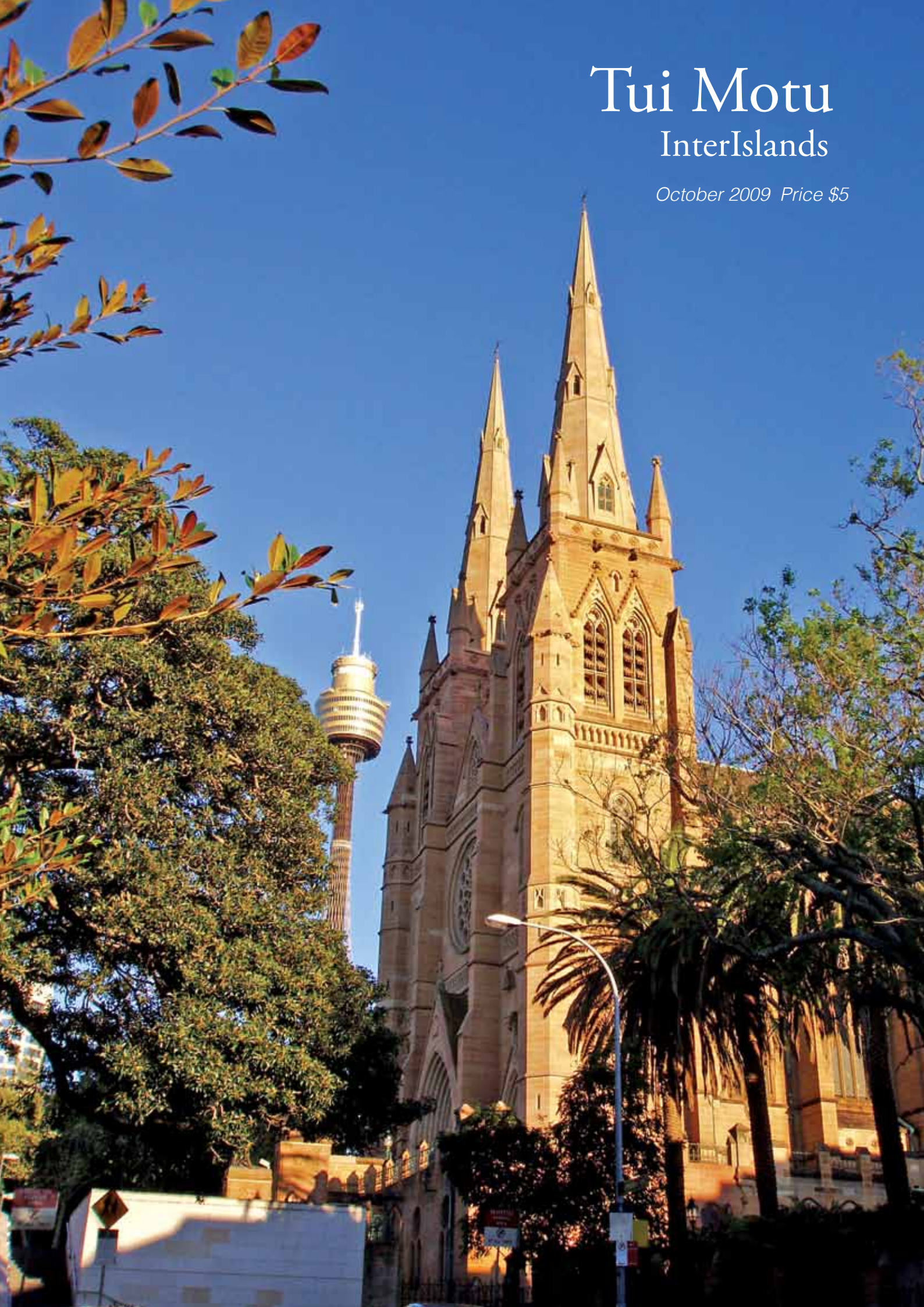


Tui Motu
InterIslands

October 2009 Price $5

where is the church going?

contents

Cover: St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney

"The default mode of secular journalism is unbelief". Going to Sydney to attend the annual religious press jamboree, we heard many memorable sound bytes – and that was certainly one. Our secular world has lost its belief system. That is how it appears on the surface, and tsunamis – as we know only too well – happen on the surface. Going deeper, however, as many of our contributors attest, we find a profound, often incoherent, longing for spirituality (*See, for instance, Dr Anna Holmes, p 5*).

So, for our principal October theme we determined to dig deeper. To take the pulse of the church as we found it in Australia; to put that in the context of history; and then to look at ourselves in New Zealand.

The face Australia presents to the visitor is one of confidence and prosperity. Going to St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, for the *Catholic Press Association* Mass confirmed this for the Australian church too. St Mary's is magnificent, right in the centre of town, wrapped in the greenery of Hyde Park. Like St Paul's in London, it speaks to the whole city.

The Mass took place in the exquisite crypt chapel. The liturgy was simple but beautifully prepared – and centre stage was Cardinal Pell. The Cardinal was welcoming, but his homily was unusual. He laid strong emphasis on the fact that his paper, unlike most Catholic papers, makes money. His diocese, in terms of Mass attendance, tops the Aussie league table – and certainly outstrips Melbourne. His tongue may have been 'in his cheek'; nevertheless he was projecting a message of confidence and success.

We determined, after that, to ask around about the true state of the Australian church. The result is found on pages 6-8. There are many good things to say, but there are worrying problems – and they find an echo in a community of New Zealand religious, whose opinions we also sought (*p 11*). Sandwiched between the two pieces, Peter Murnane *(pp 9-10)* reflects on the heritage of Vatican II and whether church leaders are being faithful to it.

The good news is the empowerment of the laity. Vatican II defined the church as *The People of God*, and lay people are being formed in both countries to assume leadership roles. At the same time clergy numbers are drastically down – but the wrong solutions are being pursued to meet this crisis.

The major concern that surfaces right through this study is leadership. The governance of the Catholic Church has become over-centralised, and this produces a climate of fear which strangles much initiative. We live in a world hungry for faith, in desperate need of God. Yet how can we respond when our leadership is preoccupied with issues of control and shackled by clericalism and patriarchy? Is the

ISSM 1174 – 8931

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

Independent Catholic Magazine Ltd, P O Box 6404, Dunedin North, 9059
Phone: 03 477 1449: Fax: 03 477 8149: email: tuimotu@earthlight.co.nz: website: www.tuimotu.org
Editor: Michael Hill IC; *Assistant Editor:* Frances Skelton; *Illustrator:* Don Moorhead
Directors: Rita Cahill RSJ, Philip Casey, Tom Cloher, Robin Kearns, Chris Loughnan OP, Elizabeth Mackie OP, Katie O'Connor (*Chair*), Mark Richards, Kathleen Rushton RSM
Printers: Southern Colour Print, 1 Turakina Road, Dunedin South, 9012

solution a new Pope or a new Council? We must go deeper. The answer is a revolution of the spirit.

Peter Matheson (*pp 12-13*), writing about the Reformation – a similar time of crisis for the church, compares John Calvin with St Ignatius. Both saw "the necessity of discipline, especially self-discipline, in the context of a vaulting concern for the glory and sovereignty of God. Both developed new forms of ministry and mission, and gave top priority to teaching and pastoral care." Self-discipline is not control from top down.

Church leadership exists, not to smother, but to empower the faithful, both lay and cleric, that they may freely and joyously respond to the gospel call: *to hear the word of God, to live it and to share it.*

M.H.

Hello Tui Motu Readers

The *Tui Motu* Board has much to share with you over the next couple of months as we enter an exciting new chapter of the magazine's history.

Firstly, you will notice by the ad on this page that we are now in the process of seeking a new Editor, whom we hope will be able to take up the position early next year. While we owe a debt of gratitude to our current Editor – and in fact the whole team who every month continue to put out an outstanding magazine – it is important to stress that the principle of continuing to have an independent Catholic voice out there in the media world is bigger than any individual's contribution.

Thanks to the tireless work of the TM Board members and our Foundation Trust we now have a succession plan that enables us to guarantee *Tui Motu*'s existence for the foreseeable future. It is important to emphasise that it is an enterprise that continues to pay its own way. Apart from its initial year of operation while the subscriber base was being built up, the magazine has always been able to balance its books.

In addition, and unlike in most other magazines, subscribers' forward payments for magazines are kept intact and are not used for normal running costs. So we are very sound of heart!

The TM Foundation has been set up as a means of supporting further developments within and alongside the magazine, including the full payment of a new Editor. It does not fund the current operation. In next month's *Tui Motu* we will be outlining more about the Foundation's plans and how you may be able to help guarantee our future.

Blessings

Katie O'Connor
Chair, *Tui Motu Board*

Final curtain: At the *Australasian Religious Press Association* (ARPA) conference in Sydney last month, the editor is seen here receiving a bronze award for "best devotional article applying faith to life".
The winning piece was written by Jeph Matthias (husband of Kaaren, who writes the *Mother's Journal* each month). The title of the article was "musings about justice aboard a jumbo jet" (*TM June 2008*). Congratulations to the author.

Tui Motu Board and editorial team offer our deepest sympathy and prayers to all Samoan and Tongan readers, whose families have been affected by the recent earthquake and tsunami, especially where there has been loss of life.

TM a curate's egg

I am sorry to hear that John Honoré has died. I always went for his page first and found myself in agreement with him. He was probably instrumental in swaying me to keep with *Tui Motu* at moments when I've wavered.

You asked for comment. My wife and I have been with *Tui Motu* since its inception. Although we were primarily *Zealandia* readers, we had an ambivalent affection for the *Tablet* and admired Kennedy as editor.

I am glad *Tui Motu* decided to be a Catholic magazine 'looking out'.

I have felt an ambivalence where a truly Catholic grasp of human life as seen by faith and innate understanding has been lost by the unaquaintance with it of non-Catholic writers – or a predilection in Catholic writers for a fashion of thought which will pass with the age and a regaining of experienced reality.

Good intention, even enlightenment, is not faith. I think faith recognises the understanding in others which it imports to oneself. What these writers have to say is thoughtful and revealing in its own way and of some incidental value.

The 'curate's egg' is not uneatable and parts of it are excellent. I am glad to attest to that excellence. I get great satisfaction from most of *Tui Motu*.

P Land, Whirinaki

Curate's egg part 2

I quite like *Tui Motu*, but I have a limited interest in reading about social justice issues... the world seems such a bottomless pit of need that it seems as though no matter what efforts we make, it is never enough. Rather than motivate me, this triggers a 'switch off' response.

I prefer stories where people say: "This is what I am doing about such and such a problem" rather than the ones where the writer complains about the terrible state of the world or the church and tries to make the readers share that indignation.

I disliked the attitude expressed in your magazine towards LeFebvrist Catholics. It was very much 'us and them' stuff. Yes, they hold views that polarise... Yes , they sometimes judge others pretty harshly. They are also good people, trying to live their faith and experience the highs and lows of family life. They are 'us', not 'them'.

I apologise for focussing on what I didn't like about your magazine, because there are good things going for it as well, but perhaps you will find it useful to have a reader articulate things which put me off.

S Barnard, Hamilton
(*abridged*)

Thanks to these two correspondents for their 'full and frank' comments. –ed

letters to the editor

We welcome comment, discussion, argument, debate. But please keep letters under 200 words. The editor reserves the right to abridge, while not altering the meaning. Response articles (up to one page) are also welcome – but please, by negotiation

Reconciliation Rites

I write in response to recent letters on the Rites One, Two and Three of Reconciliation. I am 65 years old and have only recently heard of these. The confessional is an outdated, man-made institution from the Dark Ages, and from the numbers attending it it is obvious that it is past its 'use by' date.

Isn't the General Confession at the beginning of Mass when one examines one's conscience enough, without having to go to God through a middle man? Aquinas, and after him Cardinal Newman, both extolled the virtue of 'conscience first, all else after'.

D Moore, Christchurch

Cardinal Newman, on being received into the church, spent several hours on his confession to the Passionist Fr Barberi. One-to-one confession will always have its place. However, the traditional form of weekly devotional confession appears to be dying by default. –ed

Censure from on high

The quickening of the church at grass roots is being stifled by pronouncements from the Vatican and the Curia. Not surprisingly perhaps, because visionaries have too often been shouted down. This was the treatment meted out to Jesus himself.

The late Cardinal Hume wrote in his personal papers that he considered himself a lone voice in the Curia. Copernicus, Galileo, Mary McKillop, Bernard Håaering and many others were rebuked – many cruelly so.

As for women priests: in the time of Jesus no women held judicial, political or medical offices. Now, where allowed, they hold high offices in all professions. Something must have changed.

I doubt, if Jesus came among us today, he would recognise the church he founded. It is too exclusive.

D Power, Rolleston

spirituality and medical practice

Dr Anna Holmes interviewed 22 General Practitioners of varying age, ethnicity and practice location for a PhD thesis. Her research question allowed her to enquire about the spiritual issues in practice and those of the individual doctor. Some of her findings were presented at a recent **Ageing and Spirituality** *conference in Auckland.*

From the 2006 census, New Zealand appears to be a very secular society, 45 percent of the population having stated they had no religion. The reasons for increasing secularity in the Western world are many. The philosopher, Charles Taylor, identifies a process of disenchantment of society beginning in the late Middle Ages.

