3.

**March Past Trophy**

Won by The Cathedral Parish.

**Concert**

Overall Best Performance: JC Rokkaz,  
Most Promising Award: Ngongotaha,  
Most Creative: Woodford House.

# Recognising Resurrection...

**W**e've got good reason for saying Christ is risen indeed. Ten million million believers can't be wrong, as we'd say if we ever got around to making a television ad for the Christian faith. Our product has been proven under the most rigorous trials and extreme conditions.

But it wasn't always like that, and it certainly wasn't like that on the first Easter morning. Back then it was very ambiguous as to just what was going on.

A few women would have been able to say Christ is risen indeed, but the men they rushed off to tell couldn't have said that. It took the disciples days and months to believe. Ask Thomas, even Peter on the first morning whether Christ was risen and they would have said, *Risen, indeed, yeh right*.

And the 500 that Paul says met the risen Christ would have said he is risen indeed but it took years for the church to embrace a resurrection faith and three centuries to overcome the shame of their leader's execution as a criminal.

Resurrection confidence didn't come overnight. It had to build through the layering of faithful lives and communities, each story of new life grafted on to one before.

So how do we read the Easter story in Waiapu some 2000 years later? When we say Christ is risen indeed, just what are we saying? The gospel story helps us, not by expecting to imitate or replicate the first Easter experience, but by suggesting how and where resurrection might happen for us now. And that is really all we're entitled to claim from the story. When we say Christ is risen indeed we don't have to claim to know exactly how it happened, because no one in the story saw it happen and the four versions of the story disagree on some of the details.

What we are claiming is something more outrageous than any foolproof historical record. We're saying this is a story of something so true you can stake your life and your death on it, and the new life it describes is something you

**Bishop John suggests some ways of recognizing the presence of the risen Christ, right here and now in Waiapu**

can experience and know for yourself, if you're prepared to wait for it.

So just quite how might this resurrection happen for us now? The story shows us how.

First it suggests we should expect a lived experience rather than an observable event. Resurrection wears a thousand forms, the risen Christ is seen in thousand faces, ten thousand as Gerald Manley Hopkins' poem says. The experiences differ as greatly now as they did on that first morning when the disciples rushed hither and thither, and the rumours swirled around town, and strange things happened, and the followers ended up that first night huddled in a locked room, bewildered and scared stiff, and the next day still couldn't believe what they had all heard and only some of them had seen.

When the Christ did reappear and walked with a couple of them to Emmaus, they still didn't recognize him.

These first encounters with the risen Christ need to be read carefully, for they aren't like other stories of miraculous meetings with angels and heavenly beings at all. For example, they are nothing like the experience of Paul on the Damascus road that changed him from righteous Pharisee and persecutor, to passionate Christian disciple.

That was ecstatic, visionary stuff, literally blinding in its intensity.

But the resurrection stories aren't like that. They're full of down-to-earth, everyday, physical details. Breaking bread, eating fish, cooking breakfast on the beach. All framed with a familiarity that is vivid and tangible even if it doesn't last very long, and keeps taking you by surprise.

Don't look up to heaven for resurrection, this story is saying. Trust the evidence in front of you, all around you,

wherever new life is being tasted and new hope is being born.

The gospel is also saying to us that this resurrection experience will come if we wait but always and only on God's terms and not our own. It didn't happen to Jesus through some extraordinary effort or achievement of his own, he didn't earn it or deserve it. It happened to him out of the unpredictable miracle of grace and produced a presence that was familiar enough to be recognized sometimes, but mostly utterly different.

We're talking here about resurrection, not resuscitation, transformation not alteration. It's not like that poem you often hear read at funerals where the dead person is said not to have died but simply slipped next door to a bigger room. That risks reducing the true scale of resurrection which is matched only by the depth of pain and brokenness and the terror of sin and death. Nothing less than transformation is needed to end all that.

The new life in Christ we are promised if we wait and hope will turn us inside out and upside down, over and over, tumbling into eternity and beyond. That is the hope of Easter morning.

And all the trimming back and cutting down of this story to manageable, sensible size will do us no good. We may as well go to the movies instead and settle for Disney productions, like *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*.

