TUI MOTU
InterIslands

CELEBRATING 20 YEARS *1997–2017*

TWENTY YEAR ISSUE

HENARE TATE explains our name

ELIZABETH MACKIE, MICHAEL HILL, KEVIN TOOMEY on founding the magazine

TED RICHARDS , ESTHER ROBINSON on being at the brink of 20

PLUS JOY COWLEY, MIKE RIDDELL, DANIEL O'LEARY And NICHOLAS THOMPSON on Sebastian Castellio

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TuiMotuInterIslands Tuimotumag

Website: www.tuimotu.org

EDITORIAL

Celebrating 20 Years

Tui Motu's name rang out again and again — six times — at the Australasian Catholic Press Association's awards evening last month. Like tūī song ringing through the bush, the awards for social justice, care of Earth, spirituality, faith in daily life and ecumenical dialogue knit us to our mandate of stitching relationships and conversations among our peoples, islands, regions and countries. And then we won a further award at the Australasian Religious Press Association evening for Michael Fitzsimons's profile of a hospital chaplain and a commendation in the Publication of the Year category.

This bounty is poured on *Tui Motu* magazine on its 20th birthday. Who would have known in 1997 when Michael Hill and Francie Skelton published Issue 1 that we would be reading Issue 219 in 2017? To celebrate this milestone we've revisited our roots in this edition — the story of our name, our founding, the early hopes and our growing up. And while our name *Tui Motu* means stitching relationships, we're featuring the tūī bird, whose exultant call compels and delight us, to image our hope for reconciling friendships, inclusive communities, social and ecological justice and grateful living. We have glimpses of past issues, as well as new material that focuses on the joys, heartaches, highlights and challenges of these days — particularly relevant as we prepare for the New Zealand General Election this month.

We are grateful to all those who have contributed to *Tui Motu InterIslands* magazine since its birth — our shareholders, subscribers, Board directors, Foundation directors, editorial teams and staff members, article and letter writers, artists, photographers and poets, volunteers for distribution, production and promotion, volunteers for proofreading and finance. This 20th birthday grows out of your generosity and commitment. Thank you!

And we are deeply appreciative of the thought, research, reflection, faith, art and craft of the many contributors to this birthday issue.

We're offering again this year a daily "Creation Pause" email during the Season of Creation — from 1 September to the feast of St Francis of Assisi 4 October. If you'd like to receive them sign up on the *Tui Motu* website or send us an email and we'll join you up.

As is our custom our last words in this birthday issue are of blessing. ■

Cover photograph:
Tui Landing
by Stewart Baird ©
www.stewartbaird.com

Stitching
with threads of relationship

***Tui* – to sew, thread, bind, lace together**
***Motu* – cut off, severed**

"*Tuia i runga; tuia i raro; tuia i waho.* Bind all that is above; bind all that is below; bind all that is unseen; bind all that can be seen." The proverb expresses Pā Henare Tate's title for *Tui Motu* magazine. It is the stitching together of peoples and lands in God's creation. The sewing, threading, lacing and binding together again and again of what is cut off or distant. And in the name is the vision, hope and mandate for our magazine.

Pā Henare explained: "We are linked by blood to our *whānau* or *iwi* but we are linked to others of different families or races who are on the same journey as ourselves. We encounter them too.

"We are linked also to the land — this is the significance of '*motu*'. Sometimes we think of the separate islands and other times of *te motu*, the whole land. In terms of our *whakapapa*, our genealogy, Māori have strong links with the Pacific peoples. And we are linked, too, with those who came here from afar in the last century: their blood is in us.

"*Atua*/God binds all together. The word 'tui' brings this all to mind — the binding, sewing, stitching, bonding. In pre-Christian times the link with God constituted the sacredness and the dignity of our Māori people.

"Through the Gospel Christ was introduced to the whole fabric of Māori belief. We relate to Christ as *tuākana*, the eldest, the firstborn. Paul calls Christ 'the first born of all creation' (Col 1:15) which helps us understand our link, our *tuitui*/sewing to God through Christ. We are 'knitted' to Christ and knitted to God.

"Our knitting with God can be a process of stretching; a surrender in faith. A piece that is sewn onto a garment has to surrender to the movement of the garment.

"The stitching together of people is also a process of stretching. First the Māori people must be recognised as *tangata whenua*/people of the land. At the time of the Treaty, the Māori response was *tuku*, to share their resources. Every time someone is welcomed onto the *marae* the home people receive the *manuhiri* who may, or may not, be Māori. The hosts go outside of themselves to receive the visitors, so that they become one with the home people. The title *manuhiri* should have the shortest "self life" of any, because visitors are straight away invited to belong.

"This is also a Christian concept. Those who are welcomed become part of the 'body'. This gives people *mana*. Pain comes where one party abuses the hospitality. The tragedy after the signing of the Treaty was that those who were invited in displaced the welcomers and took over.

"These Treaty issues must be addressed to enable Māori to exercise *mana* and restore their dignity so they are once again able to share their home. The supreme injustice of depriving Māori of their ancestry and rights has put them in a position of *noa*, of weakness and powerlessness. Their strength has to be restored so that once again there can be outreach and hospitality towards other peoples.

"The stitching/*tui I runga* becomes an imperative, stitch! '*Tuia i te muka here tangata*, stitch them with the fibre that alone can knit people together.' In Māori spirituality the fibre is the Holy Spirit, penetrating land, people and all creation.

"We have to understand Māori concepts, for instance *te wa*, the moment. Paul's phrase springs to mind: 'Now is the acceptable time, now the day of salvation' (2 Cor 6:2). This *kaupapa* is all about the moment, the opportunity to restore the people.

"We are at a crucial stage of the journey. We are all in this together. And being knit together means we help one another along the road. If we fail to respond, then we hold people back and we miss the moment, the kairos offered by God. Part of enjoying human dignity is being able to restore and affirm the rights of others.

"At the heart of the process of restoration is recognising the relationship of God and land. It is a violation to sever the link between people and their land. The broken link needs restitching. *Tapu i te whenua* must be restored to the land so that it has the *mana* to nourish people. We encounter *Atua*/God in the land when the indigenous people are respected.

"We can see the linking of the islands and people of Aotearoa in Māori imagery. They speak of those who die going on a journey beginning far south in Rakiura/Stewart Island, or Wharekauri/Chatham Islands; from Murihiku, the southernmost part of the South Island and travelling up the island, crossing Te Moana ao Raukawa/Cook Strait and then traversing Te Ika-a-Māui/North Island until they arrive at Te Rerenga-wairua/Spirits Bay.

"The two most important events in our lives are *te whānautanga*/birth and *te matenga*/death. In death the spirit retraces the journey and stitches together the land, revisiting each of the *iwi* until it reaches the Taitokerau and the *iwi* of the far north who are the guardians of the souls of the departed. In this journey life is brought to completion." ■

Adapted from an interview with Pā Henare Tate. *TM* Issue 1, September 1997.

Photo by NASA. Stitching Image by Sandy Leaitua. ©

Pā Henare Tate from Motuti in the Hokianga gave the magazine its name in 1997. He was steeped in Maori culture and spirituality as well as contextual theology. He died on 1 April 2017.

Surprised by the Spirit

ELIZABETH MACKIE, one of the founders of *Tui Motu*, remembers the impetus for starting the magazine and its mandate to keeping the spirit of Vatican Council II alive.

If asked: "Where were you on 22 November 1963 when John F Kennedy was assassinated?", most people living at that time would remember without too much difficulty. But I wonder how many can answer a similar question about 11 October 1962. It marked the opening of the Second Vatican Council, the first since Vatican Council I in 1869-70 and the 21st ecumenical council in the history of the Catholic Church. At the opening Pope John XXIII spoke of the world's need for the medicine of mercy. During the final session in December 1965 Pope Paul VI, who had led all but the first Council session, referred to the *aggiornamento* (bringing up to date) required as the whole Church embarked on a quest for deeper understanding of the Spirit of the Council and the faithful application of the norms it provided.

New words entered our vocabularies: *aggiornamento*, subsidiarity, collegiality, the people of God, the pilgrim people, the signs of the times.

Some of the more important documents of the Council were those which called for an opening up and a reaching out to the world beyond the Catholic Church. In fact, the opening paragraph of the Church in the Modern World declares: "Nothing that is human is outside the scope of the Church".

Gradually, however, there was a reaction to the climate of change and greater openness to the wider society and other faith traditions. The Church appeared at many levels to minimise or even reject the creative and open stance of the renewal. The Society of Pius X broke away from full unity with the Church and began to ordain its own priests and bishops; the Council emphasis on social justice and the development of liberation theology of Central and South America, led to considerable unease in the Vatican and to the silencing of some theologians.

Twenty years ago, in this climate and as a response to the teachings of Vatican II, *Tui Motu* magazine was born. Its mission statement includes the commitment to proclaim the values, theology and opportunities opened by the Council and to provoke further exploration and reflection.

Feeling the Wind of the Spirit

The specific history of how that mission statement came to be written was, we believe, a work of the Spirit.

The impetus arose in 1996 from the abrupt closure of the *New Zealand Tablet*, established by Bishop Moran in 1873. At the same time discussions were going on in Auckland to design a replacement for the *Zealandia* and to create one national Catholic paper for the country.

These two episcopal decisions regarding the future of the Catholic press seemed to have happened suddenly, with limited consultation and primarily for financial reasons. The editor, at the time of the *Tablet*'s closing, was Michael Hill IC, assisted by Francie Skelton. Many readers were unhappy about the loss of

the *Tablet*. The late Maura Toomey was affronted by that decision and communicated her displeasure to her brother, Kevin Toomey OP, who was at the time serving on the central leadership of the Dominican Order in Rome. Kevin mentioned this concern in conversation with the Master of the Order, Timothy Radcliffe, who suggested that the Dominican men and women in New Zealand might begin a replacement publication themselves.

The Dominican Sisters had a committee focused on mission and justice and it so happened we were meeting about the same time. We gathered on a Friday evening in Dunedin from different parts of the country and found a fax from Kevin to be considered on the agenda. The first reaction was: "Is this a joke?" We had no experience in publishing nor did we feel confident or competent to attempt it. So we dismissed the message and went to bed! However, next morning it was suggested that we take another look at the fax and see if there was any way we might undertake the task. A succession of steps followed.

Taking the First Steps

We invited Michael and Francie to meet with us during the same weekend, to ask if they were interested in such a venture. They were. So we agreed to gather people from around the country who might have an interest in the Catholic press, to come to a consultation in Auckland in the latter half of 1996. We met in the Sisters of St Joseph's Centre in Mission Bay and after much discussion settled on several key concepts: the magazine would be a monthly publication; it would be a Catholic magazine and would encourage ecumenical participation in its choice of topics, its writers and subscribers; it would be committed to the partnership of Māori and Pākehā in Aotearoa; and it would be independent and therefore not drawing on diocesan funding.

Judith McGinley OP, then prioress of the Dominican Sisters, approached all the religious congregations in the country for support and received promises of financial assistance to get the initiative underway. The Dominican Friars made available the house in Dunedin which had served for many years as their centre for chaplaincy to the University of Otago. *Tui Motu*'s offices are still there 20 years later.

No final decisions were made at that consultation but we agreed to convene again and did so, with a reduced number of participants. At the second meeting we obtained the commitment of about eight people willing to take a more active role in setting up a magazine.

> *Tui Motu's mission statement includes the commitment to proclaim the values, theology and opportunities opened by the Council and to provoke further exploration and reflection.*

Governance and Editorial Team

So the real work began. This included setting up a governance Board, inviting the Sisters of St Joseph to join the Dominican Friars and Sisters as joint owners, creating a legal identity, finding a name and — critically — appointing Michael Hill and Francie Skelton as Editor and Assistant Editor, roles they carried magnificently until Michael retired in 2009 and Francie in the following year. Without them there would have been no *Tui Motu* and their generosity, commitment, skills and experience were great gifts to the enterprise.

Michael was followed in 2010 by Kevin Toomey OP as Editor, source of the original proposal for a new magazine. And Ann Gilroy RSJ took over in 2015.

Looking back . . .

