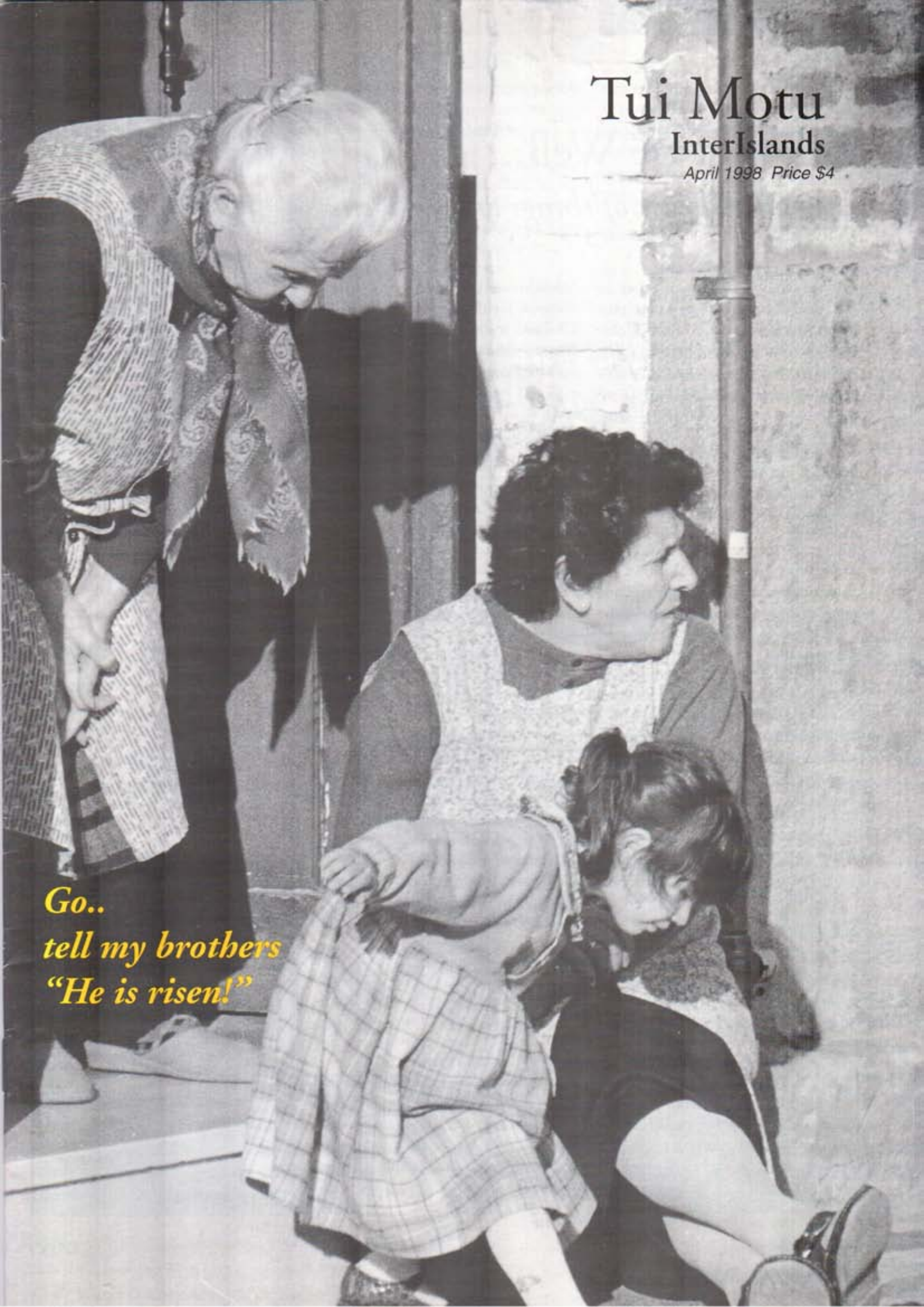


Tui Motu

InterIslands

April 1998 Price \$4



*Go..
tell my brothers
"He is risen!"*

All Will Be Well...

and all manner of things will be well

The famous catchcry of Julian of Norwich sums up in a sentence the fundamental faith of Christians. We are an Easter people. The suffering, dying and rising of Jesus Christ is the pattern of our lives. Whatever the evils and tragedies of the present time we are possessed of an inalienable hope: God's love, made incarnate in Jesus, rules our lives.

For which reason Easter must be a time of celebration, a time of joy and thanksgiving. We in these blessed isles have many things to be thankful for. Yet it is our faith which gives us this security, not just the weather, the fertility of the land, the political peace we enjoy. All these contingent things can and will pass. Faith binds us to each other and to the caring hand of God through the words and actions of Christ. This faith has been handed down to us as a precious gift by our ancestors, our *whanau*: — mother to daughter to grandchild, father to son. It is this handing down of precious beliefs and values which is especially under threat due to the increasing fragmentation of our society.

And that surely must be the question which precedes all others in the Government's Questionnaire preparing for its Code of Social Responsibility. What binds us together as people — and what is it that alienates us from each other? *Tui Motu* gathered together a group of average, concerned New Zealanders and asked them what they thought lay behind this new initiative of Mrs Shipley. Their discussion is reported on pages 6-8, and does not make comforting reading. A people bent on its own personal enrichment will look for scapegoats to blame and victimise, whom they see as

"bludgers" on the system, parasites who compete for their wealth. But a truly Christian society looks first at its least fortunate members and cares for them, whether or not they are at fault.

At Easter we celebrate those salient Gospel truths which enable us to judge wisely where our energies are to be put to transform our world. One object these energies do not need to be wasted on is the Condomised Virgin of *Te Papa*. There are huge issues of injustice which daily clutch at our compassion: of famine, of servitude, of political and social injustice, of inequality. East Timor is but one, and we include a sobering report from there. Who, for instance, agitates against the multinational companies whose shareholders worldwide grow fat on the exploitation of impoverished Third World labourers? Who demonstrates against the massive international trade in lethal weapons? The tasteless juxtaposition of two pieces of plastic in the name of art scarcely merits a second glance. The most apt comment was that of Gary McCormick: it reminded him of a garden gnome crowned with a gumboot! The saddest aspect is that this agitation outside the National Museum depicts Christians and Catholics as little more than a crowd of single-issue bigots.

To work tirelessly for peace, to challenge our leaders on issues of equity and injustice, to protect and cherish our beautiful world against greedy exploitation: this is where our efforts should be directed — tirelessly, in season and out. May the Easter *Alleluia* ringing in our hearts reinvigorate us and bind us together to the task of creating a better world.

M H

Contents

3	Letters
4	Living Easter — Joy Cowley
5	Poem — Paul Freedman
6-8	Focus: What's behind that questionnaire
9-11	Salvation in today's world — Helen Bergin
12-13	The Lone Presider — Jo Ayres
14-20	A Pilgrimage of Grace — Judith and Reg Graham
21	Arts Festival Report — Nicola McCloy
	Resurrection in Ho Chi Minh City — Kevin Toomey
22-23	The Rape of East Timor — Elizabeth Mackie
24-27	Dialogue — Jenny Rockel — Don Lamont — Bernadine Reid
28-29	Book Reviews
30	Television — Keith Harrison
31	Overseas News
32	Postscript — Mary Betz

Independent Catholic Magazine Ltd
P O Box 6404, Dunedin North
Phone: 03 477 1449

Editor: Michael Hill, IC
Assistant Editor: Frances Skelton
Illustrator: Don Moorhead

Directors:
Tom Cloher
Annie Gray
Elizabeth Mackie
Judith McGinley
Paul Rankin
Patricia Stevenson
Printed by John McIndoe Ltd Dunedin

letters

A Cry from the Heart

Thank you for the penetrating insights of your March contributors: Dennis Horton and Peter Murnane speak from the heart.

Dennis says he has "nowhere to go within the Catholic Church". What a terrible indictment from one who has given 30 years or more to the priesthood. Psychologists after much research say that perhaps not even ten percent of people with normal sex drives can remain celibate. Is the psychology of denial strengthening and valid for all?

One of the Documents of Vatican 2 stresses the importance of the laity: they are the Church. Women make up the majority of all worshipping communities, yet they are told to "know your

place". Officially they cannot preach, though some do. They have no vote whatsoever in the higher echelons.

I wonder, if Jesus came into our midst and walked our journey, would he recognise his Church? Probably the nearest would be the Salvation Army. They try to provide for basic needs and do not sit in the judgment seat.

Denis Power, Riverton

A plea for wisdom

The March issue of *Tui Motu* prompts me to reflect on the state of affairs around us in general today. Any of us may be unsure of some piece of our ground in addressing the shifting scene of the Church, and generous allowance can be made for tentative misjudgments open to revision.

My objection is reserved for those on the right or the left — and both are active — who are dogmatically certain

that the Gospel supports them, when it is they who should be spending time understanding its teaching in spiritual maturity. The entire Bible, the teaching of the Church, is a complex document and corpus of many depths, and not just a social protest manifesto, let alone a "gimme my rights" declaration.

In the wisdom and love of God all these things come out right by patience, which is suffering and perseverance. What is not right will not then come out and will not do harm. Perhaps the fulcrum for judgment is whether we will bear it in ourselves or want to shove it onto others.

I keep thinking of a rock face with strata of good sound rock and layers of soft rubbish: okay when embedded in the sound rock, but treacherous when taken for use. Where are our deeper teachers of eternal wisdom to be found now?

Peter Land, Kaikohe

inside Tui Motu this month

Dialogue

A new section of the magazine (pages 24-27) contains three articles, written in response to previous material. One of the aims of *Tui Motu* is to promote informed dialogue on theological and pastoral issues. We welcome these responses, and they represent a step forward in the development of the magazine.

Celebration



The cover picture is part of the illustrated journal of Judith and Reg Graham, of Dunedin — a Pilgrimage of Grace (pages 14-20) — which forms the main feature of our Easter issue.

Taken outside a house in Burano, Venice, the photo speaks of a traditional culture where the generations dwell together under one roof, and faith and story are handed down.

Promoter's Corner

Initial response to this column has been very positive. It is encouraging to *Tui Motu* staff and directors to be aware that there is a community of interest that goes beyond readership. It evokes the time-honoured phrase: *Apostolate of the Press*. It could make a critical difference to the magazine's future.

Several appealing initiatives were suggested. The first was actioned as well as proposed: a reader sent in a list of some 30 names and addresses of friends who were considered likely subscribers. Complimentary copies have been sent to these. Can you provide such a list. Despite our slender resources we will endeavour to do the same for your friends. Send your list to **P.O.Box 6404, Dunedin North**.

Other suggestions were a bit more heroic. In ascending order they were:

- take out a shadow subscription until *Tui Motu* becomes self-supporting ie pay two subs but receive one copy only.
- subsidise one page per issue (\$100) or for the year (\$1000).

Sounds a bit dramatic — but then infancy (we are barely six months old) is a bit of a drama. We are determined to survive, and eventually to thrive — with your help.

Please keep ideas for the progress of *Tui Motu* coming in to:

Tom Cloher (Director, Promotions) **26 Hopkins Crescent, Kohimarama, Auckland 1005**

Living Easter

The road to Golgotha is long and hard and I am glad for the company of the Storyteller. Or perhaps I should say that I would be glad, if he were not so cheerful. He skips and laughs, hums a light tune, sometimes picks flowers. He even unwraps a chocolate bar and offers me half. He really has no sense of occasion.

"This is Easter," I remind him. "We are walking the way of the cross."

"That's nice," he said, brushing the crumbs off his shirt. "Do you want a story?"

"Yes please." I glance at his broad smile. "Let's have a story about the cross in our lives."

"Oh. All right." He sees a bit of chocolate on his collar and licks it off. "Once upon a time, at the bottom of the sea, there was a fine healthy oyster. Everything went well in its life until one day, a large piece of grit floated into its shell and stuck next to its soft sensitive skin. Oh, the pain! The oyster cried and cried. The other oysters offered all kinds of advice but nothing would move the sharp grit. All the oyster could do was to try and change the grit by working on it and covering it with a thin substance that flowed from its body. Layer by layer, the oyster worked on the grit while the other oysters laughed. 'Aren't we lucky that we don't have such problems,' they said to each other. Well, eventually the oyster did change the bit of grit so that it didn't hurt at all. It became the most beautiful and precious pearl. The other oysters who'd laughed, had nothing."

We walk on a few steps and I say, "Is that all?"

"It's the end of that story," says the Storyteller. "Do you want another?"

"It wasn't what I expected," I tell him. "An oyster. A piece of grit. What about human suffering? What about the evil that causes so much pain in the world."



"Evil?" He looks at me.

"You are not going to tell me that evil doesn't exist."