Resurrection can't be shrunk and managed. Its outrageous and impossible and utterly beyond anything we imagine or control.

The gospel story gives us another clue to where we might expect to find resurrection. For so long we've read this Easter narrative through very personal, private eyes, as if to say, unless I feel and touch the truth of the story and know it on my terms, right now, then I can't believe it at all. Doubting Thomas had a big family. Tailor-making resurrection to fit me and my needs has been a growth industry for a long long time.

But it won't work with this story. Because what God is promising us here is what God has been promising and





Sunrise at the mouth of the Waiapu

offering all living things since the world began.

This is not a personalized story for religious people to read and own alone. It's as much a story about the first morning of creation as it is about the first Easter in Jerusalem. It's no accident that both stories happen at first light, in a garden for goodness sake, the first Adam and the second Adam, the first creation now renewed and redeemed in the new creation we know in Christ, the foretaste of the way the world could be again, the world that got so lost and now makes a new beginning.

Beware of domesticating this Easter story. It doesn't belong on the shelves of a Christian convenience store. It's promise is held out for all the world to see and enjoy.

And its available to any of us who dare to wait for it and expect it to happen. Christians have got the inside

track on seeing how it works, but we can claim no special privileges, no franchise rights, no exclusive control.

And the best place to taste this resurrection and let it happen to us is not in the comfortable places where things are going well and the forces of death and brokenness and pain are well at bay. Unlike conservation campaigns for saving electricity, good insulation is a curse not a blessing for finding resurrection.

I love the lines of C.T. Studd where he wrote:  
"Some want to live within the sound of church or chapel bell

I want to run a rescue ship within a yard of hell"  
It's in the places on the edge of things, that promise the clearest view of what really matters,  
It's when we stand in the broken places with the

Don't look up to heaven for resurrection, this story is saying. Trust the evidence in front of you, all around you, wherever new life is being tasted and new hope is being born.

most broken people, where the odds are against justice prevailing and any sort of healing happening, in those places for some reason, resurrection glimpses are easier to see, resurrection experiences are easier to hold onto.

I don't know why that is. I don't understand why in the service of love, as Thornton Wilder said, the wounded serve best of all.

But I do know that when I stand as close as I dare to someone whose load is heavier than mine, when I stand in a place, and there are plenty of them in Waiapu, where the history of loss and alienation and deprivation is overwhelming, when the experience of people around me is shot through with suspicion and broken trust and betrayal, as it seems to be in the politics of health care in Hawke's Bay right now, when all the usual, sensible options run out and there is nothing left, then we need to find a way that says we have all been at fault and the future we all need to turn us all around can only be found by seeking it together, as D.T.Niles once said, "like one beggar telling another beggar where to find a piece of bread".

When we get to that point and those places, then strangely the hope of new life in Christ is stronger and clearer.

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Let's cut to the chase... The Rev Jim Greenaway, chair of Waiapu Anglican Social Services Trust Board, cuts the ribbon at the opening of Merivale Whanau Aroha on Friday, March 14, as some eager young patrons wait to hit the toy boxes.

**Brian Dawson** lends some tips on brightening up the church's calendar

## Designing a not-so-ordinary time

It's all the moon's fault! Thanks to that pesky full moon we've had an early Easter which in turn has meant a million and three things happening within a very short time period followed by an equally early Pentecost and then ... nothing! Or at least, not a whole lot.

Yes, an early Easter means a particularly long stretch of Ordinary Time this year, which might create a few problems of its own. After all, we all have a significant group of discerning parishioners, constantly on the lookout for high and holy days, so what can we do to keep them engaged during this vast ecclesiastical equivalent to a wet Wednesday during school holidays? I have a plan!

Herewith are some ideas about how you can create your very own festival experience every month for the next few months. Remember, you'll need to market them well to bring back the Christmas and Easter crowds, but done well, who knows – you might do them again, and again, and then lo and behold, you'll have created a whole new tradition!

**June:** On the 7th we will be ordaining our new Bishop at the Cathedral. This could, of course, be construed as enough of a festival for June, BUT! It's a Saturday and in Napier, both of which pose a few problems. Here's another idea.

