

Tui Motu InterIslands

November 2009 Price \$5



350

people power calls for action on climate change

copenhagen and 350

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cover photo: The 350 event, held outside the Railway Station in Dunedin on 24 October, in preparation for the Copenhagen Conference on climate change.
photo – courtesy *Otago Daily Times*.

A groundswell of public concern is gathering about climate change and the perceived threat to the future of our planet. All over New Zealand – indeed all over the world – people gathered on 24 October to support the benchmark of 350, which scientists have proposed as the safe limit for CO₂ in the atmosphere. Should this campaign be our priority?

The Secretary General of the UN, Ban Ki-moon, has provided the answer: “We need a new global agreement to tackle climate change,” he said recently, “and this must be based on the soundest, most robust and up-to-date science available. We need the world to realise, once and for all, that the time to act is *now* and we must work together to address this monumental challenge. *This is the moral challenge of our generation.*”

If it is indeed *the* moral question of our age, then there is no dispute – we have to be fully engaged. Two articles support Ban Ki-moon's view (interview *pp* 12-13 and Ron Sharp's preview of Copenhagen *pp* 13-14).

When the tsunami struck Samoa and Tonga a month ago, people in the South Pacific responded immediately. Money, food and clothing poured in to collection centres. When a catastrophe is beamed into everyone's living room, then people jump to it at once. But when we are talking about cyclones and droughts which may happen 30 years hence, it is much harder to rouse a similar response.

We would then have to admit that our living standards are too high and must be cut back; we would have to scrap the economic model of ever-increasing growth; our sympathies would need to shift from being only engaged with calamities here and now and focus instead on the plight of our children's children. Will we act – or will we chant: “eat, drink and be merry

– and tomorrow our grandchildren can suffer the consequences?”

Christians have to engage fully in meeting this looming crisis because that is what we are baptised for. Through baptism we *die and rise with Christ*, as Aidan Kavanagh tells us (*pp* 14-15). At baptism we act out our personal conversion in symbol by passing through water: like the Israelites we cross the Red Sea and come out of slavery into the Promised Land. We become God's people.

The climate change crisis demands of us this sort of *conversion* – a radical change in life style, which will impact most on the affluent West. It is no coincidence that in this global crisis the primary focus is on water – too much water, or drought; water too polluted to drink; water at its most destructive. Was it for this reason that Christ chose water for his most evocative symbol?

The call to conversion – to force our political leaders to heed and to act – is a call for every parish and for each individual Christian. We need to hear clear words of leadership from our bishops. Copenhagen needs to be the new Rubicon. It must initiate radical change, because that is what the people are demanding.

saints

The other theme this month is saints. We start November with the feast of *All Saints*, and a long-time subscriber, Denzil Brown, suggests (*p* 7) that saints are ‘those who share our faith journeys’. They are our mentors and models. Instead of looking to the past, we need to search for inspiration among our own contemporaries.

We offer a few examples (*pp* 8-11), in the hope that readers will pursue this exercise and discover their own heroes for emulation. St Paul calls his fellow Christians “saints” – and so should we.

M.H.

tui motu foundation

Dear Tui Motu Readers

A few years ago the Board of *Tui Motu* decided to establish an independent charitable trust, called the *Tui Motu Foundation*. The Board's aim was to accumulate a significant sum of money, which could be invested in order to deliver interest sufficient to ensure the financial future of the magazine. While *Tui Motu* at present is fully sustainable, it does not yet generate enough income to cover the costs of a paid editor. Fr Michael has been a complete gift to the magazine, both in the talents and experience he has brought to the task of editing a first class production, but also in the generosity of the Rosminian Order, which has allowed him to carry out this ministry without payment.

The Board could foresee a time when the financial gift of an editor might not be available. The *Tui Motu Foundation*, therefore, is gathering funds through donations and debentures to assist the payment of an editor's salary. We need an investment fund of a million dollars. It has raised just over half a million dollars – not enough, but a magnificent start. We are confident that the good management of the investment will deliver a steady return over time.

The *Foundation* is now undertaking a fund-raising exercise to increase this investment. Some people in the main centres will receive a personal approach, with a request for financial support. So far we have been inspired by the generosity with which people are responding to this approach. Their assistance is greatly appreciated.

Enclosed in this issue, you will find a leaflet containing basic information on the *Foundation* and its needs. We commend it to you and ask you to consider whether you can assist in some way, through donation or debenture or by passing the leaflet on to others who may have discretionary money to invest in a good project.

You may be certain of two things. The money will be responsibly and carefully managed, with your debentures available on the dates specified. And the income generated will secure the continuation of a magazine of which we can all be proud.

Elizabeth Mackie OP.
Trustee, TM Foundation



symbol of copenhagen

Hans Anderson's mermaid sits on her rock overlooking the entrance to the city from the sea. Those coming to Copenhagen in quest of a solution to the problem of global warming might reflect on Hans Anderson's tale and come to see that the dream-of ideal is only achieved at the price of great sacrifice

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vatican II then and now

Let me thank you for printing Fr Peter Murnane's contribution (*October TM*) to the brilliant array of articles you have assembled once more for a most satisfying issue of *Tui Motu*. And congratulations to Fr Peter for his unequivocal outspokenness in his analysis of our post-Vatican II church. It is a welcome contrast to numerous writers of like mind who, understandably, do not dare go beyond veiled criticism of Rome, or mere hints of disquiet over Vatican powers.

The fearless sickle of Waihopai has now been made to pierce the power bubble which, unchecked, poses a threat to the very survival of the institutional church from within. It is to be hoped that Fr Murnane's courageous critique has 'unlocked the door' to some frank dialogue.

Frank Hoffmann, Papakura

the vision of vatican II

Sr Pauline O'Regan and community's reflection on the Catholic Church in New Zealand (*October TM*) has courageously expressed what a lot of her fellow Catholic Christians are thinking.

I hope the New Zealand bishops may borrow some of Sr Pauline's courage and, in unison, tell the authorities in Rome that their use of fear tactics will no longer be tolerated. They should tell Rome that the role of women in the church should be revisited. Further, the time has come to end what many would argue is an evil – the compulsory celibacy for the clergy.

At the same time the bishops could put the case to allow them to 'reinstate' priests who have left to marry. The bishops could provide leadership to rediscover the spirit of freedom and openness that existed at the time of the second Vatican Council.

Mike Nicholas, Christchurch

abuse in the church

Archbishop John Dew's article on Sexual Abuse in the church (*August TM*) makes interesting and disturbing reading.

The "betrayal of trust" to which the Archbishop refers is sadly much wider than the sexual abuse of children and vulnerable adults by priests and

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 changing the meaning.

Response articles (up to a page) are welcome – but please, by negotiation.

religious. The misuse of clerical power gives rise to spiritual abuse, psychological abuse, emotional abuse and verbal abuse – all of which are still to be addressed by our church.

Frances O'Leary, Stoke

divorced & remarried catholics

The article by Humphrey O'Leary (*TM August*) must not be put into the 'too hard' basket. It is time for serious attention to be given to this plight which affects so many people.

In the past, marriage was treated as a contract between a woman and a man, and a variety of rules were established to regulate that contract. In more recent times the theology of marriage has been redefined, invoking the understanding that marriage is in fact a *covenant*. In this, marriage mirrors the covenants that God established with all humankind.

Unfortunately, no effort has been made to redefine the laws surrounding the Sacrament to reflect the reality of covenant. Until they reflect the covenantal nature of the Sacrament there can be little progress.

Perhaps we need to adopt a new understanding of the concept of 'marriage until death'. I would suggest that the church explores the premise that when love dies there is an actual death – the death of a mutual covenant.

It is widely accepted that Eucharist is the food of life, and yet many who desperately need its support are being denied its bountiful gifts. That there is so little effort made to lift the intolerable burden people find themselves carrying, reflects badly on those who are charged with providing support.

It is to be hoped that our New Zealand and other like-minded bishops

continue to press for dialogue – and even change.

Rev J Kershaw, Paraparaumu.

promotion of tui motu

I have just returned from visiting a grandson presently studying at Knox College, in Dunedin. To my surprise and delight I heard *Tui Motu* being promoted at the end of Sunday Mass in North-East Valley. I wish this monthly was available in churches everywhere. I never see it in Canterbury churches. Why?

I feel we are in need of the stimulation and thoughtful articles *Tui Motu* provides. Where else can we read about the question of Rite Three? In this present time we should be considering the issues of Vatican II. Has this all become too difficult?

In a letter from Bishop Robinson, formerly of Sydney, written to a friend of mine, he said: "In the church you find all the ugliness, but here you also find sublime beauty". It is this reality I like to read about in *Tui Motu*.

Alice Clayton, Christchurch

The promotion of Tui Motu in parishes depends on the goodwill of bishops and priests – ed.

a reader's magazine

Your comment in September (*TM p3*) that you have tried to be a 'readers' magazine... accessible to the non-specialist' drew this reply.

Initially my reaction to *Tui Motu* was "this is too radical for me". Luckily, your promoter at St Joseph's (New Plymouth) encouraged me to keep buying. Glynn Cardy's contributions are great. The *Shepherd Story* so appealed to me that I cut it out.

Usually I read and re-read each issue. Challenging and interesting. Thank you, all!

Carmel Carnegie, New Plymouth

thank you

Thank you to all at *Tui Motu*: for keeping my faith alive and developing; for helping me to see that my Catholicism is about 'faith', not 'religion'; for the wonderful contributors, the enhanced production and the best 'read' about matters of faith and things spiritual that I know.

Robyn Beckinsale, Nelson

spring tide

Did Vatican II represent a spring tide in the history of the Church? Recently, a group of us were reflecting on the image of the tide coming in and going out as a metaphor for the church in its development. We wondered whether the tidal image fitted different times in history when there seems to have been important developments in the spread of the Gospel and other times when it seemed to regress.

And we wondered about spring tides. What happens with spring tides is that the water gushes everywhere, uncontrollable in its surges. It often sets new high water marks. When it recedes it is inclined to leave all sorts of flotsam and jetsam behind which a normal tide doesn't.

A spring tide can reshape the shoreline. It can also throw up some real treasures visible only to those with discerning eyes. However, it can also leave sea life stranded and unable to survive without special care. Such life will die after a period if it is not nurtured. Beached whales teach us that.

In this tidal metaphor, normal high tide might be seen as a vibrant energised period. Low tide might be seen as a quiet period of consolidation. It is worth remembering that the moon governs the tides in much the same way that the Creator governs creation. It is ultimately God's moon that governs the tides. The further out the tide goes, the more shellfish and other delicacies become exposed to seafood gatherers. Again, a discerning eye is needed to appreciate their presence and their value.

If we see the tide as reflecting the infusion of the Holy Spirit, we wondered whether we might conclude that the 1960s and 1970s were periods of high tide. Some might even say that Vatican II heralded a special spring tide. It appears to have come much higher onto the beach and into the lives of Catholics everywhere.

There was an abundance of fresh energy around as the old structures were tested and expanded. There was fresh buoyancy in the approach of many Catholics who felt empowered in ways previously denied them. There appeared a vibrancy about the Church that hadn't been present for centuries. That famous metaphor used by Pope John XXIII in calling Vatican II "to throw open the windows of the Church" and let the Spirit blow through the structures seemed to be happening.

The church was energised by the Spirit at every level. No part was left untouched. Many believed that through the power of the Spirit, anything that was good for humanity was possible. For Christians, social justice and Biblical studies would become mainstream. Hunger, violence and injustice on a world scale became the concern of the ordinary Christian in the pew.

Structural injustice was declared to be sinful, and overcoming it "a constitutive dimension of living the Gospel". Peace might come to the world and war be outlawed. Prayer groups became commonplace. Theology became accessible to the laity. New structures were set up to accommodate rediscovered models of faith, like the People of God. There was a fresh spring in the Catholic step.