"Oh no," he says. "Evil is a real force. Okay. A story about evil. Once there was a very good and prayerful man who went away on a long journey. While he was gone, a horde of demons moved into his house. The man returned. When he opened his door he discovered his beautiful house filled with evil monsters of every description. They hissed and snarled at him and he quickly closed the door. What should he do? He prayed about the problem, then he opened the door again. This time, he bowed low to acknowledge the presence of the demons and show them his respect. At once, half of the demons disappeared. The man then turned to the rest of the demons and offered them hospitality. He said they could stay in his house, sleep in his bed, sit beside his fire, and he would cook them good meals. At that, there was a puff of smoke and all the demons disappeared except for one. This was the biggest of them all, the chief of the demons. It was a hideous monster and it roared at the man, opening its mouth wide to show blood dripping from its teeth. The man went up to it. He put his hands on the demon's shoulders and then put his head right inside the demon's mouth. Poof! The monster vanished and the man's house was his own once more." The storyteller smiles. "There! Did you like that?"

I can't truthfully answer, so I say nothing. We walk for a while and the Storyteller whistles, trying to imitate birdsong. Then he suddenly turns and says, "How about another story?"

"Yes, but please, this time, make it an Easter story," I tell him.

"A modern story? Living Easter today?"

"I suppose that will do."

"This story is about a prize," he says, "and the two women who won it. The prize was this. They would go to the home of another woman who happened to be the greatest chef in the world, and they would have a special meal cooked for them. Well, they arrived at the chef's home and the moment the door was opened, a wonderful aroma drifted out from the kitchen. The first guest breathed deeply and enthusiastically. She told the chef that she had bought all her cook books, seen all her TV shows and this for her, was the highest point in her life. The second guest said nothing. The chef graciously showed them into the lounge for a pre-dinner aperitif. All the time the first guest talked. She congratulated the chef on her good taste in furnishings, commented on the glassware, the light fittings, the drapes. The second guest did not say a word. Then it was time to sit at the table. The first woman did not stop the flow of praise and as each dish was brought forth, she uttered lavish compliments. Again, the second woman was silent. However, when the food was served, the

first guest hardly touched hers. She pushed the food around her plate while she talked and talked and talked. Not so the second guest. She ate like a hungry dog and when she had finished, she asked for more. Now tell me, which of those women paid the chef the greater compliment?"

I stop. "Are you asking me a question?"

"It was rhetorical," he says "You don't need to answer."

His smile is so engaging I can't help but smile back. "It was an interesting story but it doesn't have anything to do with Easter."

"No?"

"No."

"Oh well," he says. "Thanks for listening anyway." He starts whistling again and breaks into a run that is part jump and part skip. Further up the path he stops and turns, his arms raised, his grin huge, and as he waves, the marks on his hands shine like jewels. ■

Joy Cowley

Note: The stories told are not created by the author. The fable of the oyster is in many traditions. The man and the demons is an old Hassidic tale. The story of the two women and the chef was told by Fr Gerard Hughes SJ

Coyle Park Pohutukawa

*Cliff-clutching in grim-knuckled grip
his roots*

*clasp for clay now slipt,
slipt all away.*

Stolen by storm and time, by rain and feet.

*Yet still he grips; craving in cracks and crannies the sweet
nourishment of earth.*

*Above, crimson flowers merge and green shoots
answer God's endless urge...*

*O, profligate spore bring blind birth;
a starving seedling on stony shore.*

*And do I, too, clasp at life
with such a miser's touch?*

*Horny fingers racked in greedy grasp
to clench the golden coin of month or day
from slipping.*

slipping thus, away?

Or do I let them pass...

glad for what has been

and draw from deep, dear spring

a quenching sap; seed that salves; and sun leaf green...

Contentment at the last?

*Paul Freedman
March 1998*





What's

behind that *Questionnaire*



Tui Motu spoke with a group of concerned New Zealanders about the Questionnaire "Towards a Code of Social and Family Responsibility". They came up with this...

What we are going back to is the Victorian "workhouse mentality". People are deemed 'worthy' according to criteria imposed by those with power. It has nothing to do with real need — or justice. That was the reason Sonia Davies first entered politics: she did not want to sit in judgment on whether people in need were 'deserving' or not.

The changes since 1991 have progressively made the poor poorer relative to the rest of New Zealand. Indeed we have changed in recent decades from being a relatively egalitarian society to a place where there is now real poverty, largely due to widespread unemployment. The gap between rich and poor has widened and

the poor are blamed for being poor. The 'level playing field' is a myth, since it assumes that all people are equally resourced and capable of taking control over their personal situation. The main resource that people have is their self-esteem, and this is fortified by a sense of being socially and financially secure. Problems such as alcoholism leave the

whole family deprived and therefore insecure.

Other noticeable changes are the reappearance of drunken and deprived people on the streets, sex-workers plying their trade; glue-sniffers and the like. Pawnbroker shops have mushroomed along with "cash converters", and the foodbanks have never been busier. If you

An Open Letter to all People of Aotearoa New Zealand

In introducing the Public Discussion Document the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister state "New Zealand has a strong economy"

Does New Zealand have a strong economy...

- when 208,300 people are looking for jobs?
- when many families are living at the subsistence level?
- when more and more people are forced to take on as many as five part-time jobs to bring in as little as \$150 a week?
- when weekly incomes are insufficient to enable many members of society to participate in the community in normal ways?
- when there are lengthy waiting lists for access to hospital services and primary health care is free only for those up to six years of age?
- when low income households can no longer afford to live in state houses because of unaffordable market rents?
- when our economic policies have re-distributed income upwards from the poor to the already economically advantaged?

We believe that present economic policies and structures are the major cause of many social problems. Catholic Social Teaching has always been that the inherent dignity of the human person and of the human family group should be fostered.

"Our faith tells us that no one should be condemned to life on the margins"

prepared by the Catholic Bishops and Congregational Leaders

have money you can freely indulge in spree spending, but if you are poor you cannot cover up the symptoms of deprivation. We are reaping the harvest of 15 years of social and economic change.

There has also been a noticeable philosophical change. Simon Upton, as Minister of Health, proclaimed that the only person whose health he was responsible for was his own; a far cry from Michael Joseph Savage's biblical question *Am I my brother's keeper*. This new philosophy of individual responsibility inspiring Jenny Shipley's *Code*, undercuts a basic foundation of Christian society which is that people need to care for one another. Christ did not preach that we put ourselves first.

Behind the questionnaire lies a myth that welfare creates dependency. For those who are well-resourced a benefit can provide space while a person finds work or is rehabilitated — provided work is available. But for the chronically ill and the under-resourced a benefit is always going to be necessary. The 'dependency' is already there: it is not created by welfare.

The New Right speak as if the opposite of dependency is independence. Whereas the natural evolution of human beings is from dependency (where we all start and most return to), through independence, to *interdependence*. To have a sense of care for others and for the whole of society is the attitude of the mature. What our new political masters want to lock us into is a state of permanent adolescence.

Another factor is the "big city" culture. New Zealand society used to be small and cosy. No longer! The world of urban civilisation has caught us up. The big city mentality involves not knowing people — and often not trusting them. The mobility of modern living is imposed on us by reason of work. But it tends to fragment community. Increased mobility also intensifies the stress of modern living, as anyone living in Auckland or Wellington will

know only too well. It is incumbent on government and church to build up structures of care which compensate for these modern day trends.

We may point the finger at the Government. But churches too have tended to become more exclusive and less user-friendly, less hospitable. Even presbyteries can be very unwelcoming places. The "welcoming parish" is soon recognised, and people flock to it. Who is it who cares for *the stranger and the nomad in our midst* (a very biblical concept)? Parish clergy should be trained in hospitality. Our liturgy preaches hospitality: does it practice it? If the Church is not welcoming the sinner and the stranger it is not being faithful to the gospel. A believing community has a duty to show love, and not exclude people.



The healthy ideal is to be at home with oneself so that one may be 'at home' with others. An all-encompassing sense of hospitality — which will even welcome a little 'holy disruption' — is just what this document on the Code seems to exclude. The implication is that we are all to behave as 'adults'; 'we have to be responsible': there is no place for disruptives.

For example, the Questionnaire presupposes an ideal of Pregnancy Care which immediately excludes the mother who has an unplanned, 'unwanted' child; or

a woman who has no partner and who has probably been deserted. It ignores the family, all too common, where the man has simply walked out. The implication is that if you do not attend the ante-natal clinic regularly, then your benefit will be under threat. At the same time there is a move to ensure that everyone who visits a health clinic will have their NHI number recorded. Is this a new controlling mechanism, so that the irresponsible can be identified and labelled — and perhaps denied?

Behind the facade is an unspoken assumption that only the 'worthy' should be eligible for welfare. The undeserving, the feckless, the irresponsible: these are deemed to be unworthy, and to give them hand-outs is to encourage their wilfulness. This is a throwback to the Victorian workhouse mentality, which

in its turn gave rise to the Eugenics movement, a judgment on who was deserving of human existence. Mentally and morally deficient people were seen as unworthy to propagate and therefore they should be sterilised — which is only one step away from the Nazi gas chambers. The Questionnaire can be boiled down to one crucial question:

Are we to treat all people with reverence because they are human beings — or do we divide them into the more and the less responsible, on the grounds that we know better?

(continued overleaf)

(continued from previous page)

The welfare state grew out of a realisation that there were a lot of unfit people who needed caring for. The Depression particularly brought this into sharp focus in New Zealand. Voluntary agencies were simply inadequate to deal with appalling social problems. Behind the welfare state lies the ideal of a Christian, caring society.

Since the 1980s what has been gradually eroded is the concept of *asylum*: that there are people who, for a time or permanently, will need care in order to be safe. The Treasury economic model ignores the needs of such people: it is driven by an ideology which comes from outside the caring professions. The catch cries are *efficiency, effectiveness and accountability*; health care is now run by managers who say "if it's not in your contract, then you don't do it".

The process has been gradual and inexorable. The only thing that will reverse it would be a disaster like Cave Creek or food poisoning on the scale

that recently occurred in Scotland. A Commission of Inquiry would be appointed, which — surprise surprise! — would discover that essential services had been wound down. Sadly, it is only calamity that forces people to action: an experience only too familiar to inhabitants of the Auckland Central Business District.

This Questionnaire comes from a Government which has been totally irresponsible in running down employment, savagely removing protection on indigenous industries and doing little to create new employment. Behind these policies is a philosophy of punishing people who don't measure up. You punish the unfortunate by reducing or taking away their benefits. Yet this very policy is self-defeating, since it simply creates greater social ills. The Victorians too were gripped by the ideology of *Laissez Faire*; but Victorian England had an Upper House of Parliament and had some politicians with a sense of history. We have neither.

While on a benefit Marina feels she is caught in the poverty trap. She cannot buy her own home. All her clothes and her son's are secondhand. Recently her benefit was cut without any warning or consultation. This proved to be a mistake, but it tipped Marina into a state of panic and despair. She was told she would have to wait to have her benefit reinstated. Through no fault of her own she was forced to seek food at a foodbank. She felt humiliated and ashamed as though she was a failure in society's eyes.

Marina would like to be able to go to University and equip herself with the knowledge and skills to support herself and her son. Then she can reclaim her dignity and self-esteem; she can free herself of the stigma and anxiety of being a beneficiary. ■

Alan's Story

Alan is a middle-aged man who is profoundly deaf. He often becomes frustrated and angry when he cannot communicate with people. He has always worked at mainly labouring jobs. He has a house and mortgage.

Alan had an accident and became unable to work. ACC declined to accept his case. Income Support staff found him difficult to deal with, and Alan thought he had been turned away. After 14 weeks without income he was given a review by Income Support who said it was not their policy to pick up people turned down by ACC. Alan went back to ACC who decided he had been unfairly treated and restarted payments.

Alan is no closer to getting back to work and feels very angry at the treatment he has received. ■

liament and had some politicians with a sense of history. We have neither.

The country therefore is faced with a withdrawal of essential social services, an erosion of funding for organisations such as Pregnancy Help and Plunket; all social service agencies facing cuts. Policy decisions seem to be implemented by a breed of young policy advisers who have no experience of real life.

The motivation for the social service cuts appears to be to punish people. The poor are labelled as the sort of people who waste money on lotto tickets; the implication being that it is only the wealthy who are allowed to spend money on trivia. No one denies that there are those who abuse the system. But a generalisation is being made from a tiny percentage of abusers.

