# Tui Motu

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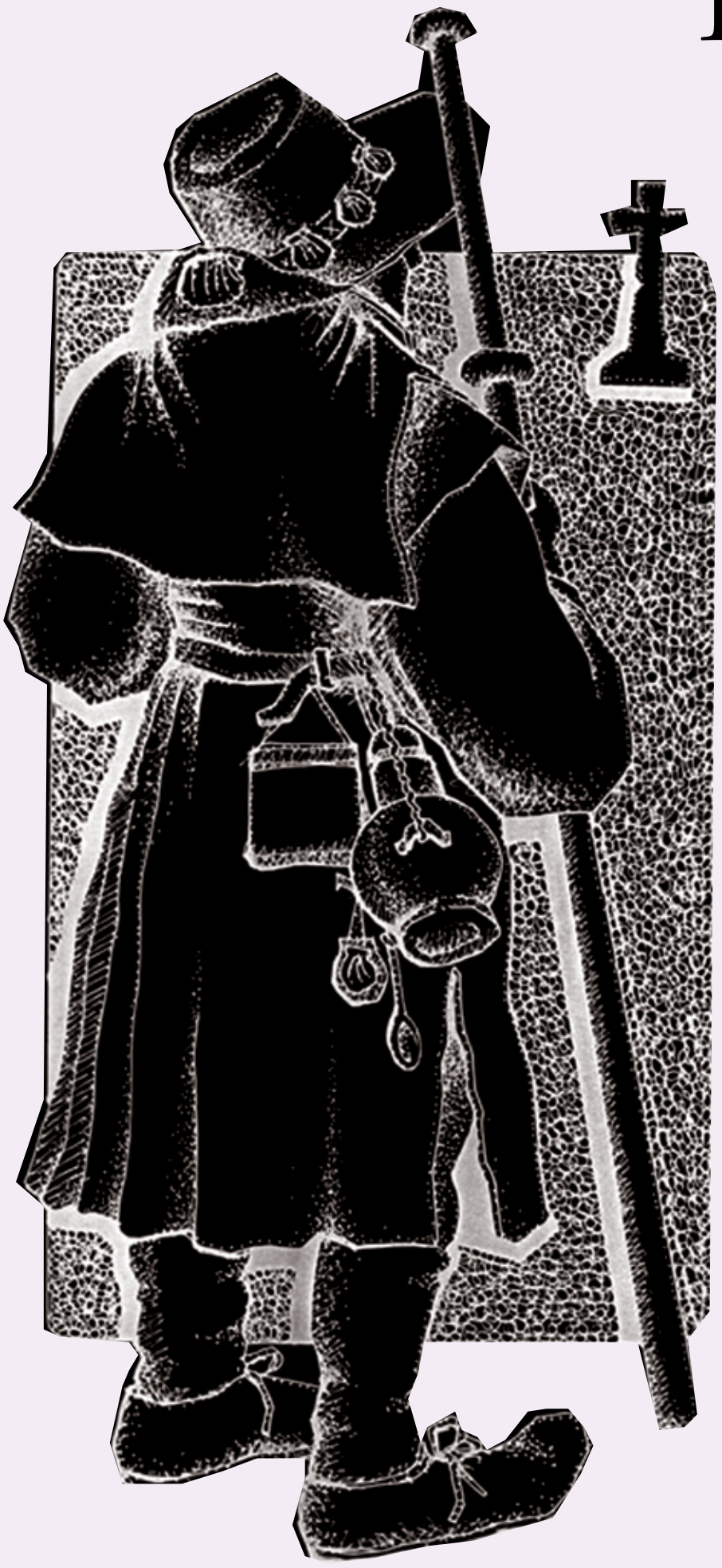

*Who would true valour see*
*Let him come hither!*
*One here will constant be*
*Come wind, come weather.*
*There's no discouragement*
*Shall make him once relent*
*His first avowed intent*
*To be a pilgrim.*

John Bunyan


## Contents



**Abject apology:** In the June issue a large piece of the text was omitted in Tom Cloher's interview with criminal lawyer, Helen Bowen. We have reprinted the whole piece – fully intact – in this issue.

Many readers responded favourably to the June article by Dr Tony Russell: *Christian maturity in later mid-life*. Author Mike Riddell writes a reflective piece in similar vein for our leading article in this issue. Christian life is all about the inner journey – how each responds to the hand of God in one's personal life journey.

Riddell's piece introduces our theme for the July issue, which is **pilgrimage**. In this year of Jubilee thousands of Christians are gathering in Rome and other shrines to carry on an age-old tradition of faith which goes back to Abraham. Yet these outer journeys remain no more than tourist ventures unless there is a profound inner response.

# The longest journey

*Mike Riddell*

In youth the future seems limitless, with the promise of new adventures and new friends yet to come. Young people are not so concerned with disillusionment or change, because their life stretches out in front of them like an untravelled road. However, there is a point which comes midway through life, when the end of that road comes into sight.

At this juncture, the traveller becomes aware that some things which are lost will never be replaced. On the trivial level, these may be such cosmetic features like hair or teeth. But, more significantly, they may include highly treasured items such as dreams or friends. Goodbyes and losses then become tinged with the prospect of permanence. It marks the first awareness of the long shadow of death's inevitability.

Carl Jung claimed that the second half of life was an opportunity for spiritual growth - a season for the quest of the soul. It is in that period when questions of prosperity and status are superseded by those of meaning and purpose. In some ways it is a time which represents the high ground in the terrain of life; a point from which one can look both backward and forward, and gain some sense of the overall journey.

One of the greatest gifts is to become aware of life's seasons and rhythms; to distinguish spring from autumn, and to know the difference between periods of growth and periods of consolidation. Only then can we begin to be attentive to those tasks which are most important to us, instead of being seduced by the merely urgent. It is all too easy to neglect what is vital in the midst of what is demanded.

At the midpoint of life (a state which is only loosely connected to age), we have the chance to begin a period of reflection which will prepare us for our inevitable death. Or, equally, we can choose a living death by suppressing the inner voices of our soul and taking comfort in acquiring new baubles and toys to distract us. It is a period of either engagement or relinquishment, and we alone carry the responsibility for the outcome.

It is possible to bear the sacred gift of life without any comprehension of what it is we possess. The tragedy of our age is that many people seem unaware of their neglect. Neurologist Oliver Sacks tells the story of Jimmie G. - a man whose short-term memory is so damaged that he can't remember what happened even a few minutes ago. Says Sacks: 'He is, as it were, isolated in a single moment of being, with a moat or lacuna of forgetting all around him. He is a man without a past (or future), stuck in a constantly changing, meaningless moment.'

He's not the only one. At times the whole project of Western culture seems an elaborate mechanism to delude us into forgetting our purpose, or perhaps more accurately, into losing our way. And yet within each of us there is a voice which is not easily silenced; the deep plea of the spirit for recognition and fulfilment. We know in our hearts that our lives consist of more than what is to be seen on the surface.

Life can be diminished or demeaned; it can be impoverished or imperilled; it can be traumatised or trivialised. But one thing it can never cease to be: a gift. Even in the midst of the unspeakable horror of the concentration camp, people like Elie Wiesel not only proclaim the worth of living but discover a new determination to embrace and uphold life.

The reality is evident to any with eyes to see and a heart to feel. Our existence has a depth and resonance which calls us to both celebration and discovery. There is within each of us something absolutely unique, which no other human can offer to the world. It is up to us to discover what

*only those who are willing to take the risk of leaving behind the familiar will experience the joy of discovery*

that something is, and offer it during the course of our days. Our own souls call us to bringing our gift into being.

Of course life does not always go as we plan; a fact for which we should be continually grateful. If it were not for those interruptions to our schedules and schemes; if there were no voices calling us from beyond the horizon of the known; if things did not fall apart on us from time to time; how then would we know the work of mystery and grace, which makes living beautiful?

The modern concern with insurance and security is fundamentally mis-placed. In our efforts to prevent anything going wrong, we may actually be confining ourselves to mediocrity - shackling ourselves with 'security chains'. Change is painful, there is no doubt. But pain is a consequence of life, and the lack of change is evidence of organisms which have ceased to be alive. No journey that is worth undertaking can be insulated from the unexpected; indeed, on the winds of the unknown comes all that is worthy of pursuit.

It is only when we reach the far shores of major change that we can look back and see some of the distance we have travelled, and perhaps become dimly aware of why that particular part of our journey was necessary. This is knowledge which it is impossible to have in advance, and only those who are willing to take the risk of leaving behind the familiar will experience the joy of discovery.

There is a journey to be made. Unfortunately (despite the claims of many who offer them for sale) there are no precise maps available. The most we can hope for is a rough compass, the stories of fellow travellers, and the odd vantage point from which we can see the terrain ahead. Perhaps that will be sufficient.

One thing is certain: by the time we come to the end of the road, it will be too late to ponder whether or not we could have paid more attention along the way. There are many forks in the path, but once we have chosen which one to follow, it is very difficult to get back. Wherever you may find yourself on the journey of life, the answer lies in pressing forward into the unknown where God waits quietly. ■

## Grand Inquisitor

As we go to press, the papers are full of the fall from grace of Maori Affairs Minister Dover Samuels. In an ideal world none of our leaders would have feet of clay, and the prerequisite for any public office would be an unsullied past record. That's the ideal world. But one cannot help recalling the great Italian patriot Garibaldi who, while he was successfully uniting Italy, was also carrying on four separate love affairs. He or she who is without sin, cast the first stone!

But what about the stone-thrower, Mr Richard Prebble? It is interesting that neither of his recent character assassination victims – both Maori, incidentally – was impugned in terms of incompetence in their political roles. It was alleged dirt from their past which was dredged up.

Let us go back in our recent history to one major disaster which involved the loss of one life but it could so easily have been hundreds more – the sinking of the Russian cruise liner, *Mikail Lermentov*. At the time the ship's pilot who was primarily responsible, escaped all but the mildest censure. There was no proper inquiry. A blatant action of gross incompetence was simply brushed under the carpet. And who was the Minister responsible at the time? Who was it who scandalously shirked his public duty? It was Mr Richard Prebble. If there is one player on our political stage we would be better off without, it is Prebble.

*M.H.*

# letters

## Fiji crisis and colonialism – 1

If Selwyn Dawson's (*Postscript* June issue) forebears came to New Zealand in 1879, he might do better than to vilify their counterparts who went to Fiji. Or does he also vilify as colonial greed the sheepfarming of the South Island? They didn't bring Indians to New Zealand, but they brought overwhelming numbers of themselves, and they expect to this day to live here with equity. To bring Indians to Fiji was not greed, but good sense in the circumstances of the times. Better sense than bringing possums to New Zealand!

In a world with a quarter of today's population and four times its richness of nature, "useful transportations" were not expected to get out of hand. Who in 1879 foresaw the situation of 1987 or of 2000?

The greater blame goes to the indecent haste of Britain in dumping Fiji in 1970 (when no one there wanted it except a few politically ambitious Indian lawyers) and launching it with a patch-up Constitution. It's a marvel it lasted so long.

No government, colonial or since, has faced up to the one thing obvious to any resident of Fiji – the powder keg of native Fijian feeling. Remove European government – and mismanagement of a system never really assimilated becomes inevitable.

Finally the powder keg fizzes. Rabuka scotched the fuse in 1987 in a move indefensible by European norms, just right by Fijian and wrong by Indian hopes. This time a criminal gang has used the same powder keg to seize control, and because of the rats' nest of the criminal mind, the fuse continues to sputter each time it is struck. This time the concern of the Taukei must be addressed – with education, not capitulation; and the venal politics, diverted funds and criminal enterprise must be cleaned out. A good military arm is essential to *any* civil government.

When the civil and military powers are not coordinated, or one or other or both are corrupt, then there will be trouble, as we see all round the world. If there is a lesson for the New Zealand government in the crises in Fiji and the Solomons, it lies in this.

*Peter Land,* Kaikohe

## Fiji crisis and colonialism – 2

It is to be hoped that by the time this is read, the hostages in Fiji will have been released and efforts to restore a democratic government will be well under way.

Speight has played the race card. Presenting a victim/villain scenario (June *Postscript* by Selwyn Dawson) and portraying colonialism as the villain, seems to me to be participating in the same 'game'. As Dawson points out, "colonialism has built a modern economy for the benefit of all". It is a cop-out to portray it as a key player with Fiji as 'victim'.

Pre-colonial history with 'big heads' and traditional quests for power should not be ignored. This 'joker' has been found to be acting without the support of the Fijian people. In response to the actions of a modern 'big head' and his small, well-armed group of supporters, it seems sad that we fall back on the victim argument.

Despite, or perhaps because of, colonial policies of a century ago, Fijians have retained ownership of their land, and on many counts the country has been a model of a relatively stable, racially harmonious and prosperous South Pacific nation. Globally, many nations are struggling to learn to live in bicultural situations. Fiji continues to be an impressive example.

The colonial past is intimately linked with early Christian missionary churches in Fiji and to our missionary theology. Useful responses to the current situation might be supporting the local churches, contributing to inter-faith dialogue, and exploring a theology that enables people to get on with each other.

Portraying colonialism as the villain is simplistic and misleading.

*D Atkinson,*
Glenbrook

## Every picture tells a story

The arresting article in your June issue – Christian maturity in later mid life – was mildly diminished by a generalisation. Supposing that people's faces consistently reflect their interior selves contradicts experience. Some of the kindest people I know have the craggiest of faces and some of the funniest have dour faces. The adage holds good: you can't judge a book by its cover.

There is also the problem of perception. The woman depicted on p.18 as typifying a desolate interior comes across to me as being serious but thoughtful and serene.