"Suzanne embodied perfectly naturally the Meri of her relationship with Māori, the nursing 'Sister' of settler Hawke's Bay, the canonical Mother Mary Joseph of her congregation, the secular Suzanne Aubert of her legal documents, the Mother Aubert of Wellington Streets and the Grandma of the children." From *A Woman for All Seasons* by Jessie Munro. [Issue 1, Sept 1997: 9]

Sustaining the Magazine

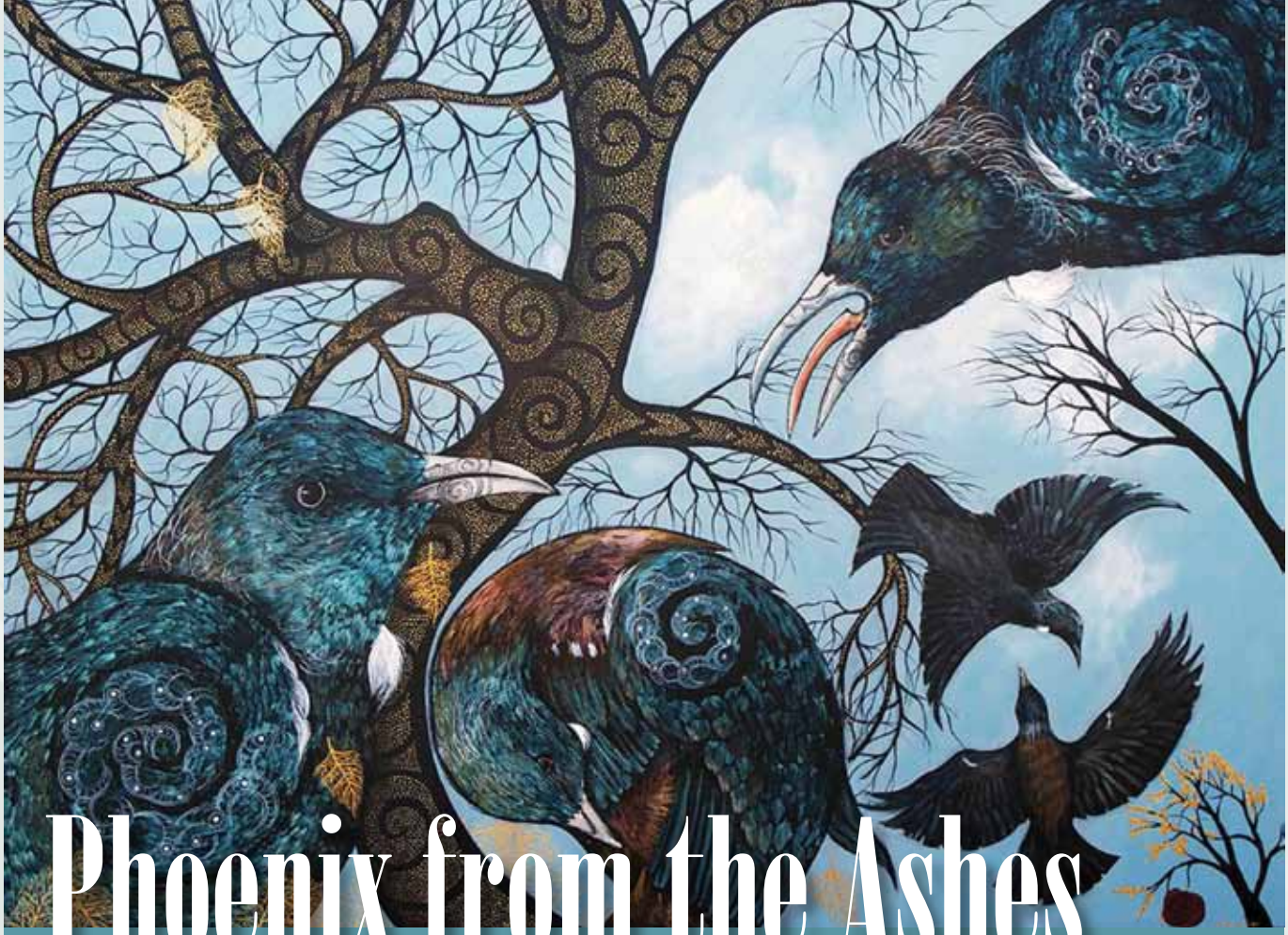
Under each editor the magazine has developed, while remaining faithful to its founding vision by exploring Christian/Catholic spirituality, by adopting the call of Vatican Council II to open outwards, with the medicine of mercy which John XXIII desired to bring to the world, and by treating as legitimate issues for discussion all that is human and all that concerns the well-being of planet Earth.

These 20 years have been marked by extraordinary generosity. The editors have each developed the style and format of the magazine, introduced new writers and features, explored new topics and re-visited old ones. Designers, artists and poets enhance the content. The Board members have brought skill and enthusiasm to the overall direction of the magazine. Religious Congregations have provided generous financial assistance. The magazine attracts splendid writers and a dedicated group of readers, who also contribute financially over and above their subscriptions. Volunteers manage the monthly distribution, archiving and indexing, and sales to parishes. The whole venture creates a unique community of people who are committed to the vision of the Second Vatican Council, to an outward facing Church, willing to explore the complexities of the modern world and offer the good news of our merciful God.

Tui Motu is to be congratulated on its courage, its consistent quality and the contribution it makes to Church and society in this country and beyond. ■

Contributor since Issue 7 April 1998

Elizabeth Mackie OP was a TM Board director for 19 years, seven as Chair, and was Assistant Editor for six years. She has a long term interest in social justice.



Painting: *A Tribe of Tui* by Robin Slow ©

Phoenix from the Ashes

MICHAEL HILL recalls the disappointment caused by the closing of the *New Zealand Tablet* and how this impacted his becoming the first editor of *Tui Motu* magazine.

I started reading the Catholic press at an early age. My mother bought an English paper called the *Universe*, which was very much taken up with "parish pump" news. I recall an Irish friend becoming quite irate with it for wasting time and ink on trivia. "Parish priest bitten by cat" was the sort of headline which would infuriate him.

Generally popular Catholic papers in those days avoided politics or the big issues, unless, like Catholic schools, the topic happened to impact on readers' lives and pockets. However, I came across a striking exception to this rule. At school we had a visiting retreat preacher, who was passionate about social justice which impressed me at the time. Later I learned he had been the editor of a national Catholic paper, but was sacked by the bishops for backing the "wrong" horse in the Spanish Civil War. He had been labeled a "red" for opposing General Franco and, therefore, perceived as untrustworthy.

After leaving school I started buying the *The Tablet* (London) and it continued to be part of my regular reading at university. It cost me ninepence! Even in those days it had a wide international coverage and was unafraid to engage with political and social issues. The editor, Douglas Woodruffe, was a pretty conservative Catholic. However, he was an entertaining writer and the paper had a number of very readable and stimulating columnists. The *Tablet* has been an independent paper for a long time, so its editor is not in danger of being dumped by irate bishops.

When I came to work in New Zealand in 1970 there were two flourishing Catholic periodicals. The *Zealandia*, published in Auckland, had had a succession of priest editors. In fact it became quite a status symbol among the Auckland priests to have been appointed editor and then summarily dismissed by Archbishop Liston. The slightest straying from the party line was sufficient to rouse His Grace's wrath.

The *New Zealand Tablet*, published in Dunedin, had a lay editor, John Kennedy. He was a professional journalist and was never afraid of being controversial. I admired his boldness even though I often disagreed with his ecclesiastical and national politics. The *New Zealand Tablet* was a "news magazine". It had comment articles but it was also the archive of the New Zealand Catholic Church and through a series of stringers it reported on Catholic events of any significance from all corners of the country.

Later, when I learned more about the science of journalism, I discovered that this sort of hybrid paper is usually deemed unsatisfactory. It tends to fall between two stools. A paper primarily needs either to report news, or be a comment periodical, covering aspects of opinion or behaviour impacting on people's lives.

Demise of the *New Zealand Tablet*

Tui Motu magazine did not simply drop out of the sky. It had its origins in the *New Zealand Tablet*. When I came to live in Dunedin in 1993 Bishop Boyle invited me to become editor of the

New Zealand Tablet, which he owned. I had no journalistic experience and had limited writing expertise. However, I was passionate about the value of good religious journalism. It was important to me that the *New Zealand Tablet* tried to be objective in its opinions and did not simply repeat the party line. To be critical of what might be going on in the Church is not to be disloyal. It is to note where integrity or truth might be inadequate and propose other ways of achieving the common good.

We were fortunate that Bishop Boyle gave us complete editorial freedom. However, the *Tablet* Board was interested basically in the business operations of the publishing company, of which the *Tablet* was one part. The truth was that the *Tablet* was leaking money at an alarming rate, so when the publishing business ran into financially difficult waters, the Board decided to close the paper. Many people throughout New Zealand anguished over this decision and over 800 subscribers sent donations to try to keep the *Tablet* afloat. In vain! The strength of the response indicated that there were many readers who valued its style of independent comment.

New Challenge Emerges

Maura Toomey, a Dunedin teacher, particularly lamented the demise of the *New Zealand Tablet* and wrote to her brother, Kevin Toomey OP, in Rome at the time and assistant to Timothy Radcliffe, Master General of the Dominicans. Kevin heard the alarm and despondency not only from his sister, but also from among the Dominican Sisters. This elicited an interesting response from Rome. The Sisters were having a Congregational meeting in Dunedin when to their astonishment they received a message from the Master General himself. The challenge he set them was: "Rather than complaining over the closure of the paper, what are we Dominicans going to do about it?"

So the Sisters began planning. I was invited to a meeting with them, along with Frances Skelton, who had been my assistant at the *Tablet*. The Sisters proposed that they were prepared to look at launching a new paper if we would be the editors. I remember that the meeting was on or near the feast of Pentecost — an auspicious date. As a first stage a meeting was held in Auckland of people from all over the country who might be interested in supporting the venture. The interest was high.

I remember doing a logistical exercise at the time to see what it would cost to produce a 32-page, A4-size magazine for 11 issues per year, priced at $4 per copy. The figures told us we would need to attract a readership of at least 2,000 to break even. I showed the budget to a local accountant, who approved it but commented: "There is no fat in this!"

The Dominican Sisters held a further meeting in Christchurch, and after receiving positive support for the idea, they made the decision to go ahead. The Dominican Fathers offered their premises at 52 Union Street West in Dunedin as a publishing office (still T*ui Motu*'s home). And the Sisters sought and received backing from other Religious Congregations in the country. The Sisters of St Joseph came aboard as co-owners.

Making it Happen

Frances Skelton and I started preparatory work for the magazine at the beginning of 1997. Our first task was to raise money. We produced a brochure to distribute to prospective subscribers, including, of course, the 800 people who had tried to save the *New Zealand Tablet*. Then we had to learn the necessary computer skills, which was not easy since neither of us was particularly computer literate.

Judith McGinley, Congregational Leader of the Dominican Sisters, and I paid Bishop Boyle a visit to allay his fears that he might be getting a cuckoo in the nest in his diocese. He supported the idea and immediately became a subscriber. Nearly all the New Zealand bishops became subscribers and some have contributed articles or sent letters. They were supportive from the beginning.

First Issue Is Produced

The first issue of *Tui Motu InterIslands* magazine was published in September 1997 and, apart from a couple of months when through sickness or absence we had to skip a copy, it has been produced monthly ever since. And from the start, the editorial team has enjoyed the enthusiastic support of a group of volunteers, especially to help with banking, posting out, promotion and various other necessary tasks.

One defining character of *Tui Motu* magazine has been the inclusion of what is sometimes called "right brain" material: poetry and prayers, artwork and graphic images to illustrate articles, as well as care with the design and layout. While people buy a magazine to be informed and entertained, it takes more than just words to achieve this. It is perhaps this aspect which has helped earn *Tui Motu* magazine many accolades from the Australasian religious press associations. I edited 135 issues of the magazine and finished in February 2010 when Kevin Toomey OP took over. Frances Skelton remained as Assistant Editor until the end of 2010, the 145th issue of *Tui Motu* magazine. ■

Contributor since Issue 1 September 1997

Rosminian priest **Michael Hill** was the first editor of *Tui Motu* magazine (1997-2010). He lives in Dunedin and has recently published his second book on his Congregation.

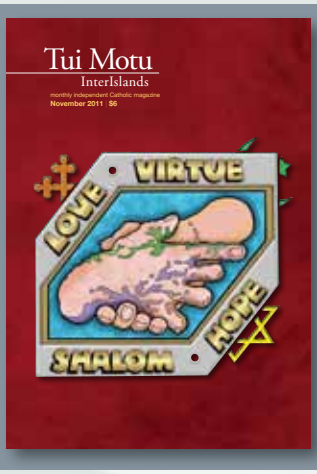
Looking back . . .