Disenchantment resulted in the loss of a sense of the sacred and the rise of the 'buffered self'. The buffered self believed that human endeavour alone is responsible for social order in the world. The combination of this and the rise of science at the time of the Enlightenment made belief in religion and spirituality more difficult.

The current scientific world view is based on an understanding of the universe which is evolving and has both order and chaos co-existing. This is very different from the religious world view described in the book of *Genesis*. It is also very different from the modernist view, still espoused by some scientific fundamentalists, that proposes science and rationality alone will solve all existential and practical earthly problems.

what is spirituality?

Spirituality is an underlying human aspect which connects people with themselves, each other, the natural world, and the transcendent. It seeks answers to the questions: *Who am I? Where am I going? Where have I come from?*

Spirituality is an embodied awareness and experience, with tendrils that reach every part and every level of the human person. It makes connections, enters into dialogue, thereby empowering humans by enabling continuing growth and transformation. It may or may not be mediated by religious practice.

The overriding theme of spirituality in the survey responses from practitioners is about ***connection***. It was very clearly put by some participants.

According to Maori spirituality (cited by one respondent) the world is still an enchanted, interconnected, sacred place as it was in pre-Enlightenment Christianity. This sense of interconnection seems to touch all spirituality in New Zealand – a well-earthed spirituality affected many of the non-Maori New Zealand participants in their passionate sense of connection to the natural world.

There were many other ways of understanding spirituality. "It's about the core, the centre of you... It's the best part of me, that wants to care for others. It's also about using your talents for the good of others." And – "I am hugely aware of how we all need some source of meaning in our lives and I think that whole notion is best captured by the term spirituality – seeking for meaning."

Most respondents acknowledged having spiritual experiences. These included:

Transcendent presence
Feeling sent to someone
Unexpected healing
Extraordinary human experiences
Foresight
Out of body experience
Near death
Experiencing spirits
Ineffable experience beyond words.

Spirituality was found to be very much a part of general practice. It is unique, embodied, a search, a journey, a paradox. It has stops and starts and may be lonely and painful as well as fulfilling and enlivening. It continues from first cry to last breath. For GPs it is a journey enlivened and accompanied by their patients.

This is well said in the words of one respondent:

"I think to some extent, in a secular world there is a priestly function. Of confession. Of hearing people's secrets and truths and fears, and not – at least trying not – to judge those. And I think that's a sacred task...

"There is an aspect of healing in the literal laying on of hands. And whether that is examining a chest, or taking a blood pressure or feeling a pulse, there is something that occurs in that interaction which is more than just in their physical action. A transfer of compassion as well in crucial times." ■

DIAGRAM: the three leaves of the diagram represent the **self**, the **natural world** and the **human other**. The gold background represents the transcendent within each aspect of spirituality and without.

across the ditch

In early September the **Tui Motu** *editorial team spent a week in Sydney at conferences. It was an opportunity to take a closer look at our near neighbours. We interviewed three people:* **Fr Joe**, *a parish priest;* **Bill**, *a married Catholic with grown up family, who works for the church full-time; and* **Br Steve**, *a religious with wide experience of the church right across Australia.*

To a Kiwi the average Aussie presented as a person who 'sits securely in his/her own skin'. Did Steve agree – and did it equally apply to the Australian Catholic church?

Br Steve agreed with this description. "Australia as a country has the best of all things, in a way which makes it a world leader. It has the best schooling, good universities and cultural affairs, social harmony by and large. Aussies are even trying to come to grips with the race thing. They have huge natural wealth, in minerals and agriculture. It's still very much 'the lucky country'.

"Australia, like the United States, has grown out of a 'frontier culture'. Australians know how to create wealth and they have created a successful liberal culture. They are proud of what they have created. The down side is that both countries are facing horrendous eco-crises. The headwaters of the Mississippi-Missouri are drying up – like the Murray Darling catchment in Australia. In both cases the farmers have over-exploited a resource, and it is all about to come home to roost."

The Kiwi visitor sees the Catholic Church as very much more prominent and obvious than in New Zealand. In Sydney and Melbourne the cathedrals occupy the best sites, the church owns much prime real estate and has had a much broader influence, politically and socially. Fr Joe notes: "Catholics make up about 25 percent of the population here, a figure which doesn't differ much from census to census. Australia is a very urban society. About 87 percent live in the big cities. While they vary considerably across the country, urban and rural life could not be more different.

"For one thing some rural dioceses are very poor and suffer greatly from a shortage of clergy. Parishes in other places are being hugely changed by immigration". Joe described one parish where 80 percent are immigrant and many of the remaining 20 percent are largely second generation Australians. The immigrants comprise Asians, especially Filipinos; Africans including many white South Africans; and South Americans, mostly Chilean. "Such a mix makes for a lot of vitality," he says.

the australian clergy

"The clergy," observes Fr Joe, "are ageing – even to the point that some dioceses employ a full-time nurse to care for the ailing elderly priests. Few presbyteries now had a housekeeper – a factor which made for many elderly priests suffering neglect.

"Another worrying problem in recent times has been the apparent 'apartness' of the newly ordained. They are prayerful men but seemingly reluctant to share in the lives of their people. The young priests nearly always dress in clericals, whereas the older men only wore clericals when it was demanded – for celebrating Mass or on special occasions."

Joe reports that he sometimes has students or young priests sent to him to 'train'. When challenged, they would generally conform – but their 'apartness' upset some laity and there had been complaints. Once a young priest interrupted the flow of a funeral to tell the congregation who was allowed to come forward to receive communion and who was forbidden. It didn't seem to occur to him that funerals were great occasions for welcoming people back to church.

Bill, speaking from the lay perspective, noted the number of imported priests making up for the priest shortage. Some of these are exceptional men, and he spoke very warmly of a Nigerian who had come to his diocese and seemed to fit in well. However, the clergy are wary of this as a solution since it creates its own problems. Many of the imports don't settle in easily, and there is inadequate preparation to help them fit into the culture of the Australian church.

Bill also spoke of the problem of younger priests: "Many of the young ones are alarmingly conservative. I don't think that the bishops challenge this sufficiently".

church leadership

Bill thought the Australian bishops were in a better space than a few years ago. Back then they had suffered a succession of Apostolic Nuncios who made trouble for them in Rome. "It tends to make the bishops look over their shoulder too much. The last two Nuncios, however, have been more human and supportive.

"My own bishop is a very good teacher and a most welcoming person, although traditional. He has been particularly energetic in encouraging vocations in the diocese, and this seems to be successful.

"My main criticism regarding church leadership in Australia is that it tends to turn a blind eye to serious problems: for example now, with the conservative young priests – just as previously they turned a blind eye, or played down, problems regarding paedophile priests. I sometimes think there is a culture of unbelief about such serious issues.

"Perhaps it's an Australian thing, but the church tends to dodge dealing with serious internal problems in the same way that most Aussies avoid the huge problem of race – how to do justice to the Aboriginal population? The Catholic Church itself has certainly done some successful advocacy on behalf of the Aboriginals. Yet, after 200 years, there are still no Aboriginal priests. What does that tell us about ourselves?"

Fr Joe agreed that the Australian bishops by and large were afraid of 'big brother' in Rome. They had often been treated by the Holy See like 'altar boys'. "I think the church has become far too centralised in the years since the Vatican Council. The collegiality of the Council has been progressively taken back by Rome, and the Australian bishops have passively conformed. Local bishops should be able to ask themselves *what are our problems?* – and then set about finding solutions themselves instead of relying on a directive from on high.

"The banning of the use of the Third Rite of Reconciliation is a case in point. Local bishops should be able to decide for themselves what is pastorally suited to the needs of the people. Instead, they've been roundly ticked off by Rome – and the use of the Third Rite stopped."

Br Steve also spoke with feeling about leadership issues In Australia: "A bishop chosen for the major dioceses such as Sydney or Melbourne is usually a competent administrator, but also one seen to be a 'good, Rome person'. Obedience to the magisterium of the church is a prime concern in their choice. Whatever John Paul or Benedict says will be the basis of next week's sermon.

"There is a warm rapport between most of these major bishops and Rome. This has produced a tension within the Australian hierarchy which is not publicly shown, but the stronger personalities such as Cardinal Pell of Sydney and Archbishop Denis Hart of Melbourne tend to pull the others into line. It is interesting that

▷▷

neither of these has ever been elected chairman of the Bishops' Conference. They are too dictatorial!

"Churchgoing is going down rapidly everywhere, except where there are immigrants. Many of those who came a generation ago are still faithful but their children not necessarily so. In those places where there are new migrants from India, from Latin America and the Philippines, the numbers keep up.

"There is also the question of the rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne, each a metropolis with large population and considerable wealth. Each has a splendid cathedral with real estate in the best areas of the city. When Archbishop Pell gloats over the increase in churchgoing in Sydney compared with Melbourne, he is reflecting this age-old rivalry.

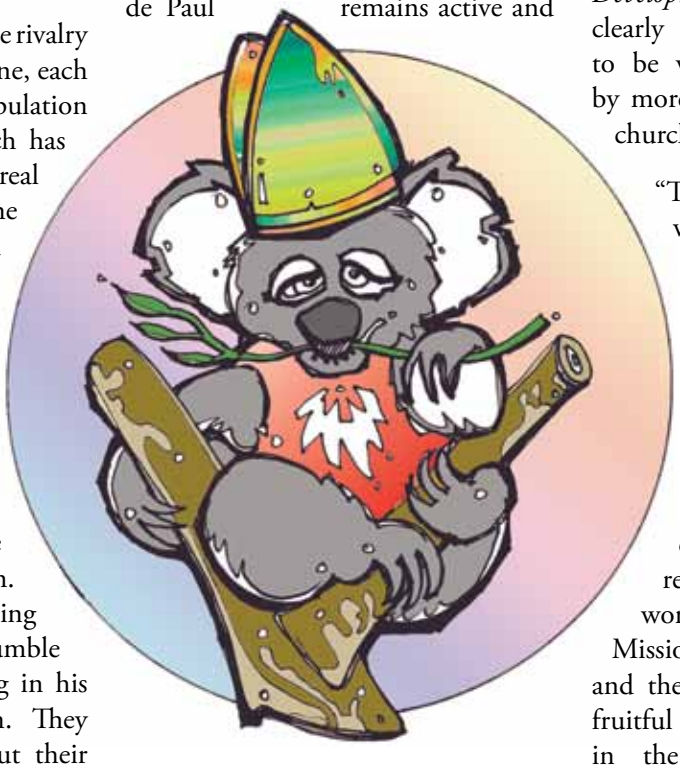
"In the great cathedrals with their lavish liturgy and fine choirs you experience the triumphalistic church. But the gospel of Jesus is being lived and preached by the humble pastor perseveringly labouring in his suburban or country parish. They may be quite depressed about their situation because they are not being listened to from on high.

"One outstanding exception among the bishops", observed Steve, "is the Auxiliary of Canberra, Bishop Pat Power, who lives very modestly and keeps in close touch with the needy of the diocese, but also is not afraid to speak out in a way that contrasts with most of the other bishops. Archbishop Battersby of Brisbane is also a very pastoral person and is known as one who looks after his priests."

the good news

Fr Joe listed some grounds for hope:

- Overall there is an increasing involvement of laity in all aspects of church. They now receive good preparation for apostolic work and have increased desire to do what is needed.
- The Catholic education system could be called the 'jewel in the crown' of the Australian Church. It is highly regarded. The transition over many years from religious to lay control has worked well, and there are many dedicated Catholic lay teachers running the system.
- Perhaps there isn't quite the emphasis on social justice that there once was. Nevertheless, the Society of St Vincent de Paul remains active and relevant. The poor on the streets continued to be helped and fed by 'soup kitchens' run by St Vincent de Paul.



- "I note especially the generosity of the people. There is always a phenomenal response to *Caritas* appeals. My one concern is whether the faithful are adequately nourished by the preaching of the clergy. You hear of mediocre homilies – but then that has probably always been the case. Not all parish priests are Bossuets!"

Br Steve also noted some fine achievements in the field of social justice: "In 1993 the bishops produced an excellent social justice statement ***Common Wealth for the Common Good***, after extensive consultation with laity. They focussed on the church's relation to poverty and wealth distribution. Long before, they had set up the CCJDP (*Catholic Commission for Justice, Development and Peace*), which was lay run. It spoke on behalf of the church, but the bishops were not always happy with what was being said, so they closed it down. That caused a lot of anger.

"The bishops then set up another body, the *Bishops' Commission for Justice Development and Peace* (BCJDP) run clearly by themselves. It continues to be viewed with some suspicion by more conservative factions in the church.

"The grassroots response within the church is healthy enough. The Jesuits in Sydney, led originally by Fr Frank Brennan, have done marvellous things. They maintain a justice orientation, which comes from their international leadership. They are outstanding in prison and related ministries, and in work with the Aboriginals. The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and the Pallottines have maintained fruitful missions to the Aboriginals in the Kimberleys in Northern Australia. The Jesuits were likewise deeply involved much earlier on, and maintain other links with the indigenous peoples now".