Punishing the poor because they are poor has never worked and is fundamentally anti-Christian. Suzanne Aubert taught us a great lesson when she insisted that unmarried mothers needed support, not punishment. She fought for this both against church and state. She was right, and we can draw a few lessons from her example today. ■

Marina's story

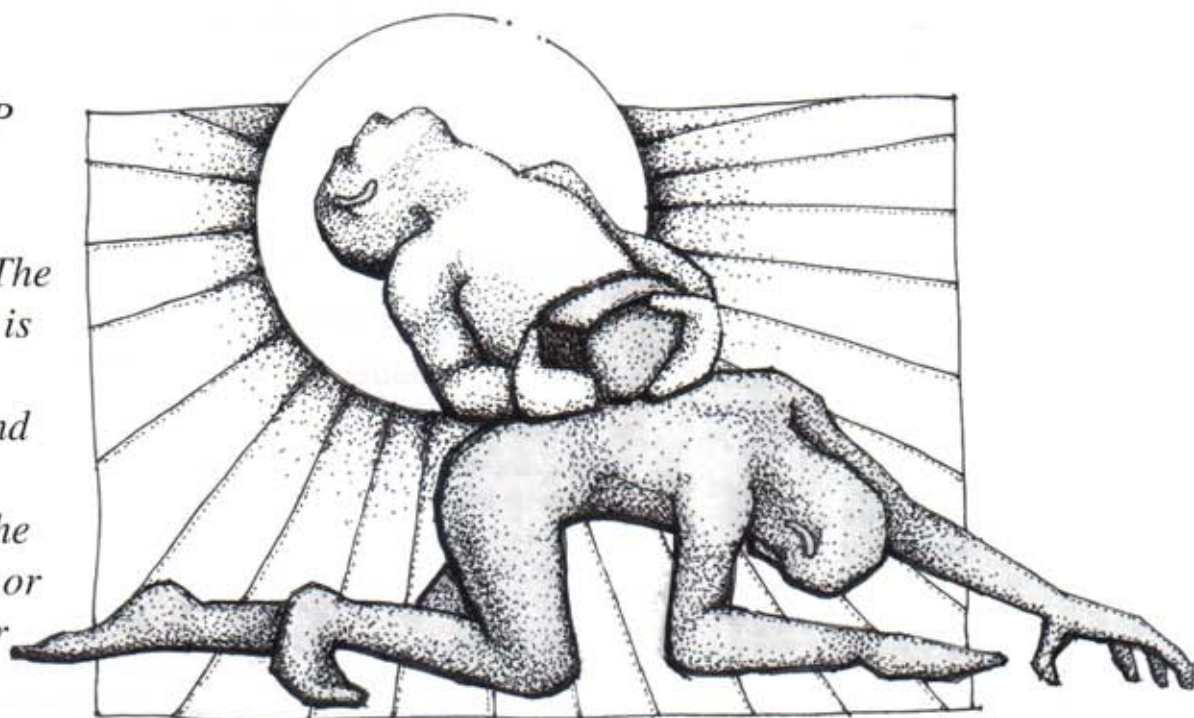
Marina is a woman in her early 40s. Her father was killed in an accident when she was six, and her mother struggled emotionally and financially to bring up a family on her own. Ten years ago Marina had a son, John. She was living in the same city as her whanau and initially felt supported by them. Then she moved away to start a life of her own.

Marina is a creative, artistic and intelligent woman. Over the last few years she has sought help to grow personally and spiritually, taking every opportunity to acquire the skills needed to be an effective and loving parent. Her options, however, are limited by the fact that she is on a benefit. She lacks the confidence and self-esteem to secure a job even though she has great potential. She has missed out on further education and her energy is taken up with surviving from day to

Are you saved?

The meaning of 'Salvation' in today's world

Helen Bergin, OP looks at this traditional Christian word. The idea of salvation is central to the season of Lent and Easter. But what does it mean to the man in the street or the woman of our time?



Experiencing Salvation

Many people are caught up regularly in actions which (if we were to use religious terms) we might name "salvific." Yet, daily in conversations, and even in later pages of newspapers, we learn stories of hope. *The NZ Herald* recently ran a series (*Young Kauri Awards*) on youth who had fought the odds and succeeded in doing something beneficial for themselves and for the community. One 14 year old boy, for example, aware of a malicious oil spill in a stream running into the nearby sea, piled up sand as a stop-bank in order to save marine life from being contaminated. When asked the reason for his actions, the youth said that it was just the necessary thing to do! On a less public scale, each day in our neighbourhoods people do simple

acts of kindness. They listen to someone's long-winded story or give leisure time to help with community projects for others. Such deeds are countless.

What has all this to do with the question of salvation? Salvation is about bringing life to others and our environment. Fundamentally, it is about God bringing life through Jesus. It is about God bringing life to individuals, to groups, to families, to institutions. It is about God restoring people to a state of wholeness and health – physically, emotionally, intellectually and spiritually. It is about God freeing people from burdens – burdens related to work or lack of work, burdens within relationships, burdens in regard to one's past. It is about God enabling friends and neighbours to share the burdens of other

human beings. It is about God bringing peace to people and to our world. It is about God offering a future – in an immediate sense and in an ultimate sense. In an immediate sense, salvation may mean, for example, that my future path is clearer or my future task more manageable. In an ultimate sense, it may mean that I hope for eternal life with God and with all God's people. Salvation has many expressions. God's salvation is usually offered to others and our world through human beings. So much of what people do can be called "salvific" or "graced".

At the same time two related aspects need consideration. We always need to be critical in regard to the life or the good offered ourselves and others. Perceptions can be mistaken about what

will bring true good, true life or true happiness. For example, increasing the bank account, entering attractive relationships, focussing on family needs are often eminently helpful activities; sometimes, however, they are not. When anything dominates daily life or excludes other people it may be destructive – for us and for others.

Any action can be done for the wrong reason. One person, for example, may clear a rubbish-filled walkway while hoping for acclaim. Another may visit a sick person hoping for some personal advantage later. Few daily activities have totally pure motives. A salvific action is one that genuinely brings life because it is given 'without strings' and is not self-centred.

These reservations aside, however, it is good to recognise that many of us get involved in assisting the genuine life of others not through external invitation or a Church's urging, but simply because we appreciate the need to live harmoniously together with others and often because we believe in the deep goodness of very many, if not all, human beings.

Religious Language

Now let's examine the language we use today to describe salvation. I propose that many Christians may have got so used to rattling off religious words, like

"salvation", that they no longer have any impact. For many, the word "salvation" indicates that Jesus lived and died for all. Apart from that reference point the word is often confined to church-related activities. It probably suggests a spiritual dimension to life, and is therefore important, but not immediately pertinent to most of life. Some might replace it with the words "redemption" or "atonement" but would then consign these three related words to the 'back burner'. If such language about realities at the heart of our faith no longer inspires, challenges, or rouses us we must search for words that will.

Salvation is about God bringing life through Jesus

Ironically, while many Christians struggle to appreciate these words, the secular world is gradually including such words in its vocabulary. What major business or school has not in recent years been encouraged to draw up a "mission" statement? How many of us have become used to hearing the word "icon" in reference to a famous living person, a sports team or even the Sky City tower in Auckland!? Have we not heard of various political parties spending three days away "on retreat" or perhaps been enticed by an advertisement which invites us to "take a retreat" at some expensive resort across the Hauraki Gulf? As for the word "salvation", a news item last year used the phrase "economic salvation" to highlight the great benefits brought to farmers by the release of the deadly calicivirus! I am not suggesting that church-goers or Christians should have a monopoly on religious vocabulary. Perhaps it is advantageous to keep these words in use, even if they do not originate today from the churches. On the other hand, in fidelity to the spirit of the gospel it might be timely to suggest different words for realities such as salvation. Without totally forsaking traditional religious

language, might one not also speak of salvation as 'wholeness', 'liberation', 'fullness', 'reconciliation'? Do these words not suggest one's having been helped from a state of incompleteness to a more life-giving state? Do they not suggest an action having occurred to a person, or group of people, to improve their overall existence? Does 'religious' salvation not include such nuances? Possibly the word salvation has often been set aside as irrelevant without another word taking its place. Yet, salvation is one of God's primary activities – both in the past and now. Salvation in Jesus Christ has made tangible within the world what God does and who God is. Salvation is central to Christian faith. It can hardly be jettisoned!

Salvation in Jesus Christ

If as Christians we could retrieve something of the power contained in the statement "Jesus saved us", then our daily lives might be the richer. What does Jesus' having saved us mean? How does knowing the answer to this question enhance our daily lives?

The New Testament focusses on the fact that Jesus brought salvation. The gospels offer different perspectives on salvation but each essentially relates the story of Jesus of Nazareth who in his teaching, healing, feasting, calling people to community, exorcising demons, listening to the will of his God, suffering, dying, rising and sending his Spirit, lived out the way of salvation. In many respects, the life of Jesus was quite ordinary – so ordinary that many did not notice his special presence. Yet, *Matthew* begins his gospel by noting that 'Emmanuel' – God is with us (Mt 1.23). This is the ongoing message of salvation – God is in our midst liberating us in all our needs.

Paul's letters too offer rich descriptions of the meaning of salvation. Here are some of the phrases Paul uses:

You have been reconciled
You have been washed clean
You have been clothed in Christ
You have been justified



*You have been made a new creation
You have been bought at a price*

For Paul, the saving reality of Jesus Christ has indeed made a difference. In using images of reconciliation, washing, dressing, justification, birth, buying, Paul is encouraging communities and individuals to undergo change. The world is different because Jesus Christ has come! The Christian community is invited to reveal that life-giving difference to all around them. The message is for Corinthian, Roman, Galatian, Pakeha, Maori – for all peoples of all times.

Often in the Christian story, talk of Jesus' having saved us has concentrated on the death of Jesus, offered and suffered on our behalf. That dimension is indispensable. Many Christians were, and still are, exhorted to offer their suffering to God. Thus, they accompany Jesus who through them still offers salvation to the world. However, the death of Jesus is not the total story. The resurrection is the victory point of Jesus' life. The message of resurrection, a vital part of the Christian story of salvation, needs hearing today. We need to recall regularly the hope of the resurrection, the fruit of Jesus' death. We need to proclaim in our lives, on our faces and in our homilies the promise of hope already present and yet still sully awaiting those who seek to live in goodness.

It was the 'saving' instances of Jesus' life that prepared him for death. People experienced salvation in encountering Jesus, in dining with him, in touching him, in believing in him and in the nearness of the Reign of God, in taking to heart the stories he told about the joy awaiting those who changed their lives. If salvation is focussed solely on Jesus' death and resurrection it can make us less able to recognise daily moments when the salvation given us by God in Jesus is present now. It is those many significant moments which prepare us for the ultimate moment of salvation – eternal and loving encounter with God.

So, what difference does understanding



the reality of salvation make in our lives? Can we not live generously for others, independently of centring our lives on Jesus Christ and his salvation? Yes, indeed! However, I believe there are many advantages in attempting to re-express the reality of salvation today. I will note just three.

First, there comes a time when any of the things in which we trust – be it personal generosity, civic programmes for others, love for our families, success in careers – can leave us dissatisfied. Acquaintance with the full story of Jesus' life and death can enable us to connect the moments of fullness and the moments of emptiness and see them as parts of the one significant story, a story that climaxes in victory. God was with Jesus in the living and dying, as well as in the rising.

Second, God's salvation is about the ongoing offer of life. In one sense, the gift of salvation was completed with Jesus' living life fully until the surrender of his death. In another sense this gift is incomplete until all followers of Jesus, and all human beings, have also responded to God in their lives. The fact that one human being, Jesus Christ, has responded fully to God's offer of life can encourage those coming after to respond to God in their particular ways, in their own lives.

Third, the awareness that salvation is ongoing can give meaning to events in our daily lives. An appreciation that God continually offers people life can help us look for and recognise signs of

salvation as we journey in life. Such signs can strengthen faith and lead to thanksgiving. Salvation then, becomes an ongoing relationship between God and humanity. It helps give name to ordinary experiences of life which then receive richer meaning. The task of re-expressing the mystery of salvation is well overdue. Whether one expands the vocabulary for "salvation" with words such as liberation, wholeness, connectedness, reconciliation, solidarity, "salvation" will always be a central teaching in the Christian faith.

If we return to the start of this reflection we may respond: "Yes, Jesus did help us out of a tight spot. He did risk life and death for us." But salvation is more than that. Jesus spent his life with others, offering relief, hope, liberation from whatever held them back. Salvation was not confined to the moment of Jesus' death. His life was marked throughout by offers of salvation. His death and resurrection crystallised this offer. Jesus dared to give himself to God on our behalf, trusting that his person and life would be accepted. They were accepted; he was raised to glory; we were saved. Salvation in its ultimate form took place. Ever since then, human beings and the cosmos have reaped the benefits and, ever since then, human beings and the cosmos have attempted in little and big ways to receive daily the gift of liberation. They have spread near and far God's precious gift of wholeness and reconciliation. Salvation is an amazing gift and a life-giving challenge. ■

The Lone Presider – *is this the way to go today?*

Are the patterns of worship we brought from Europe the best for us now here at the other end of earth? Auckland liturgist, Jo Ayres, asked this question at a conference in Brisbane last January



Roman Catholics often look longingly over the fence at other Christian traditions who seem to have solved many of the issues we all face in making our worship both nourishing and challenging. The Vatican Council decided that "full and active participation" was the most important hallmark of true worship. Over time, in the Catholic tradition, the action of the liturgy had become the sole task of the ordained clergy. As other Christians will be aware, huge changes followed that decision that everyone present should have "full and active" participation:

- The language of the liturgy changed from Latin into the language of the people gathered
- Instead of praying the liturgy with his back to the people the priest now faces the people
- The Scriptures are now read by members of the gathering and Catholics even have a respectable reputation as singers
- Catholics readily receive the bread and

wine of the Eucharist in every celebration in which they participate.

Immense changes indeed. However, now that the initial dust has settled and Catholic communities have lived with these changes we see emerging some difficult issues.

Firstly, the lynch pin of our liturgy is still the ordained clergy. The Church has always held that the presence of God was available, in a special way, through the ministry of the liturgical leader. The liturgical leader is an icon or a window onto God. But now, in the Catholic Church, we put an enormous burden on these leaders: we require them to be everything, to everybody, every time. It is the syndrome of the lone presider.