"Music is a powerful means of evoking memory. People will carry in their heads snatches of favourite hymns long after they have forgotten eloquent sermons. The right music is as potent a means of drawing us close to God as anything I know." From *Music in Prayer and Worship* by Colin Gibson. [Issue 9, June 1998: 21]

Responding to the Call

KEVIN TOOMEY tells of his early connections with *Tui Motu* magazine and the way he developed the magazine in his term as the second editor.

Tui Motu magazine grew out of a chance conversation in Rome. That was a breath of the Holy Spirit, for it was impossible to have guessed then what it would become 20 years later — the only religious magazine of its type currently published in Australasia.



I was sitting in my office at Santa Sabina Convent in Rome the morning I received a letter and magazine from my sister, Maura. It contained the final edition of the *New Zealand Tablet*, which had been published continuously since 1873. I was feeling sad. It had been an initiative of the first Bishop of Dunedin, Bishop Patrick Moran, a great friend of the first Dominican Sisters. Moran wanted to keep open the Catholic side of a raging debate about "free, secular and compulsory" education and to put a coherent Catholic viewpoint to his people and New Zealand society. Since then the *Tablet* had had interesting moments with Father James Kelly's seditious Irish invective, and John Kennedy's hardening attitude to Vatican Council II.

At this point, Fr Timothy Radcliffe, the Master of the Order, walked into my room. I told him this story in short form. His reaction was immediate: "Why don't the Dominicans do something to fill the void? After all, it is a traditional ministry for us." Later that day I faxed that idea to Sr Judith McGinley in Dunedin. The Sisters' Leadership Team — Judith was then prioress — was meeting. The Team caught the idea and immediately began to investigate further. The magazine had begun.

First Acknowledgements

When the first issues of *Tui Motu* were published I was still living in Rome. My sister, Maura, gifted me a "sub" and I enjoyed watching this "little flower" bloom and grow. Michael Hill asked me to be the magazine's "Roman correspondent" but my work precluded that: I was away from Rome six months of each year. When Austin Flannery OP, the longtime editor of the Dublin journal, *Doctrine and Life*, asked to see this Dominican-inspired magazine from the Antipodes, I obliged, and — quite unexpectedly — he handwrote comments which I enthusiastically passed on to Michael Hill and Francie Skelton. Austin was impressed by the breadth of the material, layout and imagery. He was taken by the original covers, as well as the many sketches or vignettes which accompanied the stories and gave a distinctive character to the look of the magazine.

Introducing Original Art

I must credit Donald Moorhead for this visual component of the developing magazine. Donald lived in North East Valley, close to the Rosminians, was a well-known piano teacher and had developed his own successful style of visual art. The punt to employ Donald was a sign of the maturity of vision which Michael and Francie had for the magazine. Over the years Donald's covers won prizes at the ARPA and ACPA awards — against strong competition from Australasian religious publications.

Professional Design and Layout

Greg Hings was also crucial to the development of the magazine. When I took over as editor from Michael in 2010, Francie stayed on for some months to ensure continuity and no loss of institutional memory. My skills in layout and design were zilch and I concluded very quickly that I could not do what Francie did so easily. I could see the structure of the magazine in three parts: editorial, design and layout, and production and publication. So we employed Greg Hings for design and layout. Like Donald, Greg was an inspired choice — a dream to work with, who never interfered in editorial policy or decision making and who often found material which complemented the writing and pushed the thought behind the article in ways that gave added richness and inner strength.

The Second Editor

But I have got ahead of myself. Years before 2010, it was clear that Francie and Michael would soon retire. Names were bandied about, my own included. I discounted that possibility, having absolutely no experience of publishing. But late in 2009, at a meeting of Dominican Sisters and Friars, someone began to speak very directly about the fact that I should be the next editor of *Tui Motu*. Not only that, but every other person in the room echoed these sentiments. I felt as though I was slowly being nailed to the wall! By the end of that meeting, I had agreed that I would ask what my community and provincial thought of this ludicrous idea. If amenable, I would think further. To my surprise, both gave the nod. The rest is history. As a complement to my appointment, it was agreed that Elizabeth Mackie and I would work together as the editorial team. Elizabeth had helped get the magazine going, and had been on the Board ever since, sometimes as Chair of that august body! There was no better person to join me.

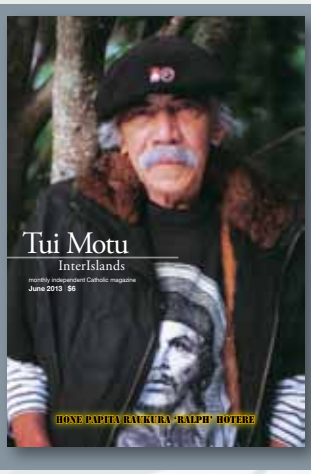
Looking back . . .

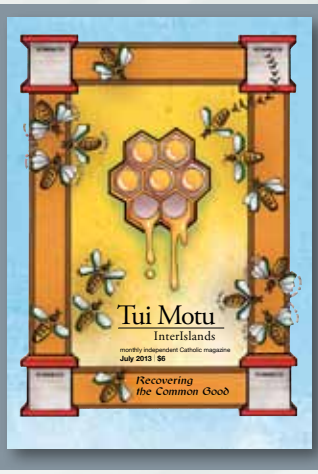
"Restorative justice options are not easy but they sit at the heart of the cross and the doorway to the empty tomb. They are life-giving." From *Seventy Times Seven* by Jim Consedine.
[Issue 21, July 1999: 3]

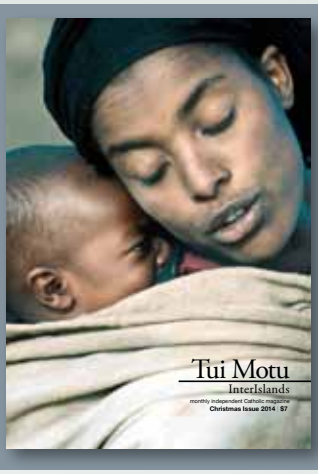
Working Together

From the beginning we had a determined way of working together. Each month, we took a morning to sit and chew the cud — a kind of contemplative time. We asked what matters most right now, in the Church, in wider Aotearoa and world circles; what cannot be overlooked; what underlying questions need teasing out. We prioritised searching for ecological and interfaith material. It was Elizabeth's gift to see deeply, allowing us to attack a topic differently.

We then searched for writers with expertise of the chosen focus: usually we asked three people to write the major challenge of that issue from diverse lenses. We sought complementary material. We always had a centrespread — with photos, poetry or a Donald Moorhead take. The most successful centerspread was a group of photos of new galaxies taken from the NASA website. It was reproduced many times. We searched out new writers and encouraged others to continue to write. There were excellent columnists, each with a different viewpoint.







Focusing the Content

Reflecting back, "open", "edgy", "provocative", "trying to take an issue forward" described much of what was produced. We deliberately addressed difficult topics, but hoping to invite a reasoned and forthright response, founded in the gospel, grounded in social justice, ecumenical and inter-faith oriented, and faithful to Catholic Church teaching but unafraid of constructive criticism. Occasionally, we had serious repercussions from published material, usually around sexual abuse matters. Dealing with these was an on-going and sometimes rigorous exercise requiring help from other professionals. Mostly, a good solution was found.

Tui Motu Community

Elizabeth and I inherited a community of readers and friends from Michael and Francie, who are vital to the *Tui Motu* enterprise. Often questions arose from subscribers — some arose from the articles, others from the simple need to talk. The sympathetic listening to questions, or the joys and sorrows of life, was an integral part of the magazine's open, pastoral and caring stance. *Tui Motu* continues to be a non-parochial, ecumenical community with some 2,000 participants. This undoubtedly has given the magazine its distinctive flavour.

Passing the Baton Again

During my five very full years as editor I could see the challenge to move the magazine into an IT-friendly environment, using Facebook and digital media — aiming to reach a wider and younger audience. Now, some years away from the editorial helm, I can see that Ann is developing some of these areas. Kudos to you, Ann, in this next stage of the magazine's history. As my father used to say: "*Per ardua ad astra.* (Through adversity to the stars.)" May *Tui Motu* flourish! ■

Contributor since Issue 7 April 1998

Kevin Toomey OP, originally from Dunedin, edited *Tui Motu* magazine from 2010-2015. He now lives and ministers in Melbourne.

Tui Motu's CHURCH *Context*

PAT LYTHE outlines significant events and changes in the Church since *Tui Motu* was founded.

When *Tui Motu* was launched, Polish-born John Paul II was pope, the only pope ever to visit Aotearoa New Zealand. Now 20 years later, he is Saint John Paul II. German Pope Benedict (2005-2013) was the first pope since 1415 to resign, and we now have Argentinian, Pope Francis. In different ways, these three popes symbolise what was happening in the Church in that period.

John Paul II was an inveterate traveller, arguably the most influential leader in world politics, author of 14 encyclicals, an active campaigner for peace, for ecumenical and interfaith relationships. He gave way to Benedict, more interested in theology and doctrine, but who also continued his predecessor's ecumenical and interfaith initiatives and the overwhelmingly popular World Youth Day gatherings. Southern Hemisphere Francis has put people first, stressing (and acting out) the pastoral qualities of mercy and forgiveness as his prime principles. These three popes have canonised a large number of saints, people contemporaneous to our own times and communities; Mary MacKillop and Mother Teresa are two dear to our hearts.

The last 20 years have seen the issue of sexual abuse placed under increased scrutiny, with the Church in many countries scrambling to work out ways of dealing with complaints and victims. The profiles of the three popes and the sexual abuse issue have ensured that the Catholic Church remains firmly in the public eye, in all forms of media.

A huge change for the Catholic Church in New Zealand has been the diversity in personnel. If we take a snapshot of the Auckland diocesan figures for 1996 and 2013, as counted by the New Zealand Census, we get some amazing figures. In 1996, Catholics numbered 131,000; among them 30,000 Māori, 10,000 Samoan, 3,000 Cook Island and 2,000 Tongan. The annual Mass count for that year was 33,000.

In 2013, there were 189,000 Catholics in the Auckland diocese, with a Mass count of 41,582. Broken down by ethnicity, we find 57 per cent European, 12 per cent Māori, 12.7 per cent Pacific, 19.8 per cent Asian and 2 per cent other. The largest groups were Samoan 21,000+, Filipinos 15,000+, Tongan 8,000+, and Indian 7,000+. The Asian groups did not feature in the 1996 census. While it is true that Auckland is more multicultural than the rest of the country, the same trend can be seen in dioceses across New Zealand. Considered alongside the startling figure that half the clergy in Auckland parish ministry are either migrants themselves or were born overseas and it makes of the Church a melting pot of diverse cultures.

Migrant communities find Churches fill their needs for community, connection and worship and for retaining their culture. Parishes struggle with finding their familiar communities and buildings filled with different faces, different customs and different languages. The diversity is reflected in a degree of polarisation. No longer do all Catholics think, act or live out their faith in the same way. The varied reactions to the introduction of the *New English Missal* in 2010-11 reflect this.

In some dioceses, because of dropping numbers and fewer clergy, steps have been taken to group or cluster parishes, with Sunday Masses being interspersed with lay-led Liturgies of the Word, with or without Communion. Lay people are increasingly taking on more leadership roles as pastoral workers, *katekita*, spiritual advisers, diocesan staff, teachers and being on the leadership teams of parish groupings, but there is still no national qualification or formal recognition for this work.

Secularisation is another factor having an impact on congregations. All of the Christian denominations lost adherents between the 2006 and 2013 Census. Catholics outnumbered Anglicans for the first time, while still dropping 15 per cent. A whopping 1.6 million people declared they had no religion. The café has become the place to go on a Sunday morning — not after church for many, but instead of it. A large number of young people embrace the Church's social justice teachings (particularly environmental issues) but find parish life and worship "boring and irrelevant".

However, reflecting migration growth, Hinduism (90,000), Islam (45,000) and Buddhism (58,000) have expanded, and while interest in ecumenism has waned, interfaith relationships are slowly being created.

For me, personally, the lowlight of the last 20 years was the withdrawal of the Catholic Church from the Conference of Churches in Aotearoa New Zealand in 1998 and the subsequent demise of the group. My highlight was the return of the remains of our founding Bishop Pompallier and the wonderful bi-cultural *hikoi* around the country before his reinterment. ■

Photo used with permission of the Auckland Catholic Diocesan Archives.