So it is a mixed picture, a church quite different from in New Zealand, yet with many similar features. A final quote: "The challenge for the Australian Church – as in other First World countries – is to embrace this new secular world and evangelise it, not retreat into an enclave." ■

Tui Motu wishes to express thanks to members of the Australasian Catholic Press Association (ACPA) – and specifically the three spokesmen – who were willing to be interviewed for this review of the Australian Catholic Church.

the day they unlocked the church

Shortly we will be celebrating the 50th anniversary of Pope John XXIII calling together the Second Vatican Council. This event was a watershed in the history of the church. But, Dominican Fr Peter Murnane asks, has the church continued to be faithful to the Council's mandate?

The American and French Revolutions of the 18th Century – and the Russian, Irish and Chinese in the 20th – were violent, frightening and dangerous... but they brought liberation and life to oppressed peoples. By analogy the Second Vatican Council was a revolution in the 20th Century Catholic Church. By 'analogy' I mean that it was quite different from those political revolutions, but resembled them in just one respect – it freed people.

When all 2,300 bishops met on October 11 1962, and intermittently until December 1965, there were no muskets, prisons, guillotines or bloodshed; but the studies, debates and decisions unlocked for Catholics more of the freedom that Jesus had come to bring us (*Jn 8:32*). This revolution grew from our roots in Scripture and history. The bishops pondered God's Covenant with the Jewish people and Jesus' total gift of himself, then chose a phrase to describe themselves and our church: *The People of God*. (*Lumen Gentium 9*)

why the council?

An ecumenical council consists of all the church's bishops called together by the pope. Its declarations carry more weight in the church's Magisterium (teaching authority) than any letter or statement made by a pope alone. Pope John XXIII convoked this 21st Council in 1962 because he saw that the church urgently needed to be reformed. Why?

First, because the church had become clericalised and institutionalised. When the early church was freed from persecution (315 AD) it grew in numbers and wealth and developed a centralised bureaucracy. Its bishops, clergy and Roman court (Curia) became a clerical caste, superior to lay people. Had they forgotten that Jesus had washed his friends' feet and died an outcast?

Privileged and protected by law, this clerical caste often became corrupt, and this led, not surprisingly, to anticlericalism and savage retaliation as in the French revolution and Spanish Civil War. At such times, it is good to ask: "Why do they hate us so much?"

For centuries this clerical-based institution had come to be seen as somehow unchanging. This was an absurd illusion, for the church has changed profoundly through history. The first Christian community consisted entirely of Jews. Later it absorbed Greek thought and integrated the cultures and rituals of Celts, Germans and other converted nations.

Early bishops were married; the church once accepted slavery and condemned usury, but now does neither. It rejected the proposal that the earth moves around the sun. Worst of all, between 1233 and 1834 its Inquisitions tortured and burned alive thousands of people who were "obdurate in heresy". The last person thus killed was a schoolteacher, Cayetano Ripoll in Valencia in 1826. In 1908, however, the Inquisition quietly evolved into the *Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office*.

To claim our church does not change is to deny our central Christian truth, the Incarnation – *the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us* (*Jn 1:14*). Like Jesus, the church contains both transcendent mystery and changeable human flesh. Many find it harder to believe that Jesus is fully human than that he is fully God. But if he is divine only – as Monophysite or 'one nature' Christians believed, then God has not really joined us in our human struggles. If our flesh is not holy, we will look for God only in 'sacred' places, rituals and language and through a special caste of 'holy' people. But from the beginning we have all belonged to *The People of God*.

Second, our church needed to reform its public worship. The revolution began at our altars. When *The People of God* gather to pray, why not use our own language? Latin is no holier than any other. Instead of a fenced-off 'sanctuary', why not face each other around the holy table and share the cup too, as Jesus' first followers did? If God is in all cultures, why not let each culture shape the Mass?

Third, we needed to reform how we related to other Christians and other religions. Rediscovering that we are *The People of God*, we see all human beings as God's children, even those who broke away or were expelled when trying to reform our flawed church. We began to resolve differences with these 'separated' sisters and brothers, that had once seemed irreconcilable. We stopped punishing those who chose to marry Catholics, and allowed Catholics to attend services in other Christians churches. We began to dialogue with non-Christians too, and in the Easter liturgy stopped praying for the conversion to Christianity of those "perfidious Jews".

▷▷

Fourth, the church needed to reform how it related to the secular world. There were many things radically new in the 1960s: post-war affluence and universal education; talk of a united Europe; colonised peoples and minorities seeking freedom. We had astounding new technology in the transistor, the Pill, jet travel and satellites; and there was the nuclear bomb which threatened to destroy us.

Many began to see the world in new ways and to challenge authority. But the clerical 'fortress' church still looked mostly inwards. As it had once condemned Galileo, now it condemned Marx, Darwin and Freud. Despite Jesus' call to liberate oppressed peoples (*Lk 4:18*), the church often sided with oppressors. It had only recently permitted literary criticism of the Bible and still maintained an *Index of Forbidden Books*.

When the Second Vatican Council opened, the Roman Curia tried to control it, but at the very first Session two old cardinals, Liénart and Frings, resisted the Curia's plan. On that day they unlocked the church by calling for a vote that let a wider range of bishops take part in drafting the new documents.

This largest-ever gathering of bishops recognised that they, not the Curia, are the church. In their final document, *The Church in The Modern World (Gaudium et Spes),* they proclaimed that God is found not only in our sanctuaries and liturgy, but in the workplace and marriage bed, because in Christ "all things hold together"(*Col 1:17 & 20*). Having studied the past, they now called the church to listen to "the many voices of our times..."(*GS 44*).

vatican II today

But is the revolution of Vatican II now being reversed? From the day the Council ended, some frightened members of the Curia have fought a rearguard action against it. At a Special Synod in 1985 Pope John Paul II and his Curia shifted emphasis away from *The People of God*, a phrase used about 40 times in the Council's document; but the Synod's Report (*II.1.3*) now implied that it was merely a "new sociological conception which is one-sided". They replaced it with the vaguer word *Communion*, implying union around the leader. In 25 years since that Synod, the phrase *People of God* has appeared only rarely in Roman documents.

But the living water that Vatican II released will not disappear from our church, for it is now part of our understanding of the Gospel. 'Rome' may try to reverse the revolution when it usurps control over the details of prayer and celebration in every parish on earth.

The Curia may muddy the water when it stifles ecumenism with documents that insult other churches or religions; or pollute it when we are forbidden to discuss certain topics and asked – impossibly – to submit "in obedience of mind and heart"! The church can command our hearts and actions, but our minds are made to obey the truth as we best find it. Loading guilt onto people for not 'definitively holding' a judgment of an individual pope is a kind of ecclesiastical abuse.

Those who see our church primarily as a holy institution are in danger of defending it at the expense of The People of God. Cardinal Ratzinger, now Pope Benedict XVI, was top adviser to Pope John Paul II at the 1985 Synod, which so mutilated our church's teaching. As pope he has allowed changes that deny the principles of the Vatican Council's teaching on liturgy: normalising Mass in Latin and even discouraging "full and active participation of the faithful" by again accepting the priest's facing away from the congregation.

Although now Pope, he is no more personally infallible than any other Christian. Those who doubt this need only read the immoral life of Pope Alexander VI or remember that St Peter betrayed Jesus and later needing to be rebuked by Paul for acting hypocritically (*Gal. 4:11-14*); or recall that St Catherine of Siena admonished Pope Gregory XI to return to Rome in 1377. This article has been written because the church's own Law calls it our "right and duty... to manifest our opinion on matters which pertain to the good of the Church" (*Canon 212*).

We need to pray urgently for our Pope, that he be faithful to the full Magisterium of church councils and previous popes, and have the courage to face squarely the task of implementing the *Dogmatic Constitution on the Church* (*Lumen Gentium*), ratified by Pope Paul VI after being approved by 2151 bishops (with five only voting against it) in the Third Session of the Vatican Council, 21 November 1964. ■

the catholic church in new zealand

Tui Motu *completed its survey by looking at the New Zealand church through the eyes of a community of Sisters, who collectively have worked in a whole array of ministries over many decades. The Aranui Mercy community was anxious to insist that this was their personal view, not necessarily representative of their wider congregation. Sr Pauline O'Regan was their spokesperson.*

"One thing I rejoice about in the contemporary church is the way lay people often fully embrace the ministries which are now open to them. They take responsibility for the church because they ***are*** the church. So many of them now are theologically literate in a way that simply wasn't true, years ago.

"Nevertheless I deeply regret the increasing centralisation of the contemporary church, which impacts locally because it contributes towards a climate of fear, robbing us of sound leadership. The bishops, when they could be fully involved locally, are constantly watching Rome because Rome is watching them. This climate of fear is transmitted also to the local clergy, so that they too are denied their full leadership role in their parishes.

"An individual priest may be longing to act in a pastoral way, which his own conscience urges on him, but he is crippled by a church-made law. He may be inhibited by what his fellow priests may think, or what the bishop may say, or even the threat of possible suspension. What is being forgotten is that Jesus constantly had to break such man-made laws in order to do what was needed for the people of his time. Jesus constantly speaks of the law of love which overcomes fear.

"This attitude of fear makes our church appear increasingly irrelevant to the contemporary world. It has led to a continuing haemorrhage of people. We have lost two generations of Catholics. Parents will constantly tell you that none of their children go near church. Their children see the church as something which condemns rather than loves them.

"The message that the church is 'loving, forgiving and healing' is not coming through for them to hear. Yet people are longing to receive those words – and they are not hearing them. This is particularly true as regards the official teachings of the church.

"Among the clergy, who are largely an ageing group", Sr Pauline continued, "I really admire the fidelity and spiritual stamina many show in spite of drastically declining numbers. What is so sad is that there are some 19 priests who have served in this Diocese, unable to practise their ministry because they are married. At the same time priests from overseas are being brought in, most of whom have serious cultural and language difficulties in working here.

"Among those of the faithful who remain loyal, I see an increasing number who have retreated into a devotional religion – something which belongs to the past. Some leave, others lapse into an earlier form of Catholicism. I mean by that an individual and personalised practice of their faith rather than a celebration of their belonging to the People of God. The vitality that existed 30 to 40 years ago has fallen away.

"The official church today remains male-dominated: it has a real fear of women. Otherwise, I do not see how it could maintain the weak arguments put forward for ignoring women in the ordained ministry and keeping women out of participating in policy-making and decision-making processes.

"In this respect the church is running counter to developments in society. At the local level I measure it by the way so many priests continue to use exclusive language in the liturgy: they are revealing a deep-rooted fear of change. I would call the church's treatment of women scandalous. Once upon a time you could excuse it on the grounds of ignorance – but not now.

"The principal purpose of the church," Sr Pauline concluded, "is to take the good news to everybody. Evangelisation is its prime function. Yet it has ceased to speak to this world, which is craving and longing for belief. A needy society looks towards the church, but the church is abandoning it.

"We are turning inwards and becoming an exclusive sort of community. And that is alien to what Jesus called on us to do. I fear that we are failing God." ■

John Calvin

scholar and provocateur

Church historian Peter Matheson looks at the reputation and influence of the great religious leader, whose 500th anniversary of birth falls this year. Was he as intolerant and unyeilding as he is sometimes portrayed?

This year is the 500th anniversary of the birth of the Frenchman, John Calvin, next to Luther probably the leading 16th century Protestant Reformer. His influence on Western Europe and America was momentous. Latin editions and translations of his Biblical commentaries and his summary of Christian doctrine, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, poured into the Netherlands, England, Scotland, the Rhineland and also into Hungary. He was a fine linguist and humanist scholar, but he is probably best known for his advocacy of moral reform and lay participation in church government.

In the popular mind, however, he remains the personification of intolerance and dogmatism, associated with the iron-clad doctrine of double predestination and with the burning at the stake of the Spanish doctor and anti-Trinitarian, Servetus. He is probably even more unpopular among Anglicans than among Catholics, because of a widespread amnesia in parts of the Anglican Communion about his foundational influence before and after the Elizabethan Settlement.

In the late 19th century, however, when religious polemic between Protestants and Catholics was at its height in New Zealand, the *Tablet* was forever taking pot-shots at these "bloodthirsty bulldogs", Calvin and John Knox of Scotland, in response to the floods of Protestant abuse about the Papacy and the Jesuits.

All the more interesting, therefore, to note that it was a Catholic scholar, Ernst Zeeden, one of whose seminars I attended in the 1960s, who was the first to point to the similarities between Calvinism and the Society of Jesus. Calvinists and Jesuits both emphasised the necessity of discipline, especially self-discipline, in the context of a vaulting concern for the glory and sovereignty of God. Both developed new forms of ministry and mission, and gave top priority to teaching and pastoral care. Both developed fascinating critiques of political absolutism.

a more modern view of Calvin

Of late, a stream of books and articles, much of it stemming from the United States, has prompted a sea change in our understanding of Calvin. Bruce Gordon's fine new biography, for example, comprehensively dishes the myth that Calvin was a cold fish, an "iron man for iron times", as he was sometimes called. Not before time, we are getting beyond both hagiography and crude condemnation.

This change of perspective has more than mere academic interest. Calvin was a radical ***theologian of exile***. Many of his followers found themselves either in exile or at odds with the authorities. Calvin attracted many of the *avant garde* in the early modern period: professionals, scholars, lawyers, doctors, publishers, lay people seeking a new way into the Bible and a fresh blueprint for a just society. So it is odd that since the Enlightenment Calvinism has tended to attract the more conservative circles within the Protestant Churches.

