



TUI MOTU

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MARY THORNE on change for women in the Church

ROBINS KEARNS, PAULINE KOOREY, CLARE CURRAN
and MANY MORE on women who have influenced them

Women of Spirit
Wahine Wairua

CONTENTS

FEATURES

Be the Change	4
MARY THORNE	
A Star of the Sea	6
ROBIN KEARNS	
A Time for Everything	7
PAULINE KOOREY	
Captured by Her Passion	8
CLARE CURRAN	
The CIT Women	9
NEIL DARRAGH	
A Woman I Look Up To	10
ZYON LESOA-STEWART, LINZIE MATAAFA, CHARLOTTE FUIMAONO, KATARINA TOMINIKO	
My Grandmothers	11
CAROLINE GRIMSHAW	
My Aunt and Godmother	12
ANNETTE SCULLION	
Women Who Inspire	13
JADE HENARE, JESSICA LOPEZ, ZETA MARTIN	
Tāruke – Woman of Aroha	14
DANNY KARATEA-GODDARD	
Betty – Writer and Friend	15
MICHAEL OTTO	
A Pilgrim's Reflection	18
MICHAEL FITZSIMONS	
Whose Synodality?	20
MASSIMO FAGGIOLI	
Redesigning the Church with New Lay Ministries .	23
PHYLLIS VAGANO	

COMMENT

Editorial	2
USA Stokes Conflict	3
JACK DERWIN	
A Season for Pausing	26
SHAR MATHIAS	
Crosscurrents	29
MARY BETZ	
Looking Out and In	32
KAAREN MATHIAS	

SCRIPTURE

Land and People Crying for Justice, Solidarity and Action	24
KATHLEEN RUSHTON	

REFLECTION

Psalm for Matariki	16
ADRIENNE THOMPSON	

REVIEWS

Book Reviews	27, 31
Film Review	28



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EDITORIAL

Women with Spirit

Recognising the Spirit as impulse, support and comfort in our midst can nourish our confidence personally and sustain us in community. As a way of revealing the Spirit's presence at this time we asked a number of contributors: Who are the women in your life who influence and inspire you? This June issue describes some of them – whānau women, women living among us today and women remembered from the past. Our writers admire these women, but even more than admiring them, they acknowledge their embodiment of spirit and how knowing or knowing of them boosted their dignity, value and relationships in the world. They all found some quality or combination of qualities that encouraged, affirmed and emboldened them.

As I read each story I regretted not knowing the woman as the writer did. Each is someone I'd love to have had for a friend. The writers highlight what they loved about the person, what was attractive, challenging, familial, accepting. The stories remind me of some advice I read once: if we want to be more of something, eg, more loving, inclusive, hospitable, kind ... look around for someone who is a good example of the quality and observe how they show it. And then begin imitating it. At first, the new behaviour may feel contrived but keep practising and after some time we'll find that the quality is finding a home within us, too. We will be growing more thoughtful, welcoming or forgiving.

In a sermon which aimed to encourage us in this, we'd probably be told to imitate Jesus. That's because, I suspect, the preacher hasn't looked at the people around him. The women described by the June writers are not in short supply. They're our sisters, mothers, nieces, grandmothers and aunts. We'll find them on public platforms and in our aged care homes, in supermarkets and in churches, in boardrooms and in studios, in our homes and in the media. They are Christ faces and voices encouraging us to care about the global issues such as the well-being of the planet as a home for all life, how to forge peace and to rid the Church and world of discrimination against women and girls. They're also highlighting domestic issues such as the love and protection of children in our whānau and institutions and the care we give those imprisoned or seeking asylum. These women may sound pesky, immoderate or strident to some but don't dismiss them – they are embodiments of the Spirit pointing to how we can further develop kinship in our world.

We thank all the contributors to this issue whose generosity and expertise in words, art and craft give us our monthly feast of reading and reflection.

And as is our custom, our last word is of blessing and encouragement.



USA Stokes Conflict

The new wave of violence that has erupted between Israel and Palestine in recent weeks has been both entirely shocking and tragically unsurprising – the most recent chapter in a decades-long struggle.

Violence has been met with more violence. No side's hands are clean in that regard but certainly it is Palestine which has suffered the majority of the casualties. Entire Palestinian buildings have been levelled to the ground, buildings that notably included the offices of media organisation Al Jazeera.

I do not propose a quick dissection or resolution of what is an incredibly complex issue in just a few hundred words. But what I would like to discuss is the startling influence of a third party which has been persistently reluctant to intervene.

Without Israel's number one supporter, the United States, much of today's violence would not be possible.

While it was Britain who initially supported and enabled the creation of Israel after WWII, since the late 1960s it has been the US which has enabled much of the subsequent bloodshed.

Donald Trump needlessly escalated tensions when he moved the US embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem in 2018. And now, several years later, his successor Joe Biden is yet to reverse that decision.

Such is America's uniformity in its support for Israel that despite their political differences, Biden has not challenged Trump's decision to shift the US embassy. Further, he has spent the first weeks of this new unrest providing staunch defence of Israel's military strikes, while most of the international community rightfully condemn it.

Progressive Jewish groups within the US have meanwhile demanded that the White House stand up to its political ally. No other nation, after all, has more influence over the State of Israel. The US has an opportunity to halt Israel's excessive use of force and continual expulsion of Palestinians – actions which have triggered this new wave of conflict along with many others.

But the United States has for the better part of six decades looked the other way, all the while forging stronger ties with Israel regardless of its conduct. And it appears that Joe Biden is not yet ready to break with this tradition.

The US, for example, continues to provide an enormous amount of military aid to its ally, despite the fact that its own laws prohibit the provision of aid when there is credible evidence of human rights violations.

Much of what took place during May would be

sufficient proof of this latter point. Instead the US has armed Israel with many of the tools it has used to perform and permit those violations.

America's historic complicity in all of this has also indirectly inflamed the situation. The US has wielded its political might and global power to jettison many previous efforts that would have helped progress the cause of peace. It has over the years vetoed UN resolutions to do things as basic as international monitors on the ground to stand witness.

More significantly, it has repeatedly vetoed UN resolutions for a two-state solution, against an international consensus that has existed since the mid 1970s.

While there is much support for recognising Israel's right to exist within the 1967 borders, aggressive and bloody expansionism aided and abetted by the US since then has precluded peace.

There are undeniably many complexities when discussing the Israel-Palestine situation. But the history of US support for indefensible violence is impossible to ignore.

The most cynical and obvious reasons for this are geopolitical. It is evidently advantageous for the US to maintain a centre of influence and a presence in a Middle East that is increasingly and understandably hostile to it. The result has been that the US has stoked the flames of division in the Middle East while at the same time diluting its remaining legitimacy in the international community to broker peace elsewhere.

But such self-serving end, however, have come at an incredible cost. Countless lives have been wasted, many of whom were civilians caught in the middle of a multi-decade conflict. Their deaths are part of a long story of violence and untold pain that has not achieved progress of any kind.

It is vital then to acknowledge though that this is a conflict that could not have persisted and continued in the way it has without the implicit and explicit help of that land of the free – the United States.

As a global superpower it must come to terms with the violence it enables. Doing so and withdrawing military aid now would be the first step to deescalating violence in the region and maintaining any hopes of eventual peace. ●

Photo by Nick John 07/Shutterstock.com



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Be the Change

MARY THORNE discusses why now is the time to include women in the Church as fully participating members.

I heard a parable this morning as I picked up the toys after last night's family dinner. Hugely popular heavy metal band from Waipū, Alien Weaponry, and internationally award-winning conductor, Holly Mathieson, were speaking on the radio about their upcoming collaborative concerts, called "Stronger Together", featuring the band and the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. Alien Weaponry are acclaimed at home and overseas for their music which incorporates taonga puoro and lyrics in te reo. Holly Mathieson explained that both orchestral and heavy metal musicians push themselves to the extremes of their genres, and that Alien Weaponry and the NZSO came to their collaboration with a real openness. She said that the collaboration had prompted important questions such as, "Who are we speaking to?" and "What are we saying?" In these days of environmental crisis, #MeToo and Black Lives Matter, is it time for a reset?

We all live with the challenge of reconciling clashing areas of our lives and we don't talk to one another much

about our experience of agonising over dilemmas of truth and justice. It's unsettling and painful and, to be frank, people are not very interested in grappling in a deep and challenging way with aspects of life that we may be getting a bit wrong. Eyes glaze over and there's an uncomfortable shuffle when such topics arise. We are thoroughly invested in the status quo. I remember being schooled on the impropriety of religion, politics or bodily function in polite conversation and the opportunities for impolite conversations were few and late at night!

Church for Our Place and Time

As an older Catholic woman, I feel that I am wrestling with a huge, ill-defined conundrum. The Catholic Church, spiritual home of generations of my people, needs to be freed from the European history and culture in which it is imprisoned and be re-founded as a church for our place and our time. Church life, derived from the Gospels, must be relevant to the human life in the neighbourhoods that

surround it. Many, many people feel similarly but for individuals in parish communities it is lonely to feel the longing for change.

Many years ago, at a Holy Thursday evening Mass, Joe Grayland preached a homily reflecting on sacraments in which he mentioned the “breaking of the waters” that is an integral part of the birth process. Women present were moved beyond words that amniotic fluid, the milieu in which all mammalian life is nurtured and protected and which bears us to new, independent life, was acknowledged as another aspect of life-giving water, adding to our understanding of the sacrament of Baptism. The insight has stayed with me. It is just as fruitful to ponder as the Exodus account of freedom and new life achieved through Moses parting the Red Sea. It feels wondrous and joyful to have the freedom and the opportunity to bring one’s own lived experience to liturgy and it is essential for the life of Church that this can happen.

The Christian sacraments ... integrally related to embodied life ... are about the God-filled realities of being born, being nourished, sustained and healed.

The Christian sacraments are rites that are integrally related to embodied life. They are about the God-filled realities of being born, being nourished, sustained and healed. They resonate powerfully with human beings — perhaps eliciting particular feelings for female human beings with the physiological capacity to birth and nurture life, and to whom the possibility of officiating at the celebration of a sacrament is denied. Clericalism is an aspect of the chasm that exists between the sacramental life within Church communities and ordinary lived experience. Paternalistic, rigid organisation and structure deter creative involvement.

To Be Healed of Clericalism

The whole People of God must take responsibility for healing the brokenness of clericalism. For women, clericalism is yet another layer of blockage to full, equal participation in the Church. Not only does our lay vocation preclude us, but, presently, our sex means there can never be anyone who is like ourselves and who can fulfil the role of priest, bishop or pope within the institutional Church.

For decades women have called for change. We cannot remain trapped in feelings of exclusion and desolation. There has been a shift. “I am the change” reads a Greenpeace bumper sticker. “Be the Change” exhorts an Auckland-based group of women who are committed to journeying towards a new inclusive model of Catholic Church. They look to the Gospels and see a human man from Nazareth, a person of faith and integrity, a carpenter within his community. His relationship with God is so intimate and the Spirit of God so powerfully present in him that he is a decisive

manifestation of God with us. Jesus embarks on a mission to teach the community of faith in his occupied country that God knows their pain, they are beloved and free. There is a new way of being. He sets out and begins by being baptised into the prophetic protest movement of John.

Women and men of Be the Change Catholic Church, Aotearoa claim their freedom and mission to challenge all that is unjust and oppressive. We take responsibility for creating a safe, supportive, nourishing, hope-filled space that meets our need and welcomes newcomers. In new ways we communicate our message of radical inclusion. An example of this is the “Pink Shoes into the Vatican” project.

Support the Shoes Pathway

We are planning an ambitious public art work which, to succeed, will require the support of many of our sisters throughout the country. It is envisaged that on NZ Women’s Suffrage Day, 19 September, women’s worn-out shoes will create a path along a significant route that ends at St Patrick’s Cathedral in Auckland. Other events may take place elsewhere.