But every action brings a reaction. Spring tides occur only rarely and sooner or later recede further from where they started. One wonders whether this is the position of the institutional church today as it concentrates power even more in the hands of a centralised authority and limits the vision thrown up 40 years ago. The bones of those beached by the spring tide lie everywhere. The Vatican argues that such restraint is necessary. Many disagree and challenge the degree to which it is occurring.

Other perceived negatives have reappeared. In many dioceses clericalism is again rife. The openness to the Spirit and the possibilities of change, characteristic of the spring tide period, are now little seen. Many of the gains of the past 40 years have been eroded. Widespread hope and buoyancy has been replaced too often by timidity and fear. The spring seems to have gone from the Catholic step.

Occasional glimpses of real insight continue to appear from time to time, like the Pope's latest Encyclical *Caritas et Veritate*. Thankfully too, many of the treasures the spring tide threw up remain among us, including the centrality of small personalised communities, various justice and peace groupings, a greater appreciation of Scripture, the renewal of religious life, better participation in liturgy and a smattering of other vital and hopeful signs.

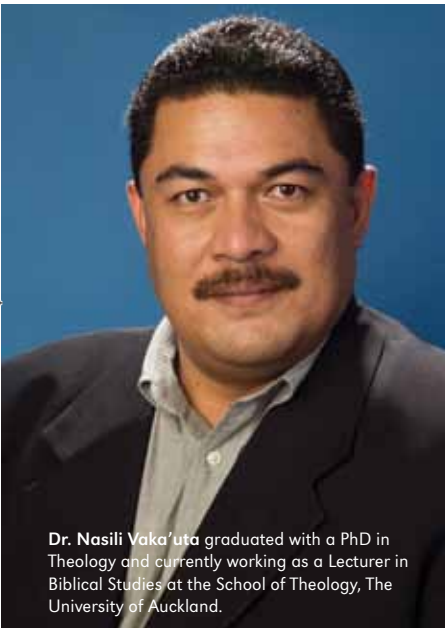
They are enough to remind us that while the tide may sometimes go out a long way, sooner or later it will come surging back.

Jim Consedine



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a friendship for the love of jesus

For All Saints Day, Denzil Brown answers the question:

Who are the saints? They are those who have shared our faith journey. And they may be of a different tradition from ourselves

All Saints Day is with us again. It is good to think of those who have shared, and those who now share, our journey of faith. Some 55 years ago I was ordained to the holy ministry and inducted into a remote King Country parish. It was 70 km to the nearest town in any direction. Among the Protestant churches the town clergy learned to support one another in joy and in stress in a remarkable way. Sadly, during those six years I never met the local Catholic priest.

I used to receive a Catholic publication which contained some pretty formidable content, happily not seen among us today. I got a whiff of that bygone era when last year, doing my bit for this esteemed journal's circulation, I asked a scholarly Catholic layman if he knew *Tui Motu*. He replied sharply: "Yes, I know *Tui Motu*. I don't read it. I still believe there is such a thing as heresy."

I am moved by Our Lord's prayer that all his followers might be one, that a divided world, then and now, might see it and actually be moved to believe the good news. So, on my translation to the parish of Karori I was resolved I would establish a relationship with my Catholic priest neighbour who lived 300 metres along the street.

We met early on. He was a large, rather dour man. Though we often subsequently passed in our street it was hard to meet his eye as he appeared to be studying something on the distant skyline. But as time went on with the pontificate of John XXIII and the story of Vatican II, this changed.

My old seminary professor of New Testament theology in semi-retirement was doing a parish locum in our area and

agreed to take the local clergy through a study of a French Catholic commentary on *I Thessalonians*. The Monsignor happily joined in. I was glad one winter afternoon to find Monsignor, who had dropped into the manse in passing, having a cup of tea chatting to my wife around the manse fire.

On the death of Pope John, I wrote to my neighbour and his parish and expressed the loss the whole Christian church felt. The Monsignor read my letter to his people at each Mass over that weekend.

When after 12 years I translated to the First Church of Otago my Session (parish council) was concerned where to hold our family farewell, as our own parish hall was under repair. They asked the Monsignor, and so our Presbyterian parish farewell was held in St Teresa's Hall.

He came to the manse to bid his own goodbyes. He said to me: "I want to tell you that I am sad that when you first came here and offered your friendship, I found it so difficult to accept. I just did not know how to respond. All that has changed."

I understood, and commented how much we were indebted to Pope John for the changes he and Vatican II had brought about. He affirmed the changes that Vatican II made possible, but went on to say: "But there was something after that which was the personal turning point for me. I was very ill, and you used to visit me in hospital. When I was recuperating you lent me a book. It was by a Scotch Presbyterian minister in Paris during the war."

The book was *The Tartan Pimpernel*, the absorbing and moving story

of Donald Caskie, minister of the Church of Scotland in Paris when the Germans invaded. He escaped to Marseilles in Vichy France and set up a seamen's mission, which he also used as escape hatch for allied officers. Ultimately he was betrayed, arrested and incarcerated in a notorious torture centre of the Vichy secret police.

"That book changed me", said the Monsignor. "When I put it down it came to me: This man loves the same Lord Jesus that I do."

Does the old Mons's insight into the transforming friendship of Jesus teach us something about our journey in faith as to how we are to go about our churchly relationships? And our personal friendships? In this world and in the next?

I value the Monsignor's gift to me of the volume of the collected documents of Vatican II, and especially his inscription: "*Quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum: Ps. 133* (How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity). With all kind wishes. P.J. Herlihy."

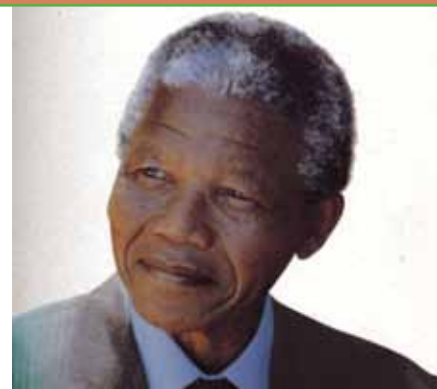
With *All Saints Day* in mind I share a prayer from the Church of Scotland *Book of Common Order* 1994: "Rejoicing in the communion of the saints, we remember all your faithful servants and those dear to us who serve you in the glory of heaven. Keep us in unbroken fellowship with your whole church in heaven and on earth and bring us at the Last Day to the joy of your eternal kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord." ■

(Former Presbyterian Moderator Denzil Brown is retired and resident in Wellington)

the less easy route

Nelson Mandela

Glynn Cardy



Having been brought up as a sceptical Protestant, I didn't think saints were of much use. They seemed to be idealised figures from the early centuries of Christendom that some wanted to venerate. Yet heroes and heroines, regardless of their individual shortcomings, *are* important in encouraging people of faith. So the question of contemporary saints becomes quite personal. Who do I find inspirational?

It's hard to go past Nelson Mandela. He is a modern exemplar of perseverance, passion, courage, humility and reconciliation. He's also someone who would be appalled by the honorific of 'saint' being attached to his name.

Yet, as I lift my eyes, there on our office wall hangs his picture. It commemorates the time he stood in the pulpit of *St Matthew's* and thanked those New Zealanders who tried to stop the South African rugby team touring in 1981. It was one of the great moments that has blessed this place. His cheeky grin continues to be a blessing.

Nelson was born in 1918 in the Transkei. Groomed for high places, he was sent off to a Wesleyan secondary school. "Without the church, I would never have been here today," Mandela said. "We grew up at a time when the government of this country owed its duty only to whites. It took no interest whatsoever in our education."

He began a university education but was suspended for joining in a protest. It was while studying for a law degree that he joined the *African National Congress*. In 1944 he was part of a small group who set themselves the

task of transforming the ANC into a more radical mass movement. It was this group that inspired the ANC conference to adopt the strategies of boycott, strike, civil disobedience and non-cooperation.

Nelson had exceptional organisational abilities that came to the fore in 1952 when he travelled the country organising a mass civil disobedience campaign. Also in that same year he opened, with Oliver Tambo, the first black legal practice in South Africa.

Two qualities of leadership are very apparent in this period. They are firstly a passion for the plight of his people. Through his legal practice and his travels, he heard time and again of the misery and oppression that apartheid foisted upon them. Secondly, his willingness to fearlessly stand up for what he believed was just and right and to suffer the consequences.

In the 1950s he was banned, arrested and imprisoned numerous times. In 1960 the ANC was outlawed. Mandela was now the leading figure in the movement. He continued to speak out against apartheid. He lived evading the police, constantly travelling and using disguises – hence the nickname 'the Black Pimpernel'.

Around this time the ANC started preparing for an armed struggle. As Nelson said, "It was only when all else had failed, when all channels of peaceful protest had been barred to us, that the decision was made to embark on violent forms of political struggle."

In 1962 Mandela was arrested and sentenced to five years in prison. However, the length was later increased

to a life sentence for sabotage. Throughout all his trials Mandela used the opportunity to proclaim his message. In 1964, for example, he said, "I have fought against white domination. I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society... It is an ideal which I hope to live for (and) an ideal which I am prepared to die for."

Nelson spent nearly 27 years in prison, most of it on Robben Island. He and his colleagues were subjected to hard labour and dehumanising treatment. Prison had a spiritually maturing effect on him preparing him for the reconciling tasks he was ultimately to accomplish. He read widely, particularly on religion. Any arrogance and self-righteousness fell away, while perseverance, patience and compassion ripened. As Mandela later said, "to appreciate the importance of religion, you have to have been in a South African jail under apartheid, where you could see the cruelty of human beings..."

In those 27 years the authorities tried to make Nelson into a non-person. He could not be quoted, no pictures of him were allowed, and it was hoped that he would simply disappear into the limbo of amnesia. But he became, instead, the world's most famous political prisoner, an unassailable icon of struggle against racial injustice.

When it was eventually decided he would be released unconditionally, there were fears that the country would finish in turmoil. But although there was overwhelming reason for him to be a bitter and aggressive person, the years in prison had changed him.

On emerging from prison he defined the task he had set himself as one of “reconciliation, of binding wounds of the country, of engendering trust and confidence.”

Nelson Mandela was released from prison in 1990, elected President of the ANC in 1991, oversaw the end of apartheid in 1994, and was elected

President of a democratic South Africa in the same year.

When one is losing – being physically, mentally, and emotionally assaulted – it is tempting to give up and get out. It is not easy to persevere. Similarly when one is winning – receiving accolades and expectations of those for whom one is a champion – it is

not easy to be humble, magnanimous and forgiving towards one’s enemies. Mandela has chosen the less easy route. In this respect, and in many others, he has followed the example of Jesus to whom he gave his allegiance in a high school so many years ago. ■

*Glynn Cardy is Vicar
of St-Matthew-in-the-City, Auckland*

‘the greatest man I ever knew’

Br Tony Sullivan

interview

Tony Sullivan was born in 1921 and brought up in Timaru, south Canterbury. He was a ‘late’ vocation to the brothers – in the sense that he had worked before joining up with the Christian Brothers in 1946, at the age of 25. Susanne Hannagan remembers him with great affection as Principal of St Edmund’s Junior School in Dunedin, from (1972-87), where he taught all her five sons.

“They all called him ‘Olly’. He set such high standards for his own life – and he gave them to the children: love of God, how important was prayer – and how they conducted themselves. In those days they all wore caps, and he showed them how they must raise their caps to people. One day a bus driver was going past, and a crowd of boys all doffed their caps to him. The bus nearly had an accident!

“Every morning, rain, hail or snow, Br Sullivan was at the school gate to greet the pupils as they arrived: ‘Good morning, boys – in to make a visit?’ And they were gently but firmly urged into church, next door to the school. If their ties weren’t straight or socks pulled up, that was attended to before they reached the classroom. The same in the afternoon at the school gate – ‘Be good, be careful, be nice to your mother’ – and the ties were straightened again. And everyone talked about the Eisteddfods, which were his pride and joy. He encouraged especially their musicianship.