Today, however, new perspectives on Calvin are emerging, based on a much wider range of primary sources. The pastoral, exegetical and educational priorities in Calvin's life and work are being emphasised as never before, while traditional perceptions of his chilly rationalism have been challenged.

Calvinism in 19th century New Zealand

What of the impact of Calvinism's thought here in New Zealand? One difficulty we have is that there are virtually no scholarly studies at all on New Zealand Calvinism – even of the most prominent advocates of Calvinism in this country, such as the redoubtable James MacGregor (1829-1894), a distinguished Presbyterian minister in Oamaru from 1882. Thus any conclusions at this stage about Calvinism's impact on New Zealand must be very tentative.

We will also need to define our terms. What is meant by Calvinism?

We need to distinguish between the Biblical theology of Calvin and later classical Calvinism, which moved in a contractual and rationalist direction. Probably it was 'folk Calvinism' which had the most direct impact on New Zealand – Calvin decked out, so to speak, in kilt and sporran. In the Otago settlement, Calvinism was filtered through the experience of the 17th century Scottish Covenanters and the 1843 *Disruption*.

The Covenanters were regarded as traitors by the Stuarts and ruthlessly suppressed. Under Thomas Chalmers, the Disruption led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland, and the "Crown Rights of the Redeemer" – Christ as head of the church – were championed against the legal rights of wealthy patrons to nominate the minister for a congregation.

In the young colony of New Zealand, John Knox and Covenanters such as Samuel Rutherford tended to figure as prominently as Calvin, as stained glass windows such as those of Knox Church, Dunedin, testify. Bookshelves of lay people as well as ministers and countless little congregational libraries would often contain books with dramatic illustrations of Covenanting martyrs, male and female, or depicting the hardships of the Disruption, as the parishioners trooped out of their beloved church into the snow. Far from 'home', Presbyterians in New Zealand identified with this tradition of hardship and exile.

the 20th century in nz

When the 400th anniversary of Calvin's birth was celebrated in 1909, therefore, it was an exclusively Presbyterian affair. Yet even within Presbyterianism Calvin had become a controversial figure. Professor William Salmond was something of a banner-carrier for Presbyterianism in Dunedin, delivering public lectures on the hot topics of the day in what was an intellectually lively little community. The challenge of critical approaches to the Bible, as well as the scientific discoveries and theories of Darwin and others, were discussed with remarkable openness.

However, after Salmond had moved from the church's Theological Hall to a chair of philosophy at the young University of Otago, he launched in 1886 an electrifying attack on the 'intellectual terrorism' of Calvinism. He was particularly critical of traditional understandings of predestination and atonement, and clearly touched a sensitive nerve.

The theological tide was changing. New Zealand newspapers suggested that Calvinism had definitely passed its *use by* date. The move towards a more liberal brand of Christianity parallels similar transformations in Scotland and Australia, and Catholic Modernism as well. JM Bates talks of the emergence of a liberal witness characterised by "evangelical warmth, religious seriousness and a respect for knowledge and truth", which from the late 19th Century accompanied the main current of orthodoxy.

Formally, Presbyterianism remained Calvinist, but there was a growing openness to Biblical criticism, to evolutionary ideas, even to the Romantic poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. 'Liberty of opinion' on many issues was encouraged, and there was growing embarrassment at the abusive language about the Papacy in the traditional *Westminster Confession*.

So, by the beginning of the 20th century an adherence to Calvinism was increasingly the preserve of those of a more fundamentalist persuasion. The Australasian monthly, *The Biblical Recorder*, edited for decades by the fiery New Zealand Presbyterian minister, PB Fraser, is a rich source for such evangelical Calvinism. Fraser's *Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith* itself sold thousands of copies. Yet in its negativity towards contemporary thought and Biblical scholarship and in its individualistic evangelicalism, the *Biblical Recorder* represented a bizarre form of Calvinism.

On the other hand a genuine rebirth of Calvinist scholarship did emerge in New Zealand in the Depression years of the 1930s, flowing from a disenchantment with Liberalism. There was talk of a 'New Calvinism'. Prominent Anglicans, Baptists and in particular a group of very able young Presbyterian ministers, JM Bates, IW Fraser, JTV Steele and James Baird, launched the *New Zealand Journal of Theology* in 1932. They hoped the 400th anniversary of Calvin's 1536 *Institutes* would not so much celebrate this "greatest man in the history of the Reformed Catholic Church" as rediscover the Bible as the Word of God.

They reminded New Zealanders, too, that in the desolate days of the Third Reich the Reformed congregations were at the forefront of criticising totalitarianism. Worship was deepened by a re-encounter with Calvin's and Knox's Eucharistic thought. The vigour of the 1930s' revival of Calvinism, though, was marred by hagiographical tendencies, and seemed blind to the challenge of understanding Calvin in an Australasian context.

calvin and the future

As the 20th century neared its end, therefore, interest in Calvin tended to be a minority concern, though it never faded away completely. Perhaps the emergent concern for public theology, contextual theology and for a theology of exile, reflective of the diaspora situation of all the churches in New Zealand today, will lead to a renewed, ecumenical interest in the exegetical, socio-political and ecclesiological initiatives of Calvin and his immediate followers. The new scholarship at our disposal may enable Calvin to be investigated afresh, in critical freedom, as the scholar and provocateur he was in his own time. ■

Dr Peter Matheson, whose special interest is Reformation history, was a contributor to the Knox College Symposium in August to commemorate the Calvin jubilee.
An article on Calvin and Ecology *will appear in the November issue.*

it takes a long time to grow young

being old in the 21st century - the elder person's perspective

Pauline O'Regan

I wrote a book about old age when I was 80, believing that being 80 would give me credibility with my readers. But I also secretly thought that at 80 I knew everything there was to be known about old age. I have had seriously to revise that opinion, as I've made my way further through the decade.

What I've discovered is that as you get further into your 80s, old age, rather like winter, tends to become more severe. But what I want to share with you is that I have discovered as I make my way over these past seven years that against all odds – and all expectations of myself, given my temperament – I have changed in attitude and in behaviour, in quite a few things. I didn't expect that to happen.

being helped

The first has to do with the fact that when you get old, some people tend to patronise you. I used to find this very hard to take. I noticed they used a rather different tone of voice. They spoke more slowly and a little more loudly. Sometimes it was a tone of voice that was alarmingly like the way people speak to children.

I used to take great exception to this, interiorly, and I think it showed in writing my book, where I gave lots of examples. I believe the disabled have been telling us about this for years – this experience of feeling that they were being talked down to. Some people do tend to think, as they see you declining physically and becoming more decrepit on the outside, that it must be also affecting you up top. And that therefore they've got to be more careful.

But the old, I've discovered, can take quite a different attitude towards this. As I've made me way through my 80s, I've found that no longer do I hear the patronising edge in the tone. I hear rather the kindness behind it, the concern and the desire to help. And I've found it quite transforming to change in this way.

When I'm in the shop these days, the woman at the counter often looks across the heads of all her other customers and says, "Are you all right over there, love?" Once I would have bristled. But I've discovered now I'm actually quite grateful because, nine times out of ten, I'm not all right. And I'm very glad of the implication in the tone of voice that help is on its way.

I test all these things out once a month at least, during my cooking week, when I do my shopping at the local supermarket for our community. There was a time when I used to take my magnifying glass with me, and I would be peering at the prices and checking the various brand names, very independent and not a little self-righteous, and getting more irritable by the moment. Now I never dream of taking my magnifying glass, because I've changed my behaviour in this matter. I treat everybody in that supermarket as my sister and brother who are ready to help me, and I have discovered that that's exactly what they are.

I try to choose people who would feel they would be least likely to be asked by an old woman to help her. I love tattoos, or the 14-year-old boy who's making his grumpy way round the supermarket. And I say, "Would you mind reading for me what's on that notice up there? I have very bad sight." The boy will gather himself together and he'll read it for me, and he'll stand looking at me, as much as to say, "Is there anything else I can do?"

So my discovery in this period since I wrote my book is that there is out there in the community a wonderful reservoir of kindness directed towards us old people, if we'll tap into it and express our need.

spiritual blossoming

I have found that as my physical life goes downhill and becomes more derelict my spiritual life can, in inverse proportion, grow and blossom. I thought I would share with you my particular form of nourishing my spiritual life, because it has become very much the spirituality of my old age. I take just two events from the gospel.

One is where Jesus told us to call God our "father". I'm absolutely certain that if Jesus lived in our time, with our cultural differences, he would tell us also to call God our mother. Because all he is telling us is that our relationship is one of a parent and a child. So it's a love relationship, and a deeply intimate one.

this is my world
and I own it – I claim it!

The other moment I take from the gospel is where Jesus placed a small child "in their midst", as it says. He suspended his teaching for a moment to do this. He was preaching about the realm of God, or as we used to say more often, the kingdom of heaven, and how to get there. And he took this child, and said, "if you want to enter the kingdom of heaven, you would do well to be like this little one." Now I know that he wasn't talking about childishness. God help us, we use every bit of energy in our old age to ward off second childhood! So he was talking about being childlike.

Over these years since I turned 80, I have tried to make a very special study of children. I've tried to take this seriously; I actually go down to our local mall, and just watch children, to see what Jesus was looking for when he said that.

living in the moment

And amongst other things, what always strikes me most is that children seem to be absolutely carefree. They have no regrets; they've completely forgotten that they were playing up with their mother or father ten minutes ago. They're just right there, living in the moment. It also seems to me that they fully embrace the world they are in. They're almost shouting at me, "This is my world, and I own it, I claim it!" And they live with such spontaneity and naturalness.

I feel that they can do all the things I see them doing, pushing boundaries and testing their parents, with such freedom, because they know that they are loved. They are certain of the love of that other person. They know that they'll be accepted, no matter what they do, that the arms will always be wide open for them. In the very centre of their beings, they know that they are loved. So I say to myself, "Well, I know that I am loved, too. I have a parent, a father-mother God. And if this is what it's about – total acceptance – there are no regrets."

In old age, you have lots of time. It's one of the perks; but it's also one of the pitfalls. Because with that time, you can spend a lot of useless energy going over your past, regretting things you did, things you said. But if I'm going to be like that child, I'm not going to do that. I'm going to put those cares away. You have to work at this, I've discovered. This does not come all that easily. I have to deal with my anxiety about the future, as death and the frailty preceding it become more imminent. If I'm going to be like the little child that Jesus said I must be like, I will live in the present, in the now.

That's what I strive to do – to live as fully as I can in the present. I notice that with children, there is a complete absence of any kind of earnestness. I think that one of the big obstacles to the spiritual life is earnestness. I see people, as they get older, becoming more anxious, perhaps. They start saying more prayers, they start moralising about the world, especially about the younger generation – as though the world, in their day, was any one wit better than it is today! We create that myth for ourselves. I think that children don't know the meaning of earnestness.

embracing our world

The other thing that I try to do in this movement towards being childlike in my spiritual life is to embrace the world that I live in the way they do. I look at them and I say, "Right, it's your world, but it's mine, too. I'm going to embrace it as fully and as spontaneously as you do." It's very easy to embrace the beauty of the world we live in, but it also includes the excitement and awesomeness of technology, which seems to take a quantum leap every week, as a new invention bursts on the scene.

I don't know what iPods look like, but I think they sound fabulous. And goodness knows what can't be done with the cell phone, over and above texting and twittering! Parents tell me that they can speak to their son in London, their daughter in Beijing, and see them on their computer, and their children can see them in return. What that must do for the beautiful relationship between parents and children!

Just yesterday, when I was coming up in the plane from Christchurch, I sat next to a woman who told me she was coming to Auckland for a check-up with her surgeon, after a cornea transplant in both eyes. She told me that she was blind, and now she can see. And I just watched her reading for most of the trip. If I'm living in an era that has the resources to make the blind see, I want to embrace it with all my heart.

So my spiritual life is centred on becoming as childlike as I possibly can, in answer to that direction of Jesus. There's a paradox in old people learning to become childlike, but it's the wisdom that lies at the heart of Jesus' teaching. I read a quote quite recently from Pablo Picasso, in which he said: "It takes a long time to grow young". I think I know what he was talking about. ■

This address was given to the Ageing and Spirituality *conference, held in Auckland during August*

the politics

This article is part of the series, sponsored by the Dominicans: *Communities of Hope in a Chaotic World*. Here, Rosemary Neave seeks to go to the heart of the gospel message – a message of inclusion, based on the commandment of universal love

When we marginalise others, we marginalise a part of our self. The Christian commandment to love others has often been qualified through history as we have marginalised one group or another, dehumanising, demonising and ultimately eliminating 'the other' , whether they be witches, Jews, Catholics, Protestants… As a liberal I take responsibility for the way I have often demonised and dehumanised fundamentalists, evangelicals and conservatives. I firmly believe that is not the way forward: to demonise the 'other' is ultimately to demonise myself.

I was once told of a quote by Thomas Merton, which has held great meaning for me through the years. It went something like: "we could never understand the horror of Auschwitz until we discovered the same potential within ourselves."

introduction

I begin with two sayings: ***There are only two things - love or fear.*** (Michael Leunig); ***A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another as I have loved you.*** (Jesus of Nazareth)

If you asked me what are the values that lie at the core of my faith and life, I am often drawn back to the Leunig quote. I have yet to be in a place where recalling it does not move me forward in some way. For me it is a modern (and slightly more accessible) version of the Great Commandment of Jesus.