Worn shoes symbolise hard wear over long journeys — we have given much love, energy and time over many lifetimes and still we find the door closed to us. We own our journey and claim our freedom to live as the Gospels show us.

Revise the Baptism Ritual

To bring naked gospel truth to the centre of our faith communities would allow us to develop prayer and ritual out of our own culture and our own whole lives.

Many young parents today are incorporating Māori tradition into rituals following the birth of a baby, in which the placenta is reverently returned to Papatūānuku. This part of a woman’s body which has done its work, this tiny new human person birthed into God’s great gift of life, the all-encompassing and sustaining Earth; could these not be woven into a Baptism liturgy, connecting the ritual to vital concerns of our times?

As Alien Weaponry and the NZSO demonstrate, genuine respect for difference and openness to engage will take us far along the road to renewal. The deep awareness that we are loved and free drenches our lives with awareness of beauty and abundance and goodness and holiness — despite our difficulty and struggle. This is a helpful way to counter the abuse of clericalism. We MUST SPEAK, as Jesus did, with power and love. ●

Painting: *Work Shoes* by Carol Jean Marine ©
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Mary Thorne is retired and derives great delight from exploring the inner reaches of the Manukau Harbour with her tiny granddaughter.





a STAR of the sea

I was introduced to her five weeks earlier, but it was dark. And I am not good recalling names, especially when preoccupied with the momentous nature of an occasion. It was a karakia at 6am to mark the beginning of an occupation at Putiki Bay on Waiheke Island. She and her husband had come at 24 hours' notice from somewhere deep in the Waikato. As you do when the future of your whenua and moana are at stake.

Today, late on a Saturday afternoon, I arrive at the Bay on a grey autumn day with a chill wind from the south. As I walk down the incline from the road, there are storm clouds gathering across the Tamaki Strait towards the city. Two white terns cry out as they fly overhead. Then I see a figure facing out to sea knee deep in water. She is holding a book in one hand. It's the kuia who travelled north and who hasn't left, standing in solidarity with her tupuna buried at the urupā down the road.

"Kia ora," I say as I walk down the beach to where small waves lick the sand. "Tēnā koe e hoa," she says. Gently turning to face me, she says: "It's good you have come to the marae to support us."

There is no wharehau here, however. Just two tents and a caravan, a makeshift paepae and a

multitude of hand-painted signs: "NO MARINA", "Putiki Bay is for Penguins and People, Not your Marina" and "Ngāti Pāoa Waiheke Kotahitanga".

"This is our marae," she says. "This Bay. This whenua. This moana." I nod. I reply: "Maybe just a little like I feel in the nīkau grove at Whakanewha down the road. A cathedral of creation." "Āe," she says.

We stand there, in quiet. She knows where she stands. And why. And, imperceptibly, a change has happened such that I do, too. Call me a heretic but give me an unspoilt beach or lush tangle of bush over a consecrated church most days of the year.

She says she was saying evening karakia as I arrived. I say: "Aroha mai for interrupting." Her smile says manaakitanga is more important anyway.

Her hand, weathered and wrinkled from years of mahi raises the book: an equally creased and well-used Bible. "It doesn't matter if karakia is just a few lines from the Good Book, a whakataukī or just some quiet with the waves."

She looks at me, deep into my being, with eyes as bright as her elegant hat. "It just matters that we say karakia. Twice a day. Morning and evening. It keeps us humble." Humble. The same root as humus, soil, down to earth, fertile ground of our being, producer of kai.

In that moment, each in our own ways, she and I are called to keep our feet on the ground, to saying "No" to the sense of entitlement that sees a business set on building a seven-hectare marina in the Bay, making big

money from the moana.

I walk away, moved. This Bible-clutching kuia may seem to have been standing alone, but invisibly behind and beside her I now see a legion of indigenous women defenders of the earth and sea. I feel their presence and spirit as my feet crunch on the cockle shells in the stillness of this calm before the storm. She may seem peaceful and humble but this kuia is staunch. Her standing firm is not a choice but a calling. She could be a Mary for this troubled age.

When I was a child I saw statues of Mary and they seemed out of this world. I suppose in one sense they were. But then Mary surely wasn't. Later I puzzled over that "Star of the Sea" term. "She's not a star, she's a woman," I thought. And she was portrayed as so powder-dusted pale and pure, a snake under her feet — it was all too surreal.

But today, as I walk away, I feel I have seen a star of the sea. A taonga, a member of tangata moana. One of a cadre of women occupying this beach, saying "No" to the dis-ease of that insidious word "development". Saying "No" to appropriation of the commons.

Yes, the marina development was perplexingly given consent by Council, but this woman stands knee-deep in resolve, saying: "I do not consent. You didn't ask me."

One of many women adding voice to a chorus of concerns for these times: "I do not consent and will not consent." ●



Robin Kearns lives on Waiheke Island, is Professor of Geography at Auckland University and affiliates with St Paul's Rongopai Eucharistic Community.



A TIME for EVERYTHING

There is wise counsel in the simple patterns of my mother's life, and in the lives of those of her time.

Betty has understood the rhythms of Ecclesiastes instinctively. Married in 1944, she and Dad raised a family of eight children. They lived the seasons, accepting and understanding the terms of life without trying to run the show.

If you need an image of this understanding it is in the rows of preserving jars that gradually filled up the shelves in the pantry and overflowed into the wash house. First came the apricots and golden queens, juicy with Hawkes Bay sunshine, then the pears, stewed apples, bottled tomatoes and when the chooks were laying, eggs were preserved in jelly in a kerosene tin. *A time to plant and a time to reap.* Nothing wasted.

Mum sewed our clothes on a treadle Singer sewing machine, knitted our jerseys and cardigans, let down hems as we grew, made our laundry soap, and cooked meat-and-three-veg meals every day. There were 10 of us around the table and always room for one more — a neighbour playmate, an old friend, a priest who always seemed to know when Mum was cooking roast pork. Make some more gravy, add a

couple more spuds around the Sunday roast, take a smaller helping so there was enough for everyone. And there always was.

Three years ago, Betty stood at her kitchen bench beside her grandson and taught him how to make Nana's shortbread, because it was important "to have something in the tins" or to deliver some baking to comfort the sick or bereaved. Shortbread and fruit loaves remain our go-to offerings of comfort. Mixed by hand in the yellow china mixing bowl, the shortbread was baked with its trademark meat fork imprint, a practice we continue. And I have learned to bake, sew, make, deliver and retreat, falling into the rhythms of Betty's corporal works of mercy.

At age 99 and widowed for 27 years, Betty "decided for myself" that it was time to move into a rest home. *A time to keep and a time to throw away.* Here, rosary beads tucked under her pillow, she has eased into the pulses of the home, supported by capable and loving carers. Her memory is rich, conversations are wide-ranging, and her sense of humour remains strong.

Recently she recalled a time when she broke the law as an unlicensed driver. Dad had purchased a short-

lived, big-finned Plymouth, and Mum fortified by the St Christopher medal in the glove box, drove our old 1937 Chev from Waipukurau to Hastings, being followed all the way by a traffic officer. Some 10 years later, after a few proper driving lessons, Mum got her real driving license. *A time to laugh.*

As with so many women of her generation, Betty is self-effacing, preferring not to claim attention for herself. Turning 100 last year during Lockdown, she had been adamant that she did not want a party and rather enjoyed that there could be no fuss made because of coronavirus restrictions. And while my head wanted to shout: "You are worth this," my heart whispered understanding. We know to approach her 101st birthday gently. *A time to be silent and a time to speak.*

I admire Mum's optimism of wanting to knit herself a cardigan "for next winter". I suggested faint-heartedly that she could knit cotton dishcloths and give them away, so "they won't be so heavy in your hands". I regretted the promise I had made to her some years back, that I would finish whatever handwork was left undone.

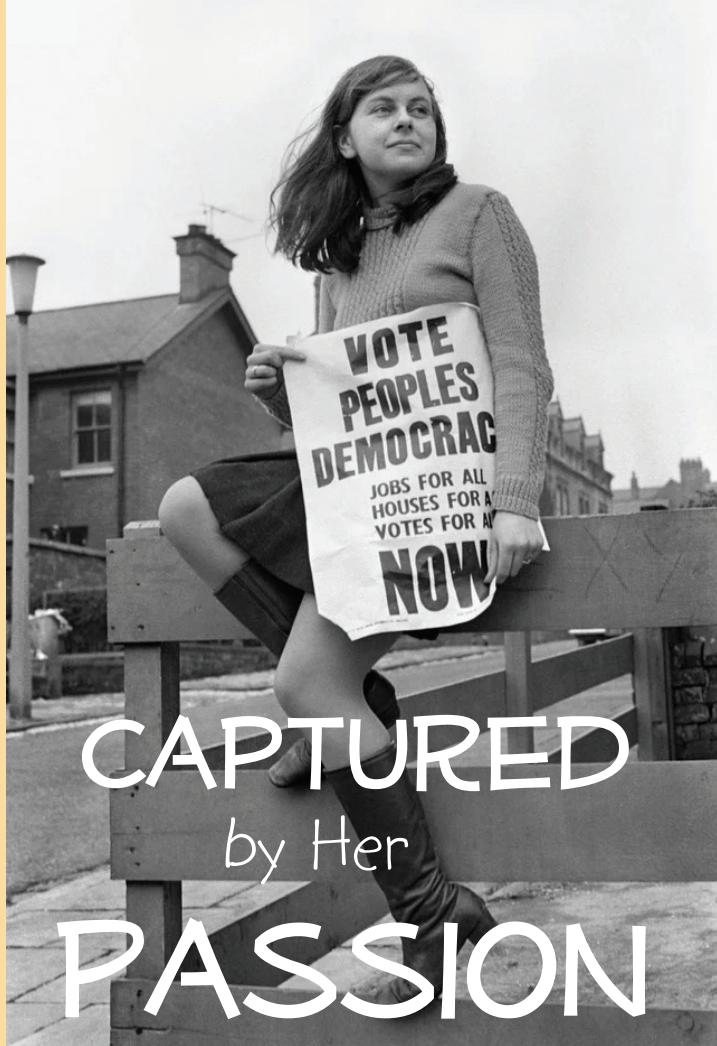
Mum gave me a blueprint for letting go when, in 1992, Dad died six weeks shy of their 50th wedding anniversary. She said: "Keep him comfortable." That is what she would hope for herself. *A time to be born and a time to die.*

Like so many, rather than being caught in the gap between the stove and the bench, the Bettys and the Jos, the Mollys, Trixies, Caths and Kathleens — our mothers, our aunts and nanas, women of their time — are making a difference, reaching eternity one batch of shortbread, one fruit loaf, one rosary, one day at a time, doing good while they live. ●

Painting: *Little Scone* by Jane Palmer © Used with permission www.janepalmerart.com



Pauline Koorey is a teacher. She enjoys jogging and boxfit, as training for middle age.



CAPTURED by Her PASSION

Aged somewhere between nine and 10 I stole into my parents' bedroom one afternoon, probably looking for one of my mother's library books to sneak away and read on the sly. The radio next to her side of the bed was broadcasting a speech in the Westminster Parliament delivered passionately by a young-sounding woman with a broad Irish accent.

I sat on the edge of the bed transfixed as I heard for the first time Bernadette Devlin speak about the 1969 Battle of Bogside which sought to exclude police from the Catholic section of Bogside in Derry, Northern Ireland. Devlin took the side of the residents and pleaded for the army to intervene, which they eventually did, breaking the impasse. At 21, in a by-election, Devlin had been elected to Westminster in 1969, then served six months in prison for her role in the Bogside riots and was subsequently re-elected to Westminster in the 1970 general election.