“I never heard him criticise a boy – or anybody. He would always say: ‘Oh! Susanne, he is very kind.’ He had something good to say about everybody. The boys who didn’t shine at sport or studies, Br Tony would try to find something they could be good at.”

“Tony was an inspiration to me as a young teacher,” says fellow Christian Brother Graeme Donaldson. “He was a dynamic little teacher himself, at St Peter’s, Auckland. Then, it was the biggest Catholic school in the country,

and Tony was made head of the Junior School with 300 pupils under him. He moved from there to Dunedin for a couple of years before being appointed the founding Principal in Rotorua – what eventually grew to become John Paul College. After six years there, he came back south, first to Oamaru, then to St Edmund’s, in Dunedin – as Principal and head of the community.

“He was a gentle man, but he ran a good school. He got things done – but often he would get others to do them. He was a born delegator! When he retired in 1987, he joined me in the community in Christchurch, and at once he started visiting a local prison. It was Fr Jim Consedine, who saw in Tony the qualities to make a great prison chaplain; so he spent the rest of life as chaplain at Rolleston. He loved it, and the inmates thought the world of him. He was always kind, approachable and sympathetic towards them.

“When he died in 2001 the prisoners organised a special service in the prison, and had a plaque put up in his memory outside the Admin Block. At his funeral, the prison staff in uniform formed a guard of honour outside the church, and prisoners made bunches of wild grasses and bouquets which were laid on the sanctuary.”

“Afterwards one prisoner sent us a poem about him entitled *The greatest man I ever knew*. He never looked up the prisoners’ files. He wanted to see them as the person he was associated with, not for the reasons they were in prison.”

Susanne Hannagan summed him up perfectly: “Br Sullivan had a commanding respect for everybody. He believed in discipline, and he practised the love of God.

“He walked everywhere. When he went to London after he retired, he explored the whole city on foot! All the boys he taught – and their parents – always spoke of him with the greatest affection and loyalty.” ■

(our thanks to Mrs Susanne Hannagan and Br Graeme Donaldson for the material of this interview)



prophet of Vatican II

Bishop Brian Ashby

Peter Norris



While the rest of the country is concerned with the new life of spring, the church year associates November with the dead. In recent years the church has been preoccupied with officially canonising many people, but most ordinary people pick their own mentors. One such mentor who was influential on a whole generation was Brian Ashby, fifth Bishop of Christchurch. When television was in its infancy, he was a commanding presence and was appreciated by people of all denominations.

I first met him in 1967, after an ordination in Greymouth, where I talked with him about going to the seminary. As a naïve 17-year-old, I noticed the green shoes (to go with the vestments he had just worn at an ordination) as much as the commanding presence. His craggy,

lined face and what looked like a boxer's nose, made him someone a 17-year-old would admire.

Like other seminarians, I visited him each year to discuss my progress. His seminarians quickly realised that he valued success and pragmatically regarded that as a gift from God. This down-to-earth approach stopped me and some others being unduly pious about our vocation.

Yet, there was also a ruthless honesty. The week before my Christchurch classmates were ordained, one of us asked him: "What do you mean by obedience and respect?" – which we had to promise to him and his successor during the ordination ceremony. His answer was: "I have to earn your respect or it should not be given." He went on to say that as

bishop, he felt he could ask us to join him in the mission of the church; but then said that he had to be careful not to stifle the prophet among us.

Bishop Ashby was one of the last of the bishops who was called: "My Lord", dating from the days of the mediaeval prince-bishops. The title is outdated, but at the time it seemed appropriate. However, the title was not the last word on Bishop Ashby.

When Jean Vanier, the founder of *L'Arche* communities led a retreat at Holy Name Seminary, Bishop Ashby was on that retreat, and, like everyone else, he took his turn at the cleaning. From memory, he was one of the team responsible for a toilet block.

However, it was at one of the Masses that he shone. The older clergy had

my 'saints' of everyday

My person of inspiration is Laila, cheerful Afghani woman and mother of eight. She faces the difficulties of adjusting to a totally new and foreign culture with cheerfulness and positivity. She steers her way through a patriarchal family structure with tact and determination, as her husband learns to accept a more equal role with his wife in the family.

Ramadan rolls around each year, when Laila fasts and prays quietly and devoutly. I am reminded of the description of a godly woman in *Proverbs 31: 10-31*. The warmth and depth of her hospitality is, for me, a Godly experience.

"Welcome, my sister," she cries, as with genuine joy she brings me into her home. There is an inner depth in this dear woman that radiates and blesses.

Another woman whom I admire and who inspires me is Lani: daughter of a Niuean mother and an alcoholic Pakeha father. Sexually abused at age six by a neighbour, on the streets at 14 years, a mother at 16; through sheer hard work, the owner of her own home (with a mortgage of course) at 18. She married and had four more children. The marriage

ended, and with no help whatsoever from their father, she focused totally on the well-being of her children.

The son of her teenage years has spent most of his adult life in prison. Lani has taken his child (her grandson) into her home to try to save him from ending up in prison like his father. Now 50, she supplements her small income by hard, back-breaking physical work. When the children need extra money for school, Lani will work all weekend cleaning people's homes or slaving in their gardens.

With little formal education herself, yet she sits beside her children supporting them while they do their homework. Sometimes she asks me for information relating to homework tasks, and each week she herself tries to learn one new word to broaden her vocabulary. This week it was *esoteric*. Sometimes we sit down and study a poem together.

What an enquiring, clever mind she has! There is huge untapped potential. From a messy, damaged beginning has emerged a caring, brave woman and a totally committed mother.

Patricia Williams

decided that they did not want him as main celebrant at one of the Masses. As a young priest in awe of the bishop, I was surprised. At the time for the preparation of the gifts, there were no altar servers. The sanctuary and first few rows were full of priest 'chiefs' and there were no server 'Indians'. Like many others, I was humbled when Bishop Ashby stepped in with a self-deprecating grin as the altar server. It was a lesson in leadership.

There is a bond between an ordaining bishop and his priests, so I write about Bishop Ashby with rose-tinted glasses – or, in my case, contact lenses. He was not perfect but like many in the diocese and the country, I admired him. His leadership in Ecumenism and Social Justice made Christchurch, for a time, the envy of the country.

Much of this was a direct result of his involvement in the Second Vatican Council, which was a school for bishops, where he rubbed shoulders with theologians like Hans Küng and Josef Ratzinger.

His growing commitment to Social Justice and his working relationship with Alan Pyatt, the Anglican Bishop, led him, in spite of his love of rugby, to being one of the leaders against the South African Rugby tour. There were resultant arson threats on the Cathedral Presbytery and threats on his life.

Other churches respected him, and at one stage he contemplated a joint Eucharist with the Anglican bishop. Sadly, he was talked out of this by some Roman connections. His growing local and national profile led to his appointment to the Canterbury University Council and to his eventual election as pro-Chancellor. He only resigned when Rome appointed him as the first non-English Catholic bishop on the *Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission*.

In the face of opposition from senior clergy, Christchurch diocese was the first to have Parish Councils. Any change brings its own problems, as did the policy on clergy applying for vacant parish positions and leaving a parish after ten years service. However, the teething problems associated with these changes reflected a 'faith in the future' and a willingness to be open to the Spirit.

his lead in social justice made Christchurch the envy of the country

Brian Ashby was not just a bishop; he was a vibrant person in his own right. He could hold his own with academics and with people in any profession. My mother, who was often intimidated by people in authority, felt quite at ease with him, even continuing to use a roll

of toilet paper as tissues when he visited. When he saw me at the University of Notre Dame, I had the loan of a mansion that was modelled on the one in *Gone with the Wind*. I put the Bishop in the room that was surrounded by mirrors on every wall. He thought it was a great joke. It was only later I realised why the mirrors were there!

At an evening function, one of my friends with a blood sugar condition passed out in his arms. Another friend said that he did not think she had drunk that much. Bishop Ashby replied with: "Everyone has a right to get pissed once in a while." My friends in the Department of Theology who were used to a different type of bishop often quoted that statement.

Bishop Brian Ashby was larger than life. He was a pragmatic visionary who inspired people. Even in retirement, he worked with *Counter-Stroke New Zealand*. He spoke to University staff one lunchtime and, reflecting on his own stroke, said: "for a while I was quite angry with God but I got over it."


His humanity, self-awareness and appreciation of others made him a gift to the New Zealand church. Those whom he inspired sadly miss him. November is not just a time to remember the dead, but to remember people like Brian Ashby who were responsible for a new spring in the Diocese of Christchurch and in the country. ■

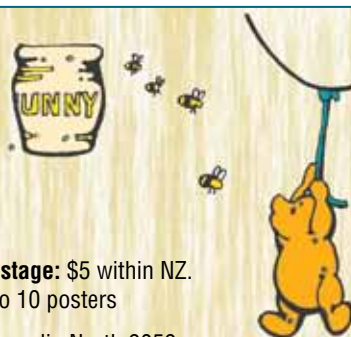
*Fr Peter Norris is Warden of
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In December world leaders and climate experts meet in Copenhagen, and their decisions may shape the future of our world, its flora and fauna and the human race itself. Tui Motu invited the views of a University student and of a practical environmentalist. Is this the crucial meeting to decide the fate of the planet?

350

a conversation with paul young

The 350 symbol has suddenly burst in on us. We know it's to do with Copenhagen. But what does it mean, and why is it so important?

Everyone knows that greenhouse gases in the atmosphere, notably CO₂, trap heat, and we now know that CO₂ especially stays around a long time. 350 is the new symbol of global warming: 350 parts per million of CO₂ is declared by environmental scientists as the maximum safe level.

Currently we have reached 390 parts p.m. – well above 350, rising by 2-3 parts each year. The so-called 'tipping point' which will result in inevitable ecological disaster is well above 350, but no one knows how far above.

(Note: 350 CO₂ ppm is like a currency. It does not include the other greenhouse gases. Yet in New Zealand methane CH₄ is a more significant greenhouse gas; we in NZ would do better with another currency which includes greenhouse gases as well as CO₂).

There was a time millions of years ago when there was lots of CO₂ in the earth's atmosphere, but there were no glaciers. A drop in the level of atmospheric CO₂ allowed the earth's surface to cool and form glaciers at the poles and in the mountains, which became the main water sources for the world's great river systems. But glaciation is a reversible process. Increase CO₂ levels too high and the glaciers will melt. It is happening now in the Arctic and Antarctic. If

the Himalayan glaciers feeding the Indus and Ganges basins were to melt, millions of people in north India will either starve or have to migrate.

alternatives to the present situation

A shift to using renewable energy sources will achieve much, but given the 350 target, it will never be enough even with the best technologies. What has to happen is *a change in people's lifestyle*. The economic growth paradigm has to be redefined.

We have to ask ourselves, "what is prosperity – this thing we all want?" Living in a less polluted place is a form of prosperity. To be able to bicycle safely on our roads is a form of prosperity. Prosperity does not just mean producing bigger, noisier motor vehicles and creating more congested cities.

Some cities, like Copenhagen, have dedicated cycleways and this encourages people to cycle because cycling is safer as well as healthier. The modern city, based on motor transport, has become self-defeating. Cities like Melbourne and Milan which have kept their trams are half way there already.

Addressing climate change brings with it a whole raft of *co-benefits* – and not just cost. These are often ignored. Removing congestion from roads gets rid of pollution, but it also decreases people's travel time to work; people are healthier and safer. This produces many economic spin-offs. Cities

become eco-friendly, and with it they become human friendly.

The economist Richard Layard (author of *Happiness: lessons from a new science*) notes that 30 years of economic growth in the West have actually made people less content. In any event, the present standards of living are unsustainable, if spread to masses of people. If people were to live more simply, they would actually become happier.