*Dorothy Urlich*, Auckland

## Avarice among the professionals

Your editorials give each issue of *Tui Motu* very useful perspective and direction, that of June being no exception. In your concern for the debt burden of tertiary students, however, you appear to classify business and professional people as "self serving". No doubt some are but most in my experience are well aware of the communities they serve.

In our country most businesses are small and the owner has a close relationship with staff and often with their families, and to be successful, sensitivity to the requirements of clients is essential. Into the bargain business success has the potential to generate future employment opportunities for the very students you are concerned for.

Professional people too are generally service oriented. They need to be as there are normally others to choose from if clients are dissatisfied. Additionally professionals are frequently involved in training students at undergraduate and graduate levels.

One way or another most students, business and professional people are concerned with serving others as well as themselves.

*Roland Reynolds,*
Titirangi

*We never intended to label **all** professional and business people as self-seeking: only those who use their position for personal enrichment – Ed*

## Bishop Dunn and pluralism

Bishop Pat Dunn's courage and realism deserve strong support from the Catholic community. His courage lies in broaching publicly two subjects which are bound to attract adverse criticism from elements of the secular media, which missed the point while grabbing the headlines. Criticism, too, from groups with a vested interest in the opposite point of view, and which demonstrate a reluctance to debate the issues in a calm and rational manner.

The Bishop's realism stems from his recognition of what it is like to live in a pluralist secular society. He does not preach or demand obedience to Catholic belief from those who do not share that belief. Yet his approach to them still shows pastoral concern and in doing so his standing in the wider community has increased. He has shown himself to be a wise and compassionate human being, very much in touch with the lives of ordinary New Zealanders.

# Church's part in the Fiji crisis

*Joseph*

One of the more bizarre images from the recent political crisis in Fiji has been the sight of George Speight, in his pressed white shirt and tie, surrounded by supporters, all engaged in Christian worship – or a *Festival of Praise* as it was described in the *Fiji Times*. Next door to the parliamentary complex where the seige is taking place, stands the ecumenical Pacific Theological College, quietly abandoned.

The link between Christianity and reactionary politics is not new in Fiji. The earlier coup in 1987 was also led by a Methodist lay-preacher, Sitivene Rabuka. In the surrent situation the Methodist church of Fiji has strongly condemned Speight's coup, as have the mainline ecumenical organisations and evangelical associations – and indeed the Seventh Day Adventist church of which George Speight is purported to be a member.

The Methodist church, which includes within its membership the majority of Fijians, actually divided formally in 1988 over the issues regarding government regulation of the Sabbath. In the lead up to the 1997 Constitution there were deep divisions, and one Methodist leader (Manasa Lasaro) urged that Fiji be declared a Christian state, despite the fact that half of the population were ethnic Indians, predominately Hindu as well as Muslim and Christian. Another leader (Dr Sevati Tuwere), however, advocated separation of church and state.

When the Rev Tuwere's position became public, it was so controversial that it threatened to derail the whole constitutional process, including such matters as the Bill of Rights, the protection of indigenous Fijian ownership of the land, and the electoral process.

**Preamble to Fijian 1997 Constitution**

We, the people of the Fiji Islands –
SEEKING the blessing of God who has always watched over these islands:
RECALLING the events in our history that have made us what we are, especially the settlement of these islands by the ancestors of the indigenous Fijian and Rotuman people; the arrival of forebears of subsequent settlers, including Pacific Islanders, Europeans, Indians and Chinese; the conversion of the indigenous inhabitants of these islands from heathenism to Christianity through the power of the name of Jesus Christ; the enduring influence of Christianity in these islands and its contribution, along with that of other faiths, to the spiritual life of Fiji...

When eventually the 1997 Constitution was agreed it contained an explicitly Christian preamble (see above).

In the current crisis all former Presidents of the Methodist church have joined in opposing the coup as 'unChristian'. Nevertheless the church remains deeply divided, with some Methodists among the prisoners and others marching in support of Speight and involved in the looting and random violence. A recent statement by the Methodist church states: "We are saddened and ashamed by the lawlessness and violence" and admitting that the social evil, partly exorcised in 1997, had returned with a vengeance.

Most profound in this statement is the recasting of the problem as the relationship between the church and the indigenous Fijian culture. In Fiji, church (primarily Methodism) and culture have coevolved. The Methodist state-ment calls for greater distinction between *vanua* (land, culture and tradition) and *lotu* (church or religion), in order to move towards the "creation of community... to address this distinction must be part of the church contribution to the way forward for Fiji"; so the statement concludes.

It is significant that the Methodist church is advocating a greater degree of distance between itself and indigenous Fijian culture, so as to encourage a greater multicultural community in the nation as a whole. If constitutionalism is to survive in Fiji it will need this wiser vision. ■

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## Promoter's corner

Big news! The objective of raising TM's circulation to 2000 in the year 2000 has been achieved. A reality check with our accounts, however, indicates that only when we reach 3000 will we be economically self-sufficient and we can't wait until the year 3000 for that.

Wait though – a small revolution is happening with great potential to bridge the critical gap! From month to month TM sellers are emerging in vastly different parts of our fair land. Once a month they sell 3, 5, 10, and even 15 at the church door; and usually that's at only one Mass. If our network of sellers continues to grow so will the number of its readers. Benefits will accrue to all.

Can you consider becoming such a volunteer? It's only once a month. We have a very clear and practical procedure which Sister Hazel will be happy to send you when you volunteer. Just phone, write or fax her at the Dunedin office *(phone/fax etc page 31)*

*Tom Cloher*

# Catholic Social Teaching applied to business

## *Business run on social justice lines sometimes works and often fails. Why? Jim Elliston reports on a new study*

What began in a poor Basque village in 1956 as a handful of workers making oil-fired heaters and cookers with hand tools and sheet metals has now become a massive conglomerate of some 100 industrial, retail, financial, agricultural, construct-ion, service and support cooperatives, with 1996 sales approaching six billion US dollars.

But this is not your run-of-the-mill entrepreneurial success story, or just another capitalist achievement. The workers share in the control of the business; not just as shareholders, but part of management too; and not through a token worker representation on the Board of Directors. How come?

In a newly published book Australian author, Race Matthews, former labour parliamentarian turned academic, describes the philosophical basis of the so-called *third way* between liberal capitalism and statism. Both of these deny most people property rights – the latter by ideology, the former in practice by the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. Matthews details the development of an approach which arose from a fertilisation of reformed socialism by Catholic social teaching. He points out he is not a Catholic himself, but that his interests are purely secular.

The first part of this fascinating story – *Jobs of our own: Building a Stakeholder Society* describes the background to a British 20th Century movement known as *Distributism*. This grew out of outrage at the widespread poverty resulting from rampant 19th century liberal capitalism, alongside the influence of Cardinal Manning and Pope Leo XIII's social Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

Distributism eventually failed, mainly because its adherents were unable to decide whether to found a political system or a social one. Added factors were their propensity to prefer discussions on minutiae to practical action, the failure of the few ventures undertaken because of poor planning, and changing social circumstances. By 1939 the strident anti-Jewish propaganda and seeming admiration for the fascist regimes of Hitler and Mussolini by protagonists such as Belloc and Chesterton extinguished the last vestiges of the movement.

Major elements of Distributism are:
• *subsidiarity* (decisions should be made at the lowest practical level);
• *mutualism* (the means of production remain private property but ownership should be so distributed that ideally every family has an efficient share in them); rather than *collectivism* (where they are the property of the community but administered by its officials);
• the *personalist* teachings of Maritain and Mounier ("A personalist civilisation is one whose structure and spirit... have as their ultimate end to enable every individual... to exercise a maximum of initiative, responsibility and spiritual life").
The trick was to create a structure that embodied all these elements

Part Two of the book describes the remarkable work of two priests, both academically inclined, who after disagreements with their bishops were sent to poor parishes where they founded astonishingly successful economic systems on Distributist lines. One was Canadian, the other Basque. The Canadian venture, *Antigonish*, eventually failed because the leadership was unable to see the need for a change of focus. Its Spanish counterpart, *Mondragon*, showed how the problem with Antigonish can be overcome.

**Antigonish**

At first the disciplined approach of the academic, the down-to-earth nature of the farm-raised boy combined with idealism, enabled Fr Jimmy Tompkins and his cousin Fr Moses Coady to succeed where the Distributists failed. Working among impoverished people in a fishing village who were at the mercy of middle-men, Tompkins put into practice what was later formally codified as the six principles of the Antigonish movement. These principles were:
• *the primacy of the individual*
• *social reform must come through education*
• *that economic education is primary*
• *reform must happen through group action*
• *effective reform involves fundamental changes in social and economic institutions*
• *the ultimate objective is a full and abundant life for everyone in the community.*
At its height in the late 1930s there

**Wilhelm von Ketteler** (1811-1877), bishop of Mainz, was a critic both of contemporary capitalism and Marxism. He did not believe that handouts and spiritual care alone were the answer to social problems. Practically, he encouraged worker self-help through the formation of cooperatives. He was in favour of trade unions and of some state intervention, to prevent abuses by employers, to ensure decent pay for the workers, equitable working hours, the outlawing of child and female labour in industry and the imposition of proportionate taxes on the wealthy.
The church, he said, must care for the whole person. He proposed the principle of *subsidiarity*, inculcating self-help and personal responsibility; along with *solidarity* – the forming of caring communities. To help people help themselves was for him the essence of charity.

***Jobs of Our Own: Building a Stakeholder Society:*** Race Matthews (Comerford and Miller)

were over 2200 study clubs with nearly 20,000 members, 342 credit unions and 162 cooperatives of other kinds. Fr Coady also became a university Professor (of Education), and had widespread influence throughout North America and internationally. He was influential in establishing over 200 local fishery unions.

However, in the course of time the cooperatives gradually declined until by the late 1980s all had disappeared. What Coady and his associates lacked was a theoretical basis for understanding the malaise growing in the movement, blaming the lack of motivation solely on personal responsibility, and failing to recognise the demotivating factor inherent in the structure.

The history of social movements typically falls into three stages. First, the *Utopian* stage, where the vision and commitment of the founders energise the members; then, a more formal, *institutional* stage to enable objectives to be met efficiently; finally, the *system* stage, where bureaucracy takes over and survival takes precedence over the original objectives.

At this third stage the experience of consumption, either of goods or services alone is insufficiently central to the lives of ordinary people to provide the foundation on which a lasting cooperative consciousness can be established. On the other hand, workers who have a stake in their enterprise and daily exposure to workplace democracy, have a continuing consciousness of being masters of their own destiny. Their culture is cooperative, and they accept the entitlements and obligations consequent on their status. This seems to have been lacking in the later stages of Antigonish, but has been understood and actioned at Mondragon.

**Mondragon**

The founder of Mondragon in Spain was José Arizmendiarrieta. Like Tompkins he spent his early years on a farm. At 13 he entered the seminary. At 21, when the Spanish Civil War broke out, he left and joined the republican forces to become a writer and editor on the trade union newspaper. This led to his being imprisoned and narrowly escaping execution by Franco's forces.

After the war he re-entered the seminary and came under the influence of an eminent sociologist. His bishop declined his request to undertake higher studies in sociology and sent him instead to an impoverished Basque village. There he started the Mondragon movement. His deep understanding of sociology and his persistent refusal to become a director of the movement (preferring to act as adviser judging from a distance) are where he differs from his Canadian counterparts.

*everyone is to exercise maximum initiative, responsibility and spiritual life*

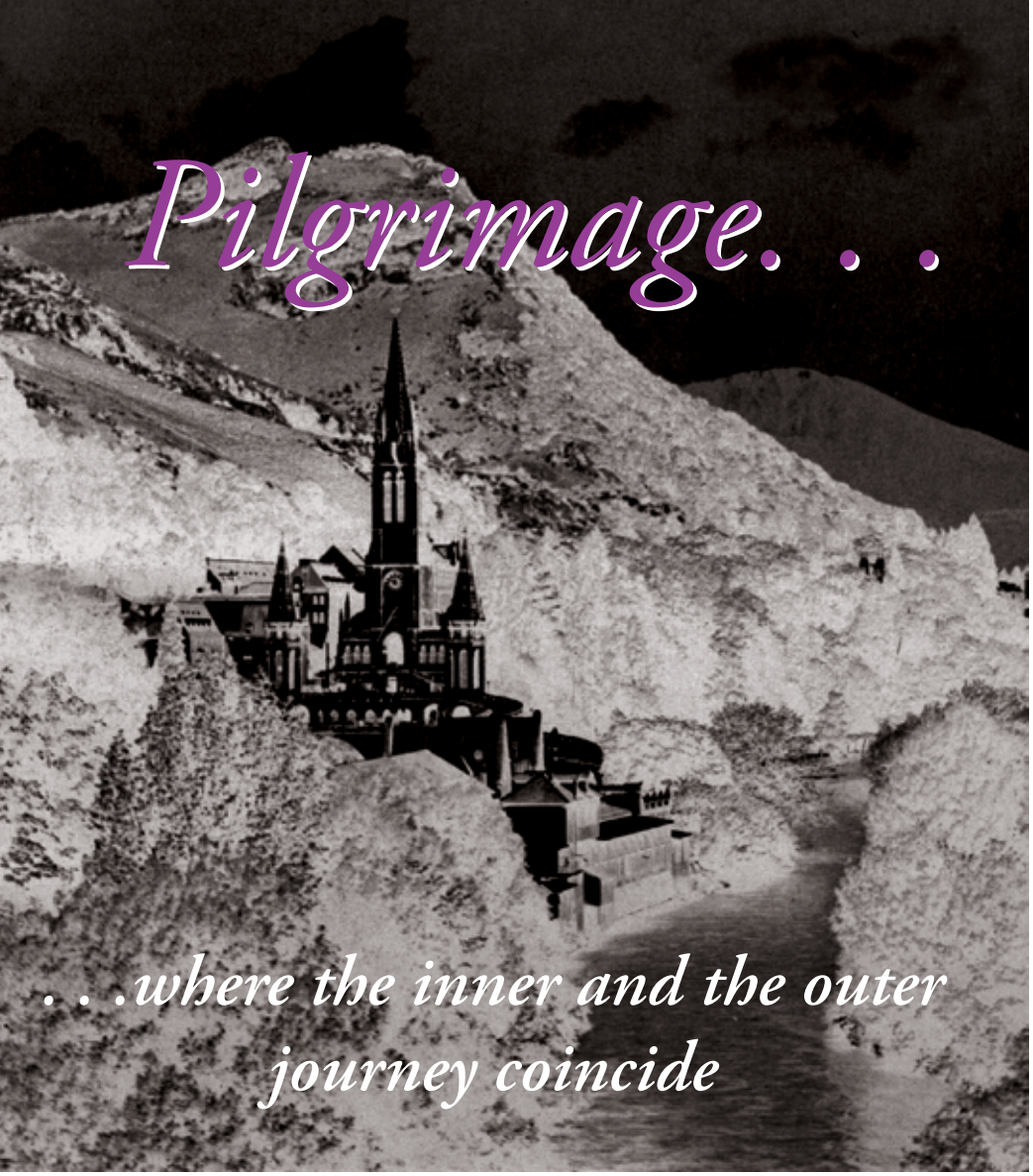
*every family should have a share in means of production*

He realised it was essential to continually adapt to changing circumstances. Coady had responded to the stage three crisis by insisting that people adapt to what had been a successful structure in the past. But Arizmendiarrieta saw that the structure must adapt to the members' evolving understanding, and he always worked within the framework of changing Spanish legal requirements and the rapidly changing nature of modern economies.