She spoke about how social deprivation underlies social unrest. She claimed to represent a non-political movement, but one not without beliefs (otherwise they'd be a bunch of cabbages, she said). In those days, she described herself as a Protestant Catholic, explaining that she had the weird idea that Buddhists and Hindus were as right as the Catholics "because it's the principle that counts

and Christianity comes down to loving your neighbour in its widest sense." She went on to say that it basically comes down to socialism. Her words and her passion spoke to me as an impressionable youngster with an extensive Irish nationalist lineage.

Articulate and fierce, the international media embraced Devlin for a time as a modern-day Joan of Arc, a revolutionary, who was the youngest MP in Westminster in 50 years. While that status has since been replaced by Scottish National Party MP Mhairi Black, elected to Westminster in 2015 aged 20, Devlin, who became Bernadette McAliskey in 1973, has had a full and tumultuous life and at 74 remains an active Irish civil rights leader.

Devlin travelled to the US seeking support from the Irish diaspora and funds to support her cause. She attempted to draw parallels between the African American civil rights movement and the Catholics in Northern Ireland and came up against implacable racism.

She witnessed the Bloody Sunday massacre in Derry in 1973 and the next day, having been denied the right to speak, slapped the Conservative Home Secretary in the face in the House of Commons because he asserted the army regiment fired in self-defence.

After losing her parliamentary seat in 1974 she helped form the Irish Republican Socialist Party. She led campaigns in support of Irish prisoners and hunger strikes in the early 1980s. In 1981, Devlin and her husband were shot at home in front of their children by members of the Ulster Freedom Fighters and almost died.

In the late 1990s, she founded a programme to provide services and advocacy for community development training, support and advice for migrants.


Bernadette Devlin was my introduction to politics. I grew up in a world beset by a daily media diet of the troubles in Northern Ireland, the Balkans, Rwanda and the Middle East, and in the shadow of potential nuclear war. Devlin's message that the underlying values of Christianity permeated all religion and social justice movements resonated enormously. For me, the self-interested institutions of specific religions were superfluous and counterproductive. I listened to stories about my great-grandfather Patrick Curran, believed to have been Sinn Féin and forced to leave Ireland, and fancied his blood ran strong in my veins.

By the time I was 21, the Springbok Tour provided ample opportunity to stretch my nascent political wings and as I stood in the Dunedin Exchange staring balefully at a busload of red squad police, while they laughed and jeered at me, I knew then that I, too, possessed an internal fire stoked by injustice and the inability of sectors of our society to have their voice heard.

I continue to stand in awe of Devlin's unrelenting, fierce determination to bring awareness and make change for the people she represented. It was foolhardy to take my tent to the Octagon on a bitter, cold July night in 2017 to protest the treatment by the State of two young women unable to find housing and the countless others standing behind them. But as I did so the clarion cry of Bernadette Devlin rang in my ears: "I will take my seat and fight for your rights." ●



Clare Curran is the former Labour MP for Dunedin South. She is a committed advocate and representative on social justice issues. Currently Clare is writing a crime novel.



THE CIT WOMEN

Women made up more than half the teachers in the Auckland-based Catholic Institute of Theology (1989-2012). This Institute (CIT) was set up to meet an increasing interest in tertiary-level theology among Catholics in Auckland. It became the Catholic partner in the Auckland Consortium for Theological Education made up of the Anglican, Methodist and Baptist theological colleges. These ecumenical connections with its partner colleges were an integral part of CIT as were the joint agreements with the University of Auckland.

Theological education focused on three main areas: teaching for university degrees from bachelor to doctoral level; education for teachers in integrated schools; and adult education in parishes.

The group of women (I focus here on the group rather than on single individuals) who worked as lecturers/presenters and administrators in CIT had a profound influence on a generation of male theologians and theology students including myself.

This influence, in my experience of it, came in three main ways. Specific courses in feminist theology was one important current of influence. At that time feminist theology was still regarded with some suspicion in church circles, especially among priests. Such direct study of feminist theologians made it clear how women's experience and women's voices had been ignored in mainstream theology and how enriching that experience could be for all of us.

The second influence had a different impact, more complex and more nuanced. This was the inclusion of women's perspectives,

not just as a special course, but as part of every course in the theology curriculum. Here women's experience and understanding of God was a normal element whether the subject was creation, Trinity, the meaning of Christ, interpretation of Scripture, pastoral practice, and so on. The integration of women's perspectives balanced male and other gendered perspectives in all branches of theology. So, for example, the teaching of Scripture had to be sensitive to the ways in which women Scripture scholars attended to issues that male scholars had seldom noticed, and the language used in Scripture translation needed to be gender-inclusive.

A third kind of impact came not so much from "teaching" as such but from the ways of relating and organising within CIT itself. Male theologians, and priests in particular, had seldom been exposed to the sensitivities and requirements of consensus decision-making and collaborative organization that women religious, and mothers of families, had been experimenting with for several decades.

Many of the teaching members of CIT were vowed religious, women who had been experimenting with collaborative organisation (including its liabilities and possible misunderstandings) in their own women's groups, eg, within congregations of women religious.

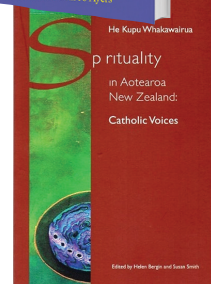
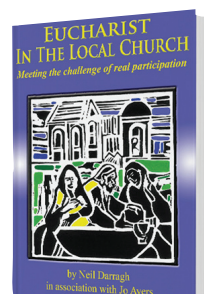
From this came the "flat" and cooperative structure of CIT which replaced the more pyramid-like or hierarchical structures of decision-making familiar to priests and bishops. It was particularly this group of women who brought the skills of

cooperative decision-making (not just "consultation") into the day-to-day organisation of CIT.

Hospitality was an important value practised by this group of women. This meant greeting new people and new ideas with enthusiasm and seeking ways to include both people and ideas into the CIT community and its teaching. Most important here was the sharing of food and participation in liturgy. It encouraged an energy and alertness to new opportunities for new styles of learning and education. This 'hospitable' attitude was caught up in the enthusiasm of the adult students who were there because of their excitement at learning theology rather simply to further their careers or attain Ordination.

The teachers were as dedicated to research-based teaching as much as anyone else in the modern university world. But these teachers were not caught up in the "publish or perish" culture of the university. They were not advancing their own careers. These women who worked at CIT had a powerful impact because they believed in themselves and they lived the theology.

Male teachers were full participants in this enterprise of hospitality and inclusive learning. There is no implication here that this experience is about values or qualities exclusive to women. But in that place and that time, it was this group of women who created and sustained that significant influence on a generation of male theologians and students. ●



Neil Darragh is a pastor, writer, and theologian with a long-term interest in the impact of the Christian Gospel in New Zealand society.

Students at McAuley High School in Ōtāhuhu share about a Catholic woman who has been influential in their lives.



a WOMAN I look up to



A strong Catholic woman who comes to mind is my great aunt, Katalina Lepou. She is the sister of my late grandma Faitasia Teofilo Lamositele Lepou, who is my mum's mother. Her faith in God has always been something I admired. She lives in Pago Pago in American Samoa. She has a prestigious role in her parish, where she carries out the work of Jesus Christ and Mother Mary. She is constantly praying for everyone, and carries a rosary everywhere she goes. She reminds us to remember the novena to be said during our prayers. She has always upheld her faith with pride and humility, and shows this by speaking to us about her experiences. She's always there to hold out her hand to others. As she visits the sick at their residences to pray with them, her work still continues today. **Zyon Lesoa-Stewart is in Year 10.**



Sister Iulia began teaching as a reliever at McAuley High School in 2019. While she was at McAuley she never ceased to express how being part of the school community made her feel as if she was in heaven. Her contagious smile never failed to brighten up anyone's day and her affectionate way of communicating always made people feel warm in their hearts. Sister Iulia was a selfless person who was always looking out for the needs of others before her own. Her cheeky humour would always make us laugh. She was a strong, faithful woman who made sure that her students knew just how lucky they were to be receiving everything that they have. Sister Iulia passed away on 14 April this year. Her smile and her vibrant cheerful energy will be dearly missed. Rest in eternal peace, Sister Julian "Iulia" Pua. **Linzie Mataafa is in Year 10.**



One person who has impacted me throughout my life is Mother Teresa. Being someone who strongly believed at a young age that she had received her call from God, Mother Teresa showed great devotion to the Church and to those who were facing the difficulties of poverty and were the poorest of the poor. She showed the perfect examples of the values of compassion and human dignity through her actions towards those that needed her help. She has influenced me through these simple actions of kindness, proving that sometimes the simplest of things that you can do for others may make the greatest impact. Mother Teresa's example has challenged me to remember that we, as children of God, should treat others with the great values that God would want us to, as we are all reflections of God. **Charlotte Fuimaono is in Year 10.**



When you grow up surrounded by incredible women who have impacted and continue to impact your life in the best way possible, it's hard to choose just one to reflect on. Despite this let me tell you a little bit about Catherine McAuley. She founded the order of the Sisters of Mercy and lived out her life sharing this mercy with all those who needed it and in doing so influenced many others to the way of mercy — which is my direct link to her. After all I go to a school that carries her name. I never met Catherine McAuley and I only know of the great things she did. But I will say that to experience who McAuley was — simply befriend a McAuleyan. The way we carry ourselves is a clear depiction of the values we all learnt from our school foundress. We're not perfect but we are kind, just as Catherine was, and we do not hesitate to help those in need. Not all heroes wear capes — sometimes they wear the McAuley uniform. **Katarina Tominiko is in Year 13, laughs the hardest at her own dry jokes and is a certified McAuleyan.**



My Grandmothers

Looking back over my life I can identify a number of people who have influenced and inspired me and given me guidance and support. Included would be my parents, other family members, teachers, friends and colleagues. However, two people stand out above others — my two grandmothers.

Both Frances and Mary came from what today we would regard as disadvantaged backgrounds.

Frances was the daughter of an Irish shoemaker and spent her early years in the tenements of Glasgow.

Mary's father was a stonemason who left a village in North Wales to find work building houses in the increasingly industrialised valleys of South Wales.

From Glasgow to New Zealand

Frances left school early, was apprenticed to a dressmaker and helped her mother after their husband and father had gone to Australia. When the family eventually began the journey to join him in Melbourne they were faced with a minor disaster. The baby of the family had measles and as she was not permitted to board the ship great-grandmother put Frances, aged 16, in charge of her sister and two brothers for the voyage. Sometime later great-grandmother and the baby followed the family to Melbourne, but great-grandmother did not like it there and insisted on joining her brother in New Zealand. Frances had made a life for herself in Melbourne, housekeeping for her father and holding down a job with a tailor, but she went where her mother decided.

In Auckland Frances met and married my grandfather, Wilfred. The next years were spent bringing up her family and supporting my grandfather as he established his business. Life in the 1920s and the years of the Depression was not easy, but Frances was always there making sure everything ran smoothly and that her family were clothed and fed.

Even though Frances received only a rudimentary education she was an avid reader and throughout her life read widely. This enabled her to develop an independence of thought and led to her interest in politics.

From Wales to New Zealand

Mary also had only a few years at school where she remembered being punished for speaking Welsh. At an early age Mary was sent as a servant in the house of a family connection. When she returned to live with her mother she met and married my grandfather, John. They remained living with and caring for Mary's mother through

the years of WW1 until her death in 1922. This was despite constant pressure from John's brothers to join them in New Zealand.

When they arrived in New Zealand John worked at the freezing works in Patea before taking on the management of a dairy farm for an absentee owner. Mary, who had lived in mining villages, had to learn quickly how to be a farmer's wife and was actively involved in the day-to-day running of the farm.

When John died suddenly after only 10 years in New Zealand, Mary successfully argued her case with the farm owner and with her eldest son aged 17 took on managing the farm.

Mary insisted that my mother and her two younger siblings should receive secondary education and they were sent to board in New Plymouth.