On Sunday the 1st, announce that to celebrate the ordination of Bishop-to-be David your parish will be electing its very own bishop for a month on the following Sunday. This is based of course on the highly successful 'Bishop for a Day' practice at Top Parish, borrowed in turn from a medieval tradition.

During the week you should encourage various gatherings and phone calls, lobbying for this candidate or that. On the 8th, elect your bishop amidst much pomp and ceremony, and then make sure s/he makes at least one outrageous proclamation each week to keep them coming back until ...

**July:** I hereby proclaim July 20 the Feast Day of Dan Brown. This ties in nicely with Mary Magdalene Day (July 22) and should include various readings from the author's sacred tomes. To enhance the solemnity of the occasion I recommend starting with a processional based on the Ministry of Silly Walks routine from Monty Python.

**August:** The 24th of August is already set aside as St Bartholomew Day, but that's unlikely to draw much of a crowd. Why not make a subtle switch to, St Bart's Day – a feast day dedicated to the ever-so-saintly Bart Simpson of 'Don't Have A (Holy) Cow' fame. You might also consider inviting all the women in the congregation to emulate Marge Simpson's hair, although it's likely many of the men are already doing a fair imitation of Homer's!

**September:** Holy Cross Day is on September 14th – maybe the perfect opportunity to catch up with all those who didn't make Good Friday because it was too early!

**October:** When was the last time you celebrated Tikanga Youth Sunday (October 19)?

So there you are, that should keep you busy and festive for a few months! Of course, you could always be focusing on other far less exciting matters, like making disciples, mission, stewardship ....

## Looking for deacons' signposts

Planning is under way for the second Waiapu Vocational Deacons' Conference, on Saturday, October 18. The first Waiapu deacons' conference in 2006 unearthed valuable insights into this little-understood ministry in the church. The task of the next conference is to turn those insights into signposts for the contemporary development of this ancient ministry.

Recapturing the essence of the diaconate involves taking a new look at this ministry as a partnership with the bishop, in the church's community ministry and mission. This inevitably means that we also need to become clearer about the ministries of priests and of lay people.

Vocational deacons express a dual vocation of servant and messenger, modelling that calling on behalf of all the baptized who share the same responsibility. The ordination liturgy guides us in seeing the deacon as servant in the sense of "caring for God's people whatever their need" and "striving for peace and justice among all people". In particular this servant role is expressed in the leadership and empowerment of other Christians to share that role, and giving encouragement to new ministry possibilities.

The newest Waiapu vocational deacon is Mary Irving of the Papamoa Mission. She joins Joy Howard of Westshore, Margaret Kirby, Lynnette Gordon and Moira Stewart of Mahora, and Doreen Swinburne of Mount Maunganui.

# Healing help along the way

A grateful grandmother tells **Carol Goldie-Anderson** how Anglican Care's Growing Through Grief 'Seasons' programme helped change her grandson's life.

**M**y grandson came to live with us after a double loss. As a baby he was adopted by my sister. When he was 8 his birth mother died, then just months later his adopted mother died too. I stood with him at the funeral and he was broken. He cried so deep, and everyone was looking at him.

He came to live with us then, but that meant everything changed for him – his town, his home, his school, and all his family were still over there. He started school here, but it didn't go well. He couldn't learn and he was behaving so badly in class he had to sit by himself. After a while they said he should be checked for ADHD.

I didn't want that. I didn't believe that was the problem – I knew it was his grieving. I went crying to my doctor and asked what to do, and one of the things I found out about was the Seasons programme.

My grandson started in a Seasons group the very next week. He was one of five children his age and he fitted right in! The Companions\* said he was great in the group, no behaviour trouble there, and even more capable at reading and writing than some of the others.

He came home and told me, "We talked about Mum." He wanted to go every week – it made him happy. The next term after that, my granddaughter who was 11 also went to Seasons. She didn't want to at first, but once she started she loved it too. Seasons was their time. I always said to them, "You can talk about anything you like at Seasons, and you don't have to tell me what you say". I could see they were happier, and that took a lot of pressure off me. There were positive changes, more talking and my grandson got his first certificate at school one day.