A low carbon future is the only way. Our aim must be to meet the emissions target in the least costly way. Carbon trading buys the polluter a respite: but ultimately the emission of carbon into the air has to be reduced. What it does is give the trader time to find more efficient solutions.

Hydrogen as an alternative fuel is only partly satisfactory, even though non-polluting. It still has to be produced, requiring energy from elsewhere. Likewise for electric batteries propelling cars. The energy has to come from somewhere.

Tapping solar energy for water heating is a good solution, and photo-voltaic cells can be used to produce electricity. The problem is the cost of installation. The same applies to replacing appliances, like having more energy efficient refrigerators. Cost is the deterrent. Government subsidies for insulation need to be sustained and expanded. Warmer homes are drier and healthier as well as more comfortable.

To get the message across, a film like the *Age of Stupid* can only help. It is a human story, and doesn't blind people with science. The humanitarian aspect is told with a very broad brush. Proponents of a conservative view are people like John Key who have achieved wealth by their own efforts and think everyone else can do the same: the economic way is the only way to go. But it isn't. They must be made to listen.

our future

The problem with *NZ farming* is primarily that ruminants eat grass produced by CO₂ out of the air, but

burp CH₄ which is 13 times more potent than CO₂ in terms of the greenhouse effect. Yet agriculture is a vital part of our living. When there is intensive farming using large quantities of fertiliser, this produces a much larger carbon footprint. Intensive dairy farming is environmentally unfriendly. So our farming methods have to change.

Momentum is building on a social level demanding action from governments. The new US administration under Obama and a more environmentally friendly attitude by the Chinese are grounds for hope. Many people in government say 350 is an unrealistic

figure – but it has never been tried. If there were a war, such radical change would happen at once and without hesitation. There is a lot of public apathy, notably among students, who are more interested in enjoying themselves and guaranteeing themselves a good living than striving to save the planet.

Internationally, Copenhagen offers hope. What is certain is that unless we can persuade governments to look at radical solutions, our planet is in mortal danger. ■

Paul Young is a postgraduate Physics student at Otago University and active environmentalist.



so what can we expect from Copenhagen?

Ron Sharp

In December, members of United Nations will gather for a climate convention in Copenhagen to see if they can agree to reducing greenhouse gas emissions, when the Kyoto Protocol expires at the end of 2012.

the problem

The speed and scope of global warming is now overtaking even the most sobering predictions of the last report of the *Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change*, according to a new report issued on 25 September. This report underlines concern by scientists that our planet is now a victim of damaging and irreversible impacts as a result of the greenhouse gases already in the atmosphere. The growth in CO₂ emissions from energy and industry has exceeded even the most fossil-fuel intensive scenario developed by the IPCC at the end of the 1990s. Global emissions were growing by 1.1 percent each year from 1990–1999 and this accelerated to 3.5 percent per year from 2000–2007.

UN Secretary-General, Ban Ki-moon, states: "Climate change is happening. The evidence is all around us. And

unless we act, we will see catastrophic consequences, including rising sea-levels, droughts and famine, and the loss of up to a third of the world's plant and animal species.

"We need a new global agreement to tackle climate change, and this must be based on the soundest most robust and up-to-date science available. We need the world to realise, once and for all, that the time to act is now and we must work together to address this monumental challenge. This is the moral challenge of our generation."

The report reviews 400 major scientific contributions to the understanding of earth systems and climate change that have been released through peer-reviewed literature and from research institutions, over the last three years. It shows that researchers have become increasingly concerned about ocean acidification due to the absorption of CO₂ in sea water and its impact on shellfish and coral reefs. Other major consequences are: polar ice melting, glacial recession, reduction of water availability, increased desertification,

destruction of forests, and pollution of waterways and soils.

the solution

But how to deal with it? It is an issue that swings from hope to despair. Many activities are springing up all around the world. A Catholic *Coalition on Climate Change* has formed a website. Pope Benedict, on the eve of the UN *Summit on Climate Change* in New York, on 22 September this year, sent a compelling message conveying his "support to leaders of governments and international agencies who soon will meet at the United Nations to discuss this urgent issue of climate change..."

The Summit was attended by a delegation of Catholic bishops and climate experts from USA, Europe, Africa and Latin America. The delegation brought a message of urgency and moral responsibility for climate action to world leaders and asking them to "focus on the poorest people". They also urged that Copenhagen must "achieve an equitable and binding outcome that reflects the urgency of the climate





crisis and ensures effective mid-term as well as long-term actions.”

On 21 September, *International Peace Day*, a website called *Avaaz.org* called on the people of the world to initiate activities in their hometowns: 2,632 events took place in 134 countries; tens of thousands of phone calls crashed government lines, directly reaching heads of state and cabinet ministers from Australia to Europe. There were rallies, marches and meetings across the planet.

There are many who prefer to bury their heads in the sand. Ian Wishart recently wrote a book *Air Con* quoting scientists, who claim that climate change is entirely due to a particular phase that the sun is going through.

response

Who are we to believe? How do we respond?

The Hebrew Bible paints in mythical terms the many huge upheavals in the human story – from our ancestral parents expulsion from the garden, Noah and the Ark, Jonah’s sea-monster adventures, slavery in Egypt and exile from one’s homeland. The Maori creation myth speaks of the children of Papa and Rangi prising their parents apart in order to see the Light. Imagine the catastrophes our ancestors endured through ice-ages, continental plate shiftings and volcanic infernos. Yet God has always saved human creation.

How should disciples of Jesus respond? Here we have the divine appearing

in human form to confirm that the God of the universe is alive in all creation. This Christ figure shows us that no matter how oppressed we are in life, the Living Spirit is always in charge. It may appear that the rulers are in control, but the Christ Event demonstrates that they are not.

We are all part of this unfolding story, a part of the journey of billions of years destined to become the Kingdom of God. We are called to be involved in God’s artistry, of which future generations must be an essential element in whatever numbers, shape or form. The Industrial Revolution’s contribution to the living sculpture is drawing to an end. I do not wish to miss out on being part of the action of the Spirit’s chisel creating the latest phase of our earth. ■

think globally, act locally and be builders of the change that is god’s reign.



baptism – water – conversion

Aidan Kavanagh o.s.b. speaks of Baptism, not in the stolid prose of theology, but in the graphic poetry of one searching for transcendent meaning. It is a total conversion of mind and heart that Christ calls us to.

Baptism and Eucharist are the two premier events of the church’s sacramental life. Baptism is the way Eucharist begins, and Eucharist is the way Baptism is sustained in the life of the church. This means that, far from being totally separate events, Baptism and Eucharist work in closest tandem. Their content is identical: *Christ dying and rising* still among the members of the church – only the idiom differs. In one case the idiom involves bathing, while in the other the idiom involves dining together.

While the differences between Baptism and Eucharist are real, what is not so obvious is the equally real and crucially important identity of content shared by the two events. There is but one Christ dying and rising. As bands on a spectrum reflect one light, so into the convolutions of our lives the sacramental deeds of the church refract one Christ, dying and rising still.

essence of baptism

It is difficult for us to take Baptism seriously anymore. It is usually done rather hastily, upon sleeping infants, in private, with a minimum of symbolic robustness – teacups of water and dabs of oil.

Baptism’s knowledge of Christ is that of the bathhouse. It is not a mannered knowledge, for manners, etiquette and artifice fall away as one takes off one’s clothes. It is a knowledge of appalling candour, robust and intimate.

It is less mental than bodily, as when lovers are said to ‘know’ each other. It is the inspired knowledge of the *Song of Songs* rather than that of the *Epistle to the Romans*, for God speaks not only in logic but also in smell and in the feel of oil and warm water on the skin. God says much in *Romans* about his union with humankind, but he says

even more about the same mystery in the soft porn of the *Song of Songs*. There can be little doubt that more people have been willing to die for a lover than for a doctrine of regeneration.

This sort of knowledge is, of course, not awfully civil. It is rarely brittle and never rendered obsolete when cultures change. It abides. Profligates and great mystics share it: converts and lovers learn it quickly. Only the conventionally pious avoid it, rather, for the same reasons, one suspects, that bourgeois society avoids having naked people to tea.

That a bathhouse Christ leaves those grown accustomed only to a dining-room Christ uncomfortable is precisely what it should do. For the Great Civiliser was often uncivil, the Most Nice distinctly un-nice, the Cornerstone of all subsequent conventions quite unconventional, the Peacemaker sometimes unpeaceful. He was the Paradox Unequalled. Nothing less could have recreated the world.

To live in *this* knowledge, it is not enough to be a little mad. One has to be among the living dead – dead to *all that is not*, alive to *all that is*. For the sin we call ‘original’ separates us not only from God but from all that is – his creation. It is an option that amounts to choosing ourselves instead of all else and then attempting to recreate all else in our own image.

When Christ commanded the church to go and teach, he did not mean physics or the social sciences or liturgical ceremonial. He meant that it should go out from itself, announcing the Good News that all is made new in Christ and forming men and women to live a wholly new life in a new creation. The point of complete entry into this is the burial-bath of Baptism into Christ himself.

the church – what we are born into

The church is not a vague movement of gentle persons benignly disposed toward things in general. The church is a blood-filled corps of those who have been plunged into Christ’s death and who live his eerie resurrection-life around a sacrificial table. To these, nothing human or divine is alien. They are the living battlefield where heaven and earth, life and death, spirit and flesh slam together and fuse. Baptism is nothing less than Christ’s own passion, death, and resurrection thrown open to all: it is the church’s constant birth, fresh and new.

Baptism does not relieve the disease of Original Sin: it cures it, leaving its scars like trophies. Baptism does

not offer a better set of therapies to soften death’s inevitability: it destroys death itself. Baptism does not confirm bureaucracy and status quo: it dissolves the first and overturns the second. Baptism does not insulate us against reality: it throws back the covers and kicks us out to dance naked with the real in the light of the moon.



To know Christ baptismally is to know him in the awesome discovery of *conversion*. To live Christ baptismally is to know him in the subtle process of being formed by grace in heart and mind, body and soul, emotions and memory – through prayer and fasting and good works and contemplation. To be formed in Christ baptismally is to know him in water and oil, in bread and wine.

What Christ does to us gives life and meaning to what we have already done to him. We broke his body – and he feeds us on it. We shed his blood – and he gives it to us to rejoice our hearts. We buried him wrapped in rags in a borrowed tomb – and he submerges us in living water, anoints us with perfume. We turned him out – and he invites us in to dine with him beside the hearthfire of creation. We stilled his breathing – and he blows into us, screaming like a new-born, his own Spirit.

what baptism means to us

Even this is not enough. For to know Christ baptismally is to know him as we were first known when creation was new. Baptismal iconography has always imaged baptism as cosmic rebirth, Eden restored. Early baptistries, decorated to resemble Paradise, were filled with fertility, vines, sunlight, water, and a humid atmosphere. They were gloriously womb-like, for from them issued a new people, whose purpose in life was to beget others by the church, the bride of Christ, in his power.

The baptised also know that having been born in Christ, they have become cooperators with him with respect to everyone and everything else. His broken body is my broken body upon which others feed. His blood spilt is my blood shed to rejoice the heart of all. His tomb is mine, and in it others die to rise again. His unique Spirit I breathe into each of my brothers and sisters. For he and I have merged into one being, and we abide together for the life of the world. ■

(taken from an article first published in *Sign* magazine –1978)

More than half of our body weight is water. All life processes on earth depend on water. A castaway can survive without food, but not for long without water.

Over the past century the most important strategic commodity on earth has been oil. Wars have been fought over who owns or controls the oil. But because global warming threatens to interrupt the circulation of fresh water on the planet, water is now displacing oil as the earth's most valuable resource. Unless countries agree to share and preserve water supplies, it will become the prime source of conflict – and even of future wars.