By the end of the 1930s Mary and her son had bought their own farm in the Waikato. Once milking machines were installed Mary took a backward step but remained as housekeeper for her two unmarried sons until ill health eventually took her.

They Loved Me

As a child I saw my grandmothers as a source of stories and acceptance. And food: buttery shortbread from Frances and the most wonderful Christmas puddings from Mary. I did not have to be some shining star. I just could be me. From them I learned to think for myself and use my own judgement.

They were women of strength and resilience who were often ahead of their time in the attitudes they showed. Both Frances and Mary had to adapt to the difficulties life presented to them and they did so gladly.

There have been times in my life when although I have not had to face the trials they encountered, I have reflected on the way both Frances and Mary retained their own sense of selfhood, rose to challenges and still were able to give of themselves to others. I was most fortunate in the grandmothers God gave to me. ●



Caroline Grimshaw keeps busy visiting Sisters of St Joseph in aged care in Brisbane, working for the Josephite Companions, researching family history and enjoying her grandchildren.

My Aunt & Godmother



Aunty Tina was my mother's younger sister. They were from a family of five siblings who grew up on a sheep farm in Southland. Their father was born in Otago after his Catholic Scottish parents emigrated to New Zealand in the 1860s; their mother in Winton after her Catholic parents emigrated from Ireland. They were a Catholic family who were very supportive in their community in their quiet, pragmatic way.

My grandmother "did the linen" for the altar each week, helped with the flowers and taught Catechism to the local children.

My grandfather provided generously for the local Church, helped people "needing a hand", and the family looked after homeless people travelling by their farm from time to time. At Sunday Mass, the family sat in the second pew in their little country church.

My mother and Aunty Tina moved to Wellington as young women where they flatted together. Aunty Tina trained as a nurse at Wellington Hospital and went on to spend a lifetime caring for people.

She preferred warmer climates so in her late 20s moved to inland Australia. There, with a young family of her own, she worked as a nurse among aboriginal communities including around Tennant Creek and Alice Springs during the 1950s and 60s and beyond.

When I was a child, Aunty Tina would send letters, photos and "homemade" movies to our family about her life in the Outback. On a Saturday night, Dad would set up a movie projector and we would watch films she had shot among the communities she lived and worked with.

She was the first white woman allowed at a male corroboree and among the first people permitted to film the sacred ceremony.

Watching her movies in our lounge in Lower Hutt, I was fascinated by the dancing, the white marks painted on bodies and the chanting. It set me on a path to learn more about indigenous communities and their cultural values, through studying anthropology at university, travelling and photography.

Among her many stories, Aunty Tina said she loved to save babies, especially twin babies at risk.

She wrote that the witch doctor – a traditional healer, highly respected and well-known in aboriginal communities – had "pointed the bone" at her because she had annoyed

him. This was a serious and scary intent to drive her away.

I imagined a long, femur-like bone, with a sharp, chiselled, point.

But as an adult visiting Aunty Tina in Queensland, I asked her about having "the bone pointed" at her. She showed me the actual "bone" that the witch doctor had given her some years later. It was a small stone flint kept in a matchbox.

One day, the witch doctor had pushed it across a table to her saying: "Missy, take this, it belongs to you now because your medicine is much more powerful than mine."

He told her he had pointed the bone at her was because she had angered him and, in his mind, humiliated him by healing people when he couldn't.

During the 1990s Bosnian wars, aged in her 70s, Aunty Tina had dearly wanted to pack up and work among the people in those war-shattered countries to "help save the babies". She said that was all she wanted to do, but due to her health she remained at home.

She died in 2006 from a respiratory-related virus she had caught some years before while working in a Queensland hospital.

I was devastated.

Aunty Tina and I were similar in many ways – we shared the same birthday, loved travelling, exploring new places, meeting people from different cultures and trying new opportunities. We loved the beaches and warmth of Queensland's Sunshine Coast where she had built a house among the tropical trees.

We didn't have many discussions about faith or religion – we didn't need to as it was a given, a part of who we were. I think our family's deep Catholic roots, through many generations, have provided us with a well to draw from and for Aunty Tina, the desire to live her life helping people through good work.

She was my Aunty Tina and my godmother, and I looked up to her and remember her as a very, very special person in my life. ●



Annette Scullion is the editor of *WelCom*, the Catholic monthly newspaper for the Archdiocese of Wellington and the Diocese of Palmerston North.

Women Who Inspire

Students at Pompallier Catholic College, Whangarei, tell about Catholic women who are inspiring and supportive in their lives.

A Catholic woman — it's my Mum's story that has most resonated with me. I've not met anyone quite like her. Growing up she didn't have the best childhood. Her dad was an abusive alcoholic with no connection to God, while my nana was a firm believer in the Catholic faith.

I know that for some people their childhood shapes who they become but one of the most inspirational things about my mum is that she hasn't let the past define her. From that, I've learnt what it means to be a strong, independent woman, capable of accomplishing anything.

She's taught me so many other things as well — whether it be the value of my own opinions, the importance of standing up for those who cannot stand up for themselves or simply treating others with respect. I wouldn't be who I am today without her.

Jade Henare is in Year 13. She enjoys kapa haka, chatting with friends and learning new things.



Nieves Clarin (née Amoyo) is my grandmother. Born and raised in Manila, Philippines, she is the fifth of seven siblings. After losing her mother at a very young age, she was raised by her father, my great-grandfather.

In her generation and society, men were dominant. My great-grandfather refused to pay for any of his daughters' education, only his sons'. So my grandmother wanted to get an education but my great grandfather refused to pay so my grandmother paid for her own education. She developed an income by collecting and selling glass bottles in order to pay for her education costs. She was a working student.

My grandmother was headstrong and very determined to get the best education for herself. She was the only one out of her siblings to graduate from university. And my great-grandfather was proud that she proved him wrong.

Jessica Lopez, formerly from Dargaville, Northland, is now in Year 13 at Pompallier Catholic College in Whangarei.

I heard her name in songs, movies and saw artwork of her from everywhere. She's the patron saint of France. It's Joan of Arc. If there is anyone I idolise, it would be her.

In a man's world she was a honcho. I'm insecure about my femininity — that's why I became non-binary. I don't feel like a woman. It has hindered my ability to be confident. The one thing I need is chutzpah, what Joan had.

Y'know, the girls I have met at school have been some of the most courageous, most compassionate girls ever. Though I might not share a significant bond with them I can say that I'll take some of their influence and put it into things like this to encourage other girls — and maybe boys — to be confident in themselves and believe in themselves.

I think that's important. That's what Joan did.

Zeta Martin is in Year 13. She likes to sleep, write, listen to music and occasionally draw. In the future she would like to live in a small house in the middle of nowhere with her good friends.



TĀRUKÉ ~ WOMAN OF AROHA

I was brought up in Wellington in the 1960s and our whānau life was full of social, cultural and political events. My parents were dedicated social justice activists and proclaimed communists (of the Marxist, Leninist and Mao Tse Tung persuasion), but they joined in the interfaith and ecumenical karakia which was part and parcel of life on the marae and many of our wider community gatherings.

Māori community gatherings, whether in rural or urban settings, open and close with karakia. Though my parents protested the teaching of religion in state schools and referred to religion being the “opiate of the masses”, in real life they were most respectful of karakia and participated freely in liturgy in all its forms.

In my childhood I was influenced by some male Māori Christian faith leaders. At the same time my mother's family were first and second generation immigrants from Gǔāngzhōu, China, so Taoism and Buddhism were also influences in my early years.

However, it was after marrying Maru and meeting my mother-in-law, Tāruke Christina

Karatea (nee Hakaraia), that my life changed and a new adventure, a hīkoi wairua, began to unfurl.

Kui Tāruke was raised on her Ngāti Maniapoto marae in Te Reureu Valley (Rangitīkei). She was conversant with te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā and highly respected in the community. She was the “go to” kuia, someone you could land your domestic and whānau issues on, talk over land and river issues with as easily as current farming and business challenges. And she liked to discuss faith.

Although she appeared to be a quiet, unassuming person she was a significant presence.

Tāruke brought me to the faith without intentionally pushing me to be interested. Her favourite saying has now become my own mantra: Mā te mahi ka kitea te tangata. It

is through a person's deeds a person is truly seen.

I saw her generosity, compassion and hospitality in many different ways. She lived aroha. She shared the meagre resources at her fingertips willingly. She could rustle up bubble and squeak from leftovers to feed the whānau on cold mornings, and organise the liturgy and kai at chapel on our marae — all without a fuss. Her faithfulness and constancy held things together. She was selfless but no doormat.

When times were tough and she was exhausted from

whānau tension or hard work, she would retire to her room and pray. This wasn't prayer time we were invited to. This was her communion with her God which reenergised her.

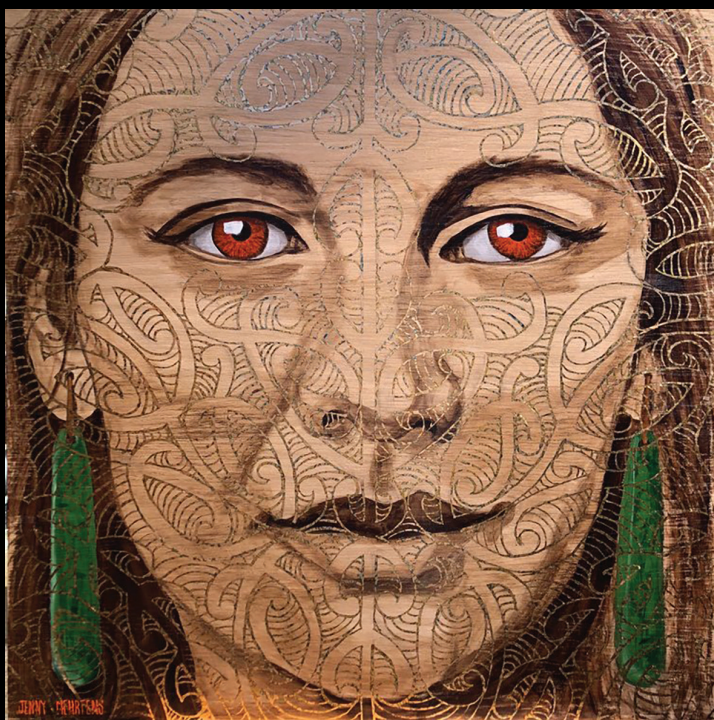
I'd felt a sense of emptiness from not having been brought up in a strong faith tradition. It felt like a void without a framework in my life. Maybe this was in part what drew me to Tāruke and her faith — something deep in her, timeless and grounded. I began reciting the prayers from Tāruke's old Māori Catholic prayer books, especially when I felt stress or worry. Then sometimes when I was venturing out of the neighbourhood for

business meetings I would stop in at the whare karakia on our marae and just sit and connect with the Divine.

We don't always appreciate the impact significant people have on our souls. But I am grateful that I recognised Tāruke's influence on me. Unfortunately she had died before I was received into the Church but I remember her with gratitude — an unofficial God-mother to me. She inspired me, challenged me, encouraged and affirmed me.

Recently I attended the tangihanga of the educationalist and tribal leader, Richard Puanaki, who had made a video for his requiem Miha. He said in it: “All my life I have striven to be truly Māori and truly Catholic. My hope is that you will all have a joyous life and live it to the fullest. I have!” This immediately made me think of how powerful Tāruke's living as Māori and Catholic has been in my life.

Kui Tāruke — thank you. Maru and I, our children and mokopuna are better people, more committed servants in our community and are filled with mauri ora and wairua because of your example. ●



Danny Karatea-Goddard is a deacon and the Tūranga Māori, Vicar for Māori in the Archdiocese of Wellington. With his hoa rangatira Maru their whānau are dedicated to iwi and hapū development and the evangelisation of Māori.

Painting: *Making their Mark: Guide Maggie with Pounamu Earrings* by Jenny Mehrtens © Used with permission www.jennymehrtens.com



BETTY

Writer & Friend



Once asked my great Aunt — from whence does good poetry come?