That's a year ago now. Things are still a slog for him, he still needs help at school, but his behaviour is so much better now. He never had to be assessed for ADHD – it wasn't that, it was his grief that made him act that way.

I'll never forget Seasons and how much it helped my grandchildren. I can't recommend it highly enough. It was healing help along the way.

\*"Companions" are the trained adults who accompany each small group of children.



## Passionate youth facilitator for Eastland

By **Adrienne Bruce**

**T**e Karaka-born and bred, Frank Ngatoro is a quietly spoken father of four children ranging in age from 10 to 24 with three mokopuna. Married to Monique, Frank has a good grasp of what hard work is, having worked as a shedhand in shearing sheds, as a forestry and seasonal worker, and as a fulltime youth worker with Turanga Social Services prior to being invited to become the fulltime Regional Youth Facilitator for the Eastland Region.

Frank has been part of the volunteer leadership of the Waikohu Co-operating Parish's JC Rokkaz youth group since 2001. He was ordained to the diaconate in late 2007 and priested at Hiona St Stephen's in Opotiki at the end of last month.

Frank was attracted to this new position as he sees it providing him with the freedom to be more expressive in how he works with young people. He

is passionate about seeing them develop, and sees providing good role models for young people and a commitment to long-term relationships with them as one of the keys to effective youth work.

Frank can be found in the cottage next to Holy Trinity in Gisborne and will be working from Wairoa in the south of the region to Tolaga Bay in the north, as well as continuing his work with the young people of Te Karaka, FOG and developing other youth work in the region.

One of the highlights of Frank's time in youth work has been the JC Rokkaz performance for the television show "Praise Be" because it "showed what they were capable of as a group. "They took on the role of making it work for them and to see their faces after they had completed it said it all."

In his spare time, Frank is a keen fisherman and enjoys playing outdoor lawn bowls as well as watching his boys play rugby.

# Cathedral hall – a sorry saga

**Dean Helen Jacobi** reports on what happens when heritage and ministry values collide

**W**aiapu's Cathedral hall has hosted diocesan and parish events for 80 years and provided a million cups of tea. More recently the building has housed the Napier Family Centre.

It was built in the late 1920s and in the 1931 earthquake only three exterior walls survived. The rest either collapsed or was burnt in the fire. The hall was quickly rebuilt in a more modest way than the original and it has served the Cathedral ever since.

The Cathedral Chapter and Vestry have carefully reviewed its future building needs and decided to demolish the hall after the Family Centre moved out in September 2007. The hall has been given an "E" rating under the new earthquake legislation, the worst category. Cost estimates for strengthening the building range from \$600,000 to \$1 million.

In November and December last year the Cathedral consulted with the Historic Places Trust who suggested further investigation which the Cathedral had in fact already completed.

While awaiting our demolition permit from the City Council the Historic Places Trust without warning issued an interim registration on the Hall. This means we cannot demolish the building for a period of six months while the Trust decides its "heritage values".

The Cathedral and diocese lodged a submission objecting to the interim

registration but the interim registration has been confirmed. We will lodge another submission before the period ends in July.