Leunig's phrase echoed within me as I travelled through Europe last year and touched the stories of Jews, Moors, gypsies, Cathars, communists and heretics who have all in the past experienced the full force of ***fear*** in various communities. Likewise it echoed within me as I watched the machinations of the Anglican bishops gathered at Lambeth for their eight-yearly gathering, and their discussion of the issue of gay bishops/priests/christians/humans.

Evora, Portugal: the Crest of the Inquisition hangs over the door of the present offices of the Roman Catholic Church.

who is the 'other'?

In the past 30 years so much of our energy has gone into differentiating ourselves from each other. Now we are Maori, Pakeha, Tutsi, Hutu, Gay, Disabled, Muslim, Christian… In our efforts to define and claim our own special identities, it has been too easy to make the 'other', the one different from us, into our enemy.

When the planes flew into the Twin Towers I wondered if perhaps the challenge of the new Millennium was once again to embrace the 'other'. Rather than putting all our energy into differentiating ourselves and moving away into our interest groups, perhaps the future was about drawing closer again – but this time without sacrificing our identity or asking the 'other' to sacrifice theirs.

To be honest, I am not sure how to do this, except to embrace this challenge of love instead of fear and to notice the points at which in our history, and in our present stories, we are perpetuating the kind of oppositional thinking that creates an 'other' that we can demean, ostracise or scapegoat.

the cathars in southern france

In mediaeval times, the South of France was its own little world – with strong local alliances, its own language and an independent spirit. Too independent, it seemed for the Roman Catholic Church. The South largely welcomed Jews and Saracens and the Cathars whose Christian faith diverged from that of Rome.

The Cathars were regarded as heretics, and for the first time a crusade was declared by Rome against Christians in Europe. It was the beginning of what would become the Great Inquisition when much opposition and independent thinking was quashed.

This Rome-sponsored crusade seems no different from the current Islamic practice of Jihad. They look pretty similar to me – opposition to all that is different and challenges mainstream thinking: opposition that is strong enough to want to kill and destroy and marginalise the other and to destroy them.

the lambeth conference

These stories from the past resonated with me as I reflected on the battle waged last year at the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops over the inclusion (or not) of gay people. Unfortunately the bishops seemed inclined to offer gay people up on the altar of unity at all costs.

# of inclusion

Rosemary Neave

However, in July 2009 the Episcopal Church of America voted overwhelmingly to affirm that "any ordained ministry" is open to gay men and lesbians. Rather than seeing this action as an overturning of the moratorium on ordaining gay bishops, it was seen by many as simply an honest assertion of 'who we are'. They noted that the church has hundreds of openly gay laypeople, priests and deacons, and that its democratic decision-making structures are charged with deciding who merits ordination.

I am dismayed by the attitude of so-called liberals in this debate, trying to 'save' the church by allowing a group (gay and lesbian members) to be marginalised. I am just as dismayed by self-righteous damning of those who hold a more conservative position.

conclusion

These days it seems a simple choice to me – there is only ***love*** or ***fear***. We either accept, love and welcome – or we must crush, control and expel. It is not ultimately about theology or justice or Biblical interpretation. We can (and do) hold different positions on these things. The question is whether we do so with an open heart. There is only fear or love. To marginalise the other is in the end to marginalise myself.

The Convent of Christ in Tomar, Portugal – seat of the Knights Templar: red crosses on the tunics, swords at their sides, the stamp of horses feet – you can feel what it might have been like here at the height of their power.
The Knights Templar are the stuff of fable – at times at the heart of the Church and welcome protectors of pilgrims; in the end they were declared heretics and burned.

Here are two quotes and a story which especially speak to me:

• "First they came for the Communists, and I didn't speak up, because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up, because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up, because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time there was no one left to speak up for me." (*Pastor Martin Niemöller, 1892-1944*)

• "One of the most disturbing facts that came out in the Eichmann trial was that a psychiatrist examined him and pronounced him perfectly sane. I do not doubt it at all, and that is precisely why I find it disturbing… We rely on the sane people of the world to preserve it from barbarism, madness, destruction. And now it begins to dawn on us that it is precisely the sane ones who are the most dangerous." (*Thomas Merton*)

... and a story:

• The flag on Amalienborg

King Christian X of Denmark (1912-47) was one of the most popular Danish monarchs of modern times, partly because of the role he was believed to have played under Nazi rule. Here is a legend told about him.

The Germans wouldn't let the king fly the Danish flag at his castle and told him that if it wasn't taken down the Germans would send a soldier to take it down. The king replied that if that was the case he would send a Danish soldier to raise it again. The Germans replied that they would shoot that soldier and the King replied "That Danish soldier will be me". And throughout the war the Danish flag flew at Amalienborg. ■

After many years working in the Anglican Church and in feminist and post church networks, Rosemary Neave now lives in Waipu, Northland.
www.womentravelblog.com

Players in the NZ Street Football team, participants in the Melbourne 2008 *Homeless World Cup*, performing the haka. Photos courtesy of *Street Football Aotearoa*

hope for the homeless

Continuing the theme of **Communities of Hope in a Chaotic World,**
Brian Turner looks at a serious, contemporary problem – homeless young people

Friday night Fish'n Chips are a tradition for many New Zealand families. My son and I were waiting for ours outside the chippie across the road from the church in Hamilton where I was a minister. A few metres away was a large skip containing some good-looking timber, stripped from an office block being refurbished. Not one to pass up a gift horse we soon had our hands on the timber but no trailer to get it home. So it was over to the church, opening the storage door at the back and tossing the first piece in.

I only got one piece in – there was an anguished cry, a torrent of abuse and the proclamation: "*You're bloody dead mate – you're bloody dead!*" And out staggered an enraged gentleman. There ensued one of the more colourful pastoral conversations one can have.

"*How many more of you sleep under there?*" I eventually enquired.

"*Just me*", said Joe, *"but a couple of me mates do sleep in the toilet block - wrapped in newspaper."* Hope for Joe and his mates was a dry and secure place to sleep, access to basic facilities, and crumbs from the table of a comparatively well-heeled church.

Out of that encounter my interest in and commitment to the poor and homeless deepened and expanded. Earlier, I had worked in Glen Innes, Auckland, and listened as parishioners told of their transition from the overcrowding and squalid conditions in Freeman's Bay, to the once wartime barracks of Camp Bunn Panmure, and finally to a newly-built state house.

Hope for them was walking the streets of Glen Innes and Panmure of an evening, wondering what house they would be allocated. It was many years later before the glow of that realised hope faded in the bad odour that came to hang over many state-housing estates. Hope for their children was escaping across the Tamaki Estuary to the more desirable suburbs of Pakuranga, Howick and Bucklands Beach.

In between Glen Innes and Hamilton, there were years of working across the Pacific and globally at justice and development priorities including homelessness. I can still smell the smoke and stench of the rotting garbage mountains spilling into the Tondo slums of metro-Manila; I can still see the street children pouring in and out of the squatter settlements of Lae and Port Moresby.

I can still hear the cries of women and children crowded into the refugee camps of Thailand, Malaysia and Zimbabwe; and I can still feel the fear of the people of Soweto under draconian ghetto apartheid control. Hope for all these people lay either in escape from, or an overturning of the powers that held them captive.

And back in Aotearoa-New Zealand, what about those trapped in another variation of systemic poverty and powerlessness, the over 200,000 children of beneficiary-dependent families living in comparative poverty, many in substandard and overcrowded housing? Hope for them lies in stable, affordable shelter and an adequate income level to acquire good housing, heating and healthcare, let alone nutritional food.

Often it's assumed these needs are confined to larger cities, but the work of Whanganui Christian Social Services illustrates that a high proportion of those in need inhabit our regional cities and towns as much as metropolitan cities.

Whanganui's ***Project Jericho*** (*see below*) also illustrates that emergency assistance alone can't guarantee long-term stability any more than the provision of shelter and housing guarantees the establishment of a home.

As Auckland Methodists' *Lifewise Pathways* programme illustrates (*p 20*), the transition from street dwelling to house and home is a complex one requiring a set of skills and competencies no one agency can easily provide.

So what makes the difference? What brings real hope, for a street dweller of a city or a rural squatter or a refugee camp family? Everyone is entitled to a place of choice rather than imposition; a place where real relationships can occur rather than isolation or imposed togetherness. In short, everyone is entitled to a place of belonging, a place of security – places where people can grow and develop and express their God-given potential and capacity.

The Judaeo-Christian Scriptures exhort us to welcome the stranger (*Deut 10:19*), and feed the poor (*Matt 25*). They don't say that we should socially engineer people into prescribed communities or habitations or habits. Cultural prescriptions may do this and social service agencies may fulfil these prescriptions. But if people want to live and relate differently, is that such an undesirable thing?

What everyone has a right to hope for is that communities of common good may prevail: communities in which a mix of peoples and lifestyles is possible; places where there are not extremes of wealth or poverty, and no one is dispossessed of their fundamental human rights. Given that an estimated 30,000 children die of malnutrition across the world each day, we still have a long way to go.

But, as the bailout of global financial institutions has shown, we have the resources to prevent malnutrition and to bring real hope to tomorrow's children and the day after and the day after that as well. But do we have the will to implement that hope? ■

Brian Turner is a Methodist Minister with a special focus on justice and development.

project jericho

Project Jericho is an emergency housing service run by Christian Social Services Whanganui. Christian Social Services has always provided assistance for homeless people in the Whanganui District, but research indicated a greater number were requiring accommodation while they found new direction and hopefully permanent accommodation.

With the acquisition, in December 2007, of eight units to rent, *Project Jericho* began to offer up to 25 beds per night. The criteria were that these people had nowhere else to go, no family or friends who could offer them a bed, and insufficient money to pay for other accommodation. During the first 12 months of operation we have accommodated an average of 12-15 people per night, single women, single men, couples and families with children. Their stay has been from overnight stays to several months.

These people, many choosing to live without the encumbrance of a regular home, include also those in transit from other centres, those who have been evicted, and those unable to stay where they have been living. Families endeavouring to get back on their feet because of drug/alcohol abuse, violent or abusive relationships or financial hardship, will need to spend a longer time with us. Our guests often have few belongings although some bring lots of furniture. We accommodate both: we can remove our basic furnishings and household goods, thus enabling families to have their familiar things around for the children.

With the aid of several live-in staff, basic rules are encouraged, and often we find ourselves re-educating people in how to live with others in community. We work with other agencies in the city who make referrals to our service. Other agencies help in finding more permanent accommodation for our guests.

Those who can, pay something for their accommodation. Those who genuinely have no money are helped by good samaritans in Whanganui who, as the Bible story suggests, offer a payment of a bednight with care, to us the 'innkeepers'. If required, we let them know a little of the situation which their donation helped.

Deacon Shirley-Joy Barrow (director)

young people on the streets

Homeless youths on city streets is not just a New Zealand phenomenon. At the present time there are over 32,000 homeless youths roaming the streets of Australian cities, according to Salvation Army officer Paul Moulds, speaking to the recent ARPA conference in Sydney.

Once, homelessness was largely confined to older men who often preferred a rootless, nomadic life. But the phenomenon of 'street kids' which used to be something we read about in the Third World cities, has come home to roost with us in Australia (and New Zealand). The primary reason is they are unwanted. Street kids are usually the products of fractured homes, sometimes victims of violence or abuse. They do not choose it: they have had no choice.

Paul Moulds, in Sydney, runs *Oasis*, a centre for homeless youngsters in Sydney. He finds they are often on drugs. Sometimes the parents are in prison. Paul says that there are few instant miracles, but providing a 'refuge' may be a first step towards a change of lifestyle. It is a matter of justice. Society is letting these youngsters down.

Another person working with youngsters on the streets of Sydney in Fr Chris Riley. He has designed what he calls a 'service learning' programme to help them. What is needed is idealism: the challenge of *what can I do to make a difference to my world?* His strategy is to set up youth centres in difficult suburbs, and then recruit and train committed young people to go into these centres and serve their peers. ■

lifewise

Sue Giddens

Lifewise Auckland is a Methodist social services agency caring for homeless people in the city. Each year it provides 45,000 cooked meals, access to showers, clothing and primary support services. It has also initiated programmes to assist homeless people into housing and addresses the issues which keep people locked into the cycle of homelessness.

One initiative has been through sport. 'Touch' has been added to the weekly sports programme at the Centre with regular games between the *Lifewise* 'streeties' and local police. A national homeless soccer tournament will happen before the end of this year.

Last year, collaboration with *Street Football Aotearoa* led to five young people participating in the 2008 *Homeless World Cup Soccer* tournament in Melbourne (the first ever New Zealand team to take part). One of the team was Everitt Harry Johnson. Three years ago he was living rough behind a building in Auckland's CBD. He writes:

"At any given time there would be as many as seven or eight of us staying behind a CBD building. It was an experience I'd rather forget as it made me feel at times rather hungry, very angry, sometimes lonely and always tired.