The book outlines, with diagrams, the interrelationship between various parts of the complex structure that has evolved; it describes the positive and negative reactions of worker-owners to the organism, and details the processes by which the workers are assisted to retain their sense of belonging and being listened to. Also included are systems for monitoring the health of the individual enterprises, for establishing new ventures (planning, mentoring, financing, evaluating), and generally competing in a hardheaded manner in the cut-throat world of capitalism. The Mondragon cooperatives today are explicitly secular, non-political bodies. They do not see themselves as the only way to do business.

The first part of Matthews' book is of mainly academic interest, but contains many practical examples of the need to be hard-headed as well as soft-hearted when addressing social questions. One name whose spirit permeates the text is that of Wilhelm von Ketteler. And *who is he?*, you might well ask. Von Ketteler was a distinguished 19th century forerunner of contemporary Catholic social teaching. Pope Leo XIII, commenting on his great social encyclical *Rerum Novarum* , wrote "Ketteler was my principal precursor".

I recommend Matthews' book to anyone seriously interested in social justice. ■




*Going on pilgrimage is common to all faiths and all times. For many a medieval Christian it was an all-consuming passion.*

*For us it may conjure up the notion of going to Lourdes or to Rome for the Year of Jubilee. Yet the essence of religious pilgrimage is the inner journey – and for that it may not be necessary at all to voyage to a distant shrine.*

*Tui Motu asked various people, a theologian, a writer, some actual travellers, to share their thoughts and experiences*

*Neil Darragh examines the inner journey of the believer: whether or not we travel afar, the summons is always to step out, sometimes blindly, often in discomfort, always in faith*

I recently met a retired New Zealand couple who went to England several years ago to visit their daughter who now lives there with her English husband. They went to visit and stayed. Now they spend most of their time going on pilgrimages. There are so many shrines and places of pilgrimage around Europe easily accessible from England, and so many organised tours to get there, that a retired person can go on several pilgrimages each year for many years without repeating. The spiritual lives of this couple now finds concrete expression mainly in pilgrimage.

New Zealand is a little different. There aren't too many shrines. There are places of personal, family, and national significance that we can visit, but that's not quite the same thing. There are some religious shrines like Totara Point or Purakau if Pompallier's bones finish up there. But this is not a supermarket of spiritual choices.

Yet even if we lack religious shrines to travel to, we do not lack ***journeys***. The identities of those who live in these islands of Aotearoa are nearly always intertwined with stories of a journey. These may be stories of an ancestral migration, or the story of one's own migration, or a story of adventure and return like the big OE (overseas experience) of increasing popularity. Often enough those whose lives are absorbed in a major life transition engage in a physical journey which mirrors the inner change of life. Journeys and the stories of journeys are so much part of how we think about ourselves, talk about ourselves, and indeed discover ourselves.

We are perhaps less aware of how much Christian identity is also founded on the story of a journey. The Death-Resurrection of Christ is a journey at the heart of the Christian view of life. For a journey of such importance this one seems to have happened a little too quickly. It seems like a lot to pack in to less than three days.

We can unpack it a little by spreading it out as some of the biblical writers do, *Luke* in particular, into a story sequence that includes Death-Resurrection-Ascension-Pentecost. Spreading the story out like this gives us a little more time to appreciate the intensities and

implications of this story. The liturgy does this too by leading us on a seven week memorial of that same journey from Palm Sunday through Easter to Pentecost Sunday.

The two books of *Luke*, the Gospel and the *Acts of the Apostles*, are worth some more attention here because of the ***journey*** theme that runs through both of them. Major sections of these two books are concerned with two great journeys. The Gospel tells the story of the journey of Jesus from Galilee to Jerusalem with its culmination in his death-resurrection. The book of the *Acts* tells the story of the journey of the early church taking the message of Christ from Jerusalem *to the ends of the earth*. And in *Acts* the Christians are described as those who belonged to or were followers of "the Way" (*Acts 9:2*).

In the 1960s the Second Vatican Council sought a new image to describe the church. This new image was intended to overcome some of the shortcomings, particularly the static nature of some of the current images of the church at that time such as the "perfect society" or the "mystical body of Christ". The new image proposed by the Council to inspire a new hope and a new style of church life was that of the church as a ***pilgrim people***, a people on the move, a people on a mission. *(Constitution on the Church, No.9)*.

The spiritual life itself is often represented as a journey, a search for God with its own stages and stopping places, with its own twists and reversals, with its highs and lows of pain and pleasure, its alternation of commonplace and insight, of success and failure. Sometimes it is a journey without a clear beginning or ending, like the spirals of a Celtic border. Many spiritual writers, such as Dante, Bonaventure, Teresa of Avila, and Bellarmine, have used the metaphor of the journey to represent the search for God at the heart of the Christian life.

A pilgrimage is that kind of journey where an inner and an outer journey coincide. It is not just a tourist journey for distraction and entertainment. Nor is it a purely practical journey by which we get from one place to another. It is the kind of journey over time from one geographical place to another where the outer physical journey intertwines with the inner personal search for Divinity, or fulfilment, or satisfaction, or ecstasy, or enlightenment, or identity, or the place of one's resurrection, or simply a place called home.

The goal of the physical journey may turn out to be a spiritual delight. But the goal of the pilgrimage may also turn out to be a disappointment, and the pilgrimage *itself*, what one has learnt during the journey itself, has been the message.

Or sometimes the pilgrimage has no clear goal. It may be simply a wandering, an abandoning of oneself to the seas and winds of change to see where they will take us on the presumption that all things lead in the end to God. The Celtic monks did this when they pushed out to sea in those little round coracles that were almost impossible to steer.

But many a New Zealander has also set out on a similar kind of wandering even if it began at an airport. Or the pilgrimage may not be so much a human-centred journey as one where we immerse ourselves in the journey of a particular place, becoming absorbed in the journey of the place itself – the land, the trees, the grasses, the wind, the birds and insects, the human house, the living ecosystem – in its own search for its Creator.

In any case, a pilgrimage, the intertwining of an inner and an outer journey, means an abandonment of where we were before. To succeed, it needs a spiritual openness to the unexpected, the unwanted, or the undreamed of. It involves living with some degree of fear as the familiar and the manageable recede from us.

It is often uncomfortable, and the spiritual discomfort may be reflected in physical discomfort for it does not work if we are smothered beneath all modern conveniences and entertainments. It awaits a change of heart, like the call of Christ to the first disciples. Most importantly perhaps, a pilgrimage rests on a deep, deep hope that in the end there is God, a God all compassionate who awaits the pilgrim with profound patience. ■

*Neil Darragh is parish priest of Glen Innes, in Auckland, and director of the Catholic Institute of Theology*

PICTURES

***Top left*** – the Basilica at Lourdes, rising steeply above the River Gave in southern France

***Right*** – the Grotto of the apparitions by the river Gave at Lourdes: pilgrims gathering by candlelight for prayer

Lumsden – the Millennium cairn

*For some years five or six Catholic and Anglican Southlanders have met monthly for prayer, shared faith and company. A year ago they decided to prepare for the Millennium by going on pilgrimage – in space and in time.*

*Mary Ryan*

At the end of June 1999, 15 of us gathered in the tiny, beautiful Anglican church of St Mary the Virgin in the remote township of Waikaia (population 91). There we listened to the words of the *Acts of the Apostles* telling the story of the first Pentecost and the birth of the Christian church. We walked up the road to the Presbyterian church to listen to stories of martyrs and church leaders of the 1st Century. This was to be the pattern for succeeding months.

We visited 15 other tiny rural church communities in all: at Riversdale, Balfour, Garston, Athol, Mossburn and Lumsden. On the last Sunday of each month we went to one of these country towns where the local community had prepared a presentation focussed on one century of the Christian era. It was a progressive journey through two millennia. We moved from church to church finishing with supper in a parish hall. By December the group had grown from 15 to 60 people.

Some examples. *The Anglican church of St Alban, in Balfour, was robed in darkness as we approached. Sunk into logs of wood were tiny candles which guided our footsteps up a winding pathway to the church door. In the tiny foyer, larger lights led us into the body of the church. Here literally dozens of candles of all shapes, sizes and colours were haphazardly scattered. Hooded figures quietly guided us to our places, having first greeted us with a mug of warm soup and a service sheet written in Old English lettering.*

This community was representing the monastic tradition of the 10th Century – their work ethic and hospitality. In the dim light we sat and listened to stories of monastic life and of the place the monasteries held in the social and educational life of that remote time. All this was prepared for us by a regular worshipping congregation of eight!

In Garston the Catholic and Presbyterian chapels are separated by a small space occupied by the common cemetery, on a terrace overlooking the main highway. Both were built 100 years ago and might accommodate 50 people: from the road they look like twins. We arrived there on a September evening for the Welcoming Rite in the Presbyterian church: the gentle Elder of mature years was deeply moved by the crowd of people who had arrived to praise the Lord together.

Starlight guided us across the cemetery lawn to the bright red door of St Thomas's, its Catholic neighbour. The local Catholic community had prepared a Morality Play, written by themselves which told the story of the Black Death in the 1340s, and how the people and their priests were ravaged by the terrible plague. The presentation concluded by a reading from the *Shewings* of Julian of Norwich, the mystic anchoress who lived at that time.

We then drove 20 minutes to neighbouring Athol for a more scholarly talk on the late Middle Ages: the more scandalous abuses of the papal Court were mentioned but, charitably, not dwelt upon! For we saw ourselves as one family of faith with a common history, tolerant and forgiving of the unfortunate or divisive aspects of our past history.

The last Sunday of October is also Reformation Sunday, and we celebrated the 482nd anniversary of Martin Luther nailing his 95 Articles on the church door at Wittenburg. But we were in the Anglican church of the Good Shepherd, Mossburn. A play about the life of St Teresa of Avila was written and performed, highlighting her influence then and now. From there to St Joan of Arc's (Catholic) to listen to the story of the new religious Orders working in hospitals and schools, and the missionaries of all denominations carrying the faith of Christ to a New World across the oceans.

Finally onward 100 metres to the Presbyterian church to celebrate the glorious song-writing of Isaac Watts, John and Charles Wesley. We sang vigorously of Jesus Christ 'the Church's One Foundation' – until the tiny packed church rocked on its own foundations!

By November our revisiting the Christian story had brought us to the arrival of Samuel Marsden in 1814 to found the first Christian mission in the Bay of Islands: at Christmas of that year he proclaimed the Gospel for the first time in Aotearoa. And we had arrived at the Knox church in Lumsden, built in 1892. At St Michael's Catholic church round the corner the importance of the Vatican Council especially to ecumenical dialogue was explained with clarity and precision. Finally to the Anglican church to follow a review of all the outstanding Christian men and women of the 20th Century: Martin Luther King, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Nelson Mandela, Bishop Belo were among the many names remembered.

In spite of rural decline we found that all the 17 churches we visited were beautifully looked after with love by their tiny congregations. We reflected how the church will manage to flourish in rural areas. Perhaps one church in each town will come to replace the ageing buildings, and the different traditions can continue amid mutual respect. Jesus Christ is the centre of all our lives, and Baptism is our common bond. In each place the church needs to be open each Sunday, no matter how small the congregation, for it is a living sign of God's presence in that community.

The conclusion of a six month pilgrimage: the dedicationand blessing of the Millennium cairn at Lumsden – dawn on 1 January 2000

During the extended pilgrimage we asked that a large rock or stone typical of each district should be selected and brought to Lumsden by mid-December. And there we arranged for a Memorial Cairn to be built (*see opposite*) as a permanent reminder of 2000 years of the Christian church.

So, at 5.30 am on New Year's Day 2000, over a hundred people gathered in Lumsden from the whole district for the dedication and blessing of this cairn. It stands at the junction of State Highway 94 (from Dunedin) with the main road, Highway 6, going north from Inver-cargill to Queenstown.