We expect that this one person preach great homilies every Sunday of the year with new and challenging ideas that are relevant to and reflect the lives of all in this community. His particular spirituality should satisfy all those gathered. And to top it off we expect everyone

will have a positive response to his particular personality! The priest is assisted by some members of the community who read the Scriptures and distribute the Eucharist. But the whole thing hangs on the personality and personal resources that this one individual can bring to bear on this celebration.

In the old Latin liturgy the personality of the priest hardly made a difference. He spoke an archaic language and his every movement was carefully prescribed. Now his personality is the single most important factor in the success or failure of the celebration. The result is the person of the liturgical leader becomes the narrow channel which images God to us during the Sunday celebration. This particular window has become dangerously narrow, restricting light and view!

A second issue for Catholics today is that our idea of ourselves has changed. The same Vatican Council that taught that the liturgy would have to change also taught that Catholics must be well informed in

Scripture and theology and that all who participated in the "body of Christ" had a mutual responsibility for the spiritual health and order of the Church.

Modern concepts of democracy and equality give us the view that says that the health and order of society is the responsibility of its adult members. It is expected of us, and we demand the right to take a formative role in the organisations and structures of our society and to contribute our gifts and resources for the benefit of the community.

We are not the same kind people who gathered in churches 30 years ago. We are better educated. Many are eloquent speakers who are able to articulate what the gospel demands of us today. Many are deeply spiritual and wise people who can lead their communities in prayer and discernment. Most of these Catholics are not ordained clergy.

The questions we as Church must ask ourselves:

What changes do we need to make to our liturgical patterns so that the life of the community is enriched by the contribution of these gifted people? How can we include in our celebration the variety of spiritualities, the images of God that individual Christians portray? And what kind of liturgy nourishes these lives to take the gospel of Jesus Christ into the world today?

The answer is that it is not a task for one person but for many. A task for several prayer leaders; a task for several preachers, for many to host and shape this celebration for the community; a task for men and women, old and young.

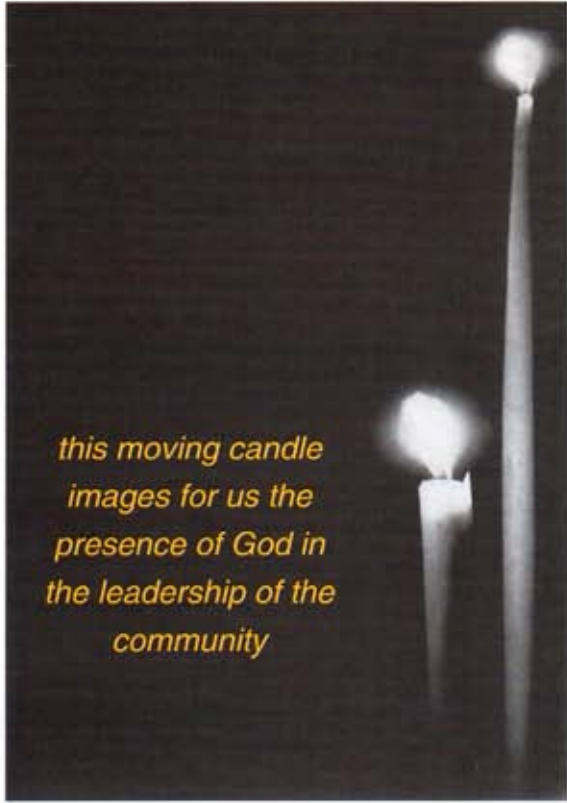
Catholic Sunday Liturgy falls easily into two parts. The Liturgy of the Word and the Liturgy of the Eucharist. In addition it has a welcome and gathering-in of the community, and it ends with their blessing and dismissal to take the gospel out into the world. This natural division of the liturgy suggests three main leadership roles: Hospitality, the Word and the Eucharist.

I would like to share one parish's experience. Our community is in a city parish in Auckland and is mostly Pakeha. We recognise this three-part sharing of leadership as being culturally appropriate for us. It is normal for us that a person who belongs to a place is the host of any event and has overall care for seeing a gathering through to its end. Someone who knows the community, knows who the visitors are and who needs special welcome and care, is the best person to welcome the community and introduce the liturgy of the day. This same person is there again to farewell the community and send it out into the week to come.

The other major responsibilities in the event, the Word and the Eucharist, are given over to those who are recognised by the community as having expertise in these areas. Each of these leaders is responsible for their part of the Liturgy but does not have to do all the tasks it contains. The Hospitality leader may on occasion have someone else take part in the gathering prayers and may also call on others to give the notices.

In our community the leader of the Word normally introduces the readings and leads the prayers of intercession. They may or may not be the preacher and they will certainly listen while someone else reads the Scriptures. In the tradition of the Church the Eucharistic leader is always an ordained priest. Being identified as the particular Eucharistic leader puts the focus on the priest as being the symbol of Christian unity for this community.

On any given Sunday, then, it is possible to have a dozen people take some part in the Sunday celebration but it is always clear who are the three leaders. Their roles are marked out in several ways. Each has an appropriate piece of furniture and a place. The lectern for the Word, the table for the Eucharist, and a high standing stool that holds the notice and prayer books of the Hospitality leader. Each piece of furniture is draped with matching stoles – usually



*this moving candle
images for us the
presence of God in
the leadership of the
community*

worn by the ordained minister. The most important symbol of leadership is the lit candle which is handed over and accepted by these three leaders as they take up their ministry. When they have finished they pass the candle to the next leader.

This moving candle images for us many layers of meaning. It marks the presence of God moving and alive in the leadership of the community. It marks the equal sharing by the whole community for the responsibility for worship. It marks diversity and gift as it is exchanged between ordained and lay, man and woman, maturity and youth.

Over several years this model of worship has had a profound effect on our community. Its inclusive nature has encouraged many people, particularly women, to give the Church another 'try'.

This sharing of leadership and of gifts enables God to enter into our lives not through a narrow window but through the multicoloured prism of the people of God. ■

A Pilgrimage of Grace



St Patrick's, New York

What astonishes many Kiwi travellers are the great churches and temples – so that a holiday becomes a journey to one's Christian roots, a pilgrimage of Grace

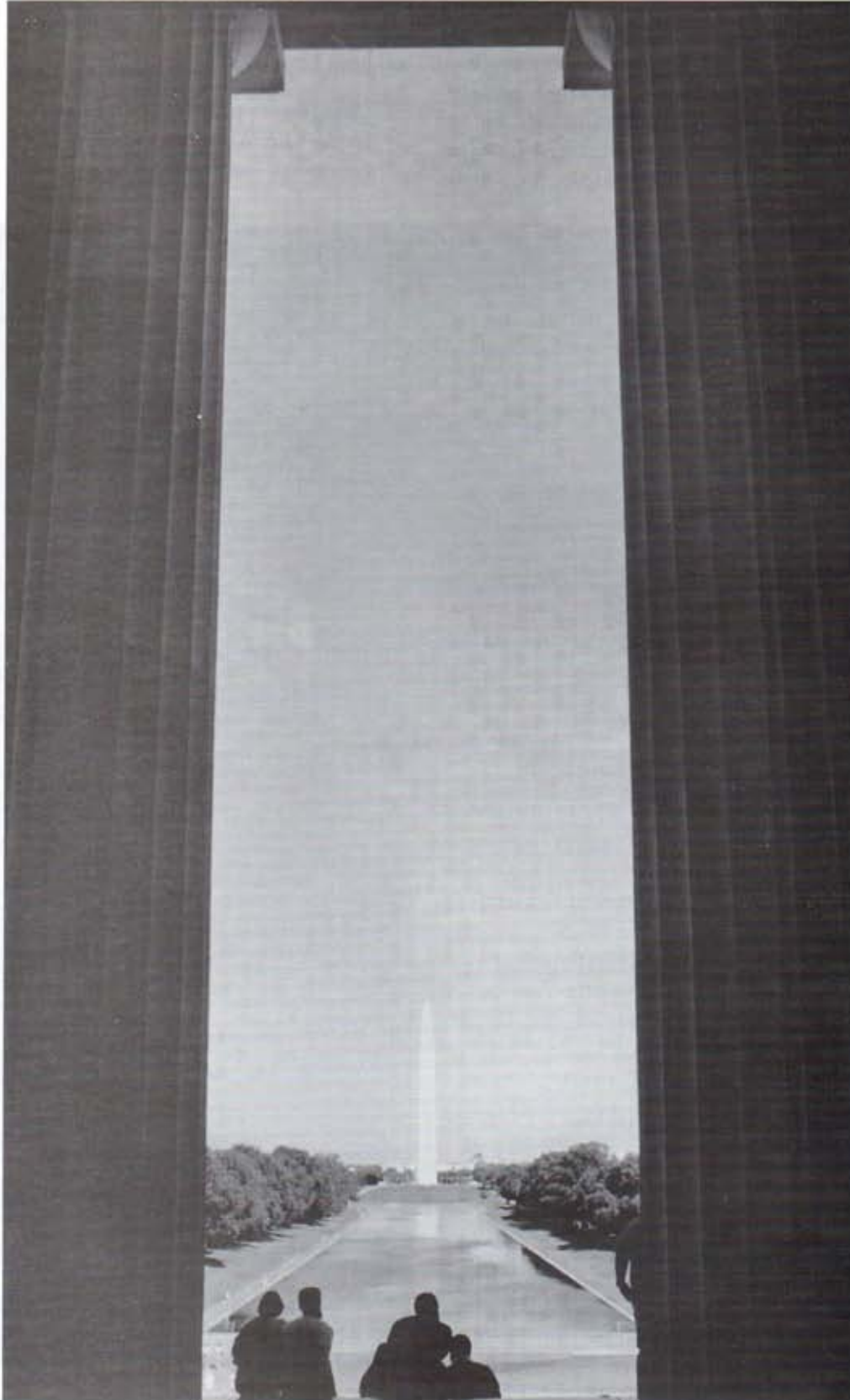
Last winter Judith (author) and Reg (photographer) Graham did what so many New Zealanders do for curiosity, adventure, celebration. They went on their OE.

Their story and photographs are of the world – Old and not so old – as seen through Kiwi eyes

We left on September the first, the day after Princess Diana had been killed. Was it that harrowing reminder of our own mortality, or my husband's fear of flying or my reluctance ever to leave home that made our son comment at the airport: "you're going on holiday, not to an execution". It was to be two months of mind-broadening – first in Washington, D.C. where our daughter, Kirsty, lives with her husband, Craig, and then on with them to England and Italy.

Washington may seem a 'cool' and ordered city with its huge public monuments, its wide tree-lined avenues and buildings of white marble. But its citizens' driving habits are appalling. Traffic lights are to be beaten, even if it means you have to sit in the middle of an intersection because you couldn't make it across. Complete gridlock follows. I saw a beautifully groomed young woman in a BMW give the fingers and a mouthful of abuse to a hapless driver who was too slow in her lane. As in most big cities, eye contact is avoided. The thing is to look engrossed in your

*Washington DC: the Washington Memorial
as seen from the Lincoln Memorial*



own business unless you are in a group of men talking about deals, or of women talking of relationships.

We took the underground – the cleanest in the US with no graffiti and no subway hoardings – to delightful Georgetown. It was there as we came up to street level that our first and only gratuitous conversation with a Washingtonian took place. "Do you need some help?", a middle-aged man asked us as we tried to get our bearings. Georgetown gives Washington an authenticity not only because it is as it was two centuries ago, with its canals and houses, coffee shops and university, but is still lived in and enjoyed. It has a zing.

Washington is the nerve centre of a super-power, the Rome of the 20th Century. The National Gallery is superb, and free. We visited it at least four times but still had to choose which wing or floor to visit. And that experience can be repeated in all the museums that make up the Smithsonian Institute, not to mention the Corcoran Gallery with its elegant Gold Room and portraits of 18th and 19th Century socialites and political figures. Americans love their history and pay avid respect to it. We viewed the Civil War display on one whole floor of the National Portrait Gallery with its poignant letters, diaries and early photographs, in the company of an enthusiastic young American mother and her toddler.

I wonder if we are so busy in New Zealand, living breathlessly in the here and now that we dismiss the wisdom gained from our own recent past too quickly. There is no anti-war message so strong, for instance, than the acres of white headstones in the silent suburb that is Arlington Cemetery. That had more impact for me than even the single fresh red rose lying across the Kennedy graves. The

irony in the cost of being a super-power is spelt out clearly – the memorials to Jefferson, Lincoln and Washington are juxtaposed to the concrete and steel soldier figures pushing across a field. This memorial to the Vietnam War silences all tourists.

When it all became too much – and Washington's autumn temperatures were often 26 to 30 degrees – we fell into a Starbucks' or Dean and DeLuca's coffee shop to fortify ourselves for the journey home to Nebraska Ave. It was on one of these comfort stops that a singular and memorable act of kindness occurred. We had been told so often that Washington had the highest urban crime figures for the US – random shootings, violent muggings at ATMs. To our daughter's total embarrassment the New Zealand Embassy was rung because a purse belonging to a Judith Graham had been found in a coffee shop in the shopping mall of Chevy Chase. A woman from a real estate firm had opened my purse, seen my passport and diary with 'home' written in block letters on the date, October 21st. She telephoned the Embassy, realising that I was leaving within a few days. That one incident personalised Washington for me.