A good, clean water supply has always been a prime necessity both for agriculture and for civilised living. The great cities of the earth depend on a reliable water flow for drinking, cleansing and bathing – and also to carry away waste to the sea.

The Romans built great aqueducts, some of which still survive, to carry water from the mountains into their cities.



water, water, e



Hyde Park, Sydney. This beautiful fountain near very close to the city's commercial centre. Water washing the prancing stags and posturing satyrs tortoises which swim around in the great basin.

When the barbarians invaded Italy and besieged Rome in the fifth century, they simply cut the aqueducts – and that was the end of Roman resistance.

But the late mediaeval popes repaired the aqueducts and rebuilt Rome almost to its imperial splendour. Any visitor to Rome will marvel not only at the wonderful palaces, museums and churches, some of which date back to Roman times – but also they will be held spellbound by the magnificent fountains. There are over 200 in the old city. The Trevi fountain, which everyone knows, is but one.

Each aqueduct that fed the city's water supply terminated in one or more of these fountains, and the canny Romans soon learnt which water was sweeter. The fountains cool the air in the noonday heat, provide abundant public water, and since the water is aerated by the fountains they improve its purity.



everywhere . . .



St Mary's Cathedral provides a cool haven
cascades and squirts in all directions,
as well jetting out through the mouths of



moving water

*When you do things
from your soul
you feel a river
moving in you
of joy*

*if you could leave your selfishness
you would see how
you've been torturing your soul*

*you are born and live inside
black water in a well*

*how could we know
what an open field of sunlight is?*

*don't insist on going
where you think you want to go
ask the way to the spring*

*your living pieces
will form a harmony*

*there is a moving palace
that floats in the air
with balconies and
clear water flowing through,
infinity everywhere,
yet contained under a single tent.*

(from the soul of rumi tr.Coleman Barks)



One of the most charming of all the Roman fountains is to be found in a little back street only a short step from the hideous 'wedding cake' – King Victor Emmanuel's marble monument in the middle of Rome, commemorating the defeat of Pope Pius IX which sealed the unification of Italy. The so-called ***tortoise fountain*** was constructed in the Piazza Mattei in front of the palazzo of the Mattei family, who paid to have it put there by paving the piazza as a public amenity.

The fountain (*see left*) was constructed by Giacomo Della Porta in 1581. The tortoises which give it its name were added round the rim of the upper basin by the famous sculptor Bernini about 100 years later. If you ever go to Rome, don't miss it. This delightful Roman fountain must be the inspiration for the splendid fountain in Sydney's Hyde Park, displayed in the other photographs on this page. ■

year for priests

Neil Darragh asks why priesthood no longer seems attractive to Western Catholics. Is it because of the way modern priests function?

This year, as the 'Year for Priests' in the Catholic Church, is meant to be a year for encouraging priests in their ministry and for promoting new vocations. A few years ago there used to be a shortage of priests in New Zealand. In international terms we had a much higher proportion of priests to people than most of the world. It seemed like a 'shortage' to us though on the assumption that we needed to maintain our parishes and chaplaincies just as they were in the mid-20th century. Today this shortage is largely being met by migrant priests. New Zealand has a history of migrant priests. Up until the mid-20th century migrant priests came mainly from Ireland. Now they come mainly from India, the Philippines, and Samoa. This means that as far as priests are concerned we can relax and settle back again to staying just as we used to be.

Shouldn't it strike us as odd though that hardly any New Zealand-born males want to be priests in the Catholic Church? And this applies across all cultures within New Zealand. Apart from a small trickle, nearly all the new priests in New Zealand over the last decade or so are migrants – brought up and educated overseas.

The stark reality for New Zealand priests in this 'Year for Priests' is that New Zealander-born Catholics don't really like us much the way we are. Many people like us personally of course. But they don't see us as role models. They don't want to follow us in this way of life. Or, if they don't see themselves as having this vocation, they don't encourage others to follow us either. Those who claim they do encourage others are at any rate very unsuccessful at it.

Perhaps one of the reasons is that in the early part of the 21st century, priests stand at a fork in the road. It is easy to see two distinct futures for priests and it is genuinely difficult to predict which will prevail into the next generation. Two distinct models both have advocates as the way of the future for priests. Different advocates give them different names. I shall refer to them here as the model of the 'omni-priest' and the model of 'collaborative ministry'.

The 'omni-priest' is the priest-in-charge who does everything or at least feels responsible for everything. In its

best form, the omni-priest consults others and works with assistants. In its worst form, it is a new clericalism at parish level, a sacred disguise for the authoritarian personality.

In collaborative ministry the parish priest or chaplain works with a number of other ministries where there is common decision-making and mutual support. This is a model of team leadership where people are colleagues not just priest's assistants.

a trajectory through history

How did we come to arrive at this point in the history of priests? Are there precedents and are there deeper currents in the church that have led us here? The Second Vatican Council (1962-1965) had a lot to say about such issues as the nature of the church, bishops, liturgy, scripture, and the church's mission in the world, but it had no specific vision for priests. The document on the Life and Ministry of Priests (1965) was a minor document that seems to have been sidelined by the major documents rather than derive organically from them. One of the important features of this document though is its central theme of the three-fold function of priests: priests as ministers of God's word, priests as ministers of the sacraments and the Eucharist, and priests as pastors of God's people.

This perspective on the ministry of priest is important. But it doesn't tell us much about what is specific to priests because these three functions are also those of all the people of God from baptism (called 'priest, prophet, and king' in the baptism rite) as well as the main functions of bishops. If we are looking for something specific about priests in that document we are led to the conclusion that priests are positioned in the middle rank of a hierarchy in which they are a little more than laypeople and a little less than bishops. Or putting that more positively, we can say they are 'co-workers' of the bishop (all the members of the Council were bishops).

In spite of this lack of a specific vision for priests, this statement of the three-fold function was important historically because it brought a balance back into our understanding of the role of priests that had been lost for

several centuries. In the first few centuries of the Church, the main emphasis in the role of priests (presbyters) was on community leadership and they functioned as a group, a kind of leadership team, within a local community. By the end of the medieval period in Europe this had changed and they were mainly understood as 'doers' of the sacraments, especially of Eucharist and Penance.

This view of the priest in a mainly sacramental role remained in the major documents of the Council of Trent (1545-1563). In its attempts at reforming the life and ministry of priests the Council of Trent did however try to rekindle priests' role as teachers/preachers and pastors – they required that priests be literate for a start and threatened to cut off their income if they didn't stay in their parishes.

*leadership is not about doing
everything or controlling
everything, but about
enabling other ministers and
group initiatives*

Where the New Testament put emphasis on the community leadership function of the group of priests, and the medieval period shifted this emphasis towards the liturgical or sacramental function of priests, the Second Vatican Council attempted a balance of a threefold function of teaching/preaching, sacramental ministry, and pastoral leadership.

where to then from here?

The model of the omni-priest holds to the broad threefold function of priests. In church matters the priest is regarded as the expert and his opinions often carry the status of decrees. It is a relatively simple, clerical and hierarchical model that puts one person in charge and is easily transferred across different cultures and nations. It has strong advocates today and may well prevail in the future. It is a model that suits the organizational needs of an international church but is unlikely to inspire a new future for the church in New Zealand.

The model of collaborative ministry also holds to the threefold function of priests. But it further acknowledges baptism rather than priestly ordination as the primary source of this same threefold ministry, and the priest is not always the expert. In the complex realities of the modern world teamwork is superior to individualism. Leadership is not about doing everything or controlling everything, but about enabling other ministers and group initiatives.

The question still remains though whether, in addition to the principle of working collaboratively, there is some specific vision for priests as we are familiar with them today.

In the long term, the priest's role in the future can be expected to change as it interacts with other ministries. In the short term though, the priest's role is fairly clear. Because of the power priests currently hold in local parishes and chaplaincies they can easily stifle the new ministries. Because of that same power they can take active steps in what today is often called 'capacity building', that is, provide resources, training and encouragement so that local people learn the skills to take on needed new ministries. Priests today are key players in making a successful transition to a genuinely collaborative team ministry of the future.

A key focus for priests today then is to give the mandate and open the opportunities for a variety of ministries to develop both within the parish or chaplaincy and as part of the church's missionary outreach to society. There is a vision here for the future and there is a good chance New Zealand Catholics might like it. ■

*Neil Darragh is a retired priest theologian in
Auckland*

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secular faith

Barbara Menzies challenges the traditional dichotomy between sacred and secular. If Christians are to work 'in the world', they must embrace the secular

When I was invited to contribute an article on Secular Faith to *Tui Motu*, I spent some time considering a range of possible responses. Why? What is 'secular faith'? What does either word mean? Who determines the definitions, and how do they therefore control (or seek to control) the discourse? It turned out to be a useful theological exercise.

The combination of these two words seems to me to be something of an oxymoron. It expresses two, apparently opposed, Western constructs, deriving from a world-view that divides everything and everyone into neat-ish polarities. Religious or secular, spiritual or (what, exactly? corporeal? worldly? physical?), male or female, heaven or hell and so on.

The patriarchal theology generated by this world-view has traditionally ascribed hierarchical and moral values to each 'side' of the polarities, and asserted that we 'can't have it both ways'. A convenient moral framework for religious fundamentalism, as seen in widely-exported US evangelism, and US foreign policy (including war against 'the axis of evil') – and interestingly, also in Jewish, Muslim and Hindu fundamentalism.

Is the 'secular' in 'secular faith' confined strictly to being 'of the world and its affairs' rather than concerned with things less tangible? And does it therefore assume that 'the world' holds nothing that is less tangible? Or is the term 'secular' a neat but essentially meaningless label applied by church

people to the motivation of the well-meaning but 'unchurched' other?

What does the strong Dominican injunction to 'contemplate the street' have to say to this faith? If the street (in whatever geographical or cultural location) is where we encounter the reality known variously as grace, the sacred, the spirit of godde, the risen Christ, the mercy of Allah, the fire of Yahweh, or any of the other thousand names, there is inevitably huge diversity in the language that can be used to explore and articulate these encounters.

There are many ways of answering the question "where does goodness come from?" I doubt, on the basis of the events of the past century, that a just and equitable social and political order can emerge from the existing religious, social, economic and political paradigms. We need different and diverse models, many solutions, not business as usual, with a bit of a tweak for environmental or other street cred.

It interests and encourages me that many of the people whom I know to be working actively for justice and equity do so not out of their adherence to organised religion, but out of love, faith and hope. Their choices may be fired by exhilaration at the beauty of the Southern Alps or a southern right whale spotted off Kaikoura, their passion for what is right, their love for their children, their hope for their grandchildren, and/or their excitement at fanning the flame of discovery in minds of any age.

Is this faith secular? On the contrary, it is my observation that it has profoundly spiritual roots. It depends on a sense of continuity with the human community, hope and conviction that a better reality is possible, and a commitment to sharing the world justly, in stewardship for coming generations.

We can see this in action in many ways, locally and internationally. As each year passes, we see it in the increasing numbers (of young people especially) who turn out at cenotaphs all over the country on Anzac Day. For our family, this intergenerational link was starkly reinforced two years ago when my niece Jacqui, attending the New Zealand Service at Chunuk Bair, heard the name of her great-grandmother's brother spoken in the list of the fallen named and remembered that day.

We see it in actions grounded in non-church, intergenerational spiritual values derived from Tikanga Maori. A daily example of this can be found in the conduct and decisions of the Maori Party, who bring a completely different guiding framework to their politics. Mainstream media commentators have been slow to notice this, but they may one day get it.

We see it in organisations like *Peace Movement Aotearoa*, *Greenpeace* and *Amnesty International*, in the generations whose pioneering work for peace and justice, for anti-racism and Tiriti education has passed on to their children and grandchildren a sense of respect, responsibility and love for the

land, the sea, their communities and the health of the planet.