Pat Lythe is the Team Leader, Pastoral Services Group, Auckland diocese. A grandmother of eight, she enjoys murder mysteries and travelling.

Tui Motu's AOTEAROA *Context*

KEVIN CLEMENTS paints in broad strokes New Zealand's changing political landscape of the last 20 years.

I salute those who imagined *Tui Motu* and willed it into existence 20 years ago. The 1990s were turbulent years for New Zealand. The Fourth Labour Government — which led so courageously on nuclear issues in the 1980s — pursued radical neo-liberal economic reforms, which challenged traditional notions of the Welfare State, upset the economic status quo and changed forever New Zealand's egalitarian view of itself. There was public anger and the National Party, under Jim Bolger, won the 1990 election in a landslide.

Bolger first bailed out the Bank of New Zealand (a casualty of Rogernomics) and under Ruth Richardson continued Labour's reforms. Dubbed "Ruthanasia", the polices were systematic assaults on health and welfare systems, and although tempered after 1993 under the more moderate Bill Birch, their neo-liberal economics still prevail.

Looking back, Jim Bolger was a somewhat reluctant reformer. He favoured the first-past-the-post electoral model but held referenda in 1992 and 1993 which resulted in the shift to porportional respresentation in MMP. The 1996 election, fought under the new rules, saw neither Bolger nor Helen Clark able to form a government. National could govern only with the support of New Zealand First, and with Winston Peters as Deputy Prime Minister and Treasurer.

We were becoming more sensitive to Treaty issues. Under Justice Minister Doug Graham, three Waitangi claims were settled: the Ngāi Tahu, Waikato-Tainui and fishery settlements. These were pathbreaking at the time and paved the way for *iwi* in the 21st century to begin gaining real economic and political power.

The first and second Bolger governments gave bipartisan support to Labour's anti–nuclear policy. This meant the development of a foreign policy outside of a fully-functioning ANZUS alliance. This bipartisan support has become a defining feature of New Zealand's national identity, although it is now under quiet threat as Gerry Brownlee promotes closer conventional defence relationships with the United States.

NZ delegation at the UN Forum on Indigenous Issues

There was also a growing awareness of the environment. Our first Marine Reserve was developed in 1997 and the Kahurangi National Park opened. Protestors saved the last giant totaras in the Pureora Forests near Te Kuiti and action groups questioned the sustainable management of West Coast forests and other areas of environmental concern.

The late 1990s were characterised by changing demographics and a rapidly growing multicultural society. Small, white supremacist pro-Nazi groups sprang up and were roundly condemned by the then-Race Relations Conciliator, Dr Rajen Prasad, who spoke out strongly against New Zealand racists and their message of hate. New rules on foreign investment and looser immigration controls saw increased migration from China, India, Japan and Korea, a trend that continues today.

Just as today, New Zealand was grappling with high youth suicide rates, personal violence and a growing drug problem. The imprisonment rate was rising yet it was not deterring offending. Health and education competed for funds in a time of fiscal constraint, leading to bulk funding of schools and the delegation of decision-making to District Health Boards, a model which is now being challenged as inequalities grow and communities struggle to live within fiscal constraints.

So the economy was diversifying. The New Zealand Welfare State and womb-to-tomb security were eroding. Globalisation was breaking down national barriers and boundaries, and New Zealand's taken-for-granted Anglo-Saxon identity was being challenged internally by Māori and externally by uncertainty about how to engage and identify with the Asia-Pacific region, the principal source of new economic prospects.

These tensions remain and, post 9/11, have become more intense as New Zealanders struggle with how to deal creatively with violent extremism, intractable conflicts in the Middle East, uncertainty about climate change, global warming and fundamental attacks on the rule of law and democratic processes in the United States, the United Kingdom and elsewhere.

The fact remains that New Zealand is an Asia Pacific nation controlled by a dominant white elite who continue to identify with the UK, the US and Western Europe. This group is being challenged by Māori and by growing numbers of Chinese and Indian New Zealanders.

Tui Motu has a critical role to play in the 21st century in helping us all to respect and honour diversity and difference, promote equality, justice and fairness, and work each day for peace and harmony at home and abroad. ■

Kevin Clements is Professor & Director of the NZ National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies at Otago University.

20 YEARS IN FAMILY TIME

JAN and COLIN MACLEOD look back on their family life since the birth of their son Callum 21 years ago.

We've been married for 27 years and this year our only child turned 21. It's a significant event in the life of a family. Its specialness was highlighted for us when we decided to put together a photo book for Callum. It reminded us of so many memories and changes. Photos of first steps, starting school, past and present friends, altar serving, birthday parties, grandparents, sport, Christmases and holidays. They all featured the same young man but with such noticeable changes in physical size and associated personal maturity. (We may have even aged ourselves a bit, but we're not admitting to that!) It has been a fascinating journey so far.


AGE 1


AGE 3


AGE 7


AGE 11

Anticipation of Birth

We remember clearly the wonderful excitement and ignorance of those pre-birth months. We were setting up our house for a long-term intruder whom neither of us had yet met. As we'd chosen not to know if it would be a boy or a girl, we made plans for terribly important things that hindsight revealed to be rather inconsequential. The type of buggy, style of cot, colour of walls, species of animal on the hanging mobile — that sort of thing.

And, around it all, we had lots of conversations about the changes this new person would bring to our lives.

The Birth

Our son arrived on the 18 July 1998 and then we were three! By that time we had a bedroom ready with a bassinette which had cradled previous babies of family and friends — a real link to the past with a view to the future. (It's stored in the attic now and it's hard to believe our young man once had room enough in it to stretch out and flap his arms.)

We had such happiness and nervousness with this little person completely reliant on us. And we had no formal training or "licence to practise" — just get on with it. So we did, like every other parent before us. From working out how to get the car seat set up properly to not letting the slippery wee fellah hit the deck at bathtime, there was a lot of learning.

Unexpected Crisis

In our case a maternal stroke nine days after Callum's birth introduced fear and sadness. And at the same time it also reinforced the love, and practical and prayerful support of our own parents, extended family and friends.

Our first family outing from home was to hospital and we didn't move back for six months. Most of the things we had planned were changed and challenged, but amid tears and laughter our wee family grew in love.

Mixing in a Bigger World

We were incredibly lucky to have a gentle, happy little boy who, as he grew, brought his friends into our world. One of the great things about having a child grow up in our family was that it sort of masked our own growing up. As Callum made new friends we made new friends. Especially when he was little we'd get to know many of his mates' parents in a way that is much easier than adults meeting adults in their own right. We'd enjoy awesome kids' movies which we wouldn't be seen dead at as an adult without a kid. We'd make time for trips here and there because, we reasoned, it was good for the child, or just fun, when we might otherwise have simply stayed at home.

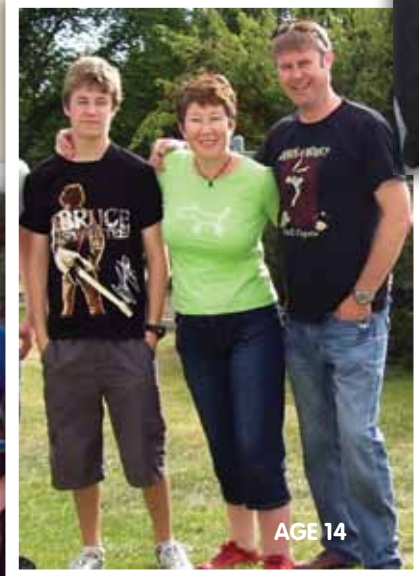
Negotiating Parenthood

We also realised early on that there would never be a time when we wouldn't worry about him, whether it was sickness or relationships, the internet or tramping, school work or learning to drive. Life is full of challenges and opportunities and

the future is always unknown. We understood that life necessarily has to involve risks.

We remember the first time Callum walked alone to the local dairy, or stayed over at a new friend's house. And now that he has been flatting for a couple of years we're more attuned than ever to the natural, necessary journey of the child to be independent of the parents. We can't protect him forever, if we ever could, but we are still there for each other. (In particular we stepped in to help during the great "mould outbreak in his uni flat" this winter!)

These years of life as a family have seen times of laughter, school days, holidays, celebrations, illness, challenges.


AGE 14

There was the huge debate over whether to have an XBox or not to have an XBox! Like all families we didn't always agree. Sometimes it felt like 2 vs 1, the male family members vs. the mum, the parents vs the child. However, communication and compromise helped us along the way to navigate difficulties.

Now our son is 21, an adult, flatting and studying at university. So, we are back to two again in our house but we will always be a family of three, connected and blessed by love throughout the years, no matter where we are.

Callum Adds

We asked Callum what he might say in a reflection such as this and he wrote:


Tui Motu

Looking back . . .

"In light of God's ongoing gift of "touching our lives" we might reflect on the many situations in life when we have required more than our fading resources to get us through a difficult situation." From *Holy Spirit . . . Our God Making Contact* by Helen Bergin. **[Issue 32, July 2000: 21]**

Turning 21 really puts things in perspective. It's a turning point in life that encourages me to think back on all of the experiences I've had throughout the ever-increasing number of stages that comprise my life. I recognise the


AGE 17

importance that these events have had in shaping who I am and who I will become, regardless of how good or bad or even trivial they may seem.

Growing up in a loving family is the best thing that can happen to a child. And, in my case at least, completely unbeknown to said child during life's stages, loving didn't mean letting me do just anything that I wanted. It certainly hasn't meant letting my parents push me in the direction they want me to go, either.

A loving family, there to learn from, to be supportive, encouraging and to persistently motivate me, to drive me forwards, is great. And this is true however much I may want to slam on the brakes and let my parents take the wheel for me after hitting one of the many obstacles along the road, which happens as we progress into adolescence.

As stressful as something like learning to drive is, it's at these times that I appreciate having a family the most. Learning to overcome challenges and fears is not the mountain of unknown impossibility it may have initially seemed, because with family there I'm not climbing alone.

That's probably what growing up is all about, forging my own path forwards, using the knowledge and skills learnt from family to go out and experience a life full of events that will continue to make me into a person better than I was a moment before.

If we take time to learn from everything we do we can keep growing as people. In every mistake is the potential for a future success and in every success is a lesson to to share

AGE 21

with another child who's just trying to lay the groundwork of their own life. That's because the child I was, will inevitably become a role model like my family was to me. There is always someone to teach and someone willing to learn. It all starts with family. ■

Jan, **Colin** and **Callum MacLeod** live in Dunedin and are part of Mercy Parish. (Callum's flat is currently mould free.)

AT THE BRINK

Turmoil and Resolution

Ted Richards

It could probably be said that standing at the brink of 20 I was the best I had ever been. I had direction, goals and ambitions. I was happy. I was sure of myself and full of self-confidence. Life had been a straight line of progression and development, stage to stage. Crèche, kindergarten, school, college, gap-year, university. The next step seemed clear.

But it wasn't, was it? Or it didn't flow on to it, did it? I fell. I sank. I was lost. It hurt.

Shit. It's ugly.

Being 20: I can honestly say that it was the worst time of my life. It started rather appallingly. I tore a ligament in the knee on my 20th birthday, jumping and falling on stage at university. The following year was bad. I failed. I worked. I developed depression. I dropped out and withdrew. I was falsely accused of crimes. I fell out with friends. I was assaulted. I developed an anxiety disorder. I learnt what hate truly is. Not fun. Not good.

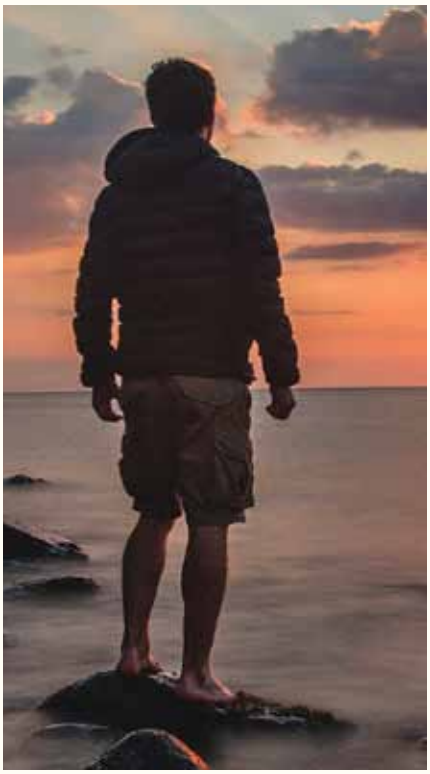
That path which had seemed to lead to a sunset-illuminated horizon suddenly dropped out from under me, and I found myself hurtling in free-fall off the precipice. Instead of my time on the brink of 20 shining as the best time in my life, it appears in retrospect in bleak tones, filled with disconnected innocence. And now it colours my current attitudes, experiences and perspectives with a rich pigmentation.