Part of the reason for going to the US was for Reg to show me his old university at Ann Arbor, Michigan. We hired a car and braced ourselves for the trauma of driving out through Washington's Beltway on to the super highway to the Midwest and Canada for a week. It was a salutary experience to stay in a town like Beaver Falls, Pa. and realise that super-powers have backyards too. Every wall of the motel office in this corner of Pennsylvania instructed us to trust in Jesus – we certainly did when we came face to face in the unit with the biggest spider ever.

Ann Arbor is a gracious ivied, university city where the new academic year was beginning and students were 'rushing' – a curious term for the whole complicated business of being accepted into a fraternity or sorority. I knew we had

made it when a freshman asked us for street directions – and we had spent several hours trying to find the old English Department and then our car park. A visit to Dearborn and Henry ('history-is-bunk') Ford's memorial part slowed us down. This is a living museum where about forty workers eat, dress and work exactly as they would have done 140 years ago. A woman was slaving over a hot coal range, bottling fruit from the orchard outside and in other buildings workers were blowing glass or printing newspapers on early machines.

On to Canada and along the northern shores of Lake Ontario. Niagara Falls are stupendous; the tourist city that makes its living on that deafening flow of water is ghastly – tacky, glitzy, choking in all the flotsam and jetsom of international tourism. We drove on and discovered the delightful Niagara-on-the-Lake, a tourist Mecca too, but carefully planned so that it was charming and elegant in its streets of beautifully maintained old cottages, gardens and boutiques. On our way there we stopped at an orchard with a roadside stand selling fresh, tree-ripened fruit. It was like home.

And yes, we did visit the Big Apple, on a weekend with Kirsty and Craig. They are addicted to the place. We went up in a Pullman on Amtrak from the magnificent Washington railway station to Grand Central in New York, and back on a Greyhound. The Afro-American conductor on the train gave a sharp clear lecture on ticket procedures to the whole compartment and then looked at Craig sternly. "You didn't listen to a word I said." My heart stopped. Was this to be an 'incident'? Craig didn't flinch. "Yes, I did," he said and repeated it all. The guard looked at me, grinned and winked. "Nearly had you then."

New York is all that it is cracked up to be. Its citizens love it and move about in it with exuberant friendliness. It is a great contrast to Washington. Someone said to us in conversation, "Don't ever

judge American cities by Washington." I went to Sunday Mass at St Patrick's along with thousands. It was Pontifical Mass with the Cardinal officiating, a large choir and a soprano and organ at full throttle. Small TV screens on the cathedral's pillars relayed what was happening at the high altar. I reeled out an hour later, reminding myself that Christ had been born in a stable.

It was time to take Kirsty and Craig to the Old World and we flew to London in early October to rent a



cottage at Sarsden, near Chipping Norton. This was an oasis. Mild autumnal weather, mists and mellow fruitfulness of the apple and plum trees outside our dormer windows, country lanes, thatched cottages, English girls in riding habits on elegant horses – I expected Milly Molly Mandy to come around the corner at any minute.

From Sarsden we explored as many of the villages in the Cotswolds as we could – Chipping Camden, Churchill,

Banbury, Avon Dassett, Stow-on-the-Wold and the cities of Worcester, Oxford and Stratford. In Worcester Cathedral we padded down to the crypt of Wulfstan where the first church on the site was built. It was both venerable and musty, but you could feel that centuries of prayers had been said there. We went up to London and of course it rained so we took refuge in Marks and Spencers and, on a higher plain, the National Gallery.

Warwick Castle with its Tussauds' waxworks made me want, briefly, to be a teacher again. I am sure Warwick, the king maker, winked at me as he addressed a kneeling group of kinsmen. Down in the dungeons a small American boy gazed horrified at the hanging cage where men were confined until they died. "I bet it hurt, mom." And that dreadful oubliette, a tiny open hole below ground covered with an iron grill where a miscreant would be left,

Arlington National Cemetery, Washington DC



...there is no anti-war message so strong than the acres of white headstones...

forgotten until he rotted away. Blenheim Palace was much more civilised, with its Churchill writings, uniforms and other memorabilia. And the huge display of magnificent plates and dinner services acquired by generations of Spencers. But the chapel was the least attractive of all we visited. It was grey and dark, dominated by heavy effigies – it was as uninspiring as a school assembly hall.

The last stage of our grand tour began with a trip to Paris for two days. We travelled from London on the Eurostar, so quiet that we needed to whisper, and so smoothly fast (up to 300 kmh!). I had never been to Paris before and the food, the service, the elegance, the sweet order of the streets, the glamour of the floating restaurants on the Seine at night, the choir singing in Notre Dame all lived up to my expectations. But strangely there is no one incident with a Parisienne that made the city seem real to me.

That reality emerged in San Gimignano. We had rented a villa near there on a vineyard for a week and when we unlocked the heavy door and walked up the stone steps to our first floor apartment we all took deep breaths. We pushed open the shutters and gazed out over the golden hills of Tuscany from large plain rooms of white walled coolness. It was now October and the wasps were out as the grapes were being harvested and fermented. The villa was very spacious and from the bathroom we looked across the valley to the astonishing towers of legendary San Gimignano. Even the baffling Italian habit of not having shower curtains round the bath or cubicle was sublimated by the views to be had while swabbing up the ponds of water after four showers each day. Craig made friends with the farm puppy who went with him on long runs on the dusty roads around the hilltop every morning. Kirsty and Reg found exciting ingredients for all kinds of pasta dishes in the local supermarket in Poggibonsi and produced authentic meals with olives, marinated mushrooms and large bottles of the estate

wine which Marco had given us. Then, on the long kitchen table, after the dishes were cleared we played five hundred while the light faded outside our shuttered windows. I never managed to score more than minus thirty-five. Was it the mushrooms?

We explored as much of the surround-

ing villages as we could, loving the old churches with their frescoes, like the basilica of San Augustino in San Gimignano, the tall and leaning towers, the sound of church bells, the tiny garden allotments with all sorts of lettuces and herbs, the window boxes of strident geraniums, the little streets with the doors into houses whose interiors

Italy: San Gimignano



Florence: the Uffizi Gallery



we could only guess at. We would eat picnic lunches in grassy spaces and it was there that a man wished us *buon appetito* as he walked past.

Florence undid me. We drove there expecting that the tourists would be fewer than in the season only to be overwhelmed by the seething mass. "There is no season now", a shopkeeper explained, "it goes on all year". "Don't you hate it?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "It's how we live." I sat on the side steps of the Duomo while Kirsty and Craig climbed the 460 steps to the top and Reg went photo hunting. I found myself inexplicably crying, longing to be away from it all, somewhere in the vast emptiness of the Maniototo. Fodor was right – 'Overexposure to so-called Important Works of High Culture' is a peculiar malady from which I was suffering. Reg, bewildered at my state, decided that I needed a coffee. In spite of the 8000 lire cost it indeed helped. But what I remember most about Florence is the line of tourists stretching five blocks, all waiting for hours to get into the Uffizi Gallery. We gave up.

Siena, the home of that passionate and amazingly modern Dominican woman,



Siena, Italy: Piazza del Campo



Burano, Venice: three nuns entering the church of S.Martino



Venice: the domes of S. Giorgio

Catherine, now that was better. Yes, it had tourists too, but they didn't seem to be quite so overwhelming. It was in Siena that Kirsty and Craig discovered Italian shoes and where we all discovered Italian style. All its citizens regardless of age or wealth made a point of appearing after siesta, the women dressed impeccably in black with colourful scarves and elegant earrings and the men in superbly cut suits and the obligatory shades. Craig was convinced

that the siesta was nothing of the sort – that the Sienese spent it in primping themselves for the *passeggiata*. We sat like gauche frumps at a tennis match, our eyes widening at the beauty parading before us.

Our final call was at Venice. We had two tiny rooms with equally tiny en suites (we all remembered to uplift the toilet paper before showering) in an exquisite doll's house of a hotel. We breakfasted like convent school boarders

in a long dining room of wooden tables before leaving to explore the city each day. Who was it called Venice 'that most meretricious of cities' selling its beauty indifferently to all comers? We visited its glass bead and fabric markets, and then caught a ferry to spend a day on the neighbouring islands of Torcello (where we had the best meal ever at a family restaurant) and Burano. These islands were once meant to be the chief ports on the Adriatic, but the bubonic plague had put an end to that and Venice won. As if to make up for its historical failure, Burano has gone mad on colour. Each house on the island's canals is painted a bright, but different, colour from its neighbour – blue, red, yellow, purple, green. They are like a child's building blocks on a grand scale. I visited several old churches. Saint Barbara's caused me to stop in my tracks. Under the altar, lying in a glass casket, was the body of a woman. It took me at least a minute to realise it wasn't embalmed but beautifully sculptured from the local marble. Notices round the church walls in Latin superlatives ('issima's everywhere) made me aware that Saint Barbara was very special. I found out later that her father had ordered her breasts to be cut off for refusing to break her vow of virginity and marry a nobleman he had specially chosen.

We ferried back to Venice watching the sun go down through a light mist which gave that city even more of a shimmering unreality. Four Italian teenagers on the boat watched it with glazed, bored eyes. Maybe if you live in Venice such sights cease to seduce.

So that was our tour. We all flew back to Washington from Milan and after three days of recuperation Reg and I left for Auckland, arriving on Labour Day morning to a clear sky, a dazzling lightness and the easy-going friendliness of our own people. I still look at the golden hills of Central Otago and the vineyards around Blenheim and wonder why we make so much fuss over Tuscany. Am I being perverse? ■

A taste of Flamenco in Wellington

Every two years the Wellington Arts scene comes alive with every possible venue in the city being booked out for the New Zealand Festival of the Arts – with the fringe festival alongside. For three weeks the city is abuzz with a staggering variety of cultural events. This year we saw performers from India, Canada, Russia and all points in between, moving in to give a cosmopolitan feel which any city would be proud of.

Having studied the Festival catalogue in great detail – and my bank statement in even greater – the decision what to see was made for me when I spotted that a Spanish interpretation of my favourite opera was on the programme. Uncertain of what to expect, I booked tickets for *La Cuadra de Sevilla*'s performance of *Carmen* at the newly renovated and absolutely spectacular St James' Theatre.

With a cast including a 30-strong Andalusian band, three flamenco guitarists, six dancers, three singers and a dancing horse, *La Cuadra de Sevilla* recounted the tale of *Carmen* as told by the cigarette makers of Triana. The story bears little resemblance to Bizet's opera, but in many ways more satisfying since *Carmen* is portrayed as a strong, independent woman rather than a shrewish temptress.

Using both traditional song and dance the story of *Carmen* and Don Jose unfolded to a rapt audience. So spellbinding was it that I had to continually remind myself to breathe. From the rapid-fire feet of the male dancers, to the passion of Don Jose and *Carmen*, to the show-stopping dancing Andalusian stalion the performance was an absolute joy. Seldom have I seen anything which



so engrossed the audience for almost two hours.

Having performed internationally for 25 years *La Cuadra de Sevilla* have rightfully earned the reputation as one of Spain's finest companies. If you missed them at the Festival but happen to be one of those lucky folk planning an overseas trip, put Seville on the itinerary and go and see them. You will not be disappointed. ■

Nicola McCloy

Resurrection in Ho Chi Minh City

It was a shock, in December last, to see a *Telecom NZ* van cruising around the streets of the capital of Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh City. New Zealand technology had, for once, got there ahead of the Americans! Visiting the Church in Vietnam was also a source of continual surprise to me. The churches are alive and full, with the young coming in droves, even if it is necessary for them to stand outside the churches and listen. However, there are still restrictions on the way in which religion can be practised. It is not possible for religious to open schools, or to teach in schools. Getting young men ordained still requires the approval of the government. There hasn't been a functioning bishop in Ho Chi Minh City for some years now. Perhaps these things will change soon. The people themselves obviously live in a vibrant hope of this happening, and are full of optimism.

Another surprise was to meet an older Dominican friar, Jean Houlmann. We found him tucked away in the back of a large church property in an old run-down house. The house was being slowly restored. Jean is in charge of some 20 adolescents, orphans in one way or another, ranging in age from ten to 20. Some had parents in prison; some had been found

on the streets and had no idea who their parents were now; others were orphans as we understand the word.

We moved quickly from chatting with Jean to meeting the kitchen staff and the two university students who helped voluntarily in looking after these younger men, and then the boys themselves. After we had shared a meal with them, Jean disappeared. It was some time before I noticed that he was not around, so involved had we become in talking with these young men, listening to their stories and their dreams for the future. I was touched by the ability of this man not to take the limelight, but fade into the background and let the young tell us their tales and entertain us.

Jean had been running this house for almost five years. Just being there felt like touching the resurrection. The lives of these young had been completely turned around and brought to a new life through the self-effacing but loving intervention of this 70-year-old man.