There we greeted the new dawn and the new Millennium, filled with awe and gratitude at the way we had opened up new ways of looking at what church is truly meant to be:
***A people united with one another in communion with Jesus Christ.*** ■

# *and, a thousand miles away...*

Maori welcome to the Millennium pilgrims at Omapere on the Hokianga harbour, the first landfall of Bishop Pompallier and traditional landing place of Kupe

At the other end of Aotearoa some 100 pilgrims from 32 Auckland parishes converged on Totara Point for the annual pilgrimage, swollen in numbers this year to celebrate the Second Millennium of Christ. Joined by local Maori, Mass was celebrated by Bishops Pat Dunn and Dennis Browne where Pompallier said the very first Mass over 160 years ago.

One pilgrim, Jane Prosée of Browns Bay, describes it as ***"a great cultural experience. So many races, Pacific Islanders, Koreans and Filipinos, Europeans, even Chinese, joining the Maori to celebrate our common Christian roots. There was unity in diversity: the Maori everywhere were so warm and hospitable. We sang and prayed together. It was a time of some hardship because of the rain and mud: a time of laughter, of prayer, of friendship and great simplicity."*** ■

# Pilgrimage

## Miracle at Lourdes

live was a little old lady in a wheelchair with one arm incapacitated. She was invariably cheerful, and entered into every event and ritual of that busy pilgrimage week in Lourdes. She was pushed vigorously over the cobbles and the rough pathways; she was plunged into the baths; she sang the hymns and joined in the evening singsongs and fancy dress parties. Olive never complained, but her ready smile gave eucharist to all the helpers in the party.

The last morning I asked if she would like to go shopping. "Love to", she said in her chirpy, Cock-ney fashion; and in half an hour I was steering her through the milling crowds into a rather upmarket little trinket shop. She chose a couple of silver pieces – "for the girls who look after me at Nazareth House", she explained. "They're so caring: I just love them both."

"What about something for yourself?" I asked. She smiled and changed the subject. So we moved on to join the rest for a picnic lunch down by the Grotto. That evening I said goodbye to the party as they boarded the Jumbulance to carry them on the 20 hour journey back to London. I was heading south to Italy on business.

When I got back two weeks later I phoned the tour leader to see how the journey back had been. "Fine", he said," but we were all tired out by the time we got home. Going back to work on Monday wasn't easy! ...and poor old Olive passed away last week. Apparently her cancer was more advanced than even the doctors thought. Most of us managed to get to the funeral," he added. "Did you know she was Salvation Army?"

I thought of all the Catholic Eucharists and sacraments she received and the rituals Olive had taken part in – and wondered what the Canon lawyers would have thought!. No one could have been better prepared for her last journey; indeed no one could have prepared herself better – by just being her wonderful self. If anyone went straight to God it was Olive.

I went to Lourdes and witnessed a miracle there. The miracle happened to me, and a wonderful little lady called Olive was the way God chose to do it.

*M.H.*

they discover other treasures, which no one can take form them: an inner peace, new ways of seeing, a delight in nature. It is because they are on the move that they make new discoveries and because they do not possess that they are able to enjoy everything.

When we stop, there is always the temptation to settle down to stay, prolong the rest, enjoy the company for longer. We may never meet again, so why not linger? We begin to feel at one with these new friends. Yet when we do leave them, we do so knowing that this oneness can never be broken. We part the richer for having met each other, and nothing, neither physical distance nor even death, can rob us of that gift because we are one in Christ, even with those who do not believe in Christ...

Everything in life – food, drink, sleep, thought, work, above all friendship – they are all steps on this road to with our own being, with every other human being, with all creation, a wanting to be dissolved and to be at the heart of it all. *Unless you lose your life you cannot find it*. If we are to be pilgrims, then we must want this more than anything else...

I was sorry at leaving Vézelay and the students. I had experienced at-oneness with them, and when I left them I knew that this oneness could never be broken. I was the richer for having met them and, hopefully, they were the richer for having met me.

## Path to Rome

*The Path to Rome to avoid burning in hell. The Path to Rome fisherman...**my chalice overfloweth!***

▷▷

# Smorgasbord

## What is a pilgrim?

*(Gerard Hughes in 1975 walked from England to Rome. At Vézelay in central France he spent time with a polyglot group of students. On his departure he wistfully reflects on this meeting)*

I felt very sad as I walked down the hill leaving Vézelay behind, and I would gladly have spent a few more days in the company of the students; but the pilgrim, if he is ever going to reach his destination, has to be detached. During the day I kept thinking about the meaning of being a pilgrim and of the pilgrim nature of the church.

The Second Vatican Council spoke of the church as the *pilgrim people of God*, reminding us of a very ancient traditional description, which goes back to Abraham, who was called to leave his own country and become a wanderer, a searcher. Those within the church who dislike change and oppose it in the name of tradition, are not within the tradition of the church, which by its very nature must be a church on the move, a searching church without any abiding city here... There is something essentially provisional about the church, because she is a people led by the Spirit of the transcendent God, who cannot be enclosed in definitions nor in temples made by human hands.

Pilgrims must travel light, otherwise they cannot travel on their way. Their equipment is designed for the journey and they do not fill their rucksacks with unnecessary provisions which only slow them down. As they walk,

## Journey to Bethlehem

In Israel, the land of the Holy One, I long to visit Bethlehem. I have instructions about where to catch public transport from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. I hear a driver calling "To Bethlehem" and pay him the fare. The transport is a minivan. The other passengers are all veiled Palestinian women. There is partial visibility through the windscreen. All the other windows are curtained.

We ride as far as the check-point and the driver announces that we must all get out of the van as he has Israeli registration and therefore cannot go beyond the check-point. Not understanding Arabic, I do not grasp this announcement and find myself off the bus in a barren landscape with veiled women. Before us is the check-point, armed soldiers and UN trucks patrolling the zone. I do not know where we are. But I feel like I have entered the gospel story and it is alive within me.

I stand beside a young Palestinian teenager, eyes like a doe's and lashes to die for (all that is visible of her face). She tells me she is waiting for her uncle to pick her up and take her to Hebron. She invites me to travel with them. The uncle arrives in a beat-up car. Off we go through the desert landscape, littered with burned cars, abandoned, bombed homes.

After a few minutes, the uncle stops and I am asked to get out of the car. I do. And I find myself alone on the road to Bethlehem. All around are signs of the violence of struggle. I walk for about an hour. The outskirts of Bethlehem are dirty and desolate except for armed youths. I ask several people for directions to Manger Square.

When I arrive at the Church of the Nativity, I descend to the grotto where a group of French pilgrims are singing Taizé chants. They soon leave. I am alone in the grotto, the long-venerated site of the birth of Jesus. I am flushed with faith and gratitude. I believe.

Through the solitude and silence underground, I hear the clamour of conflict and gun-shots. Jesus, becoming one with us, in this place still troubled by war and injustice. The paradox questions me.

Al Qudos
Story of Jerusalem
tell us
Cry of Jerusalem
search us
Conflict of Jerusalem
teach us
Violence of Jerusalem
spare us
Walls of Jerusalem
shelter us
People of Jerusalem
question us
Spirit of Jerusalem
restore us

*Anne Powell*

*Brian Fenton*

# Labyrinth

*Trish McBride discovers that the inner journey does not necessarily entail a journey to a distant shrine*

The labyrinth – as I first heard of it – was in Cretan mythology where the savage bull/man minotaur found and devoured the yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, despatched into its maze of tunnels to meet their doom. This labyrinth was designed for King Minos by the mythical inventor Daedalus. Minos' daughter Ariadne fell in love with Theseus, one of the next batch of victims, and gave him a ball of string. By following this he was able to return to safety after first killing the minotaur.

After that violent introduction, it was intriguing to hear of a counselling practice called Labyrinth. It is based on an ancient pattern on the floor of Chartres cathedral. Instead of the confusion of the maze and the violence and fear at the centre, this labyrinth represented a journey to peace, to an inner stillness at the centre, and what's more, there is no possibility of getting lost, because despite appearances there is actually only one path in and out. The connection with counselling is that while a counsellor may accompany a client on the deep and winding journey, ultimately one stands at the centre alone. And truly God is in that place!

On a trip to Chartres I was disappointed to find the labyrinth, tiled and worn by the feet of countless pilgrims, was inaccessible for walking. I returned home with a leaflet describing how it had traditionally been used as a substitute for a geographical pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Now, however, at Frederic Wallis House, the ecumenical retreat and conference centre in Lower Hutt, a permanent outdoor labyrinth has been lovingly crafted and made available to the wider community. It was formed through many hours of voluntary labour and dedicated in 1999. People of all denominations and none

▷▷

## A Kiwi in Medjugore

"The Mass was concelebrated by about ten priests. Pilgrims had come from many parts of the world, which emphasised the widespread belief in the apparitions. As I participated in the Mass I felt a tremendous sense of the unity of the church. I felt at peace. After Mass I wandered round the streets. Village life today revolves round the tremendous influx of visitors. There is an amazing number of shops selling rosaries, holy pictures etc. The people are friendly.

"After a light lunch I walked about two kilometres to the foot of the hill of the original apparitions. The way to the top is marked by Stations of the Cross. The ground over which you walk to make the Stations is strewn with boulders. It was like walking up a dry creek bed.

"Half way up the steep climb in the broiling sun there was a stall where an enterprising gentleman was selling cold drinks at twice the price you paid at the bottom of the track! Some pilgrims were doing the Stations in bare feet. Their piety was inspiring. It took me about an hour to reach the top, where there is a great Cross marking the spot Our Lady first appeared to the children in 1983.

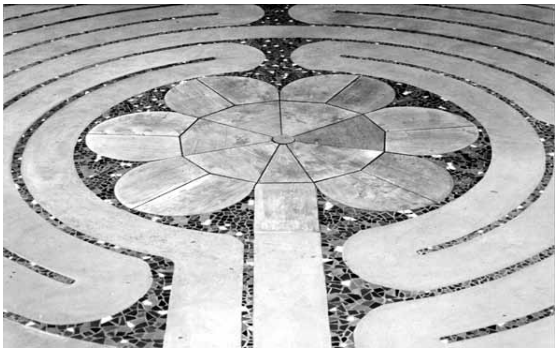
"Quite a few people had brought food and were sitting around on the grass enjoying their repast. I sat there awhile meditating and giving thanks to God for his love and care for humanity."

*John Vincent*

have come to experience this time-honoured walk. Their experiences of it are as varied as the people themselves.

The first time I made the journey to the centre along with a number of others, my main preoccupation was what would happen when I encountered someone going in the opposite direction. My normal pattern is to move aside, make way for others; and the challenge became to hold my own path at least some of the time. Lo and behold! – some people moved aside for me. The gift was to take that away with me and put it into practice in the daily doings.

Another time as I was leaving the centre to begin the outward journey, I turned to farewell it and found my body swinging from side to side like a compass needle. That was somewhat unnerving, but at another level reassuring that the Ground of our Being does exercise this attraction, almost like a magnet and we the responsive needle once we free ourselves from the competing currents. We have within us all we need to find and follow this invitation.



And last time I walked the labyrinth it seemed to me to be a potent metaphor for the spiritual journey. Within a couple of minutes you are at the rim of the centre – such progress so quickly! Then the heart can sink as suddenly you find yourself back at the outer perimeter, apparently no nearer to the goal than when you first started.

The secret is not to lose hope, but to keep putting one foot in front of the other amidst the turns and twists of life. Then there are the wild swings into new quadrants, or apparent back-tracking to the one you started from. Impossible to see how your present place is located in terms of the overall journey. In and out. Backwards and forwards. Surrender to the rhythm of pacing and turning. Stop a while and enjoy the flowers and trees that surround you and the intricacy of the vibrantly coloured tile fragments marking the path. Don't rush.

And if you can't get your bearings, simply entrust yourself to the Way. Acknowledge the dismay at finding yourself diametrically opposite the entrance, yet again on the outer edge. Have you walked, travelled the holy road, for so long now, and in one dimension you are **still** no nearer than when you began? But in another dimension there is the invitation to trust that Jesus, the Way, has you safely in care.

And eventually the relief of arrival at the centre. Stillness perhaps bringing its gift, or clarity or solution to whatever your walk is about. The reluctance to leave, the wish to build a tabernacle, as the apostles wanted to do when they witnessed the Transfiguration, but then the necessity, the requirement to return to the daily and the humdrum and take the treasure of the gift with you to be integrated into what lies ahead.

The longest journey is the journey inwards. It is not guaranteed to be a journey of all peace and light. There are times when we encounter demons entombed there from our past. And that is when a wise counsellor or spiritual director can be like the ball of string – the reassuring presence which enables and accompanies the way back to the everyday world.

All this from a walk along a patterned path in the ground to a wooden flower in the centre. Many other people have recorded their insights in the book for responses at Wallis House. "In the sunshine and the shadow, twists and turn, sidesteps for others and others side-stepping for you, a temptation to take a short-cut." "The colours of earth, sky and waters all blended into one quiet place just to 'be', one with the Creator of all." "A sense of being connected in prayer with those who have gone before." "We are all on a journey and not everyone is at the same place as me."