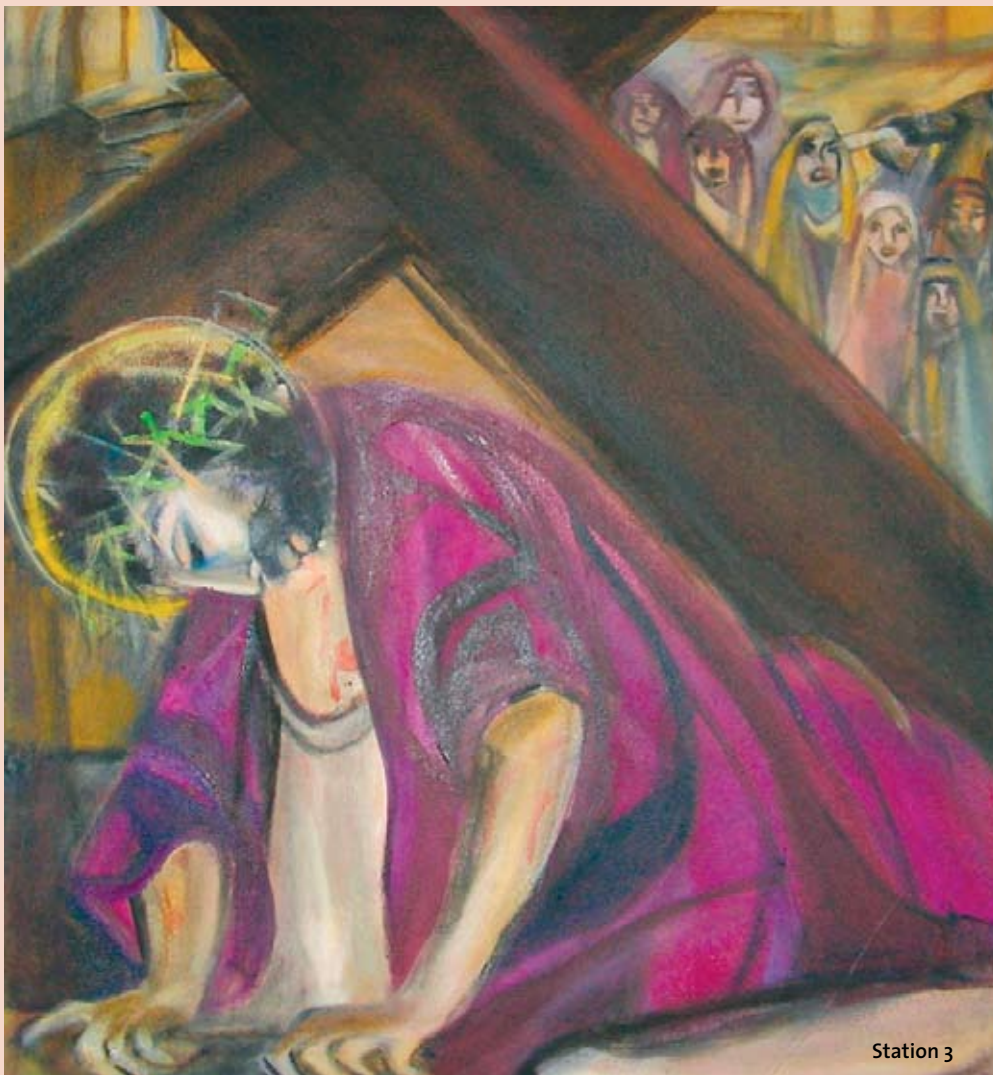
The period of waiting is having a severe financial impact on the Cathedral as we no longer have the rent from the offices nor can we put in place the planned carparks which will bring in considerably more income. As a result the Cathedral is restructuring its ministry and losing one fulltime clergy position.

Parishes in Waiapu should be aware and alert to the role the Historic Places Trust can play. While we would all want to see historic buildings protected we have complained about the process followed, the lack of consideration for our financial position and the fact that the future of the Cathedral is being put at risk for the sake of three pre-earthquake walls.

In our view the Trust has not communicated clearly with us their intentions nor sought to work cooperatively with us for a solution.

When this saga is over we will be pressing for better protocols for the way the Trust deals with the church nationally. We are the guardians of thousands of historic buildings across the country and the issue of preservation becomes more pressing as the buildings get older and our needs continue to change.

WAIAPU NEWS is published bimonthly by the Diocese of Waiapu, 2 Bower Street, Napier. Editorial co-ordinator, Jan Downing, Ph 06 834-0374 Fax 06 835-2746. [jandowning@waiapucom](mailto:jandowning@waiapucom)



Station 3

Waiapu Cathedral is enriched by 14 paintings generously gifted by well known Napier artist Phyllis Simmonds. The *Stations of the Cross* series has hung in the Cathedral all of Lent and became the focus of Lenten and Holy Week services.

Guides have been on duty in the Cathedral fulltime to "look after" the paintings and this has given us for the first time in recent years an accurate count of tourists visiting the Cathedral. In February and March over 2000 tourists have visited the Cathedral. The guides report

that they are largely overseas tourists, are entranced by the Maori Chapel and marvel at the Beverley Shore Bennett windows. They have enjoyed walking the stations with the help of a brochure with prayers included.