On leaving, our car quickly got stuck in a typical Ho Chi Minh traffic jam. And as we waited, we saw Jean leaving the house, sitting on the back of a Honda 125 motor bike. He was being driven by one of the older boys, weaving his way expertly through the blocked traffic. To see Jean being 'chauffeured' seemed like a complete role reversal, and was for me a happy symbol of all these boys' future. ■

Kevin Toomey

The Rape of East Timor

The smiling faces of East Timorese youths conceal the suffering and the bitter memories of a people enslaved. So reports Elizabeth Mackie after a recent visit



We flew into East Timor and I had an impression of immediate beauty: a narrow strip of land, very green because it was at the end of the rainy season; the intense blue of the sea, a lovely coastline. East Timor is an ambiguous country: so much beauty in the people and in the land, yet the uneasy sense of a people not free. It did not feel right to be in a place where the people whose land it was were unable to welcome us.

We were told the place we were staying would be bugged. We had to be very careful when we spoke in the rooms and wary of what we left behind when we went out. Everywhere on the streets there were young armed men. Young Indonesians would often accost us to ask us who we were. Their excuse was they wanted to practice their English — so we discoursed at length about the weather! There was a constant sense of being watched. The soldiers seemed to

be perpetually talking down their phones.

When we went down the coast into West Timor our passports were taken off us; we were repeatedly questioned who we were and what we were doing there. Motorcycle police (holding our passports) followed the bus. The passports were returned to us when we re-entered East Timor.

Nevertheless there is a great sense of the expression of religious faith. While we were there a new bishop (Basilio) was due to be ordained to assist Bishop Belo: he is a popular and pastoral figure and people were planning to come from far and wide for the ceremony. We spoke to a young Timorese about the Church. He said all the priests and Sisters are good: they are for the people. It is their faith which gives the East Timorese a sense of identity, hope, meaning and confidence.

It is not easy to get accurate information of what is going on. The 'truth' is what the government wants people to believe, and the government has complete control over organs of communication. The information received bears little resemblance to reality. Thus, in the



Inside the cemetery in Dili where 257 East Timorese were massacred by Indonesian soldiers

case of the Dili massacre the first official 'truth' was that 40 people had died. Later this figure was challenged because of medical evidence — and it became 50. In fact 257 people were killed.

One curiosity is that the military are also fully involved in business though independent or subsidiary companies. They exercise a tight control over the coffee industry and over the production of sandalwood. So the role of the army is ambiguous: on the one hand it is the backbone of the economy. On the other, it is a "killing machine". When the army moves into an area, some of the soldiers will make friends of the local people. And when they move on some of the locals are photographed in tears because their 'friends' are going. These photos

will be used as propaganda. At the same time people simply disappear. It is thought that at least two people a day are killed by the army.

The memory of the invasion 23 years ago is still fresh in the people's consciousness. The bombings, the lootings, the rapes, the slaughter remain before their minds: nothing that has happened since has healed the scars. A group of farmers had banded together to bring some fallow land into production. When they started to plough they unearthed a whole field of bones. People dream about the killing of their loved ones; then they go in search of their remains. The people seek to bury the bones they find so they can have a proper focus for their mourning.

It is a land full of contrasts. A third of the population of Dili is military. Yet the people are cheerful, full of faith and courage, and show great good humour. We went to Mass in a very large Church: there were as many kneeling outside as inside. And at the Youth Mass the crowds were just as big. Suharto erected a huge monument to Christ. But it is a contradictory sign. The people hate it. Some of the people feel they have been abandoned by the outside world. They want their story to be told.

We went to see Mr McKinnon on our return to New Zealand. He gave us a very good hearing. The world must never be allowed to forget that the Indonesian annexation is under UN censure. ■

Indonesian Military Accused of Torture

Graphic evidence of physical violence has come out of East Timor through photographs showing the torture of young women, sold off by the military and smuggled out of the country. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs is unable to act on such evidence because it is unauthenticated.

The five victims are shown with their heads covered with black hoods, being tied up, stripped, beaten, burnt, and having nails driven into their bloodied bodies. Messages mocking their Christian faith and their support for independence have been written on their naked bodies. One young woman is believed to have participated in the demonstration that greeted Bishop Belo when he returned home after receiving the Nobel Peace Prize last year. Other victims had paid their price for being part of a group that took a petition to the hotel where the UN Special Envoy for East Timor was staying.

Sexual violation of women by the military has become commonplace. In numerous testimonies to the United Nations and to Amnesty International,

refugees have described the way in which the military have used rape as a weapon of subjugation. Communities



have been devastated by the practice of taking 'comfort women' by force and even using women as 'sex slaves' to be nightly visited by several soldiers. Women thought to be involved with the Resistance, or whose husbands are so involved, are especially vulnerable, and some have had to endure being raped in front of their husbands and children.

New Zealand has a Mutual Assistance Programme with Indonesia, which involves the training of military personnel. Since there is a rapid change-over of the Timorese occupation troops it is highly likely that some of the occupation troops have been trained here. Some 20-30 soldiers come here each year from the Indonesian Army: they learn demolition supervision, army tactics, rifle platoon command, diver training and Skyhawk airframe technical training.

The New Zealand Government states that these limited ties enable Indonesian officers to be exposed to the professionalism of New Zealand units, and this has a "positive impact on their approach to human rights". Resistance leader Jose Ramos Horta commented on his visit to Aotearoa that the logical extension of this argument would be for New Zealand to give military aid to the most repressive regimes in the world — Burma or Nigeria — in the hope of improving their human rights record. ■

Information provided by the East Timor Independence Committee

Forgive...!

A Theology of Forgiveness — 2.

Christchurch Psychotherapist Jenny Rockel identifies shame as a key factor in the process of forgiveness

The ideal of forgiveness, which we have traditionally understood to mean turning the other cheek no matter what the provocation, has entered our culture and permeated it far beyond the parameters of Christian belief and practice. As Trish McBride's March feature in *Tui Motu* suggests, the pursuit of this ideal gives rise to paradox and complexity in the spiritual and social order. It also creates painful psychological conflicts as we try to come to terms with the wrongs we have done to others, or they to us. In my work as a psychotherapist I am frequently witness to people's struggle towards forgiveness, either of themselves or of others, for what was done and should not have been, or for what should have been done and was not.

At the heart of the difficulties that surround forgiveness is the experience of shame: the shame of the wrong-doer, and the shame of the one wronged. The wrong-doer is shamed by being exposed as falling short of what was expected of him or her. The wronged one is shamed by failing to command the response he or she expected or hoped for. Perhaps more than any other emotion, shame threatens our sense of who we are in the

world and interrupts our capacity for connection with others. In its grip we feel threatened with extinction, and cut off from the human family. Shame makes us desperate and sometimes dangerous to ourselves or others. We avoid it whenever we can, and have many ways

*If you do not forgive others.
your heavenly Father will
not forgive your failings...*

of defending ourselves against it or deflecting it onto others.

Let us consider an example of shame at work:

Judith discloses to her husband a long-standing sexual involvement between her and a fellow-teacher. Jack accepts her need to talk about what has happened, including the fact that her colleague has provided an intellectual companionship that he never could. Judith tells him that she is relieved to have her secret out in the open, and declares her intention of breaking off the other relationship and 'trying again' in her marriage. From that point on, however, she reacts impatiently if Jack gives any evidence of remembering or being af-

fectured by her betrayal. Hasn't she confessed and apologised? Jack feels guilty because he can't immediately put the past behind him as Judith expects him to, and anxious that she will leave him unless he can. At the same time he feels outraged at the deliberate and prolonged betrayal of his trust. While on the surface things have returned to normal, the relationship is in peril.

The pursuit of forgiveness through confession may be – as in this instance – one of the ways in which we unburden ourselves of shame. Judith has shifted the load to Jack, and in so doing has wronged him doubly. Not only does he suffer the shame of having failed to hold her interest and having allowed himself to be deceived, he is also isolated by her expectation (and his own) that he will never again disturb her by a reminder of her transgression.

If their relationship is to be restored, and if each is to be freed of the shadows cast by this experience, Judith will need to face her own shame and take back her share of the consequences of her breach of trust, including the discomfort of having to keep it in mind when she would rather forget. Unless she can do this, Jack's invalidated anger has no chance of dissipating: it can only linger on as depression, or flare out occasionally as hostility that takes them both by surprise. Judith too will be at risk from the shame that she has tried to avoid: since her 'confession' hasn't dissolved it, she will look for other ways to off-load it, such as blaming Jack more overtly for her own choices.

Two important themes emerge from this example. The first is the profound distinction between this model of forgiveness and the process that might better be called reconciliation. As this illustration suggests,

the pursuit of forgiveness may all too easily be ritualised and effectively manipulative. The transgressor confesses, makes some kind of expression of repentance, and asks for (and expects) forgiveness. The wronged person is expected to accept the apology and absolve the other from any further responsibility for their wrong-doing. There is neither room nor requirement within this ritual for the meaning of the wrong done to be fully explored and integrated over time.

Reconciliation, on the other hand, is a process with a less predictable formula but a more reliably healthy outcome. It may take longer, it seldom progresses steadily forward, and sometimes seems to be going round in circles. A recon-

*forgiveness begins with
the acknowledgment of
shame...*

ciliation between Jack and Judith, for example, would require Judith to be open to knowing fully the consequences of her behaviour; to understand that it will take more than an apology to restore Jack's belief in himself and his trust in her; and to accept the painful possibility that some things might never be the same again.

The second theme implicit in this example is the critical part played by empathy in true reconciliation. As long as Judith is unable to reach out empathically, unwilling to hear or try to understand Jack's experience, she keeps herself at a distance from him and their intimacy cannot be restored. If she were able to take the risk of simply but actively listening to him, she might be surprised by the healing effect of her attentiveness and acceptance.

The power of empathy to heal a breach between wronged and wrong-doer is perhaps less surprising than the healing effect of empathy offered in a therapeutic setting. The empathic response of a



therapist who will join us and support us in a non-judgmental exploration of life events, can bring about reconciliation with aspects of ourselves previously too painful or shaming to face. Feeling understood in our experience of wrongs done to us by others can also leave us more at peace with those experiences, though not necessarily with their perpetrators. This step may never be possible, and is likely to depend on the wrong-doers' willingness to meet their

responsibility for what they have done.

At a psychological level, forgiveness begins with the acknowledgement both of the shame of doing wrong and the shame of being wronged. It is a two-way process, demanding hard work, honesty and a willingness to accept uncertainty about what outcomes can be expected and when. It is always a gift, never a right, and its achievement honours, strengthens and rewards those willing to strive for it. ■

Assisted Reproductive Technologies — a response to the doctors

The December issue of *Tui Motu* contained articles by Professor John France and Dr Anna Holmes on Assisted Reproductive Technology (ART). Professor France described the technologies as present practised or possible, but lists some moral side-effects: his paper was factual. Dr Holmes tried to develop the theme of the moral side-effects, and made a plea for continuing dialogue on what I prefer to call *Artificial Birth Technology*. As a basis for dialogue I find Dr Holmes' article less than adequate, loosely metaphysical and religious, critical of the Catholic Church's current teaching solely because, in her view, it does not keep debate alive. I suspect there are more readers than myself who are mystified by some of her statements.

Firstly, this Artificial Technology, whether reproductive or anti-reproductive (abortion, contraception, steri-

lisation) exists primarily for the financial or other profit of its providers. Money is not a factor whatsoever in natural human reproduction; but in the capitalist-industrialist-technological imagination no area of human experience is to be regarded as sacred or beyond the reach of the market place. Take out the money factor and ART will disappear despite all the altruistic propaganda, and so will the need for dialogue. Dr Holmes tacitly admits this when she asks: "Do the costs of ART outweigh the benefits? Who will get ART funded by the state?" Whether producing a baby or destroying one by abortion, the technocrats seek to use gullible men and women as commercial units on a production line.

Secondly, ART is not medicine, which in the sense understood by most people is "the healing art; the

(continued overleaf)



(continued from overleaf)

science of the preservation of health and of treating disease for the purposes of cure". In line with this definition it is quite proper to try to cure organic infertility in individual men and women to a reasonable degree, just as any other bodily system may be so

treated; but, beyond that, the technologies which Dr France describes are not "curing" ones. Medical persons are required to have a thorough knowledge of physiology as part of their training, but they can use that knowledge for improper purposes, just as a welder may use his skill on a construction site during the week and cut open safes at the weekend. Medical doctors do nothing to disabuse the public mind of this dichotomy: thus we have *Tui Motu* inviting "two eminent Catholic doctors to write on these crucial issues", when in fact ART is outside the proper practice of both of them and the title "doctor" could be dropped.

Thirdly, in all cultures in all ages infertility has been regarded as something of a curse especially by women. The human female, like the females of all animal species, has an overwhelming urge to procreate. It is vital to us;

how else would the species survive? One can understand and sympathise with those who possess the procreative desire but apparently have been denied the means of fulfilling it, mostly, be it said, by failure to meet a compatible mate.