The labyrinth has entered the lore of 21st century spirituality in New Zealand as a precious legacy from antiquity and the medieval French church. Come and walk, come and see for yourself! ■

*Phone (04) 567 6876 to ensure your projected visit time is convenient for the Wallis House community.*

# Pilgrim's map of

*Going on pilgrimage was one of the most popular devotional acts of the medieval Christian. Churches and monastic hostels grew up along the principal routes. A pilgrimage from Germany to Compostela might take a whole year*

**Lough Derg**
"St Patrick's Purgatory" has been a place of pilgrimage in Ireland since the 12th Century

**Paris**
Principal centre of learning and commerce in Europe during the Middle Ages, Paris is also the site of the tomb of St Denis, the patron of France

**Chartres**
Chartres, in Central France, is celebrated for its wonderful Gothic Cathedral and the world's finest collection of medieval glass

**Santiago di Compostella**
Bones claimed to be those of the Apostle James, son of Zebedee, were found in NW Spain in the 9th Century. The shrine of St James grew in importance until by the 12th Century it ranked with Rome and the Holy Land as major pilgrim destinations of the late Middle Ages. The pilgrimage routes across Europe became the principal traffic arteries in spite of the hazards of poor accommodation and robbers

**Vézelay**
This small French town lies at the crossroads of medieval pilgrimage routes. The Romanesque Basilica, dedicated to St Mary Magdalen, is one of the finest in France

**Lourdes**
The site of apparitions of Mary to Bernadette Soubirous in 1858. Modern pilgrimages to Lourdes are especially concerned with care of the sick

# medieval Europe

### Canterbury

Canterbury became a place of pilgrimage following the martyrdom of Archbishop Thomas à Becket by Henry II, in 1170. A pilgrimage to St Thomas' shrine provided the setting for Chaucer's Canterbury Tales

### Venice

The independent lagoon city of Venice flourished during the Middle Ages as the great trading post with the Orient. It was also the principal port of departure of pilgrims to the Holy Land

### Medjugore

The little town of Medjugore in Croatia has become a focus of modern-day pilgrimage since alleged apparitions of Mary to a group of children began in 1984

### The Holy Land

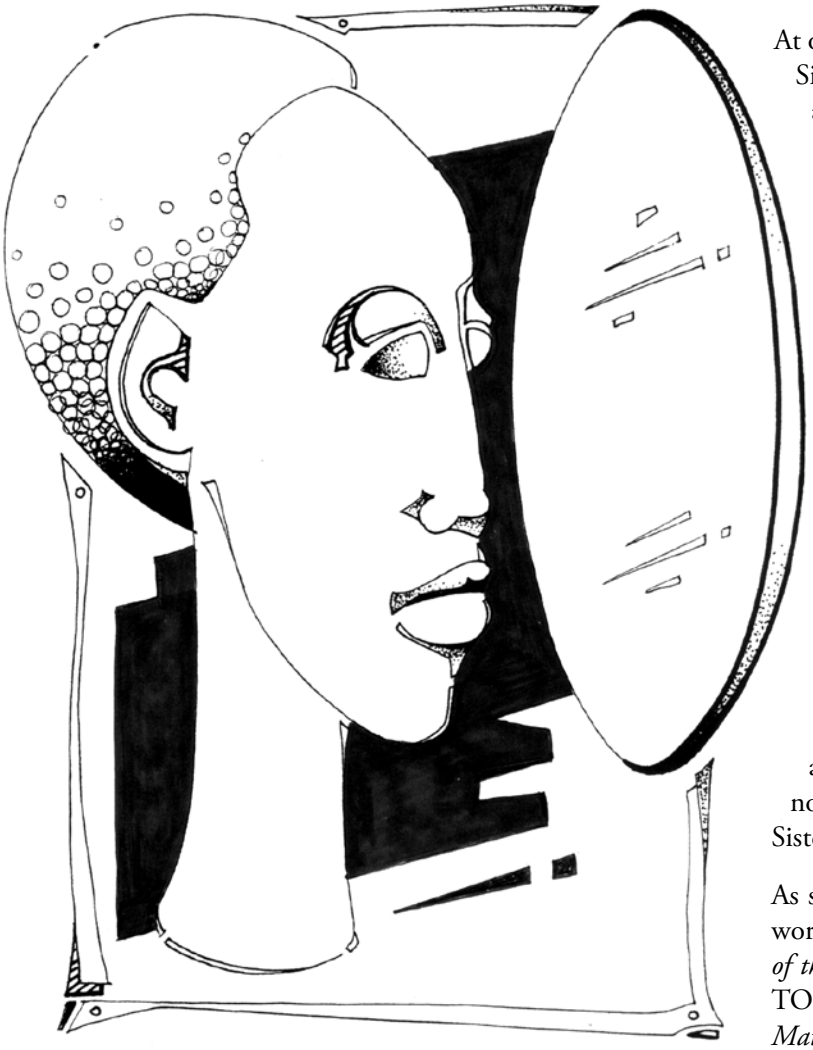
The ultimate journey, for any pious medieval Christian, was to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. St Francis and St Ignatius were but two of many. The religious motive became mixed up with a warrior theme during the period of the Crusades. After the conquest of Jerusalem by Saladin and its subsequent control by Muslims, pilgrimage to Jerusalem became much more difficult; which is one reason why alternative shrines such as Rome and Compostela became so popular.

### Rome

From the earliest Christian centuries pilgrims have flocked to Rome from all over Europe to visit the tombs of St Peter and St Paul; also to venerate the early martyrs.
Years of Jubilee - so-called 'Holy Years' – bring huge numbers of pilgrims. This custom grew up as a result of the Jubilee Indulgence given first by Pope Boniface VIII in 1300, who granted the same benefits to pilgrims to Rome as were previously only available to those who travelled to the Holy Places in Palestine

# The empty mirror

An incident in a house for the disabled in Karachi helped Dominican, Peter Murnane, to discover himself



What, after all, is human identity? What if one day you looked into the mirror, and saw no image of yourself?

Among the ten million people who live in Karachi there is a small community of sisters who care for people with physical and mental disabilities. Such is their reputation that the Moslem police bring to them babies who have been abandoned because of handicap or deformity.

When I visited this convent, the Sisters introduced me to the residents. Some of them could do no more than lie on their beds; others were blind. One young girl, highly intelligent but gravely deformed, had begun the long process of having her face rebuilt by surgery.

At one point during my visit we sat in an upstairs room, the Sisters' recreation room. Space was so scarce that the room also sometimes served as a chapel - an altar and pews were draped with cloth covers. It was also a dining area. Even as we sat, several residents, guided by a volunteer, were helping less able residents with their evening meal. Here, nothing was too fixed; regulations were minimal. What mattered was that everybody felt at home here, and knew that they were greatly loved.

Our guide, a chubby and talkative sister of sixty-something years, was telling us about her life and work. No, she had not travelled much; a trip of a few hundred kilometres to central Pakistan had been a rare adventure. I thought of my own many journeys to other lands, and the cost of those air fares. For decades she had remained here in Karachi, among the crowds and pollution, working daily at the arduous tasks of feeding and cleaning these less able human beings. It was obvious that she saw them as her sisters and brothers; and just as obvious how much they appreciated her help and friendship. A child who could not move from her cot, would smile with beatific joy when Sister touched or spoke to her.

As she spoke, I found every sentence challenging me. The words of Jesus rang in my head: *when you did it to the least of these you did it to me.* Not just FOR me, I reflected, but TO me. I had never found it difficult to understand that in *Matthew 25* Jesus identified with people locked up in prison, or starving in a famine. I could accept that they represented Christ, because they were people like me who were suffering injustice. To lose your freedom, and suffer the brutality of prison - even for a criminal - must be most painful; and to lack food when others are well fed is seriously unjust.

But in this house I was hearing something more radical: the Son of God saying that these "handicapped", some of them so physically unattractive, are the beautiful Christ. Such limited persons are the Infinite One. These people, lacking the gifts or "normalcy" which allow me to feel so secure, are nevertheless Jesus himself.

In that ordinary, untidy room, listening to a woman who loved in an extraordinary way, I began to ask more deeply

that old question at the core of human existence: "What am I?" Who would I be, if I were to be stripped of my more superficial layers? What is the essential me?

As we talked, I was sitting near the top of the stairs that led to the ground floor. My wandering eye had noticed, down on the first landing, a mirrored wall, in which I would see a reflection of part of the stairs and landing: pinkish cement walls and a light bulb hanging from the ceiling. When it was time to continue our tour, we moved towards these stairs. As we commenced our descent, I suddenly felt a shock, a deep sense of alarm. At first I was puzzled to know what was shocking me.

Then I realized - profoundly startled - that the stairs facing us in the mirror were empty of people: our image, my image was not there! It was a feeling worse than when you open a door in an unfinished building and look down into a sheer drop of many storeys. During that second or two, I looked almost despairingly for an explanation. I found it when I noticed - with great relief - that the two light bulbs were different, the one above me, and the one hanging at an equal distance behind what I had taken to be a mirrored wall. In fact, I could now see, the further bulb hung from a different ceiling. I was looking not at a mirror but through a space into another stairwell. The staircase we were walking down was divided from its twin by a wall about waist high: an unusual piece of architecture, the like of which I had never before seen.

But my disturbance remained. The sight of a "mirror" seemingly empty of my reflection had stirred me to ask: "What do I really know about myself?" Do I depend on mirrors scattered around my world to provide the illusion I have been creating all these years? Has my identity been based on images in mirrors, such as I might quickly glimpse before walking into a room to meet people, to check that my clothes and hair were tidy?

That moment on the stairs was disturbing, but it also freed me. In a strange city, where so many people barely cling to life, that selfless old Sister and the sudden loss of my "self-image" had given me a strange gift. I had glimpsed a bit more clearly that shocking ideal about which both Christian and Buddhist traditions speak, but which in fact we hardly know at all: that to gain life, we must actually lose our "self" by gradually dying.

No doubt the "handicapped" people had contributed to my gift. They, who lack faculties and achievements that I have taken pride in all my life, had prepared me for this insight. Moving among them, I had seen humanity at a new depth. But perhaps most of all, these Sisters working and living so fully for others, had shaken loose into a more conscious part of my mind the beautiful ideal St Paul had seen and excitedly put before us: *I live now, not I, but Christ lives in me.* ■

# NOTICES

## Life New Zealand Trust
### January 15-28, 2001

**A 2-week ecumenical residential programme, Vaughan Park Centre, Long Bay, Auckland**

Facilitated by Abbot David Geraets, OSB, and two skilled members from The Monastery of the Risen Christ, California.

**Aims:** Self-understanding, expanding awareness using techniques of depth psychology, physical wellness, prayer, charisms, intergenerational healing.

Based on a programme formulated by Dr Morton Kelsey and Abbot David, presented in USA and elsewhere since 1978.
Cost will be limited to $1000 per head.

**Contact:** Life New Zealand Trust,
31 Cameron St, New Plymouth
Ph/Fax 06 758 3360 Email: hayton@xtra.co.nz

## Firepower Youth Outreach

*when:* 9 – 30 September
*who:* Catholics 16 years old and over

*where:* Based at St Mary's Cathedral Parish, Sydney
*cost:* $1750 which includes airfares from Wellington, accommodation, meals and internal transport

*to do what?* – Share faith stories, drama, dance, participate in liturgies and assist the Cathedral parish in other activities in serving the visitors to Sydney during the Games

*for more information contact:*
Christine (04) 939 9890 or

## History Project

*The Knights of the Southern Cross*, NZ, has commissioned a definitive history of its 75 years continuous existence.

Researcher/writer, Ian Thompson, is canvassing the 16 existing branches for records of members and activities but is anxious to have input from as wide a band of people as possible.

*Contact:*
Ian Thompson
Box 11, Frasertown, Hawkes Bay
Phone (06)838 8090 – Fax (06)838 8020

*A moment none of us can control, yet which all experience – that elusive instant when God touches our lives. Theologian Helen Bergin OP, describes the action of the Holy Spirit as the daily meeting point between God and us*

# Holy spirit...
## *our God making contact*

What were we celebrating last month at the feast of Pentecost? Was it the Holy Spirit coming to us *from* Jesus or was it the Holy Spirit coming *to* the church? Whether or not we consciously linked this feast with Jesus or with the church, most of us at least would have connected this event with the Spirit of God. It is on one aspect of this dynamic Spirit that I wish to offer some thoughts.

Recently, Elizabeth Johnson in her acclaimed work *She Who Is* described the Spirit as "God drawing near and passing by in . . . sustaining, renewing, and liberating power in the midst of historical struggle." For her, the Spirit is God intimately close to the heart of our world. Another theologian, Kilian McDonnell, has spoken of the Spirit as the "universal point of contact between God and history". For him, the Spirit is

**The Spirit is the bridge point between things earthly and things divine**

the bridge point between things earthly and things divine.

In this reflection, I wish to explore this notion of the Spirit as God's "contact point" with the earth and to suggest its benefit for our appreciation of the Spirit. Let me begin with the help of three images. One striking image which suggests to me God's contact with planet earth is the *rainbow* in which light, refracted in many colours, beautifully links earth and sky. A second image, coming from a fourth century theologian St Basil the Great, is that of a *sunbeam*. He says that the Spirit "remains whole like a sunbeam whose kindly influence benefits each creature as though it were present to that creature alone". In such encounter, the Spirit/sunbeam affects each creature, yet is not diminished by connecting with any of them. A third image is the point on the *distant horizon* where sea and sky seem to merge.

In these three images we recognise a point of meeting, but at the same time that actual meeting point also eludes us. There is no capturing of the moment at which earth and sky, sunbeam and creature, sea and sky come together. Each encounter might best be named an "in between" moment. Is there not some hint in such images of a way to refer to the Spirit of God? Is the Spirit the one who brings different realities together while not being controlled by the encounter? Can we not speak of God's Spirit as the "contact" point between divine and earthly realities?

I would like to suggest that such "contact points" of the Spirit might take three different forms. The first "brush with the Spirit" might be when divine and human realities intersect *with a 'clash'*. The second might be when such realities come together *in an integrating sense*. The third might be when these distinctive realities *keep intersecting* in a constant but gentle way. Let me illustrate.