Betty Bremner's answer was that it comes from a fine mind that has been deeply moved. Maybe Wordsworth had said something similar. She would have known.

Betty Bremner had a fine mind — and a fine way of expressing what was in her mind, after due reflection.

When she was in her late 70s, I asked Betty — which had been the best decade of her life? Probably her 50s, she said. Her daughter was married, the family finances and home were secure, she was free to spread her wings. So she graduated with a BA in English Literature, did a creative writing course, travelled and wrote even more.

By the early 1990s, she was an executive member of the New Zealand Women Writers' Society (she had been a mentor to a young Joy Cowley, she told me), having worked for three decades in the interests of women writers (so said the introduction to her first book). Her work was published in many New Zealand publications, including *The Listener*, *Sport*, and other periodicals, and on Radio New Zealand.

I came to know her well in her later years. In a sense, deaths brought us together — my father's (her nephew) in 1989, and her husband's some time later. I was able to visit her several times a year in the 1990s and early 2000s. What rich and memorable times they were.

When she died in 2005, I was privileged to give the eulogy at her funeral in Lower Hutt. Hindsight has

suggested that I should have used more of her words and fewer of mine.

Consider the back cover from her first book of poetry, *The Scarlet Runners*, published in 1991. (Published, she told me, because she did not want to "languish in anthologies".)

"Immediately attractive in her work is the feel and carry of a firm, gently disciplined voice. The discipline is apparent both in the lack of sentimentality and the careful crafting of lines which reveal a sensitive ear. The poems are strongly felt, intelligently considered and skilfully written. The restrained style, subtle use of technique and consistent voice give the images and emotions immense power and clarity."

The book was published after the death of her husband, Mac. The Foreword referred to her being recently widowed: "A state," she says, "that has nothing to recommend it".

One of the poems in the book was titled "Evening".

*I think of the loneliness of women
in quiet kitchens when evening
comes,
the flat surfaces bare, uncluttered,
where all is ordered. No other hands
take things from their planned
and proper place. In the drawer
the spoons lie curved together
in a loose embrace like lovers,
spent. And no-one comes
soon or late. The evening meal
lies like an island on the quiet plate.*

*I think of the loneliness of women,
how their shapeless days run on
with all the bright marauders gone.*

Maybe I came into her life late as a "bright marauder", in my early 30s, full of myself, ready to talk the hind leg off a chair — about myself. But Betty was so interesting, so vivacious, so observant, wise and funny, that I found myself drawn to asking her about her life and works. From my little reading, I knew just enough to be able to prompt her to share of herself and her literary world. She told me of the writers, the poets, the men and women of letters, among whom she had moved and thrived. She took me to the Downstage Theatre, to the Dowse Art Museum, and to a little cinema in Petone.

She seemed to be a member of a great many groups and societies — a French conversation group, a Renew group in her parish (which had met for years even when Renew was long gone), a creative writing group and more. Then there were her grandchildren, who were the apples of her eye. She told me of all these things, and the joy she took from them.

"Why are you so popular, Betty?" I asked her once. "I don't really know," she replied. "I suppose I am a good audience," she said, with a smile. And who does not love a good audience? I certainly did.

What a privilege it was to know her and to be her friend. ●



Michael Otto has tertiary qualifications in engineering, theology and journalism. He is editor of *NZ Catholic* and lives in Auckland.

Psalm for Matariki


Lowness of winter sun,
thin-ness of shadows,
paleness of winter sky,
now praise the Lord.

Bareness of cherry tree,
seed-seeking silvereye,
spent husks of harakeke
now praise the Lord.

Now in the dropping,
now in the deepening,
now in the loosening,
God's name be sung.
Now in the leaving,
now in the losing,
now in the ending,
God be our home.

Whirring of tui-wings
chirping of sparrows,
wheeling of seagulls' flight
now praise the Lord.

Squelching of muddy grass,
yielding of sodden moss,
puddles and dripping blades,
now praise the Lord.



Now in the star-rise,
now in the Little Eyes,
now in the dawn-watch
God's name be known.

Now in the story-ing,
now in the sky-gazing,
now in the waiata
God's love be sung.

Coldness of shadow,
lateness of light
swiftness of sunset,
now praise the Lord.

Fierceness of frosty night
hardness of icy earth,
wildness of southerly,
now praise the Lord.

Now in the grounding,
now in the falling,
now in the dying,
God's Name be known.
In the remembering,
in the relinquishing,
in the returning,
God be our home.

by Adrienne Thompson

The pre-dawn rise of Matariki, also known as the Seven Sisters or Pleiades, traditionally signals the Māori New Year under the maramataka, or lunar calendar.

A Pilgrim's Reflections

MICHAEL FITZSIMONS talks with Catharina van Bohemen about what she learned from being a pilgrim on the Camino de Santiago.

Much like walking the Camino, the process of writing and publishing *Towards Compostela: Walking the Camino de Santiago* has been a feat of endurance. Earlier this year, nearly 25 years after Catharina van Bohemen set out on her demanding pilgrimage, her memoir of the great walk was launched.

Catharina lives in Auckland and tells me, via a Zoom chat, that as well as being a walker of long distances, she is a reader, writer, reviewer and teacher. She's also a mother and grandmother.

Decision to Walk

Her decision to walk the Camino in 1998 was sparked by a marriage crisis and the sense that the bedrock of her family life, about which she had been so sure, was cracking.

"I was frightened by what was changing at home," says Catharina. "Walking is simple, and I was in an existential coil. Walking is instinctive, its rhythm calming — just being outside, breathing, moving, looking, hearing, smelling. Walking moved me outwards rather than turning in on the relentless inner spiral I felt indoors. At a time when I felt very alone, walking the Camino seemed both safe and scary."

The Grind of Walking

And so began this walk of a lifetime which she did alone, a trek of some 750 kms over a period of five weeks. There were many physical demands — walking on wet days on steep, slippery tracks in wet boots. A heavy pack, aching shoulders, constantly cold. But equally demanding were internal struggles like missing her four children and the tough hours examining her conscience as to why she had to go away in the first place.

Michael Fitzsimons is a professional writer and director of FitzBeck Creative. He lives in Worser Bay, Wellington and particularly enjoys walking long distances and wine-tasting.



The Rewards of the Walk

On the other side of the ledger were the immense rewards. The physical beauty of the Camino as she made the gradual traverse from the forests of the Pyrenees down across the northwest of Spain towards Finisterre.

The history and architecture of churches, chapels and castles along the Way, and the many kindnesses of walking companions and strangers: "Old women, sometimes shouting from windows because they could tell you were lost, *hospitaleros* who put down their cards and washed your feet, pilgrims who also had sore feet and shared their ointments, plasters and food."

Just Walking

At the heart of the Camino experience is the simple act of walking which summons reflection and slows everything down, says Catharina.

"I love everything about walking. I love its democracy — anyone can walk — you don't have to train to walk. You open a door and step out."

"What you see when you walk is different from what you see from a car or a train, where you are separated by glass and speed. Walking takes time. Your pace is your pace. You wander and wonder, you walk and think, you remember and it's all interwoven. Your imagination is always shaping and being shaped by the rhythm of your feet."

Journaling the Experience

Throughout the walk Catharina kept a detailed journal — her most precious possession — to capture her observations and experiences.

Some years after she returned to New Zealand, she did the MA in Creative Writing at Victoria University to shape



and movement towards the sacred — in other words, perhaps, a journey towards meaning.”

In today’s world, says Catharina, we live noisy, largely secular lives. “We’re often lonely, we have little time for slowness and reflection. The established churches are increasingly empty, yet we are hungry for spiritual nourishment, as is apparent from the plethora of books and courses on the subject.”

“Walking to holy or significant places offers the possibility of inner and outer attention — the opportunity to be unhurried and open to what the world gives you, which in turn enriches your inner world. You may learn the value of silence and slow time, you may learn to be slower to judge, and that what you thought is not necessarily so. And when you reach the holy place, you can’t stay; you must leave. Having experienced the sacred space, you must integrate that awareness into your everyday life.”

But, she adds, “You do not need to go on a pilgrimage — every walk is a Camino if you want it to be.”

Towards Compostela was long-listed for the prestigious Ockham Book Awards this year. It has been very well reviewed and is now finding its way in the world. It is a beautifully produced book, containing a number of charming illustrations by Greg O’Brien which give the book a buoyancy and humour, says the grateful author. ●

her journal into a manuscript. It lay fallow for another decade or so before being resuscitated, reworked during the COVID Lockdown and finally published in 2020 by The Cuba Press.

The end result is a rich blend of personal memoir, family influences, travel writing and spiritual wisdom.

“Walking the Camino released thoughts of our essential connectedness — not just the bonds of family and friends, but the awareness that we are all family.”

“If the Camino taught me anything, it’s that it is a microcosm of our lives: we all struggle; we all meet others we may not like, but they are mostly good and doing their best according to their own awareness. I learnt — I’m still learning — to trust the process of unfolding; not to judge because what do I know; that kindness and curiosity are essential and elastic qualities; that silence is its own reward; that we are all going Home, and we should try to get there as peacefully and harmoniously as we can.”

Walking as a Pilgrim

You don’t need to be a traditional believer to appreciate the religious rituals and medieval history that surround the Camino, says Catharina, but having a working knowledge of saints and apostles, and a good memory for what you learned in the catechism, is helpful. What is timeless, she says, is the concept of pilgrim and pilgrimage.

“I love the word pilgrimage. It seems to come into English by way of Old French: *pelrimage*: the act of journeying through a strange country to a holy place; a long journey taken by a pilgrim which is also defined as a “wayfarer, a foreigner, or a stranger”. So, its original meaning always suggests ideas of time, distance, alienation



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WHOSE SYNODALITY?

MASSIMO FAGGIOLI looks at the driving forces of synodality from one continent to another in the global Catholic Church.



Synodality is something very old and, at the same time, something very recent. It is an integral part of the tradition of the Church. As the report of the International Theological Commission, *Synodality in the Life and Mission of the Church* (2018) says in the opening



Massimo Faggioli is a Professor of Theology and Religious Studies at Villanova University, USA and the author of *Catholicism and Citizenship*.

section: "'Synod' is an ancient and venerable word in the Tradition of the Church, whose meaning draws on the deepest themes of Revelation." But the theology of synodality, which is now at the basis of Pope Francis's push for a synodal reform of the Church, is something that has developed in the aftermath of the Second Vatican Council (1962-65). The final documents of Vatican II never used the term "synodality", even though the ecclesiology of the Council opens to that perspective.

The modern theology of

synodality originates chronologically in contemporary theology of the Catholic Church, and geographically within societies in the liberal-democratic order in the Western hemisphere.

This is not just a coincidence. A key factor for the future of synodality is the relationship between Christianity and the different social and political — and not only ecclesial or theological — traditions around the world, in a community as global as the Catholic Church today. The connection between the emergence

of synodality and the Church's efforts to rebuild its credibility from the sexual abuse crisis is hard to miss in places like Germany, Australia and Ireland.

Location is everything: Germany compared to the United States

There are, in the background, different models of synodality at work. It's a matter of ecclesial models, all of them in a deep relationship with particular kind of arrangements between Church, State and society.

The "Synodal Path" in Germany reflects the particular role of Catholicism as an established Church enjoying particular constitutional provisions, but also has a precedent in a very important post-conciliar experience in then Federal (Western) Republic of Germany: the national synod, the so-called "Wurzburg Synod", of 1971-1975.

There is no such institutional ecclesial memory of a recent synodal event, for example, in the United States where the defining national ecclesial assembly is much more the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 than the post-Vatican II attempts.

The US Church's experience of the 1970s vanished into thin air and respect for synods declined.