The Cathedral intends to have guides available in October – March each year and will be seeking more volunteers to join the group. Guides say "the time flies by, you can either enjoy a lovely quiet time or be inundated with interesting people to welcome".

# Onward Christian soldiers

Waiapu's history is well entwined with warfare, as shown vividly in *Marching as to War?*, a new book by Anglican priest Geoff Haworth. He's the guest speaker at this year's Hawke's Bay Regional Conference.

Just over 10 years ago, Geoff Haworth, then vicar of Pukekohe, began working on a PhD thesis. His topic was the story of the Anglican Church in New Zealand during the Second World War. He was particularly interested in how the war had affected or altered the structures, thinking, leadership, and dynamics of the church.

"My first priority," says Geoff, "was to begin gathering up personal reminiscences from the men and women who were involved in the Anglican Church at that time, especially parish clergy, military chaplains, their wives or widows, and Church Army officers. In all, I managed 35 interviews, with 37 people. This invaluable archival material is mainly on tape and in transcripts. Most of these people have now passed on."

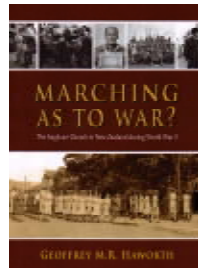
The thesis was finally completed in 2004, and Geoff's doctorate awarded. It took seven years to finish, because he was doing the work in the midst of fulltime parish ministry. During this time, he moved to Christchurch to become vicar of St Paul's Papanui. Now he's Associate Ministry Educator, enabler to three local shared ministry units, and Archdeacon of Mid-Canterbury.

Geoff decided to rewrite and reshape the thesis completely so that it was publishable. "I did this," he said, "because I came to realize that the book contains a survey of the wartime story of every diocese of that

time, and such a study had not previously been done of the wartime history of any New Zealand church. I wanted our church to know more about where it has come from, including its more recent past."

Of particular interest to the Diocese of Waiapu is the story of Bishop Gerard, who left within two years of his election as Bishop to become Senior Chaplain to the Forces in Egypt. He was later captured, imprisoned in an Italian POW camp, and repatriated, in time to be president of Waiapu Synod in 1943. By 1944, he had gone overseas again.

*Marching as to War?* also tells some of the story of the recruitment, courage, and tremendous leadership and mana of the Maori (28) Battalion chaplains, most of whom were Waiapu men. The book also looks at the parish life of some of the Waiapu parishes, and at the relationships between the Maori and Pakeha sections of the church.



On a broader front, the book also examines the leadership of all the bishops, the role of women in the church, military chaplains, Anglican pacifists, the Church Army, the war's impact on parish life, and efforts to reflect theologically on wartime issues, such as the Holocaust and the atomic bomb.

*Marching as to War?* contains over 70 photos and other illustrations. It was launched in Auckland and Christchurch during March. Geoff hopes to be speaking about the book in this diocese during the year. The book is published by Wily Publishing, costs \$39.95, and may be ordered at [gmrhaworth@xtra.co.nz](mailto:gmrhaworth@xtra.co.nz) or at 41 Bellvue Ave., Papanui, Christchurch.

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## Aspiring to be a local priest?

Is there someone you know and trust who you could see offering ministry leadership as a local priest or deacon in your parish?

Discerning that possibility used to be a privilege reserved for the 18 Local Shared Ministry parishes in Waiapu. Since last year's synod decision, it's now an option open to vicar led parishes as well, provided that parish understands and practices ministry as a team involving a variety of lay people. Places that still leave everything to the vicar will make it very difficult for a local priest to be found, let alone flourish.

There are guidelines now available to help parishes make that discernment which is driven as much, if not more, by the congregation as it is by the individual concerned.

The candidate needs to be well grounded in his or her faith, to communicate clearly and be accepted as a gatherer of community, with the intention staying with it for a while (even if vicars come and go). Very importantly, candidates have to be able to give time and energy to ongoing training for years to come.