First, there is a wonderful story in the *Acts of the Apostles* (ch.10) when Peter receives a vision o a blanket being lowered fro the heavens. The blanket is fu of strange creatures which Pe is being invited to take and After three times refusing to c for fear of breaking Jewish pu Peter eventually learns that noth by God is to be called "uncl afterwards, he is asked to go to a receive them into the new Chris God's invitation to Peter clearly upbringing, and with that of t Jerusalem, Peter's change of hea expansion of his mind and heart newcomers into the Christian fa Spirit's engagement in our daily 'clash' which leads to a reversal o held beliefs, or of our behaviour pain deriving from this 'clash', w live, our life differently from the to us has involved a *fruitful* clashi and ours.

Second, in a less dramatic way, confirm in us what we already have beli doing. In such a case, there is integrat Spirit's ways and ours. A comment in "I knew that this was what I needed to what was meant to be!" can be indicators guided not simply by common sense and of verification comes from outside of ou

In *Luke's* gospel (ch.24), for example, the exclaim after their journey with the str our hearts burning within us?" In these that their encounter with Jesus had be new meaning.

In *John's* gospel (ch. 20), if we imagi Magdalen hearing her name called garden, we sense her sudden recognitio God's renewed presence in her friend Je What was it that enabled her to see Jesu when in preceding moments she had see him simply as "the gardener?" The Spirit in bringing together the worlds of the divine and the human, can often affirm a promising path already chosen. An individual may experience inwardly a deep sense of 'knowing'.

Third, and more commonly experienced than is acknowledged, the Spirit of God is in contact with us in an ongoing, invisible way. Our Christian tradition, specially in the writings of homas Aquinas, has taught t God begins our good actions, ts in their accomplishment and them to completion. In light going gift of God's "touching e might reflect on the many when we have required more ng resources to get us through ently, I heard of a professional this country who finally got a ons or interviews. What was it haps the gift of a new day, the k in routine, or an earnest plea ght be!" was the answer to the ?" The sustaining power of the erence between the completion ask. Often, the Spirit is silent, mately, most present.

is about Jesus' gifting his own rld: Jesus' gift of his presence us, around us - as individuals mmunity of this earth. We may e Spirit's presence to us as disturbing or y speak of such presence as confirming may speak of it as ongoing and almost ach instance, we are claiming that God aking contact" and "keeping contact"

th an analogy. Let us imagine that some eft us, or were to leave us, and in their it" could be passed on to us to remain we not experience great joy and strength Would we not realise through this gift ct with this friend was unbreakable?

then reflected on Jesus' parting gift to gift of his own spirit, the Spirit of God to dwell with us forever? Does such act with God not amaze us? Does it not light us? Does it not empower us? Why ould it not? God, in the humanity of Jesus, has cemented divine contact with our world. God, in the always newly-given gift of Jesus' Spirit has pledged never to break this contact. Such is the liberality of God's friendship. Such is the significance of the Spirit. ■

*Helen Bergin is a lecturer at CIT Auckland*

# Eddo and the Caravan Park

*By Robert Allen*

It was wet, cold and July. The day had turned into a steep cliff and somehow I had lost the ability to climb the mountain of things I had to do. I needed a cave halfway up the day. Somewhere I could crawl into and find some dry, warm comfort, sleep a little beside a fire, rest in some dry straw and have someone, something, take all the depression and greyness away. It had been like this for weeks. That feeling of walking through mud in gumboots. No spring in the step, no energy, only trudging from one piece of drudgery to the next. I had tried praying. God hadn't lifted the mood.

I simply gave up on the pile of work and went and found Eddo. We sat in the coffee bar and as he picked up his cup I noticed his huge tattooed hands and I wondered at the damage they had caused others in his violent and desperate past. Now? He was still a frightening sight but I knew him to be harmless and kind.

"How's it been Eddo?" I had been busy.
"Great man. Everything's great," he smiled serenely, and I have to admit that I felt annoyed at his positive attitude. Jealousy and envy yes, but curiosity too. Why did Eddo always have answers when I struggled so much? How did he stay so content?
"Yeah, it's choice bro."
"Glad to hear it," I lied. "Tell me about it."
"Moved out of the boarding house," he beamed. I have never lived in a boarding house and from Eddo's description of the place I knew I wouldn't want to either.
"Your own place at last?" I asked.
"Yeah. It's just great bro."
"Whereabouts?" I asked distractedly looking out into the street wondering if the bloody rain would ever stop. It had been raining for weeks. When would the sun shine again? As we sat in the coffee shop, my mind was stuck in clouded frustration with the wet winter weather. No wonder I'm depressed, I thought.
"Caravan Park. It's premo man," he said.

Yet now, hearing his answer, I thought of the weather again and what it must be like to live in a caravan park at this time of the year when to even go and sit on a toilet or have a shower meant a trip outside. How cold it must get, and how those places attract some unsavoury characters. Could I be happy in a caravan park? The answer was obvious. Given my present mood I would probably slash my wrists. How did Eddo stay so bright.

"No problems?" I asked.
"Not really man...ah, just the leak."
"The leak?"
"Yeah, in the roof of the van. Can't find it mate, so when it rains the floor gets wet. Besides that she's sweet as."

I knew about Eddo's problems with reality over the years, but I didn't think he could be this mad.
"Eddo, not many people would be happy about living in a caravan, never mind in the middle of winter, with a leaky roof that lets rain in. How come you seem so happy?"

The big man pushed his chair back from the table, spread his long legs, placed his hands together behind his head and looked plainly superior, proud, certain and serene.

"Attitude. It's all about attitude. See Rob, I've spent all my life in institutions. Jails, lock-ups, nut-houses, detox, treatment centres, you name it bro... been there, done that, bought the t-shirt. No freedom. Screws... they tell you when to eat, when to sleep, when to exercise, when to shower – hell they'd even tell you when to shit if they could roster your bowels man."

I laughed at that, but I was starting to get the point. He continued...
"Now? I can come and go when I want. Eat, shower, and read all night. No worries about lights out or nothing. It's got to be better, and when I think like that... I know life's been a lot bloody worse than what it is today, and I'm grateful because whatever I'm facing, whatever's in front of me today, I know I've got freedom and choice."

"A blessing?" I asked.
"Gratitude man. There's thousands of millions of people with less than I got."
"Graced?" I tried again.
"Yeah that's right. Now okay, if I thought I might have to live there forever I might think different. But who knows? If I save... well next year I might get me a flat of my own. Never mind about that though, because what I got today is enough. God has given me my freedom."

And I looked outside and it was still raining. I sat in silence watching Eddo and he smiled and finally asked.. "And how are things with you Rob?"

What could I say? I had a loving family and some wonderful friends. A roof over my head that didn't leak. A better than average chance that I would eat three good meals that day. In my work I was privileged to be able to enhance other people's lives. My life had purpose... and yes... I even enjoyed a little respect from a few people. I thought of Eddo's question. How were things with me? I knew the answer. I was ungrateful, introspective, self-centred, and suddenly what I thought was depression seemed like unjustified self-pity. I was ungrateful. That's how things were with me. What to say to this holy man?
"Me? Oh things are just great with me really too Eddo. Thanks for asking."
I meant it too. How much can one man want anyway?
"Eddo do you mind if I ask you a question?"
"Whatever bro."
"How do you remember to stay grateful?"
Eddo reached into the top pocket of the blue check swannie he was wearing and took out a creased and grubby piece of folded paper.
"This", he said.
"What is it?" I asked.
"My gratitude list", and he unfolded it.

It turned out to be a list of people, places, things, situations, songs, favourite food, memories and much more. It was a list of all the gifts that Eddo had been given in his life.
"I carry it everywhere I go and when I add the sum total of all of it together, well... that's what I call God," he concluded.
"Prison Eddo? Even prison?" I asked noting that jail was high on the gratitude list.
"Yeah Rob, that's where I had the time to figure all this out."

I thought about that as I lay in bed the next morning as the pale early light played across the room. The rain smashed loudly against the roof and I thought about Eddo in his caravan, and hugging closer to my wife's back, I didn't know how theologically correct Eddo's definition of God was... the sum total of it all together... but never mind. It made bloody good sense to me. The perfume of Christine's red hair, splayed across the pillow as it had done for over 20 years, itched my nose, and I brushed her hair away slightly, and as I did so I realised that for the first time in weeks I felt safe and connected.

You're a bloody genius Eddo, I thought as I mentally started work on my gratitude list. ■

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*Paul Andrews discusses how vital it is that twins be treated as two very important and very distinct little persons*

# Twins

Twins run in families and are more likely to occur the older the mother is at time of birth, and the more children she has already borne. In the past, they were more vulnerable than single babies, less likely to marry, and at a still earlier and more primitive stage they were liable to be killed, on the superstitious notion that the mother had had intercourse with two different men. They have been valuable to psycholog-ists studying which traits are inherited and which the results of rearing. It is only quite recently that writers like Mary Rosambeau in non-fiction, and Joanna Trollope in her novels, have explored what it is like to be a twin, or the mother of twins.

More recently twins have been watched from as early as conception, using the ultrasound scans of unborn twins in the womb. Piontelli found that twins often have a different placenta and cord. Most are separated by a dividing membrane, so that noises, pulsations and tactile sensations reach each of them in a different way. Their experiences are diverse from the start, and so are their reactions. Some showed practically no response to stimulation from the twin, others withdrew from contact, and others actively sought contact. Some contacted each other tenderly in the womb, some attacked each other violently, and these patterns seemed to persist after birth. One pair was observed to make what looked like affectionate contact from the 20th week of gestation: one twin's hand would stroke the other's head through the separating membrane. A year after birth ▷▷

the same twins had a favourite play, in which they hid on either side of a curtain, using it like a separating membrane. One would put his hand round the curtain, the other his head, and the hand would stroke the head. Learning had started early.

### To the Mother of Twins

You were warned in advance that there would be twins. It does not always happen. Despite modern technology, it still happens that a second infant can surprise everyone in the delivery room, and more than one mother has felt guilty afterwards for crying out in labour: "But I only wanted one!" Twins are more at risk in pregnancy, more likely to be miscarried, or to be premature. Before hos-pitals recognised the importance of initial bonding, and how im-portant the first physical contact is for both mother and baby, twins were more likely to miss it, because, more than single babies, they were likely to be kept in the special care unit for a while.

You will certainly re-member the work that started with birth: the major task of falling in love with two people at the same time, and sometimes two little people whom you cannot easily tell apart. You will not forget the task of feeding two instead of one, especially if their sucking was not well developed and they were slow to feed. One mother reported that her twins needed to be fed every three hours, but since feeding took an hour with each baby, it gave her only one hour for everything else that had to be done in the house.

They grew hungry at the same time, and declared their hunger as only a baby can, by crying. So you were regularly feeding one to the accompaniment of the other's wailing. I knew a mother who would put one twin in another room with the radio on loud, so that she could feed the other twin without the background of crying.

You will remember the enormous physical labour and exhaustion of managing two instead of one. If you picked up one, the other would cry to be lifted too. You could not manage two babies and a shopping bag on the bus. Even to fit two carry-cots in the car was a major job. Many mothers of twins complain: 'I had no time to enjoy them. I loved looking quietly at the babies, drinking them in. But if I was gazing at John, Joan would be pulling at me. So I tended to do it less to either of them than to the older, single children.'

The other side of the reports are brighter. Twins show fewer emotional problems than single children, perhaps because from the nature of things, their fathers have to work as joint caretakers; and the emotional stability of twins owes much to the early involvement of *both* parents in their daily care.

Moreover, twins always have company, and thus do not suffer separation traumas. They learn early to communicate with one another, study each other's faces in the pram, use eye-language in an uncanny way, know without words what the other is feeling, put plans into operation without any exchange of language. Because they need language less, their language development, and with it their verbal intelligence, and later reading skills, can develop more slowly than in single children. It is not enough for twins to talk to one another. Their communicat-ion with one another is often non-verbal. They need talkative parents who stimulate them with adult language. One mother noticed how the twins would listen to her, and then practise using her words with one another later on.

Above all, twins need to be treated as separate persons. Address them separately, and by name, otherwise they may well wait, leave the answering to the other – or worse, allow one twin to dominate and always answer for both of them. How they resent it when at Christ-mas Auntie brings a present for big Mary, and another for big Jim, and "Here's a record for the twins". How they resent it when their school reports are put side by side and compared, though you would never compare them with Jim's or Mary's. They need all the opportunities that you can offer single children, of developing their sense of territory – their own cupboard, perhaps their own room; their taste in colours and clothes.

You are not alone in feeling that the twins demand more time, energy and thought than the other children. The Bible mentions the problem early on, in the struggle of Esau and Jacob to come first out of the womb, Jacob hanging onto Esau's heel. Rebecca certainly had her hands full with that pair. They grew up as distinct per-sonalities, and that must be your hope for your twins, each with their own personality, tastes, talents and destiny. ■

*The twins (above) are Caitlin and Jeremy Barnes of Dunedin. The photo was taken by Mary Ann Bishop*

**Tui Motu columnist, Tom Cloher, talks with Auckland Criminal Lawyer, Helen Bowen. Helen is a mother of three (pictured with son Nicholas) and is an enthusiastic advocate of Restorative Justice**


# Restorative Justice no easy ride for the offender

*Helen, I know that your father is a lawyer too. Did you feel committed to becoming one?*

Not really: I did an arts year at Auckland University after leaving Westlake High School – English, Education and Sociology. The following year I left for Otago University lured by a boarding bursary and the fact that quite a number of my friends were already there. I enrolled in the law school because I wanted to know more about it. Only gradually did I become more interested and committed to it.