Another difference from Germany is the difficulty that US Catholicism is having in leaving behind a sort of clericalism tied to racism and patriarchy, as well as its challenge in responding to the hyper-individualism of American life.

"A lot of Americans have seceded from the cultural, political and social institutions of national life," said *New York Times* columnist David Brooks in a recent article on the pandemic.

And it must be noted that the Catholic Church in the United States is not exempt from this same phenomenon of distrust.

The Italians, Latin Americans and the Church "Down Under"

The prospects for a synod in Italy find its historical precedent in the 1970s as well. It can be dated back to the "ecclesial conference" on evangelization and human promotion

that the Italian Episcopal Conference (CEI) gathered in 1976 — two years before John Paul II was elected pope. The chronological jump back to Paul VI is evident even in the argument made by the Italian Jesuits, who have played an important role in helping the current members of the CEI embrace the invitation Pope Francis issued back in 2015 to set a national synodal process in motion.

Latin America provides a different example, especially through the continental assemblies of CELAM (the Council of Latin American Episcopal Conferences) and, in particular, the assembly held in 1968 in Medellin.

The Catholic Church in Australia is currently preparing its first Plenary Council since 1937. It must be seen in the context of the ecclesial listening style of the lay-run "Truth, Justice and Healing Council" that Australia's bishops set up to respond to the "Royal Commission into Institutional Response to Child Sexual Abuse" (2013-2017). But this Plenary Council can also count on an ecclesial culture that has taken stock of decolonisation and inculturation deeper than other Churches in the Anglo-Western hemisphere. In chronological terms, it actually preceded the "Royal Commission" and even the election of Pope Francis. It is not dependent on a legislative/parliamentary model. And this is why Archbishop Mark Coleridge, the president of the national episcopal conference and leader of the Plenary Council, is not

apoplectic about the prospects of Germany's "Synodal Way".

Asia, Africa and the place where it all began

The picture is different when we try to understand the ecclesial models in the background for the Catholic Church in Asia, Africa and the Middle East. It is an emerging Church. But often it is also a Church that is being persecuted or pressured because of its minority status. Sometimes this is within a system of authoritarian secularity. Other times it is situated in a fragile coexistence with the rise of sectarian and nationalist ideologies based on religion, like the particular ideological version of Hinduism being pushed in Modi's India.

What will synodality look like in a context where Catholicism plays a particular role on the issue of the caste system like India, for example?

What will it look like in mainland China and in Hong Kong, where social and political engagement makes religious groups, including Catholics, a target of government repression?

Or in Indonesia, where the relations between secular law and Islam are significantly diverse in different areas of that country, the most populous Muslim country in the world?

What does it mean to intersect a synodal model with the post-colonial relations between Church and State

continued on page 22

RESIDENTIAL SILENT INDIVIDUALLY GUIDED RETREATS 2021

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in a continent like Africa? Or in the Middle East, where the Church is in a situation of fragmentation and fragility augmented by the consequences of 30 years of Western military interventions? This is important for the future of synodality.

Who and what are the driving forces of synodality today?

The pope's stern warning to avoid turning synods into parliaments should not be interpreted as a defensive attitude by the ecclesiastical institution. Rather, it should be seen as a realistic response to the current situation of the global Church where the parallel synodality-parliamentarism is rife with problems. And it's not just a problem in the Churches of the global south, if one considers the crisis of democracy and of democratic culture also among Catholics in the United States.

Synodal Church means ecclesial processes that are less centred on the clergy and more open to the leadership role of the laity, especially women. But the big question is who and what are the driving forces of synodality. And the answer is complex. What are the social alliances at the centre of ecclesial synodality in the 21st century? What classes or class fragments are allied with the Church turning to synodality? What sections of the Church or specific actors are at the centre of the synodal movement? What organisations and networks?

Something like the Central Committee of German Catholics, which — together with the bishops' conference — is at the centre of the "Synodal Path", exists only in Germany. What are the ruling models in people's heads and where do they come from? How are they shaped by class alliances? The owning class, the professional managerial class, the technical-bureaucratic class, the working class, the poor?

For example, Francis is a Jesuit and his idea of synodality, with discernment at the centre, reflects his Jesuit formation and identity. At the same time, if we look at the history of the pope's 16th century religious order, it is evident that its class alliances have evolved from the European elites in early modern period to the turn to social change in the post-Vatican II period.

It is not just an issue for the global Church far from Europe. On the Old Continent, the synodal experiences in Germany, Italy and Ireland are in the context of an established Church. The Church is still a pillar of those countries, even in the context of secularisation.

But is synodality the beginning of a transformation from pillar to a different form of presence? (This is one of the reasons the purely sociological measures used to understand the Church remain fundamentally Protestant and Anglo-American and therefore inadequate to comprehend global Catholicism.)


Synods are not parliaments, and yet ...

Synodality is a way of engaging institutional and ecclesial connections by another means. And this is crucially important in a time of anger and detachment vis-à-vis institutions; at a time when institutions are automatically

cast as evil. But the future of synodality depends also on the ability to understand that the preparation, celebration and reception of a synod for the Catholic Church takes different shapes. It was different in an imperial Church (like in the early centuries until the Middle Ages) from a European or colonial Church (as in the early modern and modern period). And it will be different in today's global Church where the relationship between the ecclesial order and the social, political and economic orders is made of many different models.

Francis has warned repeatedly since October 2015 against the temptation to see synods as parliaments of the Church. Yet, the Church currently looks like a parliament with many voices. It's not simply the projection of political ideas on the Church. Contemporary men and women are themselves, each one of them, a parliament with many voices, as German Benedictine theologian Elmar Salmann said recently at an important conference on the future of theology organised by the John Paul II Pontifical Theological Institute in Rome. It would be naïve to separate the current Catholic conversation on ecclesial synodality from the sensibility of men and women steeped in the culture of human rights, communicative dissent and, most of all, egalitarianism. But this is happening in a global context where the connection between the Church and the culture of participation and inclusion takes significantly different shapes. ●

Reprinted from *International La Croix* 11 May 2021




"I see the Church as a field hospital after battle."

POPE FRANCIS

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Redesigning the Church with NEW LAY MINISTRIES

PHYLLIS ZAGANO discusses how and why Pope Francis is introducing lay ministries for women and men.

When Pope Francis said he did not want to clericalise the laity, he meant it. Now, while too many bishops have their cinctures in a knot over who can approach Communion, the 266th successor of St Peter is redesigning the Church.

It all began with the Second Vatican Council. Then, in 1972, Pope Paul VI suppressed the minor orders in response to the windstorm that was the Council, instead creating two "installed" lay ministries: lector and acolyte.

For men.

Installed lectors and acolytes were to take up the duties once performed by the lectors, porters, exorcists and acolytes of the medieval Church, who by modern times received minor orders on their way up the clerical ladder. While he was at it, Paul suppressed the major order of sub-deacon, now fondly remembered mainly by Tridentine Mass aficionados. The subdiaconate was the final step in the now abandoned *cursus honorum* (course of honour) before the major order of deacon.

By the late Middle Ages, no one became a cleric (through tonsure) and entered the *cursus honorum* unless he was on the way to priesthood. No matter the history of women deacons. No matter that the diaconate was a once functioning reality. No matter that some 37 popes were deacons before becoming bishops of Rome. That all ended anyway with Gregory VII, an archdeacon at the time of

his 1073 election. Gregory insisted on priestly ordination prior to his episcopal consecration.

In the present, Francis, whose seeming resistance to some requests of the Amazon synod has caused not a small amount of heartburn, is working quickly to restore the Church as a functioning and cooperative body of believers.

While Francis did pass over some requests of the Amazon synod, notably for married priests and women deacons, he has set a laser focus on function, rather than functionality. His beautiful *Querida Amazonia*, in response to the Amazon synod's final document, reminded the whole Church that Canon 517.2 recognised parish life coordinators — some religious, some secular, some men, some women, some married, some ordained deacons — who hold parishes together, maintaining them as vibrant communities. He wants them recognised, professionalised and paid.

It is not about who can do everything, like the medieval priests who essentially arrogated to themselves the duties of all the other orders — major and minor — ensuring that their priesthood was the principal seat of power. It is about the members of the whole Church picking up their baptismal promises and running with them.

Consider this: on 11 January this year, Pope Francis opened to women the "installed" lay ministries of lector and acolyte, previously restricted to men (mostly men training to be

deacons and priests).

Then, just the other day, Pope Francis responded to an idea that sat untouched since the Council and established the installed ministry of catechist. The pope called for "men and women of deep faith and human maturity, active participants in the life of the Christian community, capable of welcoming others, being generous and living a life of fraternal communion." In so doing, he put his finger on the failures of "twinned" or "yoked" parishes, where one pastor and his personal staff manage multiple communities, which in and of themselves are essentially leaderless.

Francis's ecclesiology prefers communities of believers gathered around the Gospel and the Eucharist with everyone participating. He sees many flowers in the Church's fields: lectors, acolytes, catechists, pastoral life coordinators, deacons and priests, all in particular churches led (not managed) by bishops.

Of course, someone has to coordinate the (hopefully paid) ministries at every level, but the smaller the parish the greater the coordination. This *motu proprio* document on catechists does not eliminate ordination as necessary for sacramental ministry, but it expands the notion of evangelisation. Yes, the ordained can evangelise, but the specific training, skills, personalities and availabilities required for actual catechesis may be better found among the laity.

Lay ministry is real ministry, and the focus here is on the Gospel. It is about synodality. It is about evangelisation. Without these, there will be no Church. ●

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Photo by Andrew Angelov/Sshutterstock.com



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only once in the OT (Zechariah 2:12) referring to the places the Judeans returned to in 538 BCE from their exile in Babylon. But the region of their former kingdom had been divided among the provinces of the great Persian Empire.

“Holy land” in biblical texts refers more to places outside of the kingdom of Israel such as God’s “holy abode” on Mt Sinai (Ex 15:13) and the “holy ground” where Moses encountered God (Ex 3:5).

Bible Is Not History

The bible is not an historical account as we understand history. The writings are imaginative storytelling, theology, ethics and wisdom. It contains books of different literary genres — narratives, epics, oracles, symbolism and poetry — which are woven theologically into the officially sanctioned memory of God’s covenant relationship with the land and the people. Oral traditions evolved across generations into these written accounts. In them we can see the influence of their neighbours’ traditions — repackaged Near Eastern epics and legends, such as the epic of Gilgamesh.

However, the Jewish contribution to the history, the multi-faith and pluralistic heritage of Palestine, is undeniable. We need to respect the particular beliefs and religious sensitivities of Jews, Christians and Muslims. At the same time, we need to understand that beliefs and traditions are not the same as modern history which is grounded in scientific research, critical methodology, historical facts and archaeological research on ancient Palestine.