And they need to work willingly and easily as a member of a team where their gifts of ministry are complemented by others. Local priests and deacons don't have to be Jack or Jill of all ministry skills.

If you're interested in finding out more about this process contact your local regional ministry convenor.

# Molly delights in the aged



**Adrienne Bruce** meets Molly Pardoe who has just become the second Waiapu Manager for Services to Older People

**M**olly Pardoe, of Te Aitanga-a-Hauiti descent, is a well-known name in the Gisborne community and among local Anglicans. Molly joins our social services team, sharing the role of Manager for Services to Older People with Trish Giddens. Molly will be working with the teams at Arohaina in Gisborne and the Kauri Centre in Papamoa and Te Puke.

Molly comes to this role with a passion for caring for our elderly. This comes out of her love and respect for elderly people, going back to her early childhood in Tolaga Bay where she was brought up by her grandmother.

Molly describes her employment journey as mixed. Married to Stan (one of our guides for several of the Eastland pilgrimages in 2006), she spent 30 years farming and contracting in Manutuke, and helped establish a play centre in the local area.

She moved from early childhood education into the health arena with one of the iwi providers, managing services to meet a wide range of needs including disability and senior services in the community.

In the field of injury prevention, the name 'Molly Pardoe' is synonymous with Maori safety. Molly was part of the working group and a founding member of the Injury Prevention Network of Aotearoa New Zealand.

She was also privileged to become a committee member of the network and held the position of vice-chair from October 2000 - November 2002, when she became chairperson.

As chair she oversaw the Ministry of Health core funding increase to support Maori injury prevention and the establishment of the first Injury Protection Network, Maori Kaiwhakahaere. Molly was also part of the collective involved with the delivery of injury prevention workshops and the establishment of the Injury Prevention Foundation Certificate.

Molly's career in injury prevention started in 1995 with the role of co-ordinating the Tairawhiti Injury Prevention Pilot Programme. From there she became manager of the



Turanganui-a-Kiwa Injury Prevention Project and helped set up the Tairawhiti Drivewise Coalition, the Tairawhiti car seat Scheme, the first iwi road safety programme, 'Kaumatua Falls', driver licence programmes and 'Shattered Dreams.'

Since July 2006 Molly has had her own business, including co-ordination of breast-screening services in the region. She is also involved with Maori Women's Development and Te Puna Kokiri.

Molly's recreation includes swimming daily, gardening, camping with her mokopuna and following their various activities.

# Rotohokahoka – reflecting the wonders of NZ’s wilderness

Situated high on the Mamaku Plateau is a New Zealand mixed podocarp bush gem – Lake Rotohokahoka at approximately 675m. At this altitude and in an area surrounded in heavy native bush backing on to a vast exotic forest, the location enjoys a typical rainfall of 2000–2300mls annually. These damp conditions are perfect for a huge range of mosses, lichens, ferns, liverworts, fungi and orchids.

The bush is mainly cut over, but milling ceased about 40 years ago, so many young miro, rimu, tanekaha, matai are thriving under a canopy of tawa, tawari, rewa rewa, kamahi and red and silver beech.

From Rotorua take State Highway 5 for 11km north to the Dansey Road turnoff on the left side of the highway. Travel up the Dansey Road 10km to the intersection of South Road by the Mamaku school. Turn left and follow South Road – the seal ends at 4km – to the last farm (Roe’s farm, No 739). Carry on another 2.7km till you locate the DOC sign on the right side of South Road: “TRACK TO LAKE ROTOHOKAHOKA.”

From the DOC sign, walk the easy undulating track into Lake Rotohokahoka which normally takes 20–25 minutes down to the lake edge. Depending on local rainfall, this lake ranges from being almost empty to a shimmering, 4m-deep bush lake.



Lake Rotohokahoka: Location map: Rotorua 1.50,000 w16 – grid ref. 806310

After a break at the lake edge, it is really worth moving slowly along the lake edge towards the outlet (underground) approximately north-west. As you walk along this track, admire the ground cover: the minisature pine forest, *Dawsonia superoa*, our tallest moss, the fascinating white coral fungi, and sky-blue gill fungi, *Eentoloma hochstetteri*.