We see it in the results of the 2006 census of New Zealand households, which show a gradual decline in religious affiliation, alongside a figure of more than 1.2 million people aged 10+ volunteering for non-profit organisations.

We see it in the long-term work of Professor Jane Kelsey whose courageous political, social and economic analysis and education, and collaborative monitoring and analysis of international 'Free Trade' machinations have continued to provide vital information to counter the official spin for three decades. Her latest book *Serving Whose Interests? The Political Economy of Trade in Services* (Routledge-Cavendish, UK 2008) helps to explain why the Security Intelligence Service has recently refused to release most of the material it holds about her.

We see it in the long-term and tireless monitoring of centres of power carried out by British journalist Robert Fisk. His enormous work *The Great War for Civilisation: The Conquest of the Middle East* (Harper Collins, London 2005) shed much-needed and sobering light on my abysmal ignorance of the history and meaning of contemporary events in Palestine, Lebanon, Iraq and the other survivors of 19th and early 20th century European expansionism.

Novels – and the *Harry Potter* series deserves special mention in the context of this article – also hold out hope and love. The whole premise of the series, brilliantly concluded by JK Rowling in *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*, (Bloomsbury, UK 2007) is that the redemptive power of love – when someone is willing to give her or his life for others – is the oldest, deepest and most powerful form of magic. We can see that love in action every day, as parents strive to give their children better lives than they had – as our parents and grandparents did for us. Yet the religious Right has had notable

difficulty with a book that deals with witchcraft and wizardry, and the books are still banned from their schools.

When despondency and cynicism threaten to drown my sense of humour, I go to work at *Literacy Aotearoa*. The first of many valuable lessons in my ten years (so far) working for this genuinely learning organisation was to 'get out of the deficit model'. It is too easy for well-meaning and privileged people like me to focus on 'the problems' in working for change.

For *Literacy Aotearoa*, the recipe for success in adult literacy and numeracy tuition is a strengths-based, student-centred approach, where the student is in charge of his or her learning, the student's cultural capital is central to the learning process, learning strategies are matched to the student's life context and learning style, and tutor and student learn from one another.

Mistakes (seen as failures, to be avoided or derided in the formal education system) are valued as the vital locus of new discoveries and ongoing learning.

Working for *Literacy Aotearoa* I find daily evidence that diversity and inclusion are key strengths, rather than scary and divisive weaknesses.

Diversity and inclusion are also evident in school assemblies and other events featuring one or more of our grandchildren. Their school communities engage in constantly dynamic processes of developing forms of liturgy in their (non-church) formal settings. They mingle *te reo me oona tikanga* Maori with English, and find ways to celebrate which are appropriate to this place, Aotearoa.

In the middle of this year I discussed secular faith with the other women who have been part of the Pakeha Women's Theology and Racism Collective since 1986. We are semi-retired from the work of unpacking the many ways in which traditional patriarchal Christian

theology supports and validates personal and institutional racism, and most of us no longer have any formal connection with the churches whose traditions and cultures helped shape us.

But there is still much work to do, finding ways to live in this land in relationships of respect and integrity with Tangata Whenua. Our discussion ranged widely, as it tends to do. And we kept coming back to the recognition that hope, passion and commitment are central to the picture – to the ability to 'contemplate the street' to recognise and respond to grace, to the strengths, the seeds of hope, and the possibilities of change.

What we hope for and what we see as possible, form two ends of the spectrum. Faith is what drives our actions in the space between.

This too is how I understand the meanings of my 'Greatest Song Ever Written' – *Ella's Song*, by Sweet Honey in the Rock, and of Leonard Cohen's haunting and powerfully humble *Anthem*. Hearing and singing the refrain:

*'Ring the bells that still can ring,
Forget your perfect offering;
There is a crack, a crack in everything
– that's how the light gets in.'*

This continues to remind me that we all have the ability to learn from our mistakes in time to pass on a healed world to our children's children. ■

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wisdom of the ages

Daniel O'Leary

*Many today say they crave spirituality but are wary of religion.
Instead they turn to contemporary guides and gurus. But there is
little being said by these New Age writers that cannot be found in
the gospels and the works of the Church's great teachers*

Recently I met a couple, Tim and Liz, who said they were not particularly religious but they were well versed in the writings of popular guides and gurus such as Deepak Chopra, Eckhart Tolle, Louise Hay, Paulo Coelho, Wayne Dyer and other 'self-help' experts. Even though enriched by their devotion to these New Age writers and speakers, they sometimes wondered about how really Christian those authors were. They wanted to talk about it after spending the summer reading them.

With unlimited coffee at our disposal we sat around the table to talk. Liz began with a quotation from the current best-seller, *The Secret*. Originally found in *The Emerald Tablet*, a hieroglyph of around 3000 BC), she had it off by heart:

As above, so below.

As within, so without.

*What we give out,
we get back.*

Many of the pair's ideas about life were based on the belief that the world is urgently on our side, that the human spirit has an infinite capacity, that life itself conspires to bring us to the deepest fulfilment so that when we really and truly want something good to happen, then by virtue of our loving desire, it will happen. They quoted Winston Churchill's remark that "you create your own universe as you go along". And no less a scholar than the American writer and mythologist Joseph Campbell advised: "Follow

your bliss and the universe will open doors for you where there were only walls before."

Everything you send out, they said, by way of thought or desire, negative or positive, returns to you with a threefold increase in the same direction. The motivational writer Louise Hay, who claimed that she cured herself of cancer, maintained that we are responsible for the quality of our own experiences. We choose joy or negativity, illness or health. Every thought we think is creating our future. We all have this astonishing power.

It was difficult to resist the excitement of Tim and Liz, and their belief that the more we surround ourselves with light, with emotions and ideas of peace and success, then the more surely they will happen. "The law of attraction", they called it. Like attracts like.

The combination of thought and love forms the irresistible force of this law. The reason that this amazing truth does not happen more often is because people do not believe it can happen. They quoted Eckhart Tolle's teaching about the source of so much struggle and disillusionment in our lives. We carry a self-defeating impulse within us. When we go against the grain of the growth of being, when we swim against the current of life's flow, it is then we lose our peace and purpose.

"What we resist, persists," wrote Carl Jung. A conflict is set up by our negative thoughts and feelings. We must focus

instead on the energy of our inner spirit. The whole world then colludes to make our dreams come true.

We can change everything, they assured me, right here and right now. To develop deeply enhanced ways of seeing and being we only have to start thinking and imagining in a new way. All that life needs from us is the initial confident desire for transformation. The beginning is the thing.

Tim and Liz quoted Martin Luther King: "Take the first step. You do not have to see the whole staircase. Just take the first step." Whatever we think about, wish about and thank about, we bring about. "Imagination is everything," said Albert Einstein. "It is the preview of life's coming attractions." That is the gist of what they said. It was now time to stop so as to get ready for evening Mass. We agreed to meet again the following week. How does all of this sit with Christianity? That is what they wanted to know.

So I began by suggesting to Tim and Liz that we already find in the Gospel most of the sentiments they had expressed. Jesus was not in competition with the wisdom of the world; he wished only to set it against a richer, deeper background. He spoke many times about our amazing powers to transform ourselves and others, even to work miracles as he himself did. He guaranteed that whatever we ask for would be granted. In fact it would be

granted even before we asked for it, so anxious is God to shower us with an abundance of blessings.

"As within, so without," Tim and Liz had quoted earlier. Christ put that clearly in his stories about the sound tree and the good fruit, about the Scribes and Pharisees. Again: "What we give out, we get back." Jesus reassured us that we get it back a hundredfold. Here, once more, is the extravagance of unconditional loving. "Give, and it will be given to you: a good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap" (*Luke 6:38*).

Tim and Liz had referred to those who believed that their futures, and that of the planet, were dependent upon what we profoundly wished for, and visualised as already actually happening. Jesus, too, preached about the importance of choice, the transformation of negative thinking, so that we can experience the inner

freedom of the children of God. "Bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you" (*Luke 6:28*). Fill your mind with powerful thoughts, St Paul pleaded, with whatever is good and uplifting. If you believe enough, you can move mountains. "I can do all things through him who strengthens me" (*Philippians 4:13*).

Could one say, then, that those nonreligious gurus were working out of the 'natural' wisdom of their hearts and minds, but unknowingly, their insights were inspired by the grace of God? "Our human hearts are naturally religious," Cardinal Hume used to say. The wisdom of the Word was in the human heart long before the birth of Jesus.

Liz and Tim were particularly interested in tracing the shadow of the Cross in all spiritual growth. We agreed that if the journey towards the abundant life tries to by-pass the necessary Calvary, then it will not be a long or fruitful

one. Nor will it be Christian. There is no Cross-less way for a daily joy to Easter, that's for sure. The sinister shadow of evil around us, and within us, in Church and State, will not be seduced into submission by formulaic prayer or repeated affirmations.

Once again it was time to go. "Revelation is bound in two volumes," wrote Thomas Aquinas, "the book of life and the book of Scripture." They are both essential to the meaning of the one Word but our blundering explorations into the mystery of nature and grace need the true context of the Incarnation.

Bishop Butler once reminded us, "Let us not fear that truth can endanger truth." Tim and Liz could safely continue to read and reflect on the Gospel of life's wisdom, but purified by the light of the Gospel of Jesus. ■

*Daniel O'Leary is a priest of the
Leeds Diocese*

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COMMUNITY DIRECTOR

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shamans and mystics

Trish McBride

Trish McBride examines the Shamanic tradition in indigenous religions – and finds it not so very different from Christian mysticism

Twenty years ago I was astounded and inspired by the writings of British monk Bede Griffiths on the common ground between the Hindu faith and Christianity. It had never occurred to me that there was any – quite the opposite in fact! I'd learned that monotheism really was 'right' and polytheism really was 'wrong'. Then there was Thomas Merton and his respectful appreciation of Buddhism. Another major inter-faith bridge! These two gave me a tool for engaging with another not-Christian spirituality.

Eco-spirituality has become something of a buzz word in the church, and rightly so. It is also good to acknowledge that Christianity has come to this understanding quite late in the day. The Shamanic framework goes back to the early days of the human race, well before the arrival of the five patriarchal religions. It has been preserved largely by indigenous people – Maori tohunga, North American Indian medicine men, Aboriginal 'clever men', Celtic, Tibetan and other shamans. These are the ones who are the contact with the world of spirit on behalf of their people. They all have been deeply immersed in the natural world for the centuries when westerners were mostly caught up in scientific rationalism and the domination of the earth and its other forms of life.

Modern Shamanic teaching has

drawn on indigenous knowledge with respect and appreciation and is being made available through literature and workshops to a wide range of interested learners. It is beneficent in intent. I attended a workshop in an isolated corner of Marlborough Sounds offered



by Dr John Broomfield and his wife Jo Imlay. Again it was a book that had sparked the interest: John's *Other Ways of Knowing* had also made a deep impression a few years ago. It gathered up a lot of my learning and extended it in often challenging directions. Inter-species communication was one!

He told a story of Jo's communication with some bothersome wasps. She realised they were thirsty and put out sugar water for them. Not only did they settle down, but in time they even came to let her know when more was needed. Suddenly the recognition of Francis of Assisi as a shaman! He talked to the wild creatures too. And the story of the wolf of Gubbio morphed from 'medieval legend' to 'this could have literally been true'.

Shamans often come into their power after a severe illness or trauma. In the Christian mystical tradition many of the saints had this experience – Julian of Norwich, Ignatius, Hildegard and others. They 'came back' and told us what they had experienced and learned in that other realm. It was their gift to the wider church and community. And Christian priesthood is at one level about mediating connection with the spiritual world, knowledge and healing.