Palestinian archaeology presents a different reality about the region. It was one of the earliest areas to have human habitation, agricultural communities, civilisation and sophisticated urbanisation. In about 12,000 BCE, the Middle Stone Age, humans began to raise animals and farm the land in the region. Agricultural practices near Jericho date to the Neolithic period, about

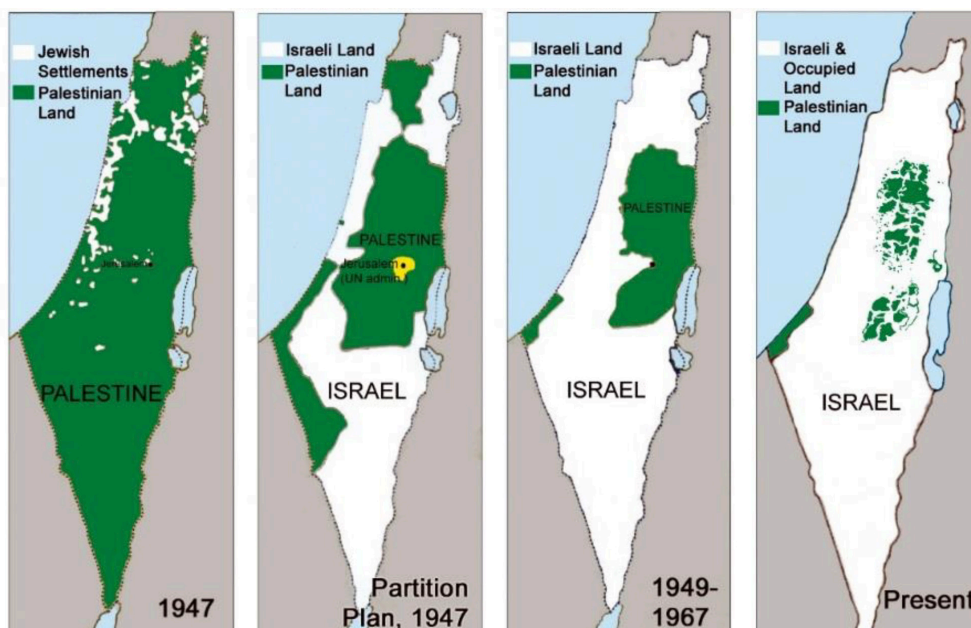
11,000-8,800 BCE. Evidence of settlement of the Palestinian city of Jericho goes back to 9,000 BCE, making it one of the oldest continually inhabited cities. According to historians and archaeologists, a stable population existed in Palestine over 6,000 years ago.

The name, Palestine, is continuously found in ancient, medieval and modern histories and historical sources. These include Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions and texts; classic Greek texts and

action to relieve their suffering and move towards justice. Their need is urgent. A “Cry for Hope: A Call for Decisive Action” which was launched last year by Kairos Palestine and Global Kairos for Justice, and co-signed by Emeritus Patriarch Michel Sabbah, invites the international Christian community to “engage in study and discernment with respect to theologies and understandings of the Bible that have been used to justify the oppression of Palestinian people.”

We can offer “theologies that

Palestinian Loss of Land to Present



Maps by Palestinian Solidarity Network Aotearoa www.palestiniansolidaritynz.net

literature (*Palaistine*); Roman and Byzantine administrative divisions of the region and sources (*Palaestina*); medieval Arabic and Islamic sources on Palestine; modern Hebrew (*Plelshatina*) and all modern European languages and sources. Palestine is inscribed on our New Zealand WWI memorials.

Support for Palestinians

Today, indigenous Palestinians are persecuted, impoverished and treated without human dignity in their own country. The Christian Palestinian movement Kairos Palestine urges the international community “to stand with the Palestinian people in their struggle against oppression, displacement and apartheid.”

We can be informed about their situation, what has led to what they call the *Nakba* (catastrophe), and take

prophetically call for an inclusive vision of the land for Israelis and Palestinians, affirming that the creator God is a God of love, mercy and justice; not of discrimination and oppression.”

We can “oppose anti-Semitism by working for justice against anti-Judaism, racism and xenophobia, oppose the equating of criticism of Israel’s unjust actions with anti-Semitism.” ●

For more information:

“The People’s Patriarch”: <https://vimeo.com/522039108>.

Kairos Palestine: www.kairospalestine.ps

Cry for Hope: www.cryforhope.org

Palestine Solidarity Network Aotearoa: www.PSNA.nz

Photo by Jakob Rubner on Unsplash



A SEASON for PAUSING

In cold, rainy Dunedin, wet autumn leaves stick to the footpaths and our shoes. Mushrooms sprout above tree roots. The sun rises after I wake now and sets as I walk home from university. A tribe of puffer jacket-wearers has emerged from chilly flats, ready for the colder season. Frost forms on the grass nearby, and we warm our living room with the heat pump and adjust to this in-between weather.

We humans have seasons as well — harder times and more joyful times, times of looking inward and times of looking outward. There is a time for everything, as the author of Ecclesiastes reminds us. Sometimes we are joyful, other times grieving. Sometimes we are busy, and other times we are still. Jesus did this too. Before beginning his ministry, he prepared with a season of solitude and temptation in the desert. In between his healing and teaching, he would stop to pray, and be alone.

In the present moment there is much we carry as individuals and a collective. We have causes to lament — climate change casts a terrifying shadow over our collective futures, and COVID-19 has changed our lives in the present. Each of us has times of joy and heartbreak in our personal lives as well.

My current season is one of pause, inhalation and grief. I'm choosing to look within myself and toward God as many of us choose to do in different parts of our lives. This helps me as I grieve the destruction COVID and its effects has wreaked on India, in so many other places, and on people I love dearly in Aotearoa and beyond.

This season of inhalation allows me to prepare for the unknowns of graduation and what comes next. Doing less leaves me space to bike more, get outside, enjoy God's creation in the face of enormous climate anxiety. Looking

inward and heavenward; this is where my hope comes from.

To be honest, the concept of pausing, changing seasons all feels rather counterintuitive. I'm in my early 20s and have lots of action to be a part of — an Honours degree, social events, volunteering, flat obligations, exercise. Without leaving space I can become too busy and exhausted to notice my needs and emotions, notice the One who made me and asks me to rest. To enable my season of pause, I am creating rhythms of inhalation; staying home more evenings when I am tempted to study at the library, taking Sundays off. I have confidence that the study and action will all be there, and I can come to it in my own time.

It's a cliché, but we need winter to have spring. We need the greyness and drizzle of monsoon for verdant growth to coat hillsides and fields. Seasons bring renewal, and life, and hope. Perhaps Ecclesiastes 3 puts it best, describing a time to plant and a time to uproot, weep and laugh, keep and throw away, mourn and dance. This season of grief and inhalation lets me prepare my heart for the next season, as a seed patiently waits for warmth and rain. I am able to have hope as I look forward to the rhythms of renewal and rest. I know there will be times of dancing and mourning in my future. And I know they are all part of my life's journey of growth with God and toward God.

I'm finding that for the moment, having quality over quantity is what I need. A restful weekend makes my study more efficient during the week. A few quieter evenings improve my mood. I am able to be a better friend and flatmate when I'm less stretched and more paused. In this season, I am learning how to pause and rest. I am not always successful. But it is making me more hopeful, more at peace, better able to be part of the Kindom. As the frosts form and leaves fall, I am enjoying this season and preparing for the next one. ●



Shar Mathias enjoys reading, running, tramping, music and a lot of other things. She studies ecology and lives in Dunedin.

Photo of technician checking oxygen cylinders in India by Exposure Visuals/Shutterstock.com

100% Pure Future: New Zealand Tourism Renewed

Edited by Sarah Bennett

Published by Bridget Williams Books, 2020

Reviewed by Susan Smith

Even before COVID-19, most New Zealanders were concerned about a tourist industry that prioritised making money over all other considerations. Increasing tourist numbers decreased the value of our greatest resource — our beautiful country. *100% Pure Future* provides information on the history of tourism in New Zealand, on the environmental disaster that unchecked tourism so often causes, and pertinent critiques of certain aspects of tourism, such as what different iwi authorities could contribute to a

more environmentally friendly tourist industry.

The Achilles heel of New Zealand tourism is its heavy carbon footprint. A return trip from Europe to New Zealand, plus internal travel within the country, produces, on average, three tonnes of CO₂ — a truly scary figure.

The 10 authors recognise the need for reinventing tourism. They are convincing in their arguments that the reinvention of tourism is more than a good talking point or a possible option — it is a moral and ecological imperative.

I hope that politicians and those working in government departments, such as MBIE and DoC, read this publication carefully, but I am not holding my breath. ●

100% Pure
Future
New Zealand
Tourism
Renewed

Edited by
Sarah Bennett

BWB Texts

Joe Biden and Catholicism in the United States

By Massimo Faggioli

Published by Bayard, 2021

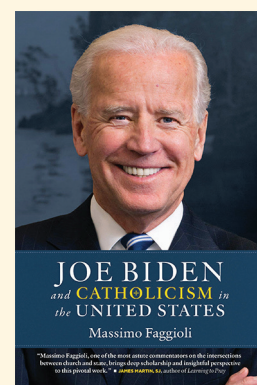
Reviewed by Peter Hassan

In *Joe Biden and Catholicism in the United States*, Massimo Faggioli applies his considerable skills in history, political science and religion to analyse the complex relationships in the United States between Catholics, the Vatican, political parties and other influences over its 230-year history up to the election of the second Catholic president.

Faggioli depicts a polarised Catholicism after the Trump presidency, and describes “a growing rift ... between a hierarchy generally close to neoconservative, neo-traditionalist culture and a laity divided between a

theologically and politically ‘liberal-progressive’ majority and a very active minority ... whose theological positions are significantly different from those of Pope Francis.” But Joe Biden offers Faggioli some hope, offering an example of Catholic practice that is “animated by values of solidarity, compassion, and human dignity” and who considers his office “a lay vocation”.

Though lost at times in the many “-isms” in his analysis, I found Faggioli’s book insightful and thought-provoking. I would recommend it for anyone interested in studying the influences at work in the US and globally and I would also recommend it to anyone wanting to make connections between their faith and the practical business of transforming society, so that every member can thrive and we all can be better for it. ●



A Love Quilt: Later Faith Patches

By Trish McBride

Published by Philip Garside Publishing, 2020

Reviewed by Sande Ramage

Trish McBride presents her personal myth as a quilt, symbolic of women hand-stitching their narratives in times when men held the pen to write history in their own image.

Trish’s “love quilt” is a patchwork of explorations across the landscape of her rich and full life. She assembles the patches of her experience — relayed in prose and poetry — stitching them together with the thread of her evolving spiritual life.

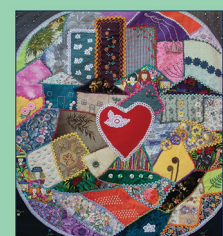
I noticed a significant thread of Catholicism, Trish’s original spiritual home, but one which she has relinquished to carry out her spiritual calling. Jesus has

remained a constant, now mixing and mingling with the Divine Feminine, dreams and archetypal characters that reveal her individual holy mystery.

Central is “the blessing of Divine Love”, something I find hard to comprehend. But this is Trish’s truth and Divine Love is something which she has experienced in “privileged and astonishing ways”.

Women readers may connect with how Trish developed loving detachment through involvement with Al-Anon, so that she could live well despite problems at home. This surfaces again as she helps women in Arohata Prison find their voice beyond trauma.

Male readers might wonder at the courage and creativity women need to excavate their long-buried voices to speak out feminine truth. ●



A Love Quilt
Later Faith Patches
Trish McBride



James & Isey

Directed by Florian Habicht

Reviewed by Paul Sorrell

This is a film we can relax to. Kawakawa man James Cross is delighted to be participating in a film celebrating his mother's 100th birthday, and who better to make it than family friend and seasoned filmmaker Florian Habicht, best known for *Kaikohe Demolition*?

The film tracks the pair in their daily routine over the five days leading up to Isey's birthday party on their local marae. The youngest of five siblings, James has a special bond with his parents, and has returned home to care for his father before transferring his filial devotion to Isey. We see them driving around in James's flash car, going shopping, on a fishing trip (Isey still fishes for marlin!), entertaining guests and downing endless cups of strong tea and, in Isey's case, generous shots of bourbon.

While the pair have much in common, we learn that they are also very different people, as director Habicht draws us into their lives. While Isey grew up at a time when te reo was considered disadvantageous in a Pakeha-driven world, even in the Far North, James has left his early career as a singer and actor behind to

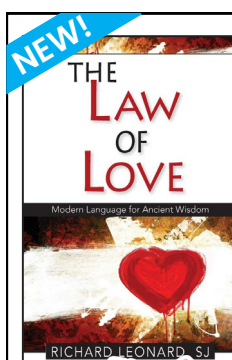
become a fully fledged tohunga and shaman. The scene in which he sings a karakia to Tane Mahuta is haunting and unearthly — a window onto an older Maori spirituality that contrasts with Isey's quiet Christian faith and fondness for the simple language of the Lord's Prayer.