I'm chewing over the lines of one of my favourite Baxter poems: "My love came through the city." As with Baxter's Christ, our true purpose and power is not seated in grand events and people. It is present in our everyday movement and progression. I would say the same of love and hate. Love does not appear in the dark depths of a single night, in a watershed moment. It is a road that is walked every day, and deepens with every step. Similarly, but in drastic contrast, progress through pain does not happen in an extreme event of conflict and catharsis with the perpetrator. It is a road that is walked every day, and requires personal agency to progress along. Progress is not seated in large steps or phases, in years of effort. It occurs every day and requires our involvement at every stage.

The only model to view my experience of "20" is an uncomfortable one for an atheist son of devout Catholic parents. I can only comprehend it as a baptism. I was convinced of my comprehension of reality, I fell, suffered and that form of myself died. Now I'm something different.

I sat to write this article and, following the suggestion of my father, I read Pope Francis's letter to young people, (ahead of next year's synod), discussing "Young People, the Faith and Vocational Discernment". Francis called us to be active, engaged and joyful. It was a challenge, a call to action and a request for resolute conviction. To "go!" To forge the world we desire and crave. To ignore the doubt we hold, and stride forth assured of our agency and capability to force change in our world.

Inspired by my friend, I find myself energised, hopeful even. Here I find myself. Galvanised. Aware of my past innocence. Aware of the true depths of hate, and love too. It's a baptism, humble and unostentatious. What follows is an answer to the call which Francis has put out in front. "Here, I am. I am here to do your work." Off I go, stroke by stroke, paddling my way towards my sunset-illuminated horizon. I may have languished for a while, but I have sorted out my own buoyancy and I'm on my way.



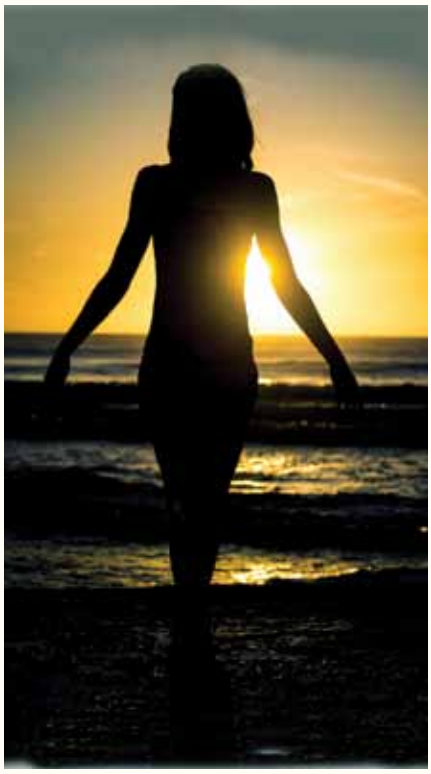
Congratulations to *Tui Motu* on your 20th birthday. Hopefully this is an opportunity for reflection and discernment, and not the eleventh hour before some terrible collapse! Even if it is — I wish you all the best, and trust your capability to stand resolute in the face of all future troubles. ■

Ted Richards is studying health science at the University of Auckland. He hopes to pursue a career in health policy and house-husbandry.

OF TWENTY

Identity and Hope

Esther Robinson



The first time a male employer told me that I was "more than just a pretty face", I was in my early teens and didn't think much of it. Like most New Zealanders I believed in the gender equality narrative that is dredged up whenever the *status quo* is challenged. As a child of the 1990s, I was encouraged by my parents not to confine myself to the boundaries of gender in my dreams for the future

My first memory of a Prime Minister was the formidable Helen Clark, famous among women for smashing the "glass ceiling" in New Zealand politics. I was lucky enough to meet her as a child. Even at a young age, and despite having no understanding of politics, I was impressed by her energy and leadership. Later in life as a diligent politics student, I was proud of my country's seemingly progressive welfare and equal opportunity policies. Yet, since entering the workforce, I am not so convinced New Zealand is the gender equal nation it claims to be.

It is true that we once took pride in being one of the most gender equal societies in the world, partly because we were first in the world to give women the vote in 1893. Indeed, on paper, NZ offers many promising credentials as a gender equal nation. However, from my experience, there is little evidence that NZ has lived up to this reputation.

Policy makers will note that NZ's gender pay gap of 12 per cent is relatively small compared to other nations. But is this good enough? In 2017, why should there be a gap at all? And women in New Zealand are doing far more unpaid work than men. About 63 per cent of women's work is unpaid compared to 35 per cent of men's work. Female-dominated professions such as nursing, teaching or caregiving are overwhelmingly lower paid than comparable male-dominated professions. Do we really value women in the workplace as much as we value men?

I find it deeply disappointing that in 2017 the female leader of the opposition is asked in one of her first media interviews of her plans for children. Not once during her male predecessor's time as leader was he asked such a personal and gendered question. The silver lining of this incident was the important national discussion that followed.

The Equal Employment Opportunities Commissioner said such a question should not be asked in an employment situation. I couldn't help but laugh. On at least two occasions in job interviews I had been asked whether I plan to have children. Sometimes these questions are more direct, sometimes more subtle. Why didn't I report it? Because I was a young woman desperate for an employment opportunity and was willing to turn a blind eye to sexist questions if it meant a foot in the door. These days I don't know if I would be able to bite my tongue as I did then. In hindsight, I regret not saying something as I didn't get the job anyway. It is this everyday reality of gender stereotyping that indicates to me that we haven't come as far as we think as a nation, in my lifetime.

It is important to note that gender equality matters for men as well as women. The boundaries of gender roles are unhelpful for men wanting to take a more active role in family life. Workplaces are less innovative and diverse with the domination of one gender in senior roles. And gender inequalities threaten the egalitarian nature of our national identity that we are so proud of as Kiwis.

So over the past 20 years I don't think we've progressed much. We have stalled and become complacent. Our historical achievements are not good enough to justify continuing with the *status quo*.

I hope that 20 years from now, I won't have to choose between having a successful career or having a family. I hope that women will be celebrated for their contribution to the workplace just as much as they are celebrated for being mothers. I hope that a female leader won't be asked whether she plans to have children, nor will employers think it is their right to ask such a question. I hope that women won't have to "play the game" or prove their worth in male-dominated industries and instead the workplace will be on a level playing field that values male and female attributes equally. ■

Esther Robinson lives in Wellington and is studying for a Masters in Political Science while working at Parliament.

Namaste Dear Sarah

I'm sorry I won't be with you for your 20th birthday, but I'm very pleased you're in India doing your religious OE. You say it's Ramakrishna ashram near Mumbai. How lovely! Your heart will be fed in new ways that connect with your Christian faith, and in that, you'll realise that the hunger for the Divine is universal. Each religious path is set in a particular culture, but they all end up in the same place — in the love of the all-embracing unity of God.

In your last letter you asked questions about my belief. These days, it can be described in a few words. I believe we come from the greater reality we call God, we return to that greater reality, and our little time here in Life School is for the growth of the soul.

For most of us, spiritual growth is about following a great teacher. My path has always been the Way of that great Jewish God-man Jesus, and I have to admit that when I was your age, I viewed other paths with suspicion. I guess my immature faith made God small. The further I journey in the mystery of Christ Jesus, the wider is my understanding of other religions, and the deeper is my own Catholic faith. That seems to be the way spiritual growth works for most people.

So, for your birthday, my darling granddaughter, I'm going to share with you some of my own discoveries along the way. Because no two people are exactly alike, your experiences will be different; but there are teachings that are common to us all. Take what connects with you, and let the rest pass.

Don't be afraid to be human

This is so simple and yet so difficult. Like you, I was an adventurous child with a wild imagination — always active, untidy, curious. Then change came from the adult world, with words like *should*, *must*, *need to*, and I lost myself in trying to be someone else who would win approval. It took me a long time to realise that if God had wanted me to be someone else that's what I'd be. It takes courage to love who you are.

Is our soul bigger than our body?

That's an old Celtic belief and it rather ties in with the scientific understanding of the energy field around us. I look at it this way. Head knowledge is all very well, but our mind can know only what comes through our five senses which are limited. We say the universe is this or that, when we should be saying we perceive it to be this or that. However, there is another way of knowing that we call the knowing of the heart. As I see it, the "heart" is our soul and it reaches out beyond our bodies into the spiritual realm. This helps me to explain the guidance that seems to come out of nowhere to surprise my head. The older we get the more often this happens.

Never underestimate the power of prayer

Prayer is first and foremost about being aware that we are connected to God. In the present moment, we know we are a part of the sacred order of all things, and what we think or feel is also a part of that Oneness. Prayer with words can be formal or informal: it is that awareness of connection that makes it effective. As for listening prayer, that's the meditation you write about, Sarah. It's a way of listening to the deep wisdom of the soul.

And my most frequent prayer? As you know, the aspect of God I relate to, is Christ Jesus. It is an intimate relationship which evokes intimate prayer throughout the day. For everything that happens, be it consolation or teaching, that prayer is simply, "Thank you, Dear." I say it for the fresh lettuce in the garden, and for the knuckles bruised by the wood lathe. That little prayer of gratitude punctuates the day.

Be gentle with a stroppy ego

I've never found it helpful to project evil on a mythic being that is supposed to be the enemy of God. However, the caricature of that being — horns, hooves and tail — are relevant symbols. Evil comes from our protective animal instinct for survival, and its tool is the ego. But the ego is not an enemy. That "me first" instinct is an important part of early growth and if it has developed in a healthy way, it will be subdued in maturity. Life is a kind of spiritual breathing in and breathing out. As

a 15th-century monk described it: "Find thyself. 'Tis half the path to God, then lose thyself and the rest of the way if trod."

If we look at evil in the world, we see it is done by people who are convinced they are absolutely right. They are usually people with an

"Us and Them" mentality. This is a valuable warning. It tells me that if I think in terms of us and them, I know I'm out of balance. I also need to be careful about my ideas of "belonging". When we create an "in" group, we automatically create an "out" group.

Looking back . . .

"What of the Mary who was present with the apostles at the descent of the Holy Spirit when the church was born? What are the implications of that for women in the Church? There we find a woman of strong will, strong faith, a strong sense of self and deep spiritual stamina." From *In Search of Belief* by Pauline O'Regan. [Issue 45, Sept 2001: 20]

You, my dear Sarah, are almost 20 and at that grace-filled stage of moving from head to heart, from self-centredness to selflessness. You are now seeing the ego as something you have to do battle with. But in a battle of self against self, who ends up the loser? It is true that as your faith reaches beyond dualistic thinking, your ego will try to pull you back to "safety". Recognise what is happening, smile at it, see your ego as the unruly child and know we can never be angry with children. Hold your ego tenderly and wisely, and it will go to sleep.

The way of growth

After a lifetime of living with the gospels, I realise that Jesus was not telling us how we should live: he was actually demonstrating what Life School was all about. When I was young I didn't like his statements about crosses and dyings being necessary for growth. When a big loss came, it was of no comfort to know that Jesus had done it all before us. It was only much later that I knew the blessing of loss. I had to be emptied in order to be filled with something greater.

I'm telling you this, Sarah, because I know you have a hunger for God, which means that some kind of crucifixion and resurrection will come your way. It's probably more appropriate to see this as a birthing process bringing you new life. In the midst of the labour you will lose sight of the process, so it is important to have midwives around you. There were women at the cross for Jesus. You too, will need support. I can't tell you how or when pain will happen in your life. Resist the temptations to blame and bitterness, and seek the stillness of prayer. We all go through this and the new birthing takes us to a much larger place. I hope I'm still around to be one of your midwives.

Living in love

Even in religious language, the word "love" is treated with caution. We feel we need to define it and measure it. A drop of love? A teaspoonful? Maybe a whole cupful? We sit chewing the end of a pen and wonder, do we sign this letter "with love" or do we write "kind regards?"