Shamanic terminology is different, but the experiences and their fruits are often the same as those of Christian prayer traditions. They talk of spirit guides – and that is exactly the role Jesus holds for the Christian: teacher, guide, intermediary. Someone to spend time with, to seek help from. And then there are the power animals. While at first this seemed very different from Christian thinking, eventually I

understood the concept as another set of metaphors for what we might call guardian angels. And images/imaginings of God as mother eagle and mother bear, or Jesus comparing himself to a mother hen are straight from Scripture – we just haven't called them power animals!

The contemplative exercises inviting us to engage with an aspect of the natural world that we were given at the workshop could have come straight from a Catholic retreat. Thirty years ago at one retreat we were offered a tray of flowers, invited to choose one, spend time with it and see what it had to say to us. On that occasion a daphne sprig had a great deal to say to me about the nature of community!

What Shamanic tradition would call trance, Christians would call deep prayer. Both are a way to seek for truth, guidance and deep healing. What they call visiting the Land of the Dead, we would again call prayer. At another retreat my director suggested going with Jesus to meet a dead family member. The encounter that ensued was dramatic and healing. What they call the 'retrieval of soul fragments', we would call 'healing of memories'. And so it went on, with the focus on Spirit, who is to be found everywhere



in everything, and willing and ready to communicate guidance, wisdom and love. And so to a reverence for life that extends to all creation. I recognise our God and what the Christian tradition would call panentheism, the supreme Spirit in and through everything. We are about the same stuff!

Modern western-flavoured shamanic teaching might be seen as imitative of indigenous knowledge and so perhaps a colonising, but this is an incomplete perspective. The white people who

have been admitted to the sacred knowledge of indigenous people have approached it with the utmost respect, and have earned the respect of the people concerned. But shamanism is indeed in our own ancestry and heritage as well, but was frowned on by the church that saw all other spiritualities as 'wrong' and dangerous'. So it was virtually wiped out and abandoned along with the deep connection to the earth and its other living beings. We don't have to go back very far to find our own ancestry immersed in this ancient tradition, particularly if we have Celtic blood in us.

So this was an enriching week that joined yet more dots for me in the realisation that so many spiritual paths converge. Those who engage with Spirit, Life and Earth, and seek the good of all are truly pilgrim companions on the *Way*. We are all called to be mystics!

Different traditions hand on the same essential wisdom – Seek! Look! Listen! ■

Trish McBride is a spiritual director and theologian in Wellington

Robert Lentz, one of America's most original artists, has been painting icons for more than 25 years

"Shamanism is an age-old practice of entering into an altered state of consciousness with the purpose of journeying in spirit realms to seek knowledge and healing. Shamanism rests on a belief that all of nature is conscious and inspired and that human health – the health of individuals and whole communities – depends on a harmonious balance with nature. The maintenance of that balance is the work of shamans, talented individuals who have mastered the techniques of journeying and who have established powerful connections with spirit helpers."

– Dr John Broomfield

John Broomfield was Professor of modern Indian history at the University of Michigan for 20 years and has written extensively on the impact of the modern West on non-Western peoples. He has studied shamanism with Michael Harner and Sandra Ingerman and was President of the California Institute of Integral Studies from 1983-1990. He now lives in New Zealand.

seeds of perfect stillness



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Eyes Made for Wonder

Joy Cowley

There is an old Jewish belief that we see and hear the things we are meant to see and hear. While I hold that in an open mind, I acknowledge serendipitous moments that have been very important to me. Once, while gazing at cards in a Catholic bookshop, I saw this written by a Benedictine monk:

Prayer is not about words; it's about love.

The statement surprised me with truth and my heart leaped in recognition, flinging aside all the complex manuals on prayer I'd read over the years.

Without realizing it, my understanding of prayer had become structured with aids that said more about my desire for prayer than prayer itself – place, time, posture, breathing, music, candles, incense, scripture, chant. You know what I mean. Certainly those prayer rituals brought a sense of well-being.

Whatever we offer, we can be sure our God of abundance will receive it with generosity. But those rituals depended on my effort, my conditions. I was missing the most important thing.

Prayer is not about words; it's about love.

Yes! my heart cried. Yes, yes! It's so simple! God has already poured that love into you. Be aware of it. Open your eyes!

Some people, like Bartimaeus, respond quickly to healing touch. For the rest of us there is gradual sight, a growing awareness of the loving purpose that holds our existence, that underlies everything. Divided vision blends into wholeness. We realize that we are all little wells connected to a great subterranean river of love, and that separation is an illusion.

Prayer is not about words; it's about love.

That's it! says the heart. Let incense and music carry you to the fragrance of Love. Let the candles bring you into the light of Love. Understand that words are simply the path that take you to the place where words are consumed by God's Love. This is not about your effort. All you can do is offer gratitude.

As for the place of prayer, that becomes for us, the entire world. We discover that whenever we look at something through the eyes of love, we see God. ■

Heart In The Distance

Did you hear her heart
in the distance?
As her tears returned to the ocean
Deeply her breathing,
consciousness rising
Spurts out her grief,
like the Whale, exhale.
Who moves and plays with her calf,
gently in calm waters.

Sun shines on this day
where grief spurts out.
Surprised at what lies latent below.
Rise up with the Whale
Return to the depths
in gentle breathing.

She rises to leave,
This day etched for ever in her memory
Gifted in rare opportunity
Pushed forth from the depths
Free to walk in courage and clearer days



One is certainly not alone
She knows there is comfort
She heard her heart in the distance
And returned to it.

Bridie Southall

mobile and roaming

Paul Armstrong

An interesting thing happened to me today. Sitting in my chaplaincy office I read some prayer and relaxed, thinking of all those in need of chirpiness and just an ounce of God in their lives. It was relaxing and quiet. After a while I felt the need to get up and go for a walk.

I didn't need to walk far. Just outside my office was a student enjoying a snack before class, just sitting there munching away. I made a fun comment and we began a conversation, a conversation that I had no idea would lead me to the depths of that person's soul. But indeed it happened, and indeed it was good. Tears were spilt, pithy observations were made, and honesty was worn clean and broad on the sleeve. It was indeed good to be there.

One very small thing was observed by yours truly in this encounter. You see this lovely person was sitting just outside the door of a chaplain's office, emblazoned with requisite name and title. And yet she – or he – had not approached the door, nor thought anything of it. It was only a few small steps away from where I was literally sitting... waiting, within reach of help, and not knowing they really wanted it.

I see this as a metaphor for the courage it takes to take that small step to God for help, for God too is waiting in that intimate and quiet space within us, just a few steps from the door to our exterior. It is a metaphor too for what it is to be a chaplain, or a person of God, in the world we live in today. Often times people are soundly unaware of what awaits them behind that door, of who awaits them behind that door, and of how good it will be to be inside that door, and of the fact that the person that truly awaits behind that door... is themselves.

The church busies herself with her Godly task of tending those within her doorways, and yet just a few paces from that very door that lies open and waiting, lie those vaguely unaware of the treasure that lies within. "What is a chaplain?" many ask. What do they do? This question is being asked as we are actually in the process of 'doing' it – the work of God. "Show us a sign!", they demand. And yet we are right there in front of them 'doing' it, God's work. It is beguilingly simple. Those 'outside the door' need the courage to take that step.

The media have done a beautiful job of typecasting people of God in a poor light, thereby consigning them to the borders of people's lives. They thus engender a profound unawareness of what is *truly* available, and simply waiting. People desire it. And, let's be honest, so do we. Christ often waits for us, just on the other side of an open door. But he is a mobile Christ. In the end it is his courage within

us, his steps that bring us to a prodigal, nay, a *prodigious* encounter. It is when we laugh and loosen up and make a few pithy and beautiful comments about life that people actually come to know what we are all about. They have an authentic encounter with Christ. And they are pleasantly surprised.

This experience is in no way confined to unbelievers, for only the most humble of us will admit to this occurring more regularly than we are willing to admit to in our own faith lives. But we are met at that door to the kingdom, and when Christ arrives he ain't no 'king', he comes to us with a bit of wit, and a bloody great smile on his face, glad to see us, *no matter where we sit and eat*, and he sits exactly opposite us enchanted with our company.

So we too must act as Christ does, and we will. The Spirit will not leave us alone until we act in a lively manner, going out and having an everyday chat about all the most important things in life, relaxedly, and loosely. And dear God, leave out the religious cliché. That's what leaves them out of the room in the first place.

The contemporary person of Spirit needs contemporary language, and an emboldened sense of intimate care and authentic encouragement in the wanderings they take in life. Anger only happens when we bottle up that Spirit, for it's simply the Spirit's energy bouncing off the shell of our bodies that generates negative energy, because it is not being used... outside.

So, for God's sake, let's meet them at the gate... why the hell not, that's what it's there for!!! Roam a little: you'll be rewarded for it! And while you're at it, you just might find yourself! ■

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Reply:
Anthony,
C/- Editor, *Tui Motu*.

a cardinal for our times

Basil Hume: ten years on
edited – William Charles
Burns & Oates London. 2009
Price \$37 approx. 217 pp.
Review: Michael Hill

When I was on leave in England in 1975 I visited a priest friend in Westminster, and over lunch I asked him if he knew who the new Archbishop would be. My friend held a significant position in the Archdiocese, and it became clear he was 'in the know' although not able to divulge precisely who it would be. He simply said it was a 'dark horse', someone totally unexpected.

In the event he was absolutely right. The new Archbishop was Basil Hume, Abbot of Ampleforth Abbey in north Yorkshire. It would be like appointing the Abbot of Kopua if the see of Wellington became vacant. It seemed unusual to say the least to appoint someone with very little parish experience, a schoolmaster monk, to the leading position in the English Catholic Church.

This book is a collection of writings by various friends and colleagues to commemorate the 10th anniversary of his death. It is edited by his nephew, a layman who shares his uncle's

considerable gifts as a communicator. It is not a biography, but it draws a fascinating and delightful portrait of this saintly and influential figure.

Hume quickly established himself as the popular 'face' of English Catholicism. Thousands inside and outside the church came to admire him and to love him. Even Queen Elizabeth referred to him simply as "my Cardinal". His writings and his spirituality influenced thousands – and he has been a very popular religious author here in New Zealand.

This book introduces the reader to many facets of his life. He loved young people and regularly he would have anything up to 100 with him for an evening at Archbishop's House. Each year he led a youth pilgrimage to Lourdes.

He also from early in life had a real sensitivity to those who suffered from poverty and deprivation. One Christmas he opened the Cathedral Hall as a shelter for the homeless, and out of that grew *The Passage*, run by the Daughters of Charity, the largest voluntary day shelter for the homeless in London. At the time of terrible famine in East Africa he flew out to



Ethiopia to share a direct experience, so that he could help raise awareness in Britain to the plight of those who were starving. The memory of what he saw stayed with him ever afterwards.

Two aspects of Basil Hume stand out in this book. One is his humility, his total lack of pomp and circumstance. The other is his prayerfulness, which came through constantly in his preaching. Pope Paul VI had said to him before he was ordained Archbishop: "You are a monk and must remain a monk." For Basil the monk, prayer always came first.

When he became sick and it was made public that he was dying, an avalanche of sympathy letters arrived at Archbishop's House. One was from another dying man who wrote: "I am angry and I am especially angry with you because everyone will pray for you, but no one will pray for me – a lapsed Catholic who is divorced." The Cardinal replied by return of post: "Don't ever say no one will pray for you, for from this day on I will pray for you every day".

There is not a dull page in this book. There is a lot of humour and frank assessment of his character, his successes and failures. Let the final word on Basil be from his secretary for all 21 of his years at Westminster: "He was a mystical soul who reminded us all that we are made for the vision of God." ■

My Final Arrangements

Kate Moriarty



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a compelling story about growing up

An Education

Film review: Paul Sorrell

A film that deals with the seduction of a teenage girl by an older man could have been a bleak and heartless story, with few redeeming features. But *An Education*, as the title hints, is full of positive themes. Based on an autobiographical essay by journalist Lynn Barber, and with screenplay by popular British novelist Nick Hornby, the action dances across the screen with a sure-footed lightness of touch. If *An Education* is a serious film, it is not a solemn one.