What matters to both of them are relationships — with whanau, with nature and, pre-eminently, with each other. James refuses the title "carer" in relation to his mother — theirs is a relationship of equals, marked by mutual respect and love. James hopes that their journey through life

together will never end.

After the big party, when all the guests have left, James and Isey launch into a gentle rendition of an old favourite, "Que Sera". This couple take life as it comes. They have no great ambitions, they don't aspire to be rich or famous or own lots of stuff beyond the simple, cherished furnishings of the modest home they share. We could learn a lot from them.

I have it on good authority that Isey is still with us, now 102. I'm sure she and James will be delighted if *Tui Motu* readers flock to the cinema to see her film. ●



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CROSS CURRENTS



BY MARY BETZ

Inspired Interfaith Initiatives

Reading *Generation 20/20: Agents for Change* (Bob Skipp, ed), including Mary Eastham's "The Story of Interfaith Dialogue in Palmerston North", I have realised how much the regions of our country must learn from one another. The Palmerston North Interfaith Group (PNIG) embraces eight faith traditions and uncounted ethnicities. PNIG has brought together people of faith of all generations for prayer, kōrero, tree plantings, community gardening, family festive lunches, sharing of holy days and sacred spaces; made a submission to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the terrorist attack on Christchurch masjidain; and collaborated with scientists, schools, politicians and community leaders in local events and regional and national interfaith forums.

Last year PNIG hosted *Generation 20/20*, at which Bahá'í, Christian, Muslim and Sikh young people from Māori, Tongan, Indian, Chinese and Pākehā backgrounds spoke powerfully and often poetically about how their faith and experience intersected with issues of climate change and racism. This year, the young people have taken on the organisation of *Generation 20/21*, an 11 July youth workshop which will focus on gender discrimination and issues of religious ethnic diversity.

Liturgy

Those of us who have grown up in the Vatican II generations and embraced the promise of its liturgical reforms often struggle to see them manifest in our parishes today. Recently Jesuit Thomas Reese encouraged a continuing conversation. So, how can liturgy truly be what its name signifies

— the "work of the people", one that opens us to God's presence within and among us in the way that Jesus showed us?

Can we better inculturate our liturgies in ways which uphold Te Tiriti and honour all the cultures of Aotearoa? Can our leadership ministers be other than ordained, male and celibate? Can we celebrate more with our sister and brother denominations? Can we strive again for more meaningful translations of our liturgical texts, and inclusive choices in lectionary readings? Can we write deeper richness and relevance into Eucharistic prayers and statements of faith? If not now, then when?

Vaccine Inequality

As a step closer to containing COVID-19 globally, I look forward to being vaccinated. But I wonder why I should receive the vaccine now while

those more in need of it may have to wait up to four more years.

Even as India and South Africa produce vaccines, they are sold to wealthier nations. Most well-off nations, including New Zealand, have committed to the COVAX programme for vaccinating 20 per cent of people in developing nations, and many are also donating additional doses. Still, at the present rate of vaccine production, some poorer countries — including Papua New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and Fiji — may not reach critical vaccination numbers until 2025.

The longer we take to control the coronavirus, the more deaths and illnesses we will have. The more the virus spreads, the greater chance that a new mutation will be more deadly — or immune to existing vaccines. The most equitable solution is to increase vaccine production — currently limited by the World Trade Organisation's protection of the intellectual property rights (IPRs) of pharmaceutical companies. Most governments now favour a temporary waiver of IPRs, but a consensus of WTO's 164 members is needed. Its next formal meeting is 8-9 June, so let's hope that this vital move to value people's lives more than corporate profit will be realised. ●



TUI MOTU InterIslands
The Independent Catholic Magazine Limited

Tui Motu magazine provides Catholic as well as ecumenical and inter-faith perspectives and discussion on current issues in church and society. It focuses particularly on issues affecting Aotearoa New Zealand and the Pacific. Its intent is to promote the spirit of the Second Vatican Council, engaging faith and the world through informed, thoughtful comment and discussion for a general readership. The magazine publishes 11 issues per year in print and regular digital postings on social media.

The magazine invites contributions from writers of Catholic and other Christian traditions or faith backgrounds, who can offer our readers insights which resonate with the Gospel as it affects us today. We value diversity and seek contributions which are representative of our church and our society: Maori, Pakeha, Pasifika, other cultures, a range of ages and genders, lay and ordained. We offer feature articles, interviews, reviews, poetry, comment and opinion on theology, spirituality and history, as well as on social justice and ecology.

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We welcome letters of comment, discussion, response, affirmation or argument of up to 200 words.

The editor reserves the right to abridge longer letters while keeping the meaning.

GIVE OUR WHOLEHEARTED BLESSING

The Vatican's recent CDF refusal to bless same-sex unions raises a serious question: Is Rome really the sacred centre of our Church? One of our greatest theologians St Thomas Aquinas, taught that the real presence of Jesus is in the Christian community. In his life and ministry Jesus was radically inclusive. Christian communities, if they embody the example and ethos of Jesus, must be radically inclusive too. So let us embrace our true identity and be bearers of blessings for everyone we meet, absolutely everyone. If couples have the wholehearted blessing of their own Christian community, their blessings cup is indeed full and brimming over.

Jim Howley

NOT A JUST OUTCOME FOR EVERYONE

The article by Chris Finlayson (TM March 2021) hides the fact that Catholics could lose their souls in political life on account of the lies, deceptions involved.

I did over 10 years' research into the government as part of Claim Wai2228 to the Waitangi Tribunal for Ngatiawa ki Taranaki — subject of genocide, landlessness, impoverishment, now no identity. Once the iwi had the largest land area, but the Tribunal dealt with the many pieces chopped up by settlers, which were under government or kūpapa Māori created names. Finlayson was the Minister in charge of settlements and when it was found Ngatiawa was trying to give evidence exposing government crimes, legal aid was cut. Bribes were given to Te Atiawa, an iwi created by

the government in Taranaki, and not a victim. The government wanted the pūtea to go to their friends, not to their victims. The Treaty Settlement scams, along with crookedness, deny the real victims compensation.

A clause was inserted into the Act denying a judge the right to hear complaints from the true victims so the Treaty Settlement process does not achieve what fair-minded people expect. It is simply creating a class of Māori who will control and subjugate "troublesome" Māori for them.

Ray Watembach (abridged)

CO-RESPONSIBILITY OF LAY AND ORDAINED

Could the circumstances we face today, more parishes than priests, be the situation that could realise the intention of Vatican II for the people of God — the ordained and lay working beside each other in a relationship of co-responsibility in a shared leadership model?

Pope Benedict said in 2012: "Co-responsibility demands a change in mindset especially concerning the role of lay people in the Church. They should

not be regarded as "collaborators" of the clergy, but as people who are really "co-responsible" for the Church's being and acting. It is therefore important that a mature and committed laity ... make its own specific contribution to the ecclesial mission with respect for the ministries and tasks that each one has in the life of the Church and always in cordial communion with the bishops."

The area of lay leadership will need a genuine commitment from the ordained and laity to lead justly, engage ecumenically, advocate for those considered of little account, ensure that language is inclusive, include immigrant spiritualities, guarantee personal safety, support social justice issues and accompany those seeking full integration into parish life — all calling for the mature use of our spiritual gifts.

There is a sense of urgency to step up the dialogue, to visualise, deliberate and strategise. We need to identify our leaders, form them to preside over liturgies, to baptise, to lead funeral services and facilitate marriages.

Sue Seconi, Whanganui (abridged)

Surrender All: An Illuminated Journal Retreat through the Stations of the Cross

by Jen Norton

Published by Ave Maria Press, 2020

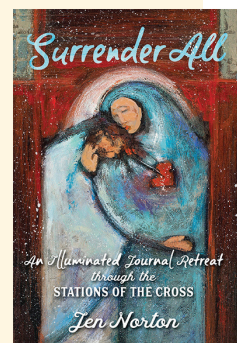
Reviewed by Marie Skidmore

Surrender All offers a way to experience the Stations of the Cross. Jen has painted each station in a semi-abstract manner, using the meaning of each colour to evoke an empathetic response. Each station is related to a Scripture reading with an accompanying artwork and an exploration of the selected reading.

There are clear invitations to work through each station by placing oneself in the story, reflecting upon it, using personal creativity and suggestions for practical exercises. The questions provided for personal reflection are excellent. The reader is invited to journal their responses and relate to current world events and their day-to-day life.

The theological perspective is different from mine. Referencing the COVID-19 pandemic Jen says that the "Body of Christ, as we know it, was hidden behind closed doors", emphasising the Eucharist only as the "real presence of Jesus". Also, to my mind *Surrender All* has an unhealthy focus on our individual sins causing Christ's suffering. I was challenged by this, as it seemed to contradict the accompanying assurances of Christ's mercy and forgiveness and that "whatever our situation we can be sure Jesus is there with us".

This book could be helpful to Catholics nurtured by a traditional spirituality, particularly helpful during Lent. ●





Looking OUT and IN

I cycle past the bold bonanza of a thousand autumn trees. My focus floats from one tree burnt red to another with yellow medallions for leaves. They pass their melody of colour from one to the next like some kind of choir singing Chinese whispers along a queue of trees in Hagley Park. Looking up through the flighty dresses of yellow, the sun gazes on the skidding clouds and blue flaps through and in-between. I wish I could write a poem about all of it: this luminous autumn, these desperately sad news reports from India, the unasked-for beauty of this morning.

Endings, falling leaves, flaming beauty. As I cycle around and continue with life in Ōtautahi, the ferocious surge of COVID-19 hammering my friends, neighbours and colleagues in India is poignantly, quiveringly mixed through this autumn too. My colleague Andrew, and Preeti's Dad who I had chai with whenever we went by her place, have both died. Many friends in India have lost parents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

The media has the angle all wrong of course. While they focus on the overwhelmed crematoria and hospitals, they don't tell the stories of armies of people showing creativity and courage in the face of this unravelling tragedy. My colleagues at multiple Christian hospitals work double shifts daily to set up new beds and wards to care for people with COVID. My friend Meenal works evening shifts on a helpline which helps relatives of the sick to find ICU beds. Others are writing grants to fund oxygen concentrators and ventilators. My friends in Lucknow are distributing food to hungry families who can't earn during another Lockdown. An American president (and a bunch of others) have supported cancelling the intellectual property rights (and thus the vast profits of Pfizer and others) to allow more people to get vaccines.

I write laments. Where are you God? How long O God until the tumult and epidemiological curves go quiet again?

I talk to friends far away and fearful. I send messages. I raise and send funds for food and PPE and hand sanitisers. In the WhatsApp messages from friends there are always pleas for prayer. My cousin is admitted to ICU, please pray for him. My uncle is no more, pray for his family. I need some days off. I am scared, please pray.

We are part of and immersed in a oneness, a sacred order of all things. God is in the falling leaf, the family cooking food for their grieving neighbours and in the quiet river reflecting unkempt and uncombed willow tresses. Through prayer I notice that it is all connected. I sometimes listen deeply and sometimes act with compassion. Some days I am impatient, critical and brusque. I too am beloved and immersed in God. I find a poem has already been written for today; just as well — I am running out of words:

A Day in Autumn

It will not always be like this,
The air windless, a few last
Leaves adding their decoration
To the trees' shoulders, braiding the cuffs
Of the boughs with gold; a bird preening

In the lawn's mirror. Having looked up
From the day's chores, pause a minute,
Let the mind take its photograph
Of the bright scene, something to wear
Against the heart in the long cold.

RS Thomas ●



Kaaren Mathias based in Christchurch writes, parents, promotes health, prays and is learning ukulele.



Surround us with befriending women
Divine Spirit,
whose enthusiasm, competence,
humility, commitment, inclusion and leadership
we want to grow into ourselves.

From the Tui Motu team