"I was introduced to drugs at the age of 13. My father was an alcohol abuser, and I picked up the drinking habit during my first year at High School. My drug of choice for the last 25 years has been mainly marijuana and/or LSD.

"The Melbourne 2008 *Homeless World Cup* not only offered me the opportunity to represent my country in sport, it also motivated me to get off the streets and deal with my addictions. So when I came back from Melbourne I entered an eight-week residential alcohol and drug recovery programme. After successfully completing it I moved first to a boarding hostel for men, and I'm now living in my own flat in Auckland City. My goal is to get back to my studies and finish my university degree.

"Going to Melbourne and representing my country at the *Homeless World Cup* gained my team mates and me a considerable amount of respect. I was really proud of what we achieved. We may not have won a lot of games (won 2 and lost 10), but we won over a lot of people from all over the world. My team mates and I now have friends in the United States, Finland, Poland, England and Australia.

"Going to the Cup helped me change my life."

Players from *Lifewise Auckland*, members of the New Zealand Street Football team

anger and compassion . . . the tale of a street kid

Glynn Cardy

He had a number of teeth missing. It was that toothy grin which I will always remember. I never asked him how he lost them, but I can imagine.

He was first expelled from school when he was ten years old for beating up a male teacher. "He started it," the toothy grin flashed. He spent some time at other schools before he was completely rejected, and then neglected.

I heard that as a kid he once 'went ape' at the shopping centre. Nobody knows what triggered it. The victim, thank God, was a rubbish bin. He pulverised it for over an hour. There was so much anger in such a small, young body.

Yes, I haven't mentioned that he was small. He took after his mum in that regard. He took after her in two other regards as well. She was tough – "I don't take shit from anyone" – and she was charming.

I knew him over a period of about nine years in the mid-'80s. Somewhere in the middle he became permanently wedded to the weed, and after that I never saw him not looking like a zombie. But in the earlier years there was more life and more danger. Mind you I never felt threatened by him. He accepted me as a white priest who lived round the corner. I had been given the rare gift of acceptance. It's a gift that you only really appreciate when you are gone and can never go back.

Others though feared him. I remember feeling nauseous when I met 'Gwendolyn'. 'Gwendolyn' was a baseball bat from whose end protruded a jagged array of soiled nails and knives. Life consisted of smoking, drinking, fights, walking, court, raids by the 'pigs', sitting, and very occasionally talking. It also consisted of family.

He was the eldest of eight, or was it nine? There had been two different fathers, but neither fathered him. There was a certain amount of responsibility laid on him. Usually it meant getting his siblings out of tight spots. Bashing a few heads, occasionally theirs.

He was also compassionate towards others. I remember when four teenagers ran away from their homes and hid for a number of days. Police and worried parents searched for the runaways. One morning at 5 a.m., with a backpack laden with food, he set off. Guided by an inner star he quickly found them, lit a fire, and cooked them breakfast. Then he just left. Some days later they turned themselves in.

I saw him get frustrated with the lack of skills he had in dealing with some situations, not least in controlling his anger. The anger was strong in him. I wonder what happened in his very young years. His neighbourhood, his race, his lack of money, and his relationship to white society defined his teenage years. But then so it was with his siblings and they only had a fraction of his anger.

He'd spent some time in police cells but as he grew older he stayed away from 'jobs' that would attract their attention. When the police visited, usually looking for his brothers, he would put on that bland, impassive look reserved for authority figures.

In the end he controlled himself. He controlled that anger by taking regular 'medicine', marijuana. Blown out, he was lethargic, 'happy', and compliant. The police, and the rest of society, breathed easier.

I went back last year to visit his mother. Chronologically she wasn't too much older than me. But her body and spirit had been battered by the turbulent convergence of race, violence, and poverty. The grinning matriarch who had once taught me how to play poker was now laid low by multiple strokes. I was a reminder of the good old days, and that brought her joy.

I'd had some contact with the family in the last 23 years. I had been involved with a tangi. I had baptised a number of her mokopuna. Some of her children were employed. One had bought a house. Others struggled with mental ill-health and the effects of long-term incarceration.

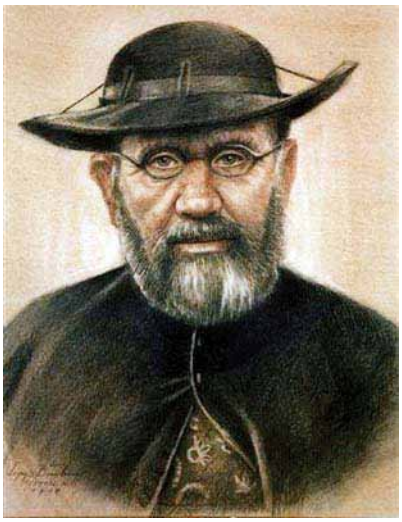
It was both good and sad to see her. Her alcoholic partner of 30 years cared for her as best as he could. Dogs displaying various scabs wandered in and out. The mug that held the sugary tea was chipped and stained.

Children and extended family popped by to see me, and to remember and to laugh. The neighbourhood we'd all once lived in had been demolished and colonised by expensive housing. The landscape had been redecorated, and the colour changed. Together we remembered history.

I asked after her eldest son. He was still with his partner – they'd been together since teenage days. Their children had grown and multiplied. I asked after his eldest, who was doing well. I had baptised that boy many years ago. He was christened 'Freedom Hurricane'. nn It seemed to summarise both the hope and the reality of their lives. ■

Glynn Cardy is Vicar of St-Matthew-in-the-City and Archdeacon of the Anglican diocese of Auckland

Damien of Molokai



This month Damien the Leper will be canonised by the church. He remains an inspiration to all who work among lepers

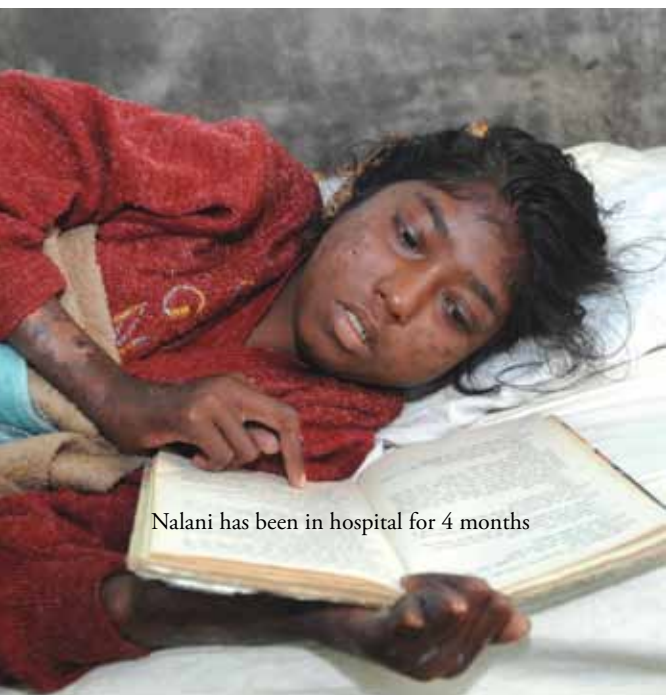
On 11 October, Father Damien of Molokai, Hawaii, is to be raised to sainthood in a ceremony in Rome. Father Damien is renowned for his work with people affected by leprosy – a disease which continues to persist in many of the world's poorest communities to this day.

Back in 1866, the first shipment of leprosy patients sailed to the small island of Molokai for "lifelong enforced segregation". Father Damien was outraged to hear that not only had the patients been forcibly removed from their families, they had been provided with very little on the island. There was inadequate shelter, severe food and water shortages, and no medical care to speak of. The people were simply left there to die.

When the Bishop asked for priests to take turns on the island, Father Damien volunteered to stay for life. On his arrival in 1873, he found he had opened a door on horror. Speaking of the few grass huts the government had provided, Father Damien reported: "A heavy windstorm blew down most of the rotten abodes, and many a weakened person lay in the wind and rain with (for protection) only a thin blanket and wet clothing."

Over the following years, Father Damien worked hard to restore a sense of worth and dignity in people rejected by their community. He encouraged and helped them to build homes, hospitals and farms, and he offered medical care as well as spiritual guidance. He himself contracted leprosy in 1885, and he died four years later, probably of tuberculosis. His life and death have marked him out as a spiritual patron of people affected by leprosy.

During Father Damien's time on Molokai, over 3,000 people were sent to the island, and 2,300 of them died. But leprosy is not fatal. It was isolation, poor nutrition and squalid conditions that killed them – an abject poverty which still claims the lives of those affected by leprosy in the 21st century.



Nalani has been in hospital for 4 months

Father Damien is an inspiration to organisations like *The Leprosy Mission*, which is marking his canonisation by promoting their life-changing *Cure One* programme. Brent Morgan, Executive Director of *The Leprosy Mission New Zealand* says, "Father Damien's canonisation is a time to remember the powerful impact that one life, dedicated to a just cause, can have on people who are living with leprosy… and that people still experience the stigma and rejection of leprosy today."

The *Cure One* programme has been set up to help fund the five steps of curing leprosy in some of the world's poorest communities. It is designed to raise awareness of leprosy, to administer the medical cure and overcome the stigma which helps to perpetuate the disease.

Eleven-year-old Nalani, from Bangladesh, knows how vitally important *The Leprosy Mission*'s work is:
"Every day for three years I tried to hide the leprosy, because I have seen how others have been treated. But then… everything I had feared came true. My friends turned their backs on me, and the school door was locked against me. My father lost his job as a rickshaw driver. I have three brothers and two sisters. The youngest is four years old. I don't know what the future holds for us."

Thanks to supporters of *The Leprosy Mission NZ*, Nalani is undergoing treatment to cure her of the disease, and she and her family will be helped to overcome the stigma. The charity is now looking for 770 *Tui Motu* readers to mark the canonisation of Father Damien and help cure 770 more people. ■

Call now: 0800 862 873; or log on to www.leprosymission.org.nz

A Mother's Journal...

I sit at dawn with a cup of tea. Ruminate. A new morning. A new chance to make good.

Yesterday had streaks of good and bad mother in it. I think back.

I had had the great idea of a 'Home Holiday Programme' for this week of school holidays. We drew up a plan of all the things we never seem to have enough time for – craft and dances, woodwork, a soccer clinic, board games, science experiments. I thought we'd do a 20-minute focus on a different 'hero' for each day too. Gandhi, Dorothy Day, Archibald Baxter, Elsie Locke and Martin Luther King. Each child would also be responsible for dinner one evening. I got out garish felt pens and put the busy colour-coded programme up on the wall.

Day one unravelled fairly rapidly with a few patients turning up after breakfast although it wasn't officially a clinic day. They'd come from several hours' bus ride away. The children fought and read books while they waited for me. Next I decided we couldn't start until we'd tidied up: "This room is a total pigsty – we can't do a holiday programme until we can see the floor." Then it was time for a late morning tea.

So we didn't manage to start on the holiday programme before noon. We started weaving some small baskets with wool and card before lunch – and read a chapter of Harry Potter. Skipped Gandhi.

The afternoon chugged along. Children seemed happy reading and weaving so I quickly sneaked off to do a couple of emails. I came back to find the baby tangling balls of wool and older siblings annoyed. We gave up on woolcraft and went for a long walk in the cool evening to let tempers settle. So that made dinner late. Shar's turn for cooking but it was obvious I could get things happening faster if I made a dish or two. "Mum, I wanted to peel the potatoes and put the chips in the oven."

Bad idea. I was not sticking to the plan.

Dinner was ready by 7.30pm. No time for our evening story. Sorry everyone. Dishes. Teeth. Toilet. Night time prayers were the *Readers Digest* Abridged version – a teaspoon prayer each (TSP) Thank you. Sorry. Please.

Sigh. That was yesterday.

So now it's a new dawn. I feel annoyed with myself. Some of yesterday's tangles were forgivable. Much of it could have flowed better if... If I would focus on one thing. If I took time to be present. If I was patient. If I stopped believing multi-tasking is always more efficient.

Where do I go with this?

I sit and hold these thoughts as a batch of bread dough. The yeast has not worked through all the dough yet. I am a work in progress. Becoming the bread I am meant to be will take time. I need to forgive myself as God forgives me. As my children also forgive me.

The morning's champagne sun splashes onto the hill top outside my window. A hopeful dawn is here. A new chance. Another day. Another whirl at being a mother and a pilgrim. Another go at the colour-coded Holiday programme.

Kaaren Mathias

Kaaren and her husband Jeph and their four children are living in a remote valley in the Himalayas – setting up a new community health programme

given for all

Diane Pendola

In a great basin below the Sierra Buttes, I'm settled on a wide slab of granite that drops down at an angle towards Long Lake. A shelf protrudes from the rock, providing just enough bench for me to sit, my knees up, my arms clasped around them, looking out over clear, clean water toward a rugged mountain whose detailed reflection is captured in the lake's clarity. My skin senses the wind as I watch it breathing over the waters, raising small ripples of light as it moves across the lake's surface.

I think of Ken Hartman, doing life in prison without the possibility of parole. I think of so many people (some just kids) locked away from such beauty: from the freedom of a hike on an alpine trail, from the joy of a picnic with a beloved, from the happiness of playing fetch with a dog in the water's shallows.