Sarah, this is an introduction to the wonderful graces that will come from the times of trial and new growth already mentioned. Our awareness of God gets bigger, closer. At a certain stage that awareness engulfs us. The small doses of love we receive and give are absorbed by a great ocean of love that has no boundaries. We are startled by the absolute truth of "God is love and those who live in love live in God and God lives in them."

With that comes the knowing that God is manifest in everything. There is no one and nothing on this planet that is unloveable.

I think that's a good place to finish. Sarah, you are a precious part of that ocean of love. On your birthday, do have a dish of *saag paneer* for me and I will light 20 candles for you.

From a distance, I put my arms around you with much love and thanksgiving,

Granny Joy
XXX

Painting: *Girl Reading a Letter* by Bryce Brown © www.brycebrownart.com

Contributor since Issue 1 September 1997

NZ writer **Joy Cowley** is a wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and retreat facilitator. She lives in Featherston with her husband Terry Coles.

Dear George,

I suppose convention would have it that I should address you as Cardinal Pell. But the very use of the word "cardinal" (in the sense of chief) has overtones that go to the heart of the issue I want to raise with you. So I'll call you George, in the attempt to connect with your humanity.

You are currently undergoing trial on charges for sexual abuse, which you are defending with some enthusiasm. I am one of those prepared to support the presumption of your innocence. May justice prevail.

I do find it unfortunate that you have promised to "strenuously defend" the charges however. It is the same expression used to intimidate victims of sexual abuse under the so-called "Melbourne Response" that you initiated in 1996.

After the Church informally accepted that particular victims had been abused by clergy, an offer of compensation was made (capped at $50,000). Refusal to accept the offer would result in a civil court case. The Church, it was emphasised, would "strenuously defend" any such litigation brought by victims. This was a means of keeping the abuse out of the public realm.

Disturbing Attitude

You see, George, what you might not understand, but is transparent to me at least, is that both the Melbourne Response and the Church's sheltering of abusing clergy is deeply disturbing. You, the so-called "Princes of the Church", have sought to protect the reputation and finances of the Church in preference to protecting the abused.

Look around you. The reputation of the Church is in tatters. We have all seen *Spotlight* and *Calvary*. Some of us have seen *The Keepers*. We, the people of faith, look on in horror as we begin to understand the extent to which our institution of faith has harboured and enabled great evil in its heart.

You have preferred the predators over their victims. You have pretended not to know when paedophile priests have been moved from one parish to another so that they can continue their predation. You have denied and deflected and deceived.

I watched your testimony from Rome to the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. You seemed confused and ill at ease. There were so many things you couldn't recall, including details of meetings where you approved the shifting of offending priests. But most of all you appeared astonished that a court should be questioning a Cardinal.

Seeking for Causes and Reasons

We who dare to call ourselves Catholics are distraught. We want to speak up about so many good and loving priests who have fostered our growth in spirituality and brought us closer to Christ. But we bear the shame, George. We cannot defend the indefensible. What do we say to our children, who are no longer interested in the Church?

I ask myself how we have arrived in this sorry place. Not just the harbouring of iniquity, but the toxic environment within which abuse has festered. How have the representatives of Jesus come to destroy the lives of the faithful? Is there any way of understanding, or should we just give up altogether?

Embedded Fear of Women

In thinking on these things, I find clues in two great heresies that have beset Catholicism. The first of these is the suppression of *anima* — the feminine aspect of the male unconscious. The obvious sign of this is the overt exclusion of women from the priesthood and positions of authority within the Church.

But deeper, far deeper, is the fear of women embedded in the structure and theology of Catholicism. It is present very early in our history, expressed in the words of Tertullian: "Woman is a temple built over a sewer". It indicates a suppression of sexuality, compassion, and nurturing. The late development of celibacy as a requirement for priesthood is an attempt to isolate the clergy from sensuality.

In psychological terms suppression of powerful elements of the psyche is never a good idea. It has the effect of temporarily damming the torrent, with the possibility that the dike will eventually give way under the mounting pressure. It is not simply that patriarchy demeans women — it also degrades men. Let us finally admit that the structure of the Church has made us all less than we might be.

The attempt to shelter "bad eggs" within the great halls of Catholicism is a failure to recognise the systemic roots of sexual abuse. The dams will inevitably fail, with the devastatingly destructive force of rampant lust swamping the existence of innocent children. Something has to change, George. We can no longer hide from it.

Entrenched Clericalism

A second great apostasy is that of *clericalism*. Jesus said: "And call no one your father on earth, for you have one Father — the one in heaven", and "I have called you friends". As Jürgen Moltmann reflects: "*friend* is not a designation of office, nor an exalted title". Jesus gives us the example of leadership in washing the feet of followers, and even more so in allowing his own feet to be anointed by a woman.

This is why I'm reluctant to address you as "Cardinal" or "Your Eminence", George. I can live with authority but not authoritarianism. It's the latter that I fear has calcified the arteries of the Church. Power corrupts, and there is no power quite like believing yourself to be the representative of God. And even worse to act as if this were so.

Do you understand how evil is the sexual abuse perpetrated by clergy? The innocent victims imagine themselves to have been violated by the servants of God. How can they complain and resist, when they are at the same time counselled to submit? To their minds, God is the abuser. This follows from the teaching of the Church.

And then they are violated again by the determination of the hierarchy to favour the financial and legal wellbeing of Catholicism over the plight of those who have had their lives destroyed. How can we carry on as if nothing has happened, when the response of our leaders has been to shift abusers to fresh fields in which to prey on children?

We Must Nuture with Tenderness

You will understand that we cannot wait for a failed leadership to bring about change. That is why so many of us are ignoring the dictates of clericalism and finding our own ways of following Christ in the world. It may seem like prideful rebellion, and perhaps it is. We feel that we can't make much more of a travesty of the faith than that which has already been perpetrated.

The voices of the victims are louder in our ears than the magisterium of the clergy. I wish it were so for you, George, but I think you have fought too long in the camp of authority, and grown a little deaf. I pray for your soul, for the Church, for us all. But for the most part I grieve.

We will have to begin again, I suspect. All of us, the common people, in small but significant ways. Somehow we must nurture the green shoots among us, reaching back across the centuries for that tender impulse of love that existed before this heavy shadow fell upon us. In our slender communities, there may yet be hope. We, the people; we, the children; we, the Church. ■

Mike

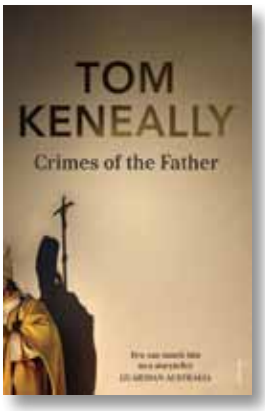
Contributor since Issue 16 February 1999

Mike Riddell writes novels, plays, films and apology notes. He cooks when he can and breathes intentionally on a daily basis.

Crimes of the Father

By Tom Keneally
Published by Penguin Random House NZ
Reviewed by Bridget Taumoepeau

BOOK



Tom Keneally's latest novel addresses the still relevant and disturbing issue of sexual abuse within the Church. I approached it with some scepticism, as many novels have been written around this subject, but it revealed itself as a gripping story, difficult to put down. Perhaps the most impressive aspect of the writing is the author's ability to demonstrate how the destructive tentacles of this terrible crime reach wide and far, not just for victims, abusers and the families of both, but also for institutions and society as a whole.

While I found some of the scenarios and characterisations of people a little unconvincing, the unfolding of the story and the complexity of the issue certainly held my attention. He addresses the personal stories, outlining sympathetically how children and young people get drawn into abuse by trusted adults, with resultant detrimental long term effects. He describes the various difficulties that victims have in coming forward, as well as the horror of others when the abuse is discovered. The disbelief and denial of the possibility that a respected person may be an abuser provokes doubt in the reader's mind as to how we judge or understand people. The ending of the book left me with a sense of sadness, but may evoke different emotions in others, which is a sign of a good storyteller.

There are considerable references to the Catholic Church and historical matters that may be a little difficult for someone unfamiliar with the Catholic Church, but I would recommend this book to all who want to understand sexual abuse, particularly in the context of institutional power. It will help us never to forget the potential for this abuse and our responsibility to work to prevent it, while having compassion for all those affected. ■

Tui Motu

There is no separation.
Peel back the strip of water
and see the oneness of the land
that lies beneath it.
Feel the same pulse
in the roots of northern kauri
as in the kelp beds of the south
and know the Heart
that lies behind it all.

We are not separate,
you and I and they,
born of the land and returning,
sharing its life, its breath,
its song of rejoicing.
How rich and beautiful
are the many faces
that come from the One!

Separation is the illusion.
What is known by every tree,
every bird and blade of grass,
we learn step by slow step
in the journey together,
as we fit each other
with the extra vision
that we all love.

So come then, beloved.
Peel back the strip of water.
Peel back the land itself.
Go beyond skin and language
and the knife edge of ideas
and embrace the shining reality
of the Oneness of all being.

The kingdom is truly within.

— Joy Cowley

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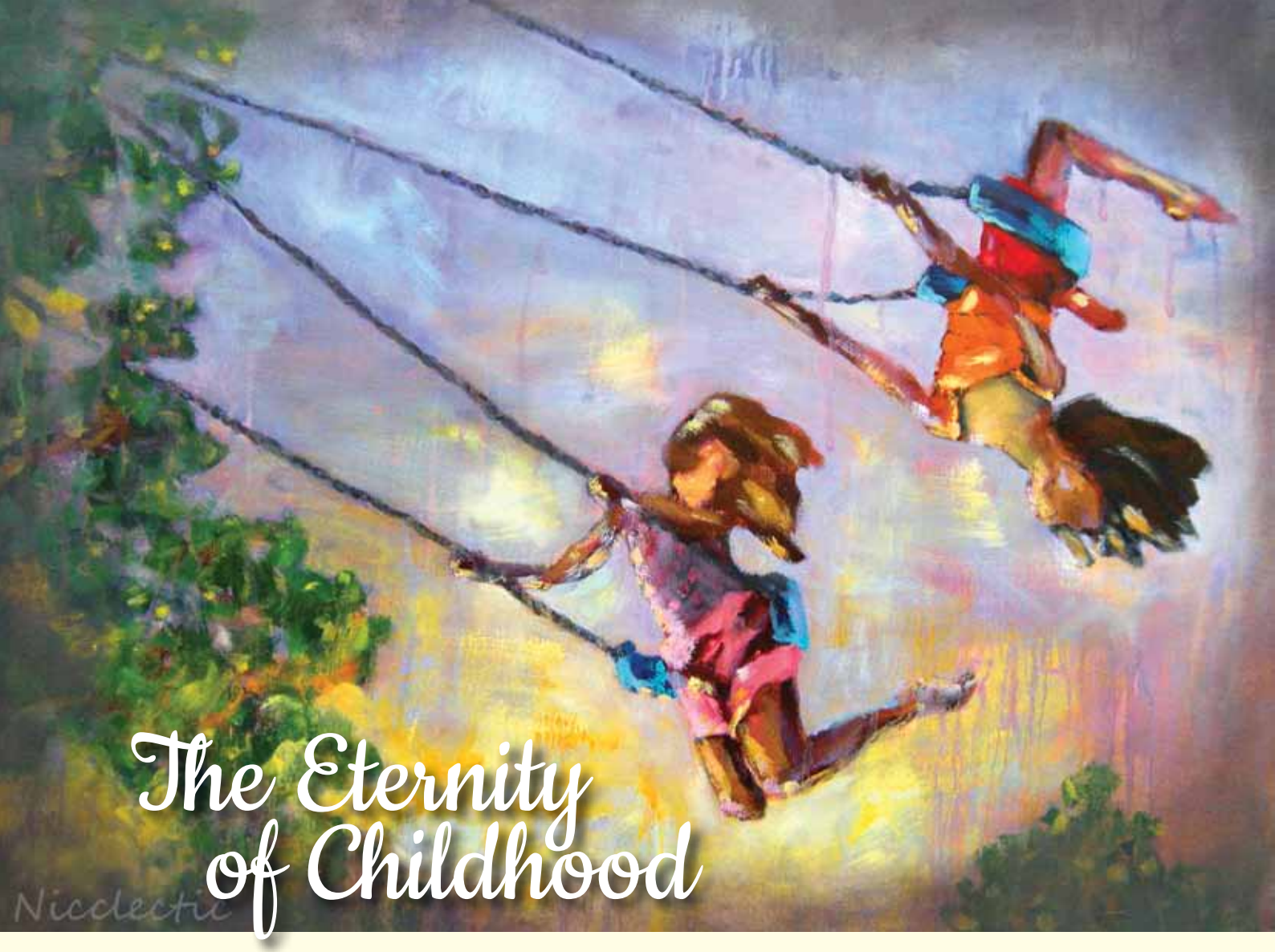
Painting: *Piha North* by Irina Velman © www.irinavelman.com



The Eternity of Childhood

DANIEL O'LEARY **reflects on the memories and places of childhood which transport us into Divine mystery.**

The coming of spring stirs our hearts. As the fresh and welcome colours of September play across the fields and streets around us, those vulnerable hearts are moved again by an aching kind of remembering and longing first awakened in our childhood experiences of nature. Because Pope Francis believes that God's extravagant love is inscribed into all such explorations and yearnings, he regards those memories as small epiphanies of incarnate grace.