Having acknowledged that, it is necessary to add that we are all physically or mentally handicapped in one way or another, and when I move about my community and witness the pain suffered by so many, and the sacrifices made by so many others in caring for them, I am bound to admit that loss of fertility or failure to mate comes well down my list of hardships. Infertile people may be otherwise very healthy, quite capable of enjoying a good life and helping humanity in ways other than procreating. But some see them as a resource to be exploited by improper use of knowledge acquired at great public expense. These persons do a great disservice by raising false hopes and emotions to say nothing of the social ills prophesied by Drs Holmes and France. There is no danger that the human species might face extinction because a small percentage of its members are naturally infertile, and it is grotesque to think that the same general body of money-motivated experts concurrently procure infertility deliberately in millions of fertile people.

I will have to accept Dr Holmes' assertion that the Catholic Church cur-

rently forbids the use of assisted reproductive technologies, for I have not been told so from the pulpit. Still, how can the Church enforce its strictures other than by appealing to the individual conscience and denying full membership — but how does this inhibit dialogue on the subject? Dr Holmes goes on: "it may make the Church as irrelevant in this area as it now is in contraception"; but she has closed the debate on contraception herself not only by this remark but by the appropriate section of her book where all means of contraception, sterilisation and abortion are described without moral reservations, all posited, one assumes, as legitimate and normal experiences of *Womanhood*, gifts from God rather than goodies from Mammon's supermarket. At what point, one wonders, will Dr Holmes close the debate on Assisted Reproductive Technology?

If the Catholic Church is making itself irrelevant it is not because of the moral stands it makes, but because it seems unwilling or unable to enunciate the reasons for them clearly to a congregation more erudite than formerly, or because it has lost its nerve in the face of aggressive materialism. And perhaps its theology is inadequate for these times.

I hope this article will not be seen as aggressively critical of Dr Holmes but as valid comment. ■

Donald Lamont, Gore

Discovering Ministry. A respondent asks Stephanie Kitching: what about the gospel value of friendship?

I came away from Dr Katherine Clarke's workshop on *Boundaries and Professional Ethics in Ministry* saying to myself: I'm glad I don't work for the Church. Stephanie Kitching's article on the same subject *Fishhooks and the Ministerial Relationship* (in *Tui Motu* Nov 97) brought a renewed sense of unease.

Margaret Hebblethwaite's article on *Lay Vocation* in the same issue starts with a definition which is negative in form — "not a cleric, not a religious"; yet it helped me to appreciate the attractive-

ness of being just a lay person. By Baptism I am called to be a member of the People of God and a witness to the life of Christ in me and in all people. This is my vocation, my work and gives meaning to my life. Margaret Hebblethwaite also reminds us that paradox is a characteristic of Christian statements: *through death we are born to eternal life; it is through giving that we receive, etc.*

So why don't I just accept that some of Stephanie's statements are paradoxes and leave it at that? Yet the picture of

minister which emerges seems narrow and constrained and uninspiring. And the person who is being ministered to seems only to be a vulnerable person who is a potential problem.

Ministry and Friendship

Is the ministerial relationship like any other therapeutic relationship where one person is caring, honest and non-judgmental, so that healing and growth can take place? Is it love? Many years ago I learned that this special way of relating was called counselling. I then realised

that the same three essentials made up the love I shared with my family and with one or two special friends. Not so long ago I came to realise that this love is truly abundant and available to be shared with so many more.

But Stephanie suggests that the ministerial relationship is somehow “easier when the minister and parishioner or client remain relative strangers to each other”. This may be a paradox — but not a very helpful one. Throughout the New Testament we hear of Jesus entering into relationships with all sorts of people and seeming to ignore the boundaries. After three years he says to his disciples: *I no longer call you servants but friends* (John 15,15). Jesus was into role reversal, dual roles and overlapping roles in a big way. When the woman washed his feet with her tears, were boundaries being broken? Some people certainly thought so. And when he washed the feet of his disciples wasn't he teaching them all, and Peter in particular, about role reversal?

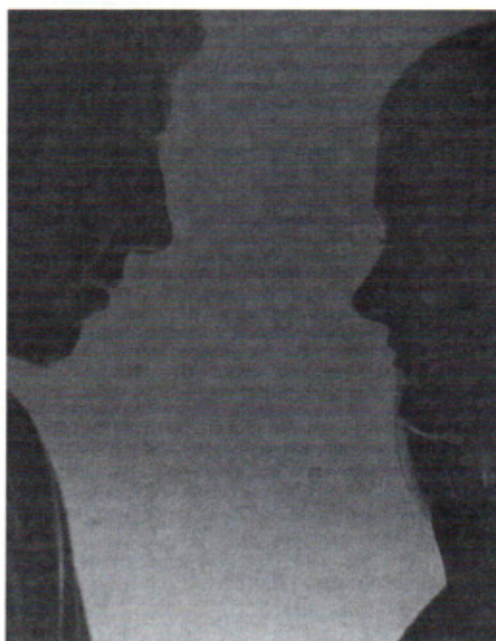
Within my family I juggle overlapping and dual relationships all the time. I'm mother to three and wife to one, and I am daughter to one who now needs as much mothering as the other four. Certainly some dual roles present real challenges as well as wonderful opportunities for reflecting on our relationships, and very often highlight a need within ourselves.

“Ministry must be seen and understood as something different from friendship... Friendship and ministry are quite distinct” (*Fishhooks*...). It has taken me some reflection to realise how strongly I disagree with these statements. Christ spoke of his relationship with his disciples as one of friendship. So my relationship with Christ is one of friendship, and in my ideal world my relationship with every person becomes one of friendship. In ministry, can it be less?

Laurence Freeman, in *The Good Heart*, talks of friendship occupying a central place in Christian thought and tradition. He defines friendship as “the

supreme expression of compassion and tolerance with a respect for the primacy of truth over all subjective tendencies.”

Maintaining the distinction between friendship and ministry leads to a quite unhelpful distortion of both. I think that the element of choice is present both in friendship and in ministry, and I am confused why Stephanie says it is not present in ministry. Isn't that the whole point about boundaries: choosing to minister and how to minister to



some and not to everybody? I believe that I am called to be a friend to every person, and recognising when I choose instead to be self-centred allows me some hope for continual growth.

Ministry and Power

Friends are not always equal in power and in status. Friendship allows a relationship even when there are great differences in status and power. Laurence Freeman also says: “To be friends is to trust and to be vulnerable. It involves running the risk of sharing something precious, and then perhaps being disappointed that this precious gift is not being valued or has been treated badly.”

At last I have a clue to my intense dissatisfaction with the way the question of power was handled. I agree that the power imbalance in favour of the min-

ister has to be recognised, and that with that power goes greater responsibility for the relationship. But we must do more than recognise the power difference particularly if that power difference is itself the source of abuse.

I believe that power and vulnerability are shared in any healthy relationship. Jesus was prepared to put aside his power, except when deep compassion caused him to heal and cure miraculously. The minister today might put aside his power, his knowing what is wrong with the parishioner and what she should do, and listen deeply and hear her pain, and perhaps realise he does not have an answer for her, but that in sharing his vulnerability and trust of her and of God, healing will surely take place.

Some Practicalities

“When a family offers the minister a fortnight's holiday at their beach house, what harm can be done?” I would rather answer the question: what good can come out of it? The minister might accept one week for himself and suggest the other week be given to some family in the parish. He might recognise the special warmth and gratitude he feels to the family who has been generous to him, and be alert to respond to all parishioners with the same warmth. The minister might encourage all members of the parish to be generous in sharing their possessions. The families of the parish may all grow in generosity and concern for each other.

I realise now that **this** is the source of all my unease. I believe the ideal world is the real world! The ideal world is the way it can be if we live according to ideals set out in the Beatitudes. If we really believe that God's love has been poured into us in abundance, then we can bring healing and growth to all our relationships. This is true for me as a baptised person. Do ministers see themselves differently? ■

Bernadine Reid
Wellington

Making the Scriptures Accessible

An Introduction To The New Testament

By Raymond Brown

Doubleday, New York

Price: NZ\$142

Review: Tony Davies

In every home where the Bible is treasured this book will soon be nestling up against it. No matter how much we know, or how little, we cannot pick up the Bible without questions arising in our minds. As Philip climbed up into the chariot beside the Ethiopian on the road to Gaza (Acts 8,26), and guided him through the Scriptures, so Brown leads us first through general topics essential to the overall picture and then helps us to appreciate the individual books. He does this with clarity, precision, and

economy of words. He does not force us, he does not lose us in narrow academic arguments, he does not attempt to forge ahead with scholarship; but he provides us with what is generally acceptable among biblical scholars today. He does not aim to give us a good read but to make the books of the New Testament a good read; even so, there is much fascinating material in the introductory chapters.

The final section on each individual book is entitled *Issues and Problems for Reflection* and here Brown challenges us to relate the material to today. Of special interest to readers of *Tui Motu* would be his comment on people with 'itching ears' in 2 Tim 4,3:

"Almost every generation of Christians,

especially in the more traditional churches, has invoked this description as fulfilled in its own time. Nevertheless, that fear has too often made ecclesiastical institutions constantly defensive against new ideas. In such an atmosphere there will come a moment when no ideas constitute a greater danger than new ideas, and when deaf ears are more prevalent than itching ears". (p.679)

For those who want more than can be found in his 878 pages, he provides a full English language bibliography.

Brown is the leading Catholic biblical scholar in the United States, but he comes from no narrow confessional stable. He has been showered with honorary degrees from Protestant as well as Catholic Universities. Many will remember his visit to New Zealand and how his talks on the Lectionary had a simplicity that attracted all. ■

Stories that hit the heart

In the Middle of Winter

By Nico ter Linden

Translated by Jan van Royen

Published by Valley Publications

Price: \$19.95

Review: Mike Crowl

In 1985, Nico ter Linden wrote a small book called *Een engel aan de Amstel*, or *An Angel along the River Amstel*. It consisted of less than thirty short anecdotal reflections on a variety of subjects mostly concerning the heart and the way it may or may not see this world through spiritual eyes. The title story covers that theme in less than three pages and shows from the outset that Mr ter Linden can write very simply about complex matters.

The Rev Jan van Royen has done us a great favour by translating this book into English. As he says in his introduction, it's the sort of book you read through quickly, put down thinking that you are done with it, and then find it keeps calling you back. See if you can read the story entitled *Gerrit*, for instance, without having it toss itself around in your mind for some long time afterwards.

At first ter Linden's style seems almost too simple, as though

he was afraid of saying too much. Yet everything we need to know is there. The stories are like poems which we have to go back and read more than once to grasp their full meaning. And often the meaning is one that hits the heart before it reaches the head.

Each of these reflections builds up a picture of God's compassion and His people's response – which isn't always orthodox or traditional. See the story, *Married in church*, for instance, about a young couple who are more intuitive than the tradition-minded minister. Or ter Linden's comment in *Silence*, "...faith is never something that can be supplied from available stocks. It never arises without a meeting of persons. If there were any ready-made prescriptions for bringing someone to faith, you could give it to him on a note and shove it in his letterbox."

Throughout the book, ter Linden fights a rearguard action against seeing this world only with secular eyes. As he says at the end of one story, *Both...and*, "I am very concerned about this, namely that we find it so difficult to do what people did in the past: bob up and down freely between heaven and earth. It is necessary that we should learn to do that a bit, as soon as possible."

I like ter Linden's honesty, his willingness to admit that he has still not found all the answers to life's complications after many years in the ministry, and his willingness to believe in people, even when they don't much believe in themselves. ■

The intriguing history of Jansenism

"Saints or Sinners?"

Jansenism and Jansenists in 17th

Century France

By J.D. Crichton

Oscott Series, Veritas 1996, Dublin

Review: Patrick Maloney

By chance, or I prefer to think, by Providence I came to be reading Fr J D Crichton's *Saints or Sinners?* at the very same time as I was reading Eamon Duffy's *History of the Popes: Saints and Sinners* (see *Tui Motu* February issue). Both books explore in their own way the paradox of people trying to serve God according to their lights. Most of them were essentially good men and women, but some had a goodness that was contaminated by a flaw in their make up. I'm reminded of a description once made of Samuel Taylor Coleridge that he was an archangel – slightly damaged!

Fr Crichton, perhaps better known for writings on the liturgy, opens up for us the lives of people involved in the 17th Century theological disputes concerning the nature of grace. The problems all began with Cornelius Jansen, a theologian who produced in 1640 a book which claimed to summarise the thought of St Augustine, a labour of 12 years which involved reading Augustine's entire works 30 times. The outcome was a book which was deeply pessimistic and rigorist in its demands for the living of Christian life. Five propositions were taken from the book and condemned by Pope Innocent X. Unfortunately, Jansen's conclusions had considerable appeal, not least to the Abbe de Saint-Cyran. And here we have the forerunner of a remarkable group of people, marked by the enigma of great personal goodness on the one hand, and fatal flaws of character on the other.

Our author leads us painlessly through the complexities of these turbulent times. He gives the reader the minimum

necessary of theological explanation of the issues involved and a colourful sketch of Church life of the times.

The Church in 17th century France had not yet taken on board substantially the reforms initiated by the Council of Trent (1545-63). St Vincent de Paul was labouring mightily at providing proper formation for clergy. Women religious were equally in need of reform. That leads us to one of the most fascinating characters of our story, Angelique Arnauld.