There’s a carpet of kidney fern and club mosses. If you should be there between early December and mid-January, you’ll see the white flowers of Tawari, a medium-height native tree. The flowers were named ‘whakou’ by Maori and were used as garlands and necklaces for festive occasions.

If the lake is approached quietly, there is often a variety of ducks on it and you can often hear kakariki chattering overhead. Lake Rotohokahoka was used as a food source

by Rotorua Maori, who used to travel up to the plateau for piko piko fernheads, mamaku fiddleheads, and very large eels in the lake.

Care is required walking around the lake edge as the track is only roughly formed. At the outlet end it is worth walking a few metres across the wooden bridge to listen to the exit of the underground outlet many metres below.

From this wooden bridge the track continues south to West Road, approximately 1.5 hours walk, or right up a steepish track back above the lake.

Following this track above the lake you rejoin the original track after 10 minutes, so total time back out to South Road from the outlet is 30–35 minutes. This track is most suitably walked between mid-November and mid-March.

# Return to Ruatahuna

## but this time bearing gifts

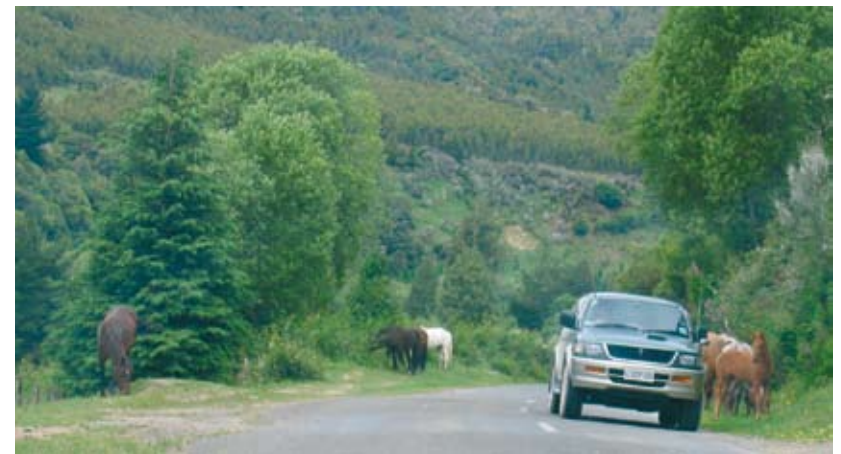
**E**ighteen months after Waiapu's historic pilgrimage into the Uruwera heartland marae at Maungapohatu, and a year on from our synod's apology for the condemnation of the Tuhoe prophet Rua Kenana dating back to 1907, Bishop John and Eastland's regional ministry convenor Jack Papuni made another trip on behalf of the diocese up the long road that winds around the back of Lake Waikaremoana.

They passed the turnoff to Maungapohatu and the clearing where the Waiapu pilgrims gathered in 2006 to pray before continuing down the so called "road to nowhere", past the warning signs that vehicle insurance

cover may not apply beyond this point.

This was an easier journey than that first anxious pilgrimage when Waiapu was unsure of a welcome. News of the synod's apology had already been sent to Tuhoe hosts Richard and Kiri Tumarae who made the first pilgrimage possible. But something more was needed to go beyond the words with a more tangible expression of gratitude for the welcome and hospitality extended to the diocese in 2006.

\$3000 had been collected since the synod from all across Waiapu, including many small gifts from



parishioners who hadn't made the pilgrimage themselves but had been captivated by the story published in "*Stories that haunt and bind us*".

Richard and Kiri received the delegation at Ruatahuna from where they administer the affairs and restoration of the marae at Maungapohatu and run a tertiary training programme for the young people who live in this small

village of around 300 people deep in the Uruwera mountains. The money was gratefully received as a further step in rebuilding the once-strong relationship between Waiapu and the Tuhoe people.

After a lavish lunch, and a gift of fruit from their hosts, Bishop John and Jack set off to negotiate the shingle road back to Wairoa and contend with the traffic of the four-legged rather than four-wheeled variety. Local horses treat the highway verge as open grazing by day, while the opossum population uses the road as a heat pad by night. Motorists take their chances.