Contributor since Issue 88 October 2005

Irish-born **Daniel O'Leary** is a priest of the Diocese of Leeds UK, an author and teacher. He is an award winning author of 12 books. His website is www.djoleary.com

Our friendship with God, he writes, is "always linked to particular places which take on an intensely personal meaning". Many of us will remember a secret, graced place where, for us alone, the heavens and the earth were, as in Celtic mythology, only "thinly" separated.

There is something deeply touching in the evocative words and phrases the Pope uses in his encyclical *Laudato Si'*: "Soil, water, mountains: everything is, as it were, a caress of God." And he adds, for "anyone who has grown up in the hills and fields, or used to sit by the spring to drink, or who played outdoors in the neighbourhood square; going back to these places is a chance to recover something of their true selves" (*LS* par 84).

St Pope John Paul II, too, saw these unique times of disclosure, of a fleeting and timeless experience of "otherness", as sacramental glimpses of an invisible and intimate connectedness with our Mother-Creator. In his beautiful book of poetic reflections *The Place Within*, he revisits unforgettable moments on his beloved Alpine slopes, on the seashores of his childhood, on each "present particle of that amazement that will become the essence of eternity".

Wee Windows of Wonder

In a delightfully incarnational way, both popes ask us to remember such glimmers as small, sensual sacraments, wee windows of wonder that let in a true and lovely light, especially perhaps when we need it most.

At home in the south-west of Ireland I lived in the shadow of the "Two Paps Mountains" (*Dá Chích Anann*), faithful companions during the seasons and decades in the life of

our Mother-Earth. Named in honour of the goddess Anu, they reminded us to honour and respect all those who went before us — the pagans, the matriarchies, the Celts, the Christians — and of our common lineage and evolving understanding of God.

It was at the request of the local people that I, as a young priest, celebrated the Eucharist on the mountain one summer morning. The magic mist (*ceo draiochta*) of folklore parted and we sensed the bright presence of a mystery beyond us. It was a sacramental moment if ever there was one. All of us, I'm sure, in that soaring, sacred space, were connecting with unspoken, unspeakable dimensions of our common being — another form of silent adoration never to be forgotten.

> ***This graced sensitivity to the invisible shimmering of divine beauty in "the very flowers and birds" of nature is another example of a sacramental imagination — when the invisible world of a divine presence breaks through into, or out of, our tangible and visible world of the senses and daily experiences.***

Both popes cherish the notion of "presence", that divine indwelling within creation and humanity, within nature and childhood, to clarify their understanding of the implications of Incarnation. There is a Celtic and Catholic sensitivity to the reality of this invisible "radiant presence" (*LS* par 100), of this life and memory in the rocks and rivers that bless those "special places".

This graced sensitivity to the invisible shimmering of divine beauty in "the very flowers and birds" of nature is another example of a sacramental imagination — when the invisible world of a divine presence breaks through into, or out of, our tangible and visible world of the senses and daily experiences. Using warm and poetic words, Pope Francis is inviting us to return to those sublime moments and places to refresh our souls.

Faces of Divine Beauty

Pope Francis and his immediate predecessors knew that God was no less revealed in the playful child as in the man who was raised from the dead. They knew that all children are small, unique faces of divine beauty and presence. And so they refer to "the deeper personal meaning of those places we played in", those experiences that we wistfully tend to return to, those indelible traces left in us by our childhood homes and streets and fields — traces that, like the humanity of the Risen Christ, remain indelible even in heaven.

In a sublime sentence theologian Karl Rahner writes: "we do not move away from childhood in any definitive sense, but rather move towards the eternity of this childhood, in which that takes place which can only take place in childhood itself, a field which bears fair flowers and ripe fruits such as can only grow in this field and in no other, and which will themselves be carried in the storehouses of eternity."

The days and places of our youth become so special to us in later years. The warm winds of summer make us vulnerable to forgotten moments, and they comfort our hearts. There is often an ache in us when we look back on our lives, and those places of blessed memories. Something of God was alive and well in us then.

Small wonder that Jesus reached for a child when they asked him for a role-model to follow. Children still live in their "true selves", as the Pope put it. And, of course, "to recover something of our true selves", as he repeated, is the whole point of Christianity.

In *Fern Hill* Dylan Thomas provides a glimpse of that golden, eternal moment of truth:

Now I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes...

Even on our wintry days, the Christ-child in our heart is always calling us out to play. ■

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Painting: *Girls on Swings* by Nicole Roggeman © www.niclectic.com.

Writing Truth With Care

ANN HASSAN asks why we struggle with reading difficult material like Geoffrey Hill's poetry and concludes that in order to discuss some matters we have to stretch and shape our language to present the issue truthfully.

"Against the burly air I strode,
Where the tight ocean heaves its load
Crying the miracles of God."

The English poet Geoffrey Hill wrote these lines when he was just 21. There is something monumental and remote about them — as if they were written by someone thousands of years ago and then unearthed today. He was a great poet — asking our toughest moral questions and writing about the hard stuff: the unsavoury slices of English history, the Holocaust, what it means to be Christian. Hill died last June aged 84 after a long and distinguished career — often given the byline "most important living writer in English"; appointed (late in life) Oxford Professor of Poetry — and I find myself remembering him as a difficult yet necessary author. If his work were to be summed up in his own verse, a good choice might be: "God / Is distant, difficult."

So he was praised, but it must be said that he was also pilloried. His style varied, but his poems were always dense, difficult, a bit remote. Some saw this difficulty as the result of Hill's precision and rigour, but for others it was no more than standoffishness and pointless toil for the reader. Hill — born into a working-class family in the north of England — was accused of producing work so elitist that it careened into fascism. Reading his poems was too much like hard work.

There is something in this. His poems are neither confessional nor domestic — we don't get much of a sense from them of Hill's daily life or his family. There's nothing cosy about them — few could be read at wedding anniversaries! And Hill had a grumpy-old-man persona to match (even as a young man): dust jackets show him to be a stern-faced gentleman with a forbidding stare. By most accounts his demeanour was no cheerier: it is said that secretaries at Leeds University, where he once taught, called him — darkly — "Chuckles".

But I'm a fan. Some years ago I wrote about *Speech! Speech!*, widely regarded as Hill's most "difficult" poem. It is packed full of references and allusions and typographical oddities and is 120 stanzas long — 1,440 lines in total. Even the briefest excerpt will give a taste: "O TIME-LIFE, dó / try to be reasonable; you háve the power. / At least pass me the oxygen. Too late. / AMOR. MAN IN A COMA, MA'AM. NEMO. AMEN." Clear as mud! And after

years of work, what I produced was a "best guess" of an understanding of the poem – I don't claim to have every truth of it.

Grappling with the Difficult

So why bother? Why not leave Hill and his difficult poems to one side? Why should we even have to work hard to understand a thing like a poem? Shouldn't things be presented to us in a way that we can easily understand? Isn't there enough going on in our lives, aren't we facing enough challenges, that we should be saved facing another slew when we pick up a book to read? The poet Philip Larkin said that "a good poem should be understood immediately", and what's wrong with that?

Hill had an answer to this, one that I still find compelling. He said that the reverse was true, that the difficulty of any work of art could never be a patch on the struggles of our daily lives: "We are difficult. Human beings are difficult. We're difficult to ourselves, we are mysteries to each other. One encounters in any ordinary day far more real difficulty than one confronts in the most 'intellectual' piece of work." And he went further, arguing that difficult, challenging art is inherently democratic, because it assumes that the reader is up to the task of understanding it, whereas intentionally simplified art — "dumbed down" for its audience — is inherently tyrannical, because it demeans its audience.

Difficult for Writer and Reader

A couple of provisos need to be mentioned here. First, Hill is talking about necessary difficulty. His poems are difficult because they attempt to do difficult things: answer hard questions and explore what makes us deeply uncomfortable. He's not trying to be clever, or write intricate poems, and it is a given that ideas should be conveyed using the simplest language possible — anything else is perverse. But some ideas are just difficult — there's no way to explain them that doesn't demand some work of the reader. I remember listening to a Kim Hill interview on Radio NZ National with a String Theory expert and thinking that this was real difficulty — there was no easy explanation using everyday language to be had.

Looking back . . .

"Our appeals for your co-operation are in keeping with the voluntary character of *Tui Motu*. So many people do so much freely to enable it to flourish. Thank you for being one of them." From *Where are they now?* by Tom Cloher. [Issue 80 February 2005: 4]

Second, there is no compulsion to read difficult things exclusively, or to read them at all. I don't subscribe to the idea that people are somehow missing out, or are less "serious" readers, by giving the Hills of the world a miss — each to their own. But I think we need to defend their right to exist, and the worth of their function in society. It's not just poetry — anywhere in which issues are being tackled in a way that rigorously seeks the truth — like *Tui Motu* — is a place of difficulty, and should be defended.

> *We live in an age where even the most casual, inattentive utterance has the power to change the world. Where a tweet of no more than 140 characters can change lives. Where an obvious truth can be denied in favour of "alternative facts" . . . So I think we need to embrace the places where language is used attentively and justly — more than ever.*

Truth Needs Precision

It is this last point which I think is most important right now. We live in an age where even the most casual, inattentive utterance has the power to change the world. Where a tweet of no more than 140 characters can change lives. Where an obvious truth can be denied in favour of "alternative facts". Where a kind of foggy rhetoric around immigration — expressed (intentionally) in the woolliest terms — leads to changes in policy across the globe. This, surely, is tyrannical language in action! So I think we need to embrace the places where language is used attentively and justly — more than ever.

Language with Conscience

We needn't expect everything we read to serve the same function. Some things will challenge us, some will comfort. Some words will shock, others amuse. And we aren't compelled to read one thing or another — we're delightfully free to pick and choose. But I think we need writers like Hill to provide a kind of conscience for our language — as a counter to the other ways in which it is used, often for ignoble ends.

I'm grateful to Hill for introducing me to so much language and so many ideas that I otherwise wouldn't have encountered. And there are rewards to be found in difficult reads — stones that only shine with our polishing work. Even in *Speech! Speech!* — long, tough going at times — there are jokes (some very funny!) and elegies and moments of crystalline clarity to match anything, anywhere:

Strange working of the body; how it knows
its ówn tíme. Thát after all | and more –
seventy years near enough – the resin-knurled
damson tree, crookt at black gable-end,
stands in the sight of him departing. LÓRD THOÚ HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING PLÁCE – FROM ÓNE GENERÁTION TO ANÓTHER (lento). ■

Painting: *Stony Creek Terrace, Skippers Canyon* by Maurice Middleditch, Bannockburn, Central Otago ©

Ann Hassan is Assistant Editor and Administrator of *Tui Motu* (jobs she loves) and author of *Annotations to Geoffrey Hill's* Speech! Speech!

DEVELOPING A MISSION APPROACH

LYNNE BAAB revises the idea of being sent on mission as going overseas and suggests that mission happens also in our own neighbourhoods.

About 10 years ago the parish leaders of a city Church were deeply concerned about the health and welfare of families living in cold houses in their suburb. They banded together with other local Churches to provide help to families who needed more insulation. As they discussed insulation and heating, a lovely back-and-forth relationship developed between church members and others who lived in the suburb. After the insulation project ended, the Churches continued to be involved in their local community by helping to establish a community garden and cooking classes. They saw themselves as engaging in God's mission by building relationships and providing help where it was needed. Does it surprise you that I'm using the word "mission" to describe these local projects and relationships? Our word "mission" comes from the Latin *missio*, which means sent.