*How did this occur?*

Information in the first place: studying legal systems enlarged my view of the place of law in society, and doing family law conveyed its potential for practical application to social problems. I also found jurisprudence (the philosophy of law) fascinating as it indicated how and why laws were changed. At age 21 this was a challenging and rather disconcerting possibility. Martial law was introduced in Germany for example by the Nazi party to 'justify' some of its conduct. This was of particular interest to me as my uncle on my father's side spent four years in a concentration camp. Because he had a Jewish name his normal rights of citizenship were suspended. I suspect that this injustice spurred my father's inclination to side with the less fortunate.

*How did your practice of the law begin?*

Only gradually: after three years in Dunedin I returned to Auckland where I completed my law subjects while working part-time in my father's firm. He specialised in accident compensation claims prior to the 1974 Accident Compensation Act, and his concern for people with these difficulties was probably my first exposure to the contribution law practice could make to human rights.

In 1981 I married and my husband Richard took up a position in Tauranga. I was able to work there with a law practice that had many rural clients. This gave me some insight into the world of the farmer and the orchardist and the contracts they needed to secure their livelihoods. These years – 1981-84 – also enabled me to work for three years in the law which meant that I could then practice on my own account. In 1984 we decided to travel as we had not been overseas.

*You ended up in Washington DC – tell us about that*

Richard's brother was stationed there with the NZ Navy. Richard obtained work with the NZ Embassy and this enabled me to pursue employment too. A woman lawyer who was just completing a post graduate degree and about to leave a Washington law firm suggested that I apply for her job. I did so, successfully. The firm specialised in environmental law and for the following two years I was immersed in a fascinating test case. The Federal Government was prosecuting a Local Body for allowing housing to be developed on a site that was contaminated by hazardous and toxic substances (so badly that some children were afflicted with deformities). In turn the Local Body was suing the very wealthy chemical firms that dumped the toxic substances of landfill there in the 60s; it had taken about 20 years for the awful consequences to become apparent. Somewhat like the *Erin Brokovich* saga I suspect although I haven't seen the film yet.

*What else did you do in Washington?*

Studied! No, not all the time: we enjoyed the wonderful art galleries, the monuments, and of course The Smithsonian. I did manage to complete a master's paper in environmental law at George Washington University though and a less demanding course in journalism.

*Then you came home to what?*

We were now three as my daughter was born in 1985. On my return I taught part time at the Auckland Institute of Technology and called on my recently acquired journalistic training to work with the Commercial Clearing House, editing The NZ Business Bulletin and a handbook for the NZ Family Court. But it was my immersion in the teaching of a three months' intensive programme for law graduates that turned my mind towards the significance of litigation and stirred my interest in criminal law. I began to take legal aid cases and took my turn as duty solicitor. My practice was focused mainly upon the Henderson area where no one seemed very interested in the many young people in trouble with the law; they were disadvantaged, alienated, and highly prone to re-offending.

When the Children and Young Persons Act was passed in 1989 the principal judge of the NZ Youth Court, Judge Michael Brown, decided to appoint a few youth advocates. I was fortunate ▷▷

▷▷ to be one of them. Working with youth and families has been the principal focus of my legal practice ever since.

*Knowing a little of the range and intensity of your work, Helen, I have to ask you how you manage to juggle it all?*
That's a reasonable question as my ether they are the ultimate reference point for everything. So when things begin to get too hectic I deliberately cut back my case work or associated activities, go slow, and concentrate on the children. Then I have a deliberate entrance and exit each day for my personal life. The day normally begins with 20-30 minutes of prayer and a walk. At 7.30am the typical household scramble begins. The two older children get their own lunch and all three walk across the park to school. I return home between 3pm and 7pm depending upon child-minding arrangements. I exit the day with another 30 minutes of prayer. The weekends of course are far less programmed with the usual sports run-around included.

*What about your professional day?*
It also has its entrance and exit. The entrance is a coffee at the office where my partner and I sketch out the day and try to second guess how best to deal with our mutual commitments. Later in the day whenever possible we share a de-briefing session. This is really salutary: the wave of human anguish we en-counter in the cells, the prisons, and the courts each day can be overwhelming; the debrief enables us to leave the legal world behind as we return to our respective families.

Despite the pressures of criminal law practice it has some very satisfying aspects. It is rewarding. The work I'm paid for is enough to support my family but in reality the unpaid work I choose to do is actually more rewarding. Not infrequently people urgently needing legal help are not able to pay for it.

*In the light of this schedule what drives you to become so involved in the development of restorative justice?*
Hmn. My mother refers to it as my 'other child'. It is a demanding but necessary and hopeful alternative to traditional justice processes. The latter responds to legislation which is specific, formal, and usually inflexible. The human situation is complex and many sided. Restorative justice responds to this; victim and offender are respected, space is created for a variety of views in an informal setting, apology and reparation can emerge. It can frequently deliver better outcomes than the courts.

*If Restorative Justice is as good as this why is it not being adopted more widely and more quickly?*
Relative to the rate of change typical of the legal culture, it is actually moving quite quickly, but resistance from the community and the judiciary seems to stem from a perception that restorative justice is an 'easy out' for the criminal. It's normally quite the opposite. The offender in a restorative justice conference has nowhere to hide. The offender must admit guilt, express sorrow, and demonstrate how amends will be made. In the court setting the victim and the offender are kept apart. They seldom come to terms with a relationship that may never be resolved.

In any case traditional systems of judgment and punishment yield woeful statistics. Increased rates of imprisonment and increasing rates of return to prison are pitiful outcomes and unsustainable in the long run. We must deliver a better model.

*Helen, when many of your generation have shifted away from Christian faith and practice you have decided to embrace it. How has this come to pass?*
By degrees: the spiritual aspect of life has always intrigued me. It was never formalised for me as my parents were not able to agree how it should occur (my mother being an Anglican and father Jewish). I went to the occasional Bible camp and enjoyed them, and I recall going to a Billy Graham Crusade when I was about nine, 'distinguishing' myself by not walking up to testify when many of my friends did. At a more mature stage, having children spurred me to think about religious conviction and practice.

I met an elderly lady (nearly 80) in 1990 on the North Shore who taught my daughter music. She was a very versatile and talented person who had been a teacher at Steiner schools in Germany as well as New Zealand. Over a period of two years she helped me to appreciate the Steiner presentation, including especially its emphasis upon Christianity; I also participated in Scripture readings, discussion and reflection. We shifted across the harbour so that the children could enrol in the school which all three now attend.

In 1995 I was a speaker at a conference of the Criminal Bar Association. So was Fr Jim Consedine from Lyttelton. In him there was an evident commitment to Christianity and to restorative justice. We have been friends ever since. We have collaborated in writing a book called Restorative Justice and he recommended a range of books that stimulated my journey towards religious commitment. This culminated with my baptism at All Saints Anglican church community at Ponsonby last year. Fr Jim continues to be my mentor and my rock!

*Final question Helen: you must have read quite a number of spiritual books to fuel this meditation habit. What is your current favourite and why?*
My current favourites are *Living in the Breath of the Spirit: reflections in prayer* and *The Fire in these Ashes*, both by Joan Chittister OSB. The following quote from the latter might convey why this Benedictine religious speaks so clearly to me.

"Spirituality is theology walking. Spirituality is what we do because of what we say we believe. What we dogmatise in the creeds, spirituality enfleshes and what we enflesh is what we really believe. If, for instance, we believe that the Incarnation made all of humanity holy, then we must squarely be on the side of the undervalued, the denigrated, or derided. If we believe in the eucharistic community, then we must share the bread of our lives with those who are truly hungry and the wine of our days with those whose hearts lack the joy of life." ■

# Harry Potter – a touch of the Beatitudes

*Melanie McDonagh*

It's July at last! It's this month that the next Harry Potter book comes out. Harry Potter, I need hardly tell you, is the hero of a series of brilliant books by J.K. Rowling. In theory, they are children's books, but that merely describes the subject matter and not the readers. Certainly, I read them like a child, wolfing them down like sweets and not stopping until the end.

Which is why I could hardly contain myself when I learned that the American Library Association has recorded more requests to ban J.K. Rowling from public libraries than any other author last year. American evangelicals have taken against Harry Potter, with the result that there have been attempts to remove him from schools and libraries in 13 states; in one district in Michigan, you have to have parental permission to get hold of a copy. It's the Prohibitionist spirit, that's what it is.

The gist of the books is as follows: Harry Potter is left as an orphan with his indescribably horrid aunt and uncle after the death of his parents. It turns out on his eleventh birthday that he is in fact a born wizard. Summoned to the Hogwarts school for sorcerers, he goes to classes in such subjects as Magic Potions and learns to play Quidditch, an exciting team game conducted on broomsticks. And besides the normal routine, there is, for Harry, the perpetual possibility of a terrifying encounter with Voldemort, the very personification of evil, a wizard gone bad who turns out to have murdered Harry's parents when he was a baby.

All right, it might not be your sort of thing. But it reads wonderfully. The beauty of these books is that they have all the merits of the old-fashioned English public-school story: a familiar cast of characters whom you get to know

Books

over time – the swot, the scapegrace, the strict but fair head of house, the kindly headmaster; there's the reassuring annual cycle of the school year, starting and ending with the summer holidays; there's the familiar interlude of the school house matches, in this case on broomsticks. The differences from the traditional school story, however, are several: the homework is about spells and magical beasts; there is no normal school snobbery in Hogwarts, though this is decidedly a school of the old-fashioned, academic kind; and the school is co-educational, with no funny business between the girls and boys.

What worries the American evangelicals, of course, is the witchcraft bit of it, of which there is plenty. In the last book, there were hooded characters called Dementors, who can suck your soul out, and a real werewolf. In volume one we got a cloak that can make the wearer invisible. And the Voldemort figure is evil incarnate: once a very bright wizard, his pursuit of un-constrained power has had precisely the results you might expect. Further, in J.K. Rowling's scheme of things, the world is divided between born magicians (who have a natural capacity for making remarkable things happen) and Muggles, the painfully mundane majority. Naturally, every child identifies with the non-Muggle party.

But the beauty of the baddies in these books is that they are flagged, miles off, as vile; there is as much subtlety in this cast of characters as in a morality play. J.K. Rowling is painfully moral in her upfront agenda, and decidedly Christian in her implicit one. In her portrait of the three friends, Ron, Hermione and Harry, the virtues she is plugging are loyalty and kindness – and it merely happens that here you don't thump your friend's tormentors, you try to make them belch slugs. A kind heart, we are given to understand, is more important than a weakness for, say, keeping dragons. And fair play in all games is all-important, even if the play in question is taking place on broomsticks.

In other words, the activities described in Harry Potter might be a little unconventional, but the stern morality of proper children's stories is rigorously upheld. I hardly need to dwell on the implications of the bullied and unhappy figure of the pre-Hogwarts Harry being raised up to fame and happiness at school: the plots of fairy stories always seem to have a touch of the Beatitudes about them. The books are, in short, unlikely to make children want to engage in occult rituals – the author is, in fact, severe about such practices as reading tea leaves – but they really might make them want to be morally heroic.

Where the anti-Potter camp does have a point is in identifying the potency of children's books like these. They shape our view of the world as nothing else can. Which is why we should be on our bended knees thanking heaven for J.K. Rowling, who has converted so many children to the pleasures of print. Catholic schools in the United States could set an example to the nation by stuffing their libraries full of Harry Potters: it would do the inmates nothing but good. ■

*By courtesy of the London Tablet*

Kathleen Doherty *speaks with and talks about the work of a young Catholic writer who has already established himself as more than just another travel writer: "more a pilgrim than (just) an observer"*

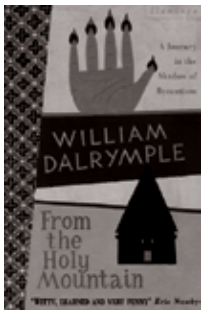
William Dalrymple's London household at 8.30 on a Monday morning sounds just like any other family home: radio playing, children breakfasting, their high fluting voices clear over an occasionally crackling international telephone line, and a father who has to rush because he is due to do the school run "in 30 seconds".

This acclaimed writer of four best-selling and award-winning books, the youngest writer to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, gives time graciously and generously to a telephone call from New Zealand, a call made because reading four books on end by one author makes you feel you know him, and you ring up people you know, don't you?

It is only later that the realisation comes that such accessibility is rare among those who have scaled the heights of authorship, where dealings are usually through agents and publishers. But William Dalrymple, in his books, talks to everyone, learns from everyone, even though his recorded conversations are more exotic than one made from Dunedin one day out from mid-winter's eve.

For this 35 year-old Scottish-born writer, the most brilliant travel book of the 20th century is Robert Byron's *The Road to Oxiana*, published in 1937. Many readers might give that accolade to his own *From the Holy Mountain* (1997) which traces the sixth-century wanderings of the monk John Moschos across the eastern Byzantine world. In following the trail of John Moschos from Mount Athos in Greece, the Holy Mountain, across Turkey, Syria and Lebanon, through Israel to Alexandria in Egypt, William Dalrymple uncovers the largely-ignored story of the Middle East's oppressed Christians. It is a harrowing story of dislocation, genocide, exile, massacres, uprootings, yet written in the most beautiful sensuous prose and with a mixture of erudition and wit and memorable vignettes.

"I think it's my best book", says Dalrymple, "but it was the most difficult to write, the subject matter was intensely upsetting. So few people are aware of what has happened in that region, the memory of it has been so covered up by propaganda, that to write sympathetically of the Palestinians gets one labelled 'anti-Semitic'. *From the Holy Mountain* is not stocked by bookshops in Jerusalem! That journey took me five months, but the book was four years in the writing. Dealing calmly with a very distressing subject was very difficult – I was very glad to finish it and get back to my normal life."