In fact, 'solemn' is just what 16-year-old Jenny (outstandingly played by newcomer Carey Mulligan) fears her life may become. Quick, intelligent, and with a hunger for life and experience, Jenny feels stifled by her middle-class existence in a comfortable London suburb in the early 1960s. Even the promise of an Oxford education fails to

excite her; the prospect of progressing from school pupil to varsity student to trainee teacher, and back into the classroom – the career path marked out for the 'clever girl' in the 1950s and '60s – fills her with a sense of dread. With a new spirit of freedom and rebellion in the air, life beckons this talented girl, and she is determined not to miss out on any of the excitement she feels she deserves.

Enter David, a seemingly wealthy and sophisticated man in his early thirties, who drives a gleaming Bristol roadster and seems to offer Jenny everything she longs for. Seduced by the high life David and his friends offer her, Jenny is whisked off on trips to Oxford and Paris and launches into a social whirl of concerts and parties, art auctions and upmarket nightclubs. Even when she begins to see that their glittering world is not all it seems, she is unable to pull herself back to her dull, suburban life.

Her parents offer little guidance, as they too have fallen under David's spell.

When everything falls apart, as it inevitably must, Jenny is left chastened but not broken. A less resilient young woman might have plunged into a downward spiral of moral decline at this point. But she is able to reassess her values and regroup her resources for another try at life. Significantly, the one steadfast character in her life has been her English teacher, Miss Stubbs, who has always had her best interests at heart but never preached at her. When, at the end of the film, Jenny visits her home for some private tuition, its light and airy ambience contrasts with the cheap hotel rooms and dark suburban interiors where most of the action has played out. We sense the beginning of something new.

An Education is an excellent film for mature Christians, parents and youngsters alike. The issues it raises about conformity, social values and sexual mores would make a good starting point for intergenerational dialogue and discussion. Thoroughly recommended. ■

educational support for children in financial hardship

This year is the 225th Jubilee of the death of Nano Nagle, founder of the Presentation Sisters. A key initiative of the Sisters and Associates for this year has been to establish the *Nano Nagle Charitable Trust*.

Nano Nagle, at great personal risk, established illegal schools for children excluded from education in Penal Ireland. To-day, Nano Nagle is regarded as one of the great pioneers of Catholic education. Her work laid the foundation for a voluntary school system in Ireland and for the wide range of ministries to which Presentation Sisters around the world remain committed to this day.

Sister Noreen McGrath, Leader of the Presentation Sisters said: "The Trust is now up and running and ready to receive donations." ■

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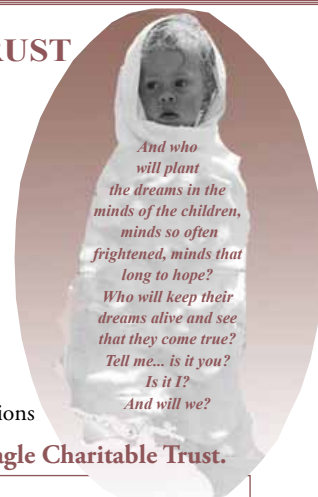
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*And who
will plant
the dreams in the
minds of the children,
minds so often
frightened, minds that
long to hope?
Who will keep their
dreams alive and see
that they come true?
Tell me... is it you?
Is it I?
And will we?*

Children are our treasure – present and future

the church's mission is to the world

misunderstanding.

Unfortunately, some misunderstandings gave rise to the unbiblical view of God as a 'bookkeeper' keeping track of my meritorious or otherwise actions. Pope Benedict rhetorically asked in his encyclical on Christian Hope: *"How could the idea have developed that Jesus' message is narrowly individualistic. How did we arrive at this interpretation of the 'salvation of the soul' as a flight from responsibility for the whole... as a selfish search for salvation which rejects the idea of serving others?"*

The pre-individualistic society in Europe, which both gave security to and limited people, was transformed through economic, political and scientific developments. As individualism developed the sense of community weakened, with religion relegated to the private sphere. The attitude that the 'spiritual' and the 'worldly', the sacred and the secular, were distinct realms gained dominance.

It was from this background that Vatican II arose, proclaiming emphatically that the mission of the Church, far from spurning the world, is intimately bound up with it. It was the fruit of pioneering developments put in train by Leo XIII (1878 - 1903), gradually preparing the ground for a change in focus. There were some such pioneers in our own country; to name but three priests: Reginald Delargey and John Curnow with youth (CYM), and 'Hec' Fletcher with married couples (CFM).

They taught people to examine practical situations in their work and neighbourhood in the light of the Gospel and to devise effective action to improve them

valued children

The leadership of such pioneers has inspired many to accomplish much in unspectacular ways over

Crosscurrents

Jim Elliston

the years. One can only lament the widespread neglect of §29 of the Decree on the Laity. It calls for Cardijn's educational method (See-Judge-Act) adopted by those pioneers, to be central to formation at parish level.

One secular example of the effectiveness of that approach is a remedial reading programme in a state school situated in a decile one area (the bottom of the heap). 'Secular', because not explicitly Faith-based, but aimed at effective educational development. It was designed specifically for the socio-economic and cultural situation of its children, many of whose parents are not native English speakers.

It is run by a part-time teacher who supervises volunteers drawn mainly from a neighbouring high decile area. Requirements are love of children and love of reading. There are four children per volunteer; daily progress (with comprehension figuring strongly) is recorded with results sent home at regular intervals.

The current Supervisor (a former member of Fr Delargey's CYM), found this school while looking for something worthwhile to do after she retired. Her responsibilities are both educational and pastoral. She guides the volunteers, adapts the programme where necessary to the needs of the individual child or volunteer, liaises with the class teacher, tests the children, deals with the (very rare) behavioural problems, arranges for the school pastoral team to visit the home as required, and gives personal support to the volunteers. When a child reaches the required standard another on the waiting list takes its place.

This is an example of the fruitfulness of a targeted professional approach and effective management. For the cost of one part-time professional many disadvantaged children are helped each year to gain skills necessary to survive in society; they grow in self esteem and their families are drawn into the process to a degree that otherwise would not happen.

obama's nobel peace prize.

"He has achieved nothing!" "It devalues the Prize!" "It's for the voters who brought him to power!"

Former Australian diplomat Tony Kevin disagrees. He sees it in terms of leadership and outlines some early achievements. He refers to the Nobel Committee's explanation that Obama has done more this year for world peace than any other possible contender: *"through his extraordinary efforts to strengthen international diplomacy and cooperation between peoples ... Obama has as President created a new climate in international politics. Multilateral diplomacy has regained a central position ... Dialogue and negotiations are preferred as instruments for resolving even the most difficult international conflicts ... Obama [has] captured the world's attention and given its people hope for a better future."*

Kevin outlines some early gains: 'In US-Russian relations, the provocative NATO missile shield project in Central Europe has been cancelled, the Georgian adventure set to rest, and the Russian government has visibly warmed to the West in response. Nuclear disarmament negotiations are moving again, and China seems to be responding on climate change – a potentially disruptive security matter.'

I am the vine, you are the branches.

In November we pray to, and for, those who have gone before us. St Paul's letters talk of us being members of the one body; John's Gospel describes it as animated by the life of Christ. ■

'test tube babies' – or people?

Recently I caught up in Australia with a couple I have seen on and off over the years. The husband is a distant cousin. Years ago I had been brought in as the family priest to perform their marriage.

As I arrived this time at their home, the wife greeted me with the words: "Ah well, you helped put us together 31 and a half years ago. We're still together. That is more than I can say for some of my friends."

For ten years after their marriage they had tried their best to start a family. But with no success. Then, at long last the wife became pregnant. Shortly after that I joined them for a meal. But there was an element of gloom about that get-together. Three days before our meal, my cousin's wife had miscarried.

Not long after that I came back to live in my homeland. Regular meetings with Australian relatives dropped out of my pattern of living. But I did hear that they had had recourse to In Vitro Fertilisation (IVF). As a result, the wife had two successful pregnancies. In one of my rare contacts with the family over the years, I met the children, at that stage pre-schoolers. They were indeed 'test tube babies'.

My recent encounter with these children when I came to the family home for an evening meal was quite different in character. The son is in his last year at a well respected Catholic boys' secondary school. He is already lined up for an intriguing gap year in Britain. He will then come back home to begin his university studies. His sister, a year or two younger, is still at secondary school. But she is already the young woman rather than the child. I was meeting two rounded out individuals on the verge of entering into adult life.

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

The official church has had, to say the least of it, reservations about IVF. It sees as out of order that the conception of a new human is taking place not within the body of the mother but in a test tube. "Man on his own initiative may not break the inseparable connection between the unitive significance and the procreative significance which are both inherent to the marriage act. One must not dissociate the sexual act from the procreative act" (Catholic Catechism as quoted in Wikipedia). Fair enough; but my encounter with these cousins set me thinking how these principles should actually be applied.

Catholic ethicists regularly have recourse to the natural sciences to obtain the data on which to place moral judgments. Regarding IVF it is gynaecology and suchlike they have turned to. But a wider picture is required than is provided by gynaecology. Sociology and the other behavioural sciences, as well as the wide and deep Catholic teaching on marriage, must be respected. A judgment on the use of IVF by a married couple involves far more areas of knowledge than simply gynaecology

The act of conception must be seen in its wider frame. These pregnancies whose 20-years-on results I was encountering were those of two people joined to each other in love. For years they yearned to see the sacrament that united them have its fulfilment in offspring. They would be the incarnation of their love. IVF made that possible.

All of which leads me to think that for a married couple IVF is simply a technical aid in achieving the aim of sacramental marriage. I believe it should be acknowledged as such. ■

Humphrey O'Leary

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A Mother's Journal...

“Mum, how long does this *Sermon on the Mount* go on for? We've been reading it for over a week!”

“Yeah, we like the stories by Jesus much better.”

Sigh.

It's not that I find the *Sermon on the Mount* easy to understand either. I actually feel its nearly impossible to live out – but I thought reading a few verses from it each morning was a good idea. Yesterday though, I really had no answers. “So Mum, is Jesus saying that if someone asks for my sweatshirt, we should give it to them and also my raincoat we got in the Kathmandu sale at Easter time as well?”

Autumn and the first frosts are here in Himachal Pradesh. We are using our warm gear lots and don't really have many spares. So what shall I do when a migrant Nepali road worker walks past looking distinctly chilly, wrapped in layers of thin cotton?

Another sigh. It's probably more straightforward than I like to think. Jesus doesn't say: “Work out if you have enough warm clothes to get through the worst of the winter, and if it turns out that you've got a less-used jersey then you should

give it away!” Jesus simply says, “Give to those who ask of you.” Is this all too hard to talk through with my children? It feels too hard for me to put into action.

Maybe my motives are all wrong. I did quietly hope that in the short term our talk about “turn the other cheek!” might mean a few less battles over pencils, blankets and jam toasts. But in the longer term, I have hopes that our discussions and reading of these difficult words will grow children who become adults who live out non-violence, social justice and ecological sustainability.

Sometimes it's a bit lonely parenting and trying to walk a pilgrim path. The *Sermon on the Mount* hits home hard here in a remote Himalayan village. I would be glad to have other parents as companions to talk through my quandaries with. How and when should I challenge my children? How and when should I leave them gently be, let them do their own thinking? How and when do I challenge myself... or let myself gently be?

For now I'll desist from mentally counting our sweatshirts and jerseys. Back to parables and miracles for a few days perhaps? Though they're problematic too... Sigh...

Kaaren Mathias



Nepali road workers who work here over the summer – with some of their children. We are doing a project working with them to provide child care and give them some toys/books etc. It's pretty grim, spending days perched on the side of a road in sun and wind and dust and rain. . .