I breathe in and wonder how I can send this breath to Ken, this spirit, this wind. If in truth we are all connected, then this wind, too, is our common thread, this thought, this prayer, this care that some day our human-made hells may be transformed to heavens, not in another celestial realm but here among us and between us. *The kingdom of God is among you,* Jesus said, *between you and within you* – just like the breath; just like the wind.

I was brought up on the Eucharist. At Catholic Mass I heard the words, *Take and eat. This is my body. Take and drink. This is my blood, given for all so that sins may be forgiven. Do this in memory of me.* These words, this event, are considered the heart of the Catholic-Christian faith. I draw on the thought of the thoroughly intercultural and pluralistic philosopher Raimon Panikkar to guide me. At the core of Panikkar's philosophy is the insight that the whole of reality is deeply interconnected and trinitarian or triadic in structure.

He says of the Eucharist: "It is the revelation of the cosmotheandric (*trinitarian*) nature of reality. The Eucharist reminds us of the whole and makes it real for us: *This is the body of Christ*. The Mystical Body does not mean just a small group of humans. It extends to the entire universe in its proper status." *(The Cosmotheandric Experience by Raimon Panikkar, Orbis Books, 1993, p.69)*

Other traditions have their own unique symbology to speak about this communion nature of reality. For example, *pratitya samutpada* – 'Interdependent Co-arising' – is at the heart of Buddhist teaching. As Buddhist teacher Thich Nhat Hanh says: "According to the teaching of Interdependent Co-Arising, cause and effect co-arise (*samutpada)*, and everything is a result of multiple causes and conditions. Interdependent Co-Arising goes beyond our concepts of space and time. *The one contains the all.*"
(The Heart of the Buddha's teaching, by Thich Nhat Hanh, Parallax Press, 1998, p. 206)

Which brings me back to the words of the Eucharist*: Given for* ***all,*** *so that sins may be forgiven.* Do I believe these words, *given for all?* Do ***we*** believe them? Either ***all*** are included

or none. I stake my faith on the *all*. And what is the 'sin' to be forgiven? Is it only our individual wrongs, our petty offences, even our mortal transgressions against life? What if we are more than individuals?

What if we are in fact community, the body of Christ, that we re-member, make present, throughout the web of our shared humanity and beyond, our shared life with all the beings of this green-blue planet spinning in the immensity of space? If we are more than individuals, if we are persons constituted by the web of our relations, then we are indeed our sisters' and our brothers' keepers. We are our prisons as well as our universities. We are refugees as well as terrorists, peacemakers as well as arms dealers.

We are the leaven in the bread rising. We are the salt in a tasteless desert. We are the light in the belly of the beast. We are the only ones that can transform the world: we who know that it is **all of us** or **none of us**.

All are included *so that sins may be forgiven*: so that estrangements that run like chasms between us might be bridged; so that inequities bred into us like an ancient inheritance might be made right; so that war and violence, rape and cruelty might be undone at the knot of their beginnings by the threads of love and justice, equity and consciousness; so that kindness can be the warp and forgiveness the woof of our shared life fabric.

I think about this, looking out over the water. I think about how to send the peace of this place to my brother, locked away for life, barred from what I take for granted. He brings me there, to the belly of the beast. I bring him here, to the heights of beauty. Both of us change because we do not stop at the limit of our bodies and our senses; because this wind unites us across boundaries and flows in spaces at once too small and too immense to be imprisoned; because the Kingdom of God is among, between and within us; because that kingdom is community, and community is communion, and communion means we are ONE in the wind that unites us.

Sometimes I wonder why I feel so moved, "to proclaim release to the captive." I think it goes to this: either the liberating power of the Divine, which works through the human and expresses itself in real embodied structures of loving community, is transformative of the entire reality, or not! If this liberation is not for the most violent, the most wounded, the most degraded, the most de-humanised and de-humanising, then how can it be for any of us? The promises of Christ must reach into hell, because we are largely its creators. It's all of us or none of us.

Gazing over the lake, I look deeply into the mountain reflected there. I'm reminded of a poem called *Tilicho Lake* by David Whyte:

In this high place
it is as simple as this,
leave everything you know behind.

Step toward the cold surface,
say the old prayer of rough love
and open both arms.

Those who come with empty hands
will stare into the lake astonished,
there, in the cold light
reflecting pure snow
the true shape of your own face.

(Where Many Rivers Meet, by David Whyte, Many Rivers Press, 1990, p. 23)

Staring into this lake I see a face much like Ken's. I wonder if, on the cold surface of his prison cell, enough light comes through to reflect the true shape of this mountain's face. ■

Jean Georges Honoré (1933-2009)

John Honoré started writing for *Tui Motu* from 1999, and he made page 30 his own unique creation: a monthly column of social and political comment. Many readers have said it was always the first page they turned to. He delighted most – and infuriated a few. But his column was never dull.

In that respect his writings reflected the man. From the first time I came to know him shortly after I moved to Christchurch, I found him a loyal and engaging friend. He was the perfect columnist: always punctual with his copy, clear and accurate, witty and carefully researched – and (to the editor's delight) invariably the correct word length.

He had his favourite themes. He constantly lamented that the United States could have elected as leader a man as devoid of wisdom as George W Bush. He was outraged by the perennial injustice inflicted by the Israelis on the Palestinian people. He was the sternest critic of our own political leadership. For John, politics had to be more than pragmatic: it had to be ethical.

At his funeral his son Guy and sister Thérèse gave warm tributes and both are quoted in the following paragraphs. John, says Guy, "was proudly French... He modelled his family on the strong French family ethos learnt from his parents." He and his delightful wife Mavora travelled extensively (business trips, in part, since he worked as a wool exporter) and this broadened his knowledge and understanding of the world stage. "He was always consciously engaged with the world, its news and its issues. He had strong opinions and was not afraid to debate and publicise them.

"When he retired at 60, then began a new and equally satisfying chapter in his life, that of retirement. He shared with Mavora their love of languages, poetry and music. Also at 60 he began university and achieved a BA in French and English Literature, with Honours. He thrived on the vitality and youth of the university environment."

John was still attending lectures until advancing sickness earlier this year prevented it. His intellectual spark continued until his last days on earth. During our final phone conversation he was busy rehearsing a project for an article, and he was anxious to receive my blessing on the chosen topic.

Another facet of his life which clearly flourished after his retirement was his personal spirituality. He and Mavora were founders and leading members of the Christchurch Rosminian group. They once travelled to Rome to attend an international Rosminian gathering. They often used to pray together.

This personal spirituality undoubtedly strengthened him for the long vigil of Mavora's sickness, when he became her principal nurse and comforter. He was able to give her quality of life right up to her final week. Four months ago, at her funeral, he was at the church door to greet all the mourners personally. He delivered the first eulogy with characteristic wit and warmth. He stood in the roaring gale and pouring rain at her graveside. He then went home, collapsed and never walked again. It was total and heroic devotion to the love of his life.

When he knew that his own death was approaching he welcomed the visits of his priest and lay friends, with whom he seemed to delight in having serious spiritual converse. The afternoon before his death he received a visit from one of his oldest and closest Rosminian friends, and they spoke at length about the after life. It was his way of preparing himself for the most momentous of all journeys.

The final words belong to his sister Thérèse: "John was always of strong opinion. A highly intelligent enquiring mind that was only it seems 'let loose' when he no longer had such family and work commitments. A wicked sense of humour, quick wit that was experienced by all, and a firm conviction in all that he believed in.

"His family and his faith were of paramount importance, and I must say too that he didn't suffer fools easily. One other factor in John's make up was his absolute charm and his ability to engage people from all walks of life in great discussion."

May he and his beloved Mavora rest in peace.

M.H.

how to play your cards

Not all of us makes the best of the hand of cards that fate has dealt us, but Paul Andrews met someone who definitely did – "one of the most remarkable people I have met".

It is not easy to convey the flavour of Stephen. When I first met him, he was a thin, delicate-looking man who weighed barely seven stone and looked younger than his 36 years. He smiled easily, and seemed unsurprisable. The one thing that surprised him was that he was still alive.

He had been born with a congenital heart and lung condition. He was not just a delicate baby; he barely survived. His mother knew all about keeping children alive. She worked with the nuns to visit and help parents with handicapped children, in days when State help was minimal. Stephen often went with her, and learned a lot about caring.

But he paid a price for the long periods when he was too sick for school. He was put into a slow learners' class in his primary school. He seemed to have been dealt a particularly poor hand of cards. It was only in his early teens that his ailments had stabilised to some extent, and he was able to stay at school for longer periods. By 15 he was near the top of his class.

independent living

He learned to cook, to play the guitar and mandolin, to paint, play pitch and putt, and fish a bit in the canal – all occupations that involve the hands; and Stephen's hands were arthritic to the point where the pain seriously sapped his energy. He got by with a careful and minimal use of painkillers. More than that, he got by with prayer, and a sense that the bad days would give way to days that were not as bad.

You might think that he would grow up dependent, a mother's boy. Not so. By the time I knew him, he drove his own car, and rented a place in west Dublin. "A place?" I asked him. He smiled. "In my block the front rooms have a good view and they are called apartments. The back ones are called flats. I'm in a flat."

rock 'n roll years

Would any of you remember a band called Strawberry Cross? No, I didn't think you would. They won a prize as the best new band of 1994 – but that was their only prize. They did gigs here and there, including a trip to Germany, but their biggest take on anyone night was €7. As Stephen said with a smile, "You had to pay to play". Despite his sicknesses he was the leader, the activator, as well as playing mandolin and guitar.

He took all the grief. The rejection letters were addressed to him. He had learned, in a way that the healthy musicians had not learned, that you can take a lot of grief and still survive. It took a good deal of grief before they recognized that the world was not clamouring for them, and moved to other occupations. But Stephen looked back on those wandering years as the good times.

distressing experiences

There were bad times too. What made Stephen indignant was what he saw as the unfairness of life to his mother. As well as Stephen she had cared heroically for her sick husband until his Alzheimer's wanderings defeated her; then she found him a good nursing home. When she should have been able to enjoy life for herself, she was struck down by Parkinson's and confined to a wheelchair. Stephen stayed close and longed to lift her spirits; but you could see the pain when he spoke of her.

By the time I met him, he had learned computer graphics in Germany, and travelled in Spain, Albania, Africa, and USA. What distressed him grievously in his travels was not the poverty of Africa, or the Mafia-style crooks who surrounded Mother Teresa's nuns in Albania, but what he found on his return to Europe. He was fresh from tasting the destitution in Africa, and the thoughtless affluence he experienced in the Netherlands was too much for him.

Though he did not talk much religion, his passion for God, and for justice, shone through all the time. He thought of the priesthood, but his health would not have survived the long training. Instead he trained to be an art therapist, and offered his services free in a psychiatric hospital.

untouched by sin

One schizophrenic girl was referred to Stephen by the psychiatrist: "I cannot reach her; nobody can". Stephen took her slowly and she started to draw and paint, and then to talk. What was his secret? A vulnerability, totally unthreatening, in league with the weakest. I think of him as pre-Adamite, somehow untouched by original sin.

The last day I met him, he astonished me by producing a painting: two bare-footed African boys facing a brilliant sun, and looking at a hand of cards. He wrote: "To Paul. Thank you for helping me make sense of the cards in hand. Stephen".

ready for the end

A month later he was with a friend at home, when he suddenly started to spit blood, and within an hour he was dead. He had lived from day-to-day in readiness for death: *I never know will I get as far as bedtime, and when I wake up, it is a surprise.* It was not a case of waiting for the end, but rather of living every day to its fullest. He could easily have pitied himself and become a professional invalid. Instead he packed more into his years than our most successful young tigers.

To have known Stephen was a particular grace. This funny, self-mocking boy, who loved God and radiated goodness, was one of the most remarkable people I have met. ■

Paul Andrews is a Jesuit priest/psychotherapist living in Dublin

how ritual can help the pain of infertility

Be Fertile with your Infertility
Christine Bannan and
Winnie Duggan
Bateson Publishing Limited,
Wellington, 2008
Price: $29.95 + $5.00 p&p within NZ
Review: Gareth Jones

The market is inundated with books on the scientific, clinical, ethical and theological aspects of infertility, and so any new entrant into this crowded market place has to fill a niche that has been largely ignored up to now. And this is precisely what *Be Fertile with your Infertility* succeeds in doing. Written from the perspective of those who have been through the infertility mill, it sets out to provide resources to help others cope with the demanding and at times overwhelming pressures of infertility itself and even the technologies aimed at overcoming it.

As one reads this book one is brought face-to-face with the human dimensions of the many different experiences of infertility. The authors advocate the place of ceremonies and rituals to help those involved come to terms with primary and secondary infertility, becoming parents after IVF treatment, the dashing of hopes at the failure of an IVF cycle, miscarriage, the disposal of embryos, the decision to discontinue further IVF treatment, and the ultimate acceptance of childlessness. Examples are given of how real people have responded and the sort of ceremonies they have found helpful.

While these ceremonies may not be for everyone, what shines through so clearly are the personal stories and the struggles they have endured as they have faced up to the emotional, spiritual and ethical dimensions of infertility. The aim is to assist people move forward and to deal with the depths of grief they encounter, a grief little appreciated by those lacking first-hand knowledge of life without children or grandchildren. No punches are pulled as the people we encounter in the book (both male and female) ask penetrating questions, to which few – if any – have satisfactory answers.