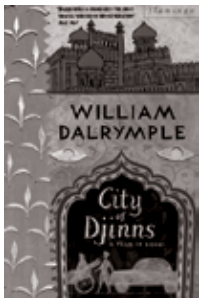



'Normal life' for William Dalrymple is a home in London with his wife, the artist Olivia Fraser who has provided illustrations for two of his books and who is lovingly mentioned in all of the acknowledgments, and their three children. His 'spiritual home' is India, which he first visited as a back-packer when he was 18 and where he now lives for three months each year. "If our children were not asthmatic we'd live there full-time." There is just a hint of wistfulness in the voice.

Pre-children, William, for part of the time with Olivia, spent six years in Delhi researching and writing *City of Djinns* (published 1993) which won both the Thomas Cook Travel Book Award and the Sunday Times Young British Writer of the Year Award. It is less a travel book and much more an affectionate and discerning portrait of Delhi, drawn by a word-artist with a scholarly and curious mind who peels off the cultural and historical layers of a fascinating and frightening city.

Jan Morris, author and critic, writing of this exploration of Delhi, describes Dalrymple as "anything but a voyeur... He is more a pilgrim than an observer, always trying to understand". The same could be said of all his books. He has the scholarship which allows him to see the effects of the past on the present, and the enthusiasm to convey the present in a totally fascinating way.

India is again the subject of the latest Dalrymple book, *The Age of Kali* (1998), a collection of essays resulting from wanderings over ten years around the subcontinent. He describes it as "... a work of love. Its subject is an area of the world I revere like no other and in which I have chosen to spend most of my time since I was free to make that choice". William Dalrymple has a wonderful eye for the incongruous – one does not expect to find a pile of *Mills and Boon* romances in Benazir Bhutto's bedroom – and a deep non-judgmental compassion: the chapter on the widows of Vrindavan, devout Hindu women who have lost all their status on ▷▷



# Stumbling from worship of God to service of people

*Liturgy and the Moral Self*
E.Byron Anderson, Bruce T. Morill, Editors
The Liturgical Press
Price: $79
**Review: Colin Campbell**

I can well remember a saying of an elderly and revered priest of former days: "If you are saying your prayers, you are not going to rob a bank".

This captures the spirit of the collection of essays, *Liturgy and the Moral Self* written on the occasion of the 60th birthday of Don Saliers, the well-known US liturgist and theologian from the United Methodist tradition. He had previously challenged the Church to face up to the issue of believers whose prayer and worship are in conflict with how they live. These essays are a response to his prophetic challenge and posed in the question: "To what extent ought the church as liturgical community make moral and ethical transformation of persons and society the purpose of worship?" (p.13)

Simply put, the Christian is called not only to be a light of the church but a light of the world. Ideally, one's presence before the altar in worship of God should flow into one.s witness in the market-place. When it is not happening greatly across the ecumenical church landscape, the questions arise and these are the ones that *Liturgy and the Moral Self* addresses. Is the fault at the source (worship) or the lifestyle expression (witness) or as one of the contributors, Brian Wren, asks: 'If we fumble the liturgy, will we stumble in our work for justice, peace and kindness?"

My impression of the book is that while the contributors give valuable insights and reflections, they basically 'fumble' the main question. Admittedly, there is no easy answer but I would have liked to have seen a more robust engagement on Salier's central point that "not all who participate in its language and actions (of Liturgy) are shaped by it."

The book's interest lies in that along the way we are treated to a spiritual pot-pourri from reflections on Wesleyan hymns and Pentecostal revivalism to Ignatian and Benedictine contemplative practices.

While this book is meant more for the liturgist and theologian, the central question is a concern for every Christian: "Can the *lex orandi, lex credendi* lead to a fuller *lex vivendi*?" *(Can the law of praying and believing lead to a fuller 'law of living'?)* ■

▷▷ the death of their husbands and who come to this sacred northern city to serve Krishna and wait for death, is profoundly moving.

William Dalrymple was only 22 when he wrote his first book *In Xanadu*. It was his first account of retracing the steps of an ancient traveller, following the route of Marco Polo 700 years earlier from Jerusalem to the summer palace of Kubla Khan in Xanadu on the Mongolian steppe, taking a phial of oil from the lamps in the Holy Sepulchre to offer at the site of the Great Khan's throne. It is a satisfying blend of travel, history, politics and architecture and full of the humour and eye for the ridiculous which is a Dalrymple hallmark.

His fifth book, still in its early stages takes him back to his beloved India. "It's about Brits 'going native' in 18th century India, embracing Islam, and about the subsequent suppressed memory of it all as just too hard to deal with", he says. "It will be a big book – on the scale of *Holy Mountain*. I've still got quite a way to go."

I told him that the appearance of another book would be particularly pleasing to my neighbour at a recent dinner party, a retired academic, who announced proudly that he never read travel books and didn't have much time for travel writers. His wife reminded him that he had just read all of William Dalrymple and the justification was made: "He's not a travel writer. William Dalrymple is a *REAL* writer!" A guffaw of laughter comes down the telephone line. The real writer enjoyed that story.

Harper Collins *Publishers*
*Price: $24.95*

## *Crosscurrents*

by John Honoré

## Spotlight on Toddy

Welcome to the business world Toddy ! - oops ! I mean the team. No sooner had Todd Blackadder stepped off the plane from Australia, after winning the Super 12, than he was named captain of the All Blacks and exposed to the full glare of the big business publicity machine under the name of Sport Inc. Another national hero was being created in the wake of Jeff Wilson, who had the courage to say "enough", before he was destroyed by the hype. Todd Blackadder's every move is being orchestrated in order to sell TV time, magazines, products of all sorts and to crank up further the insatiable public appetite for rugby. The flash bulbs and the arc lights are now trained on the hapless Toddy.

But the Rugby Union has the answer - it's for the good of sport, you understand. Toddy has been fitted out with his All Black issue of dark glasses and, no doubt, the designer leather jacket is in the making (size XXL, please). Whether the glasses are to keep his eye on the ball, or to hide his embarrassment when he signs all those fat cheques and contracts, I don't know.

Maybe they are to hide his bloodshot eyes, after the sleepless nights he will endure whilst worrying about how to fulfil the demands of an insatiable public. Fulfilling these demands could be beyond his capabilities. Thank goodness they did not issue "Pinetree" Meads with dark glasses. He could have done himself a mischief whilst throwing all those fence posts around.

## A more caring Budget

The widely signalled Budget of the Centre-Left Government puts into place the pre-election promises of the Alliance and Labour Parties. After the massive betrayal of the Labour Party in 1984 by its financial leaders Douglas and Prebble, this coalition had to put the seal of integrity on its intentions or sink once more into political oblivion. No sooner was the budget published than that amorphous beast, Big Business, was crying "Foul" and predicting the end of its own reign and, by extension, the end of the world.

Sadly, the Labour Party seemed rattled by the fall in business confidence and appeared to modify some of its policies in order to hold the middle ground. Such political pragmatism could cost Labour dearly, because it puts at risk its core support from the left and weakens the coalition with the Alliance.

However, the new Budget underlines a more caring society with health, education and welfare the big winners. Injustices, such as excessive state house rentals are dealt with by income related assistance which is indicative of the broad aim to narrow the gaps between rich and poor. The redistribution of wealth continues with the tax increase on higher incomes.

All this seems, indeed, to be "fiscally responsible" and demonstrates the intention to place emphasis on human resources, rather than on the monetary gain of a business elite. After a decade of right wing monetarism, which favoured this small elite enabling it to profit from a low wage work force, the Budget expands the margins of a fairer society.

There is a danger signal in all this. Maoris and Pacific Islanders have been treated very generously. Together with Treaty of Waitangi settlements, this generosity carries the seeds of discontent among Pakeha.

In political terms, Maori and Pacific Islander support for the coalition has been recognised. It is now essential for these two groups to make sure that this largesse be evenly and fairly distributed among their people.

## Investment in the arts

Prime Minister Helen Clark, as minister of arts and culture, has given the New Zealand identity a huge boost in this Budget allocation of over $80m for cultural icons such as the NZSO, *Te Papa*, Creative New Zealand and various art galleries. She is to be congratulated for recognising the need for New Zealand to maintain and expand its cultural heritage and to take pride in its artistic achievements.

The practical backing of a sympathetic government is a morale builder for all artists. I find it refreshing to have a Prime Minister who can speak authoritatively about opera, music and ballet. The arts should prosper under such enlightened leadership. There are critics of such an "investment" (and I use the word deliberately). There is the perennial argument that such money should be given to the poor. One critic suggests that this subsidy panders to elitism.

The culture of a country must be encouraged. Right wing monetarism was never going to do it. *Te Papa* was financially badly set up and the NZSO was nearly bankrupt. A rescue was essential. Art achieves a transcendence of the human spirit on which a price cannot be placed. The absence of a creative culture demeans that spirit. Culture enriches everybody's idea of country and self. If the only means of fostering the art and culture of a country is by government support - then so be it. Consider countries that do this, Ireland and France. Support of national culture leads to huge and varied benefits for all, both rich and poor. ■

# Church centralisation

Two eminent Cardinals have recently given interviews in which they roundly criticised the trend towards centralisation in the Catholic church.

Austrian Cardinal Franz Konig, the retired Archbishop of Vienna, lays the blame for centralisation squarely on the Roman Curia which has too often acted as if from a bureaucratic ivory tower. The Cardinal points out that this centralisation is contrary to the teaching of the Vatican Council which insists that it is the local bishops who are the best interpreters of the Gospel message for their particular countries and cultures. In other words, there should be *subsidiarity* rather than centralisation.

Cardinal Konig's criticisms have a special relevance. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the present Pope's candidacy after the death of John Paul I. He has been loud in his praise for John Paul II's approach to social issues. His worry is that the Curia may be 'using' the Pope to further their own agenda, especially centralising power in the Roman Congregations. Is the Cardinal implying that once again there is a Pope who is a 'prisoner' inside the Vatican, a prisoner to his own aides?

The Pope is elderly and in frail health, and therefore is progressively more reliant on the guidance of others. But who? This is far more than just a theo-retical discussion regarding the structure of the church. Cardinal Konig is insisting that it affects all parishes, all families, all individual Catholics. They are the church.

Similar fears have also been expressed by the Brazilian Cardinal, Paolo Arns. He gives an example of the Pope's wishes being overruled by the Curia an a dispute over the division of his former diocese of Sao Paolo. Arns claims that the attacks on liberation theology, which was an especially South American creation, came during the 80s, not from the Pope, but from the *Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith*, headed by Cardinal Ratzinger. Indeed Pope John Paul once said: "liberation theology is embodied in the Bible from first to last page."

Cardinal Arns thinks that while the extensive journeys of the present Pope have had much value, they have also caused damage to the church. "The present Pope", he says, "is exceptional as a person with an ability to work for the whole church with vision and energy. I treat him as a personal friend. But he does not, unfortunately, keep a watch on his Curia. He gives it a free hand."

How widespread are these concerns among the other bishops? Perhaps we may have to wait for Vatican III to find out. ■

*Jim*

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*Tui Motu-InterIslands* is an independent, Catholic, monthly magazine. It invites its readers to question, challenge and contribute to its discussion of spiritual and social issues in the light of gospel values, and in the interests of a more just and peaceful society. Inter-church and inter-faith dialogue is welcomed. The name Tui Motu was given by Pa Henare Tate. It literally means "stitching the islands together...", bringing the different races and peoples and faiths together to create one Pacific people of God. Divergence of opinion is expected and will normally be published, although that does not necessarily imply editorial commitment to the viewpoint expressed.

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# Requiem for a democracy

Democracy in Fiji is slowly bleeding to death. It is happening in the name of rescuing the hostages. The formula seems to be this: they live, democracy dies. Abject cynicism prevails as the negotiating parties are both Fijian, the Army with their guns and Mr Speight with his. Forty four percent of the population is ignored. In the process Mr Speight continues to enjoy the freedom of the city, being chauffeured hither and yon to meet whomsoever he wishes and attracting fulsome apologies when some soldiers mistakenly shot at his car.

The Fijian Indian population has had to witness the forces of order (the Army) and the forces of disorder (the Speightites) reach a series of decisions which seem to suit them both but which shut the Indians out completely. The merit of this is highly questionable. Despite their cultural differences they have together built a modern island nation. They need each other. Fijian Indians have organised an efficient sugar cane industry while indigenous Fijians have done the same for tourism. The vehicle for sharing talents and benefits is good government not disruption, power monopoly, threats and discrimination. After the two coups in 1987 the Indian population was reduced from 53 percent to 44 percent through emigration. If that loss of energy and talent is replicated it bodes ill for the paradise of the Pacific.

Since arriving in 1879 three and four generations of Indians have lived their lives there. That would qualify for residency and all the rights of citizenship in most countries; it ought not be the privilege of those who had the good fortune to arrive first.

Human rights are at stake here. Christian denominations in Fiji have been outspoken in support of the rights of the Indian people (*NZ Catholic*: 4 June last). Anglican, Catholic, and Methodist leaders were quoted specifically. So the kind of agreements presently being hammered out can scarcely expect their blessing.

Power may well come out of a barrel of a gun in the short run but not peace nor prosperity. Might is not necessarily right as the Fijian nation may discover to its peril if aggressive and possessive pathways are preferred. Democracy may well have its shortcomings but as Churchill once observed (loosely trans-lated) 'it beats the hell out of the alternatives'.

*Tom Cloher*

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