She was the daughter of Antoine Arnauld, a lawyer and fervent disciple of the Abbe Saint-Cyran. He insisted that his daughter become a nun, largely because of the expense involved in providing marriage dowries for all his five daughters. She was packed off to a Cistercian Monastery whose Abbess was the mother of twelve illegitimate children, all of whom she cared for in the Monastery. By various deceptions and powerplay, Arnauld saw to it that Angelique was made Abbess at the ripe old age of 11! It's an extraordinary story as the reader learns how, in spite of seemingly impossible odds, Angelique matured into an effective reformer, setting up the Monastery of Port-Royal as a model for other convents throughout France. She was very much her father's daughter, taking from him much of the jaundiced view of the human condition that came from Jansen and the exaggerated discipline in regard to the Sacraments. She also seems to have inherited a powerful mind coupled with a stubbornness and a contentious spirit that led her into countless public controversies. With it all, she coupled a genuine piety, a deep love of God and the Church.

Our author takes us from the story of Angelique to that of her young brother, Antoine. After studies of theology, he was ordained priest. This oc-


casioned a profound conversion. Even more than his older sister, he was obsessed with the Jansenist theory of grace which he described as *la verite*, the truth. He was a prolific writer, endlessly engaged in controversy. His most famous book on frequent Communion had a huge impact for over a century to come and was largely responsible for the decline in those receiving Holy Communion. For absolution and Holy Communion, he required total conversion and profound devotion. Few felt they could measure up. The spirit born here cut deeply into the life of the French Church, then even to New Zealand via French congregations which worked here, and also via the Irish Church.

The story continues with another Arnauld, this one being Angelique de Saint-Jean Arnauld d'Andilly, niece of the other Angelique. It is fascinating to see similar family characteristics appearing in these extraordinary women. Her story is all the more interesting in that it is tied up with the decline and fall of the Monastery of Port-Royal and its eventual rehabilitation.

Fr Crichton has given us easy access to an intriguing period of Church history, a period which has impacted on the spiritual life of millions. We are indebted to him. ■

**We will find those books
for you!**

Books mentioned in this paper, or
any other books you can't find
can be ordered from

 **OC Books**

Tollfree 0800 88 OC Books
(0800 886 226)

4 Dowling St, Dunedin

Ph/Fax (03) 477 9919

Freepost 58574

email: mcrowl@es.co.nz

Visit our website

<http://homepages.ihug.co.nz/~mcrowl>

Documentaries, plastics and plummeting sperm count

The documentary has become the late 20th century flagship for television makers. The bigger the organisation, the greater the prestige which is sought and large amounts of money are often poured into the making of the documentary. Once it was the aim of a television corporation to make a block-busting series such as *The Plane Makers* or *The Waltons*. Now, the BBC, CBS or ABC often challenge governments and the ruling establishment of a nation in their exploration of political and social issues. TVNZ's *Assignment* has made an impact in this country while *60 Minutes* and *20/20* are part of an international co-operative which shares items of interest from the contributing countries.

Hard Talk, part of BBC World, offers a series of interviews with world figures which provide a keen insight into contemporary issues. The recent interview with archbishop Desmond Tutu examined his role as Chairman of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in South Africa. It was a polite encounter, in which all the difficult and thorny questions were asked and answered. Why, for example, had he, the Archbishop, shown such apparent deference to Winnie Mandela when she appeared before the Commission? The exchanges were clear, sharp and articulate with adequate time allowed for explanation or for developing a point of view. Such programmes are worth recording for use as a basis for discussion and study with senior students, providing an invaluable resource for exploring contemporary issues.

An astounding and alarming documentary went to air several weeks ago as part of the BBC World presentation. *Assault on the Male* was a 1996 Horizon production in which research into male infertility was examined. Studies which were begun in Brussels,

Paris and Edinburgh about seven years ago reported an average drop in male sperm count of 2 percent a year. These findings were confirmed by British researcher Dr Richard Sharp who joined forces with his Norwegian counterpart to initiate further studies. Their research noted a 25 percent drop in male sperm count in the selected group over the study period, a rate of decline which, if continued, would bring this group below the fertility level. Testicular cancer in young men was shown to have increased alarmingly, while testicular non-descent had increased two to three times over the last 20 years. Other changes were recorded, including significant urethral abnormality.

It was believed that the reason for these changes was the exposure to synthetic oestrogens and this led to wide-ranging research to find their source. Oestrogens interact with a larger molecule called a receptor and it is known that synthetic oestrogens may cause a hormone block or cause a metabolic change. Clues came from a study of certain British rivers in which it was noted that male fish near sewage outfalls were changing sex. This discovery of hermaphrodite fish astounded scientists, but these findings were kept secret for two years for fear of causing public alarm. It was also noted that drinking water was still being drawn off from affected areas.

At the same time as this British research, Professor Ana Soto of Tufts University in the United States made the discovery that a new range of oestrogen was leaching from plastic tubes. A mysterious substance, widely used as an antioxidant in the plastic industry, proved to be nonyl phenol, a possible contributor to men's infertility. Rats were exposed to low levels of phenol and a clear adverse effect was demonstrated, both on testes development and sperm pro-

duction. It raised the question that similar effects could occur in humans. Professor Ana Soto found also that Bisphenol A was used in the plastic coating inside tinned vegetable containers, and that seven out of ten cans were found to leach oestrogen. When this news reached the Granada Dental School, they began looking at the possibility that the fillings used in children's mouths may leach oestrogen, finding a significant amount in the saliva of those examined.

The use of aluminium laminates, of plastic wrappers, of printing ink on wrappers, has been shown in British research to leach oestrogen into dairy foods in particular. There is no easy answer to the problem and the alarming thought was posed that the chemical effects may be additive and that there is an enormous risk to the human race from this lethal cocktail of chemicals. In the documentary Dr Vera Lee Davis, an adviser to the United States Department of Health, had the last word:

"It's almost as if we had unwittingly taken part in a Faustian bargain. It's as though someone has said, you just have to have a little more breast cancer, a little more testicular cancer, and you may also lose the ability to reproduce as a species, but that's the price you're going to pay for all the luxuries of modern life. If you are to have fast cars and plastics and all the benefits, perhaps you have to tolerate a little more of this disease.

"I don't accept that bargain and I don't think that any woman with breast cancer does, and I don't think any young man who wants to be a father and cannot do so, would willingly give up that opportunity in order to live in a modern society. We have too much at stake here, all of us; we can't afford to run the risk that by ignoring this evidence we may endanger the ability of the species to persevere." ■

Keith Harrison

World News

Discrimination and religious belief

Have Church school authorities the legal right to dismiss teachers whose life-style fails to measure up to Christian standards? Could a minister be obliged by law to officiate at marriages of divorced people or gay couples? These and similar questions were being asked when a Human Rights Bill came before Britain's House of Lords recently.

Many feared that the Bill may class Churches as 'public authorities' and as such would be unable to discriminate on the basis of religious belief, moral or sexual status. An amendment to prevent this was passed by the Lords last month. It would protect Churches from claims of discrimination if they could show they had acted "in pursuance of religious belief in accordance with the historic teachings and practices of a Christian or other principal religious tradition represented in Great Britain". This could include "worship, conformity to a moral or ethical principle, teaching and employment".

The amended Bill could still be changed in the House of Commons.

Vatican apology to the Jews

Hard on the heels of *Tui Motu's* articles on Christian discrimination against the Jews, the Vatican has issued a 10-page document with a preface by Pope John Paul on the Nazi Holocaust. It expresses "deep sorrow" for the actions of some Catholics during World War II, but does not include any apology for the silence of Pius XII or other Church leaders who failed to speak out against Hitler.

Defenders of the wartime Pope claim he acted wisely and with "quiet diplomacy" for fear of harming Catholics under Nazi occupation. However, Israel's Chief Rabbi Meir Lau, himself a Holocaust survivor, said he had expected an unequivocal apology from the Vatican for Pope Pius' "shamful attitude". "There is no doubt", he added,

"that a clear condemnation from the Vatican at the time could have prevented the terrible things that were done".

On the Internet

The Internet puts the riches of the 2000-year-old Christian tradition at one's fingertips.

The Bible is available in several versions; all the documents of Vatican II and the Catechism of the Catholic Church. Many of the works of St Augustine and St Thomas Aquinas are found on a site playfully named *Fides Quaerens Internetum*.

Ala Padre's Catholic Corner provides an online version of the Catholic Encyclopedia with updates on many ethical issues. And lots more.

.. "suitable for a married priest"

An advertisement appeared in the London *Tablet* of 28 February: *Chaplain (daily Mass) required for Convent. Accommodation available. Would suit a married couple*. This brought a letter in the following issue from a London parish priest, saying that even though he rejoiced at the number of ex-Anglicans now serving as married priests in Catho-

lic parishes in Britain, he felt shock and pain when he read the advertisement. He was thinking of the many Catholic priests who have chosen to leave the ministry and marry, who would not be eligible to answer the advertisement.

Australian theologian under investigation

The Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith in Rome is investigating the work of Australian priest, Paul Collins. Complaints have been made (by persons unknown) that Fr Collins' book *Papal Power* contains doctrinal errors. These are mainly in sections dealing with authority in the Church and Infallibility.

Fr Collins had previously criticised the process used by the Congregation when dealing with theologians under suspicion. He says that it would be "somewhat disingenuous, not to say dishonest and hypocritical of me to consent to participate in the CDF's processes in my own case".

It is expected that if the investigation proceeds there will be much support in Australia for a challenge to the way in which the views of theologians are currently investigated. ■

Tui Motu InterIslands Subscription

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....Area Code.....

\$20 for FIVE issues

\$40 for ONE YEAR'S Subscription (11 issues)

I enclose a cheque for \$.....

or please debit my credit card (Visa/Mastercard)

Card No.....Expiry date.....

Signature.....

Mail to P O Box 6404 DUNEDIN NORTH 9030

Overseas Annual Subscription (Economy airmail):

Australia/S.Pacific: \$50

Rest of world: \$60

That **** condom!

Not for a generation has Catholicism in Aotearoa New Zealand been thrust so far into the limelight. The Virgin in a Condom has put Catholic values onto headlines and prime time TV. The display has hit more than a raw nerve: it has cut deeply into the unconscious realm of archetype and symbol. Only a perceived attack in such a vulnerable place – touching values which surround motherhood, virginity, purity, devotion, the personal and the sacred – could have produced the reactions we have witnessed.

And in this perceived attack, what was the weapon? Not words, not a sword, but a condom. For some the prophylactic protects, for others it signifies sexual sin.

Associating the two symbols was more than some Catholic sensibilities could take. Attack resulted in counter-attack: assault of museum personnel destruction of a display case, threats of legal action, calls for episcopal resignations – and all this from otherwise commandment-respecting Catholics.

The whole sorry mess is one which no one can be proud of: Catholics resorting to violence, museum staff defensive and incaltrant, the tiny statue silent beneath its sheath. If we believe that God can indeed draw good out of bad, maybe

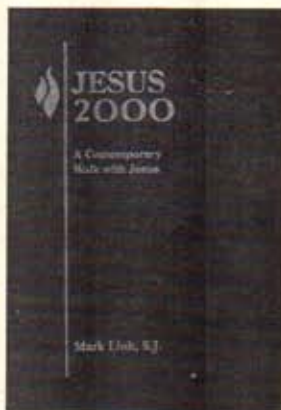
redemption in this situation lies in reflection on the complex issues it raises. Is it a role of the artist (or museum) to provoke thought, question assumptions, challenge understandings? Should an artist (or a Christian) ever compromise an urgent message to refrain from offending? How many people and what religions, races and genders have to be offended before boundary lines are drawn?

Why our feeling of outrage? What beliefs about sexuality are being challenged? What assumptions about the use of condoms are questioned? What beliefs about Mary are challenged? Are those beliefs faithful to the spirit-filled and strong Mary of the scriptures? As we condemn the wrapping of a statue in a condom, might we ourselves be encasing Mary, her sexuality and spirituality, in layers of myth and virtual deification?

Most vitally, having vented rage at the desecration of a sacred symbol, where is our Catholic outrage at the desecration of precious people who are by the minute raped, battered, abused, mine-maimed, malnourished, made homeless? Where would the Mary of the Magnificat, the Mary of Pentecost, have us put the energy of our outrage? Would she not be the first to point out the real injustices against which we must unite if God's reign is ever to come on earth as in heaven? ■

Mary Betz

Need a pocket-sized resource for daily prayer?



JESUS 2000

Mark Link

Jesus 2000 offers daily prayer meditations on the person of Jesus that are challenging and to-the-point. This pocket-sized book following the scripture readings for the liturgical year is suitable for both individual and group use. The author, Mark Link, is world-renowned for his modern, prayerful scripture meditations.

Pocket-sized, 406pp RRP \$25.00 (post 80c)

Mail orders our specialty

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

CS

CATHOLIC SUPPLIES (NZ) LTD 80 Adelaide Rd, P O Box 16-110, Wellington
Phone 04 384 3665 Fax 04 384 3663

FREEPHONE 0800 882 284 OR 0800-CATH-SUP