This is a practical book, with down-to-earth suggestions for the ceremonies that have been found helpful. The honesty that shines through these stories is penetrating, and the poetry is poignant and very often beautiful. The questions raised, such as the meaning of embryos lost during IVF, would tax the foremost bioethicists, and yet they emerge here as an integral part of the response of those who have lost embryos in the longing for children.

As I was reading this book I was also going through the latest Vatican pronouncement on the reproductive technologies. While *Be Fertile with your Infertility* is hardly on the same level, the responses of the infertile whose stories grace these pages should be required reading by theologians and policy makers who seek to frame the public debate on the place of IVF and its many ancillary procedures within society.

This is a book that can be confidently recommended to all, but especially to those who deal with infertility, whether as patients, health professionals, counsellors, or clergy. ■

Gareth Jones is Professor of Anatomy and Structural Biology, University of Otago, bioethicist and member of Advisory Committee on Assisted Reproductive Technology (ACART)

God is love

The Look of Love
James B. Lyons
Review: Elisabeth Nicholson

Pope Benedict's encyclical letter *Deus Caritas Est* – God is Love – was a surprise and a revelation to many when it appeared in 2005. It inspired Fr James Lyons, and this deceptively simple little book, containing a series of reflections, poems and prayers, is the result.

The richness and insights of the encyclical are expressed in everyday language. The secular and spiritual aspects of love in human experience, in living and in dying, the presence and love of God, whether acknowledged or not, in all our loving, are explored and celebrated. Each chapter of the book contains a quotation from the encyclical, a reflection and suggestions for personal prayer.

This book would certainly be a valuable tool for anyone involved in marriage preparation. Engaged or married couples seeking a deeper understanding of human and divine love would find it helpful, as indeed would individuals or groups looking for a resource for prayer and discussion.

The appendix *The Testament of a Murdered Monk* is profoundly moving, and for me at least, the book would be worth it for that alone. ■

cardinal newman revisited

Newman: an introduction to the life and philosophy of John Cardinal Newman
Roderick Strange
Christian Classics; Notre Dame, Indiana, 174 pp.
Price:$34.90
Review: Michael Hill IC

John Henry Cardinal Newman is due to be declared 'Blessed' by the Catholic Church early in 2010. One might ask: *Why Newman?* and *Why did it take so long?*

Roderick Strange effectively answers both these questions in this fine and easily readable book. Newman was a highly intelligent, often controversial figure both as an Anglican and as a Catholic. He would have been easy meat for any Devil's Advocate. This book summarises his life and work, but also traces Newman's path to God, its struggles and triumphs. In his writings Newman reveals a highly personal journey, and because of his reputation and prominence he has influenced countless Christians of all denominations, including Roderick Strange and this reviewer. Newman is the sort of luminary who inspires and assists the pilgrim along the way, especially anyone plagued by intellectual doubts.

Chapter by chapter, Roderick Strange takes the reader through Newman's career as educator, as churchman, as ecumenist, as advocate for the lay faithful. But for me the high points are those pages which reveal Newman's spirituality: his consciousness of God's providence, his sermons which profoundly influenced a generation of Oxford scholars, and his wonderful poetry.

In the chapter "preaching a living faith" the author imaginatively recreates the atmosphere of St Mary's Church, Oxford, where Newman, still a young man, preached Sunday after Sunday, by candlelight. These sermons provide "a balanced exposition of the Christian gospel as revealed religion". But they do so much more. They express with wonderful eloquence the adventure of the Christian soul wrestling with the personal, insistently seductive call of a loving God. *Cor ad cor loquitur*: heart speaks to heart.

Newman believed that each one of us is passionately desired by God, that our every step is guided by God's providence, that nothing ever happens to us purely by chance. When some circumstance impacted on him powerfully, he would burst forth into poetry, and verses such as ***Lead Kindly Light*** continue to inspire and delight.

I think the author keeps the best wine until the last: the final chapter describing the writing of ***The Dream of Gerontius***. That poem follows the death and journey to God of the Christian soul, faith-filled yet anxious. *The Dream* addresses our three most deeply rooted anxieties of spirit : "the fear of perpetual extinction, the fear of judgment, and the fear of what that judgment may entail"(*p 154*).

In this section, as throughout the book, Roderick Strange summarises Newman's arguments expertly and concisely. He pays due tribute to his own mentor, Oratorian Stephen Dessain, who nourished an earlier generation with Newman's *Spiritual Themes* (Veritas 1977). The present volume is a worthy – and indeed more readable – successor. ■

My Final Arrangements
Kate Moriarty
Pleroma Press, 2009

Losing a loved one is an extremely difficult time. Just when important arrangements and decisions need to be made, families and friends are still grieving and hurting at their loss. But when Kate Moriarty's parents died, she found they had both written down their final wishes, making things so much easier for her and her family.

Kate wants others to have a similar experience, so she has written *My Final Arrangements*. It will help you record your final requests to help those organising your funeral and personal affairs. It provides for the recording of contact information of the myriad people with whom you have professional, social or other contacts. The organisations you belong to, the people you want to be pallbearers are all included – what you want and don't want, all ready for the time it may be needed. Each page displays beautiful scenic photography taken by Kate's husband and photographer, John. There are also apt quotations from known and unknown writers.

The book is designed for people of any spiritual persuasion. To complete *My Final Arrangements* is the ultimate gesture of love towards those who may be distressed or in shock at your passing. Research has shown that it is not only the elderly who are interested in this publication: also many in the 30 – 40-year-old age group, as well as some Maori. It is a most worthwhile initiative.

(*Kate & John Moriarty live in Hawke's Bay.*)

ted kennedy – flawed human, model politician

Crosscurrents
Jim Elliston

Senator Edward Kennedy died in August. He was a man of contradictions: often the object of scandal, yet widely respected for his political integrity and effective work on behalf of the less fortunate. He appears to have had a clear-eyed self-knowledge, and professed to be sustained by his faith.

A key factor contributing to his effectiveness was his strong commitment to basic principles without being an ideologue; his ability to negotiate a compromise engendered respect from political opponents, with many of whom he also made deep friendships. At the same time he retained the trust of his party leadership.

In a letter on healthcare reform posthumously delivered to President Obama he wrote: "What we face is above all a moral issue; at stake are not just the details of policy, but fundamental principles of social justice and the character of our country."

Political commentator E.J. Dionne wrote: "He suffered profoundly, made large mistakes and was, to say the least, imperfect. But the suffering and the failures fed a humane humility that led him to reach out to others who fell, to empathise with those burdened by pain, to understand human folly, and to appreciate the quest for redemption… (he was) one of the greatest senators in history."

climate change

Since the advent of MMP, political realism has encouraged cooperation between each major party and some minor ones. The idea of National and Labour compromising over some policies is another matter. John Key, as Leader of the Opposition, came to Labour's rescue over the Bradford legislation, but that could be interpreted as political opportunism. National suspects that Labour's offer of compromise on climate change legislation falls into that category.

The argument of business that there is no point in crippling the country economically is valid. But New Zealand needs a clear, politically sustainable policy, just as we now have for National Superannuation. There were initial signs that the PM was open to Labour's offer of compromise. The ensuing guarantee of political stability would have been a beneficial outcome for the country. However, by doing a deal with the Maori Party he has opted for short term political expediency over leadership (and lumbered future taxpayers with subsidising the heavy polluters).

The moral issues – living standards, vested interests versus common good, and so forth – are not as emotionally compelling as healthcare, but it seems to me that Senator Kennedy's comments and his willingness to compromise to advance the greater good have something to say to us.

closer ties with Oz

Economic globalisation is not a recent phenomenon. In the 1848 *Communist Manifesto* Marx and Engels wrote: "The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the (traders) over the whole surface of the globe… They have through their exploitation of the world-market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country." Although their analysis of the resulting social upheavals had merit it was skewed by their perspective, so the Communist remedy was disastrous.

Economic activity has a lot to do with the rise of the modern state and figures strongly in modern diplomatic activities – hence our Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade (MFAT). John Allen, its new CEO, comes from a business background, rather than the traditional diplomatic one. The Government's focus is on economic growth.

One early development has been a combined meeting of senior cabinet ministers from Australia and NZ exploring the formation of a base for trading with the rest of the world. The initiative came from Kevin Rudd. Australia now receives noteworthy profits from its investments here, so both countries can benefit from a properly managed alliance. The danger lies in the highly likely closer political links. Think of John Howard and Iraq.

evangelising versus proselytising

The second Synod of African Bishops is currently meeting in Rome. It is the culmination of four years of preparation through extensive consultation. The 28-page discussion document contains an analysis of African social problems (the perspective differs from Marx's). Factors covered are political (dictatorial, corrupt or incompetent governments); economic (exploitation of workers and land, rapaciousness – foreign or indigenous); and cultural (exploitation of women, superstition).

The document makes a candid assessment of successes and failures since the 1994 Synod:

- a positive one: "Some Justice and Peace Commissions have been true instruments of evangelisation in awakening the Christian conscience and have contributed to the civic formation of Christians and non-Christians in fostering justice, peace and reconciliation".
- a negative one: the party-political partisanship of a few National Bishops' Conferences.

It concludes with a theological reflection in the light of Scripture on detailed areas for action. This underpins a development, from the 1994 Synod's emphasis on being 'the light of the world' through personal example, towards a more pro-active one. It calls African Catholics to be the "salt of the earth" through active involvement in changing society for the better. No mention is made of "getting new members". As Benedict XVI explains, the church grows "not by proselytism, but by attraction." ■

a personal testimony

One contention regarding abortion put forward by pro-choice advocates is that decisions regarding a woman's body are decisions for her alone to take. She and she alone is affected, and she and she alone should decide whether or not an abortion should take place.

Without approving of abortion, *Tui Motu* readers would deeply sympathise with any woman faced with having to make a *yes or no* decision regarding terminating a pregnancy. Does a story that dates back many years shed any light on the matter? It concerns a woman back in the 1920s living in a childless marriage. After some 12 years of that marriage, at the age of almost 40, she became pregnant.

Those were days when having a first child at that age in life was considered extremely risky. Her doctor advised her of the dangers of carrying on with the pregnancy. That was of course an era when termination of pregnancy was by law illegal. But she was in the care of a doctor who had close links with a private hospital. She was assured, it seems, that matters could be arranged.

After much heart wrenching and prayer, she decided to go ahead with the pregnancy. But she was still very fearful. She was one of the few housewives of that era that had ready access to a motor vehicle. Almost every day she crossed the city of Wellington to a church that she found was for her prayerful and sustaining. This continued throughout her pregnancy.

The story ended happily. Her child was born, a healthy boy. She herself came through the confinement well. She lived another 30 years, through to what was then considered old age. She saw her son establish himself in his chosen mode of life

This kind of story has doubtless been repeated many times in other lives. But for me it is a special story. The woman in question was my mother. I am her only child. I have had what is by now a long life, extending over more than 80 years. It has been a happy life, a life that I dare to say has been of some benefit to others as well as myself. I am understandably grateful to my mother who made it possible.

The argument put forward by pro-choice advocates that the decision yes-or-no to abort involves only the rights of the woman, not of any man, does not stand up to examination. My life experience, my very existence as a living breathing human being, proves that this is not so. Though as yet unborn and as yet unable to raise my voice, I was a male human being very much affected in the decision. That is true of any pregnancy. Just over 50 percent of the foetuses will be male. I would like to think that they (and the female foetuses too of course) will be given the consideration that I was given and come through to a normal span of life.

Oh yes, what was the Wellington church in which my mother used to pray during her months of anxious pregnancy? It was that of Gerard Majella, the Redemptorist saint who is in a special way the patron of mothers. I left home in my late teens to join the Order knowing nothing of the above story. I can now picture the saint smiling benignly on my mother and saying to her: "You can have him for 18 years. After that he is mine". ■

Humphrey O'Leary

Humphrey O'Leary is a canon lawyer and a member of the Redemptorist community in Glendowie, Auckland.

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Dreaming, or living the dream?

Dr. Nasili Vaka'uta graduated with a PhD in Theology and currently working as a Lecturer in Biblical Studies at the School of Theology, The University of Auckland.

Imoa Emanuel Cluny Moa
graduating with a Masters of Theology degree

Aranui Manu Keika O Haangatamotua H. Tu
Graduating with Postgraduate Diploma in Theology

Vaipae Faletoese Ballamy Titimanu
graduating with a Bachelor of Theology degree

Nasili, Imoa, Vaipae and Aranui from our Pacific cluster of students have achieved their goal of studying and graduating with a theology degree and so could you!

The degree provides opportunities for you to explore religious beliefs and practices within one major world religion, namely Christianity through studies in Biblical studies, Christian Thought and History, Spirituality, Ethics and Justice.

Study options available:

- Bachelor of Theology
- Graduate Diploma in Theology on campus and part-time online
- Bachelor of Theology [Honours]
- Postgraduate Diploma in Theology
- Master of Theology
- Doctor of Philosophy

Apply now for 2010

admission at www.auckland.ac.nz.

For more information contact:
Pervin Medhora, School Registrar,
School of Theology,
The University of Auckland.
Email: p.medhora@auckland.ac.nz
Ph: 00 64 9 3737599 ext. 86672
or 0800 61 62 63