In John's Gospel Jesus tells his disciples twice that he is sending them into the world as he was sent by God. The first time occurs in Jesus' prayer for his disciples (Jn 17). He says that he is praying also for those who will believe because of the disciples. We can think of Christians today as being included in his prayer. Jesus says: "As you have sent me into the world, so I have sent them into the world" (Jn 17:18). And in Jn 20:21 Jesus uses almost identical words after the resurrection as he gives the Holy Spirit to the disciples.

In the 20th century, many Christians had a particular view of mission relating "being sent into the world" to missionaries being sent overseas. As Western cultures were predominantly Christian, they understood the real mission work as needing to be done in their colonies and other distant countries. Now that Western cultures have become predominantly secular a new understanding of mission includes our own neighbourhoods. Rediscovering this sense of being sent into the world can help us think about what we're called to do and be as Christians in our daily lives.

A Missional Church

A way of describing our response to Jesus' sending is through an understanding of "missional" which began to appear in Christian literature about 20 years ago. Now many Christians are asking what being missional looks like today. The conversations focus on the mission of God — on what God is up to in the world and on our invitation to be part of it.

One helpful way to think about this question is to ask ourselves what we consider to be the heart of Jesus' ministry as described in the Gospels. Do we see Jesus primarily as a healer? As a gentle, compassionate person who interacted with the marginalised and helped them feel welcomed and loved? When we read the Gospels, do we resonate with Jesus as the wise teacher who trained his disciples? The one who proclaimed the Gospel? The one who confronted powerful people?

I have noticed that the way Christians view Jesus influences what they perceive to be God's missional call in the world. Indeed, Jesus' life is our model. Alan Roxburgh and Fred Romanuk in *The*

Rev Dr Lynne Baab, was a visiting lecturer in pastoral theology at Otago University. Her books include *The Power of Listening*. www.lynnebaab.com

Missional Leader, write: "Missional leaders take the incarnation of Jesus with utmost seriousness. More than just a doctrine to be confessed, it is the key to understanding all God's activities with, through, in, and among us. It points toward an answer to the question of where God is to be found. In the Incarnation we discern that God is always found in what appears to be the most godforsaken of places — the most inauspicious of locations, people and situations."

They point to the need to ponder Jesus as the first step in understanding the mission of God. We can reflect on what he did, with whom he interacted and what his priorities were.

Looking Around

The second step in being missional is to look around. What needs do we see? In one suburb the Churches saw many families suffering in unheated, uninsulated houses and they tried to meet that need. Another Church looked around and saw artists who felt disconnected and unappreciated. They decided to turn their church building into an art gallery for a week each year, and they continue to build relationships with artists in their local community.

Maybe we'll look around and see refugees who need families to connect with. Or kids who need adult mentors. In our hyper-connected world, we may see a need in Indonesia or Guatemala. To be sent into the world as Jesus was sent means we are to pay attention to where God is calling us and our parish, to make a difference in our neighbourhood, or country, or further away.

Last year I created a calendar using my artist husband's paintings. We sold the calendar at our church to benefit a ministry with sex workers in the Philippines and were happy to send the $6,000 proceeds. Helping insulate family homes in our own suburb or raising funds for vulnerable women in the Philippines are equally missional activities and both are needed in God's mission.

Looking back . . .

"Church leaders have spoken inspiringly about love both inside and outside of marriage. Let us hope they can find a little of that love in their hearts for those whose ealier unions have failed and who have struggled to put their lives together again in a second marriage." From *The State of Marriage* by Humphrey O'Leary.
[Issue 84 June 2005: 31]

Talking About Our Faith

We might ask what obstacles Christians face in engaging in missional caring. There seems to be two major obstacles. The first relates to the discomfort many Christians feel when the topic of God comes up in a conversation. In the Gospels we find Jesus moving seamlessly between topics related to daily life and truths about God and God's kingdom. It's more difficult for us.

One parish programme prepares members with "three stories evangelism". The first story is our own faith story. It recognises that when we talk with people, we need to be comfortable talking about our personal faith story and what faith means to us. The second story is the gospel story. The parish programme helps people learn to talk about the gospel story briefly and clearly. The third story is the other person's story. Learning to ask appropriate questions helps steer a conversation there. These questions might include: "What do you care about most in this situation?" "What values are involved?" "Are you praying in any particular way for this?"

Developing Listening Skills

However, if we ask those kinds of questions we need to commit to listen carefully to the answers. Undeveloped listening skills can be a second obstacle to missional engagement. Too often our minds are preoccupied with a "to-do" list and we can feel on edge when topics move to issues of faith. And we can tire of long stories and tune out without engaging with the person in a deeper conversation. Developing our listening skills equips us for missional activities.

As Christians we are sent into our world as Jesus was. His life as shown in the Gospels challenges us to grow in awareness and caring for people isolated or on the margins. In order to be missional we need the capacity to ask questions about values and faith. We need to listen carefully and comfortably to the answers to our questions. We can be confident that Jesus will be with us through the power of the Holy Spirit, who gives us love and equips us to serve (Jn 14:18-26). ■

Sebastian Castellio
Questions Certainty

NICK THOMPSON introduces Sebastian Castellio who opposed the religious beliefs at the time of the Reformation which encouraged Christian groups to persecute one another.

In 1523, the Augustinian friars Hendrik Vos and Johann van den Esschen were convicted of obstinately promoting Luther's heresies. They were burned at the stake in Antwerp, becoming the first martyrs of the Reformation era. Between then and 1565, roughly another 3,000 men and women were executed for heresy across Europe. About 2,000 of these were Anabaptists (the ancestors of today's Mennonites and Amish). Anabaptists were persecuted and killed by Catholics and Protestants alike. The figures above do not include those who were stripped of their properties, exiled and imprisoned for having the wrong religious beliefs.

The death toll also doesn't include those who died for their religious beliefs but were convicted on other grounds. For example, Henry VIII's government executed Sir Thomas More, not for heresy, but for treason. Moreover, in the period between 1565 and 1648, executions for heresy were quickly dwarfed by the millions of deaths resulting (directly or indirectly) from the "wars of religion" that convulsed Europe.

Religion's Role in the Wars

There is a lot of debate about the exact role of religion in these wars. Even before the Reformation, wars were becoming more frequent and bloody. If the Reformation hadn't happened, these violent impulses would almost certainly have found other outlets. And alliances in the wars of religion didn't always map tidily across religious divides; sometimes dynastic and local loyalties trumped religion. In those cases Protestants and Catholics fought on the same side. Even so, it is hard to argue that religion — often combined in a toxic mix with ideas about "honour", "purity" and "nation" — played no role in this carnage.

Beliefs About Religious Killing

Perhaps the most troubling thing for modern people trying to understand the Reformation era is that our ancestors were not greatly troubled by the violence and bloodshed as such. What mattered to them was whether the right people were killing, or being killed, for the right reasons. This is made clear in Brad Gregory's book, *Salvation at Stake*, a history of martyrdom in the Reformation era. Early Modern people saw a clear difference between killing in the name of God's truth (prosecution) and killing in the name of the devil's lies (persecution).

If you were a Protestant watching your co-religionists being executed by Catholic rulers, then these rulers were bloody tyrants, and the Catholic clergy who egged them on were a wicked Sanhedrin. But the same Protestant watching Protestant rulers executing obstinate Anabaptists knew, without any sense of inconsistency, that godly magistrates were upholding religion against heresy and blasphemy. The ministers who advised them were likewise demonstrating their zeal for the Gospel. *Mutatis mutandis* (with the necessary changes made), a Catholic would have seen things the same way.

In fact Catholics and Protestants were pretty much united in their view that anyone who disputed the state's right to enforce religious truth was either an atheist or guilty of sedition.

This shared belief in a clear line between truth and falsehood was so overwhelming that most Early Modern Christians would have been baffled by our idea of a neutral "prisoner of conscience". In other words, they would have been puzzled by the idea that members of Amnesty International might lobby for the release of prisoners, even those with whom they disagree. Why

would you advocate for someone who has been convicted of advocating falsehood?

Castellio Resisted Certainty

But I have recently been doing research on a striking exception to this consensus — a 16th-century biblical scholar whose views were considered so scandalous that they were either published anonymously, or circulated in manuscript copies. Sebastian Castellio (1515-63) was almost unique among Reformation writers in doubting that it was possible to be sure whether the government had just executed a heretic or a martyr.

Calvin Devalued Castellio

Castellio first met the reformer John Calvin (1509-64) when they were Protestant refugees together in the city of Strasbourg. When Calvin returned to Geneva as a leader of the Reformation there, Castellio went with him. However, Calvin became convinced that Castellio's views about the Bible were flaky. For example, Castellio could see no good reason for thinking that the *Song of Songs* was an allegory of Christ's love for the Church. Instead he read it, literally, as love poetry. Accordingly, Calvin blocked Castellio's path to ordination as a minister. Eventually Castellio's family was forced to leave Geneva and Castellio found work as an editor and biblical scholar in the Swiss city of Basel.

Castellio Opposed Calvin's Opinion

Castellio's major break with the religious consensus of his era was in response to the heresy trial of Michael Servetus (c1509-53). Servetus was a Spanish philosopher and doctor who had engaged Calvin in a long-distance debate about the traditional doctrine of the Trinity, and infant baptism. Servetus did not believe in either. In the summer of 1553, Servetus, who was living in France, fled a Catholic investigation into his heresy. Passing through Geneva, he was arrested by the Protestant city council and put on trial. Calvin served as an advisor to the prosecution and after Servetus's slow death by burning in October 1553, Calvin stridently defended the execution. In fact Protestant and Catholic sentiment in Europe was mostly on Calvin's side.

In a bitter polemic against the execution of Servetus, Castellio argued that the traditional definition of heresy was broken. He did not think that any of the central truths of the Christian faith could be known with enough certainty to justify state-enforced orthodoxy. Calvin had argued that, since God's truth was clearly revealed in Scripture, Church and state had a clear duty to defend it — with the sword if necessary. Castellio asked why, if Scripture was so clear, one human would need many lifetimes to read all of the commentaries that tried to explain its meaning. Castellio argued that God had in fact left much of Scripture enigmatic and unclear. This was because many of the central mysteries of the Christian faith — for example the Trinity and the Eucharist — went so far beyond human understanding that humans should never imagine they could fathom them completely. Faith, Castellio recalled, was the *substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen* (Hebrews 11:1).

Faith Is Not Certainty

Castellio thought it was wicked to force other people to believe your own version of something that would by its nature remain elusive and mysterious. Yet this was exactly what he saw his fellow Christians doing to one another: they executed those they thought believed the wrong things about Baptism, the Eucharist, and the Trinity, or exiled those who had the wrong beliefs about Predestination.

Castellio challenged Calvin: "Could it not happen that the heretic-killers execute someone godly, as has happened in every age up to the present? So what, if we claim we are not mistaken? Those who kill the godly have always said that. What person ever thought he was an adherent of the wrong religion? The Jews who persecuted Christ were mistaken. The Gentiles who persecuted the Christians were mistaken. The pope who persecuted the Lutherans, Zwinglians and Anabaptists was mistaken. Henry King of England was mistaken... Is it only Zwinglians and Calvinists who do not make mistakes? Do they alone sit on Christ's judgement seat and exercise the right to sentence and kill heretics?"

Castellio addressed these impassioned questions to the Reformed Protestants of Geneva, but they could equally have been turned against the Catholics and Lutherans of his day. They are modern questions, though Castellio was by no means a modern individual. His sense of the unfathomable reach of faith was more likely influenced by the mystical theology of the late Middle Ages than by a modern kind of scepticism.

At the same time, Castellio thought that Christians *could* be quite certain about things they could grasp with their senses. For example, everyone could *see* and *feel* that adultery and murder were bad, and that the fruits of the Spirit, like kindness, were good. For this reason he had no qualms about the state enforcing a Christian moral code — violently if absolutely necessary.

Pluralism Challenges Certainty

Castellio recognised the challenges that continue to face us in increasingly pluralistic societies. Indeed, we can no longer agree even on the things that Castellio thought should be clear to everyone: the moral questions that he thought could be judged by our bodily senses. But he speaks to believer and unbeliever alike in urging us to be honest in recognising the things we can't know for sure.

And, as a growing cacophony of voices urge us to join a tribe and annihilate anyone who disagrees, Castellio urges us to hold tight to the goodness we know instinctively when we touch it: to love, joy, peace, forebearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control (Galatians 5:22-3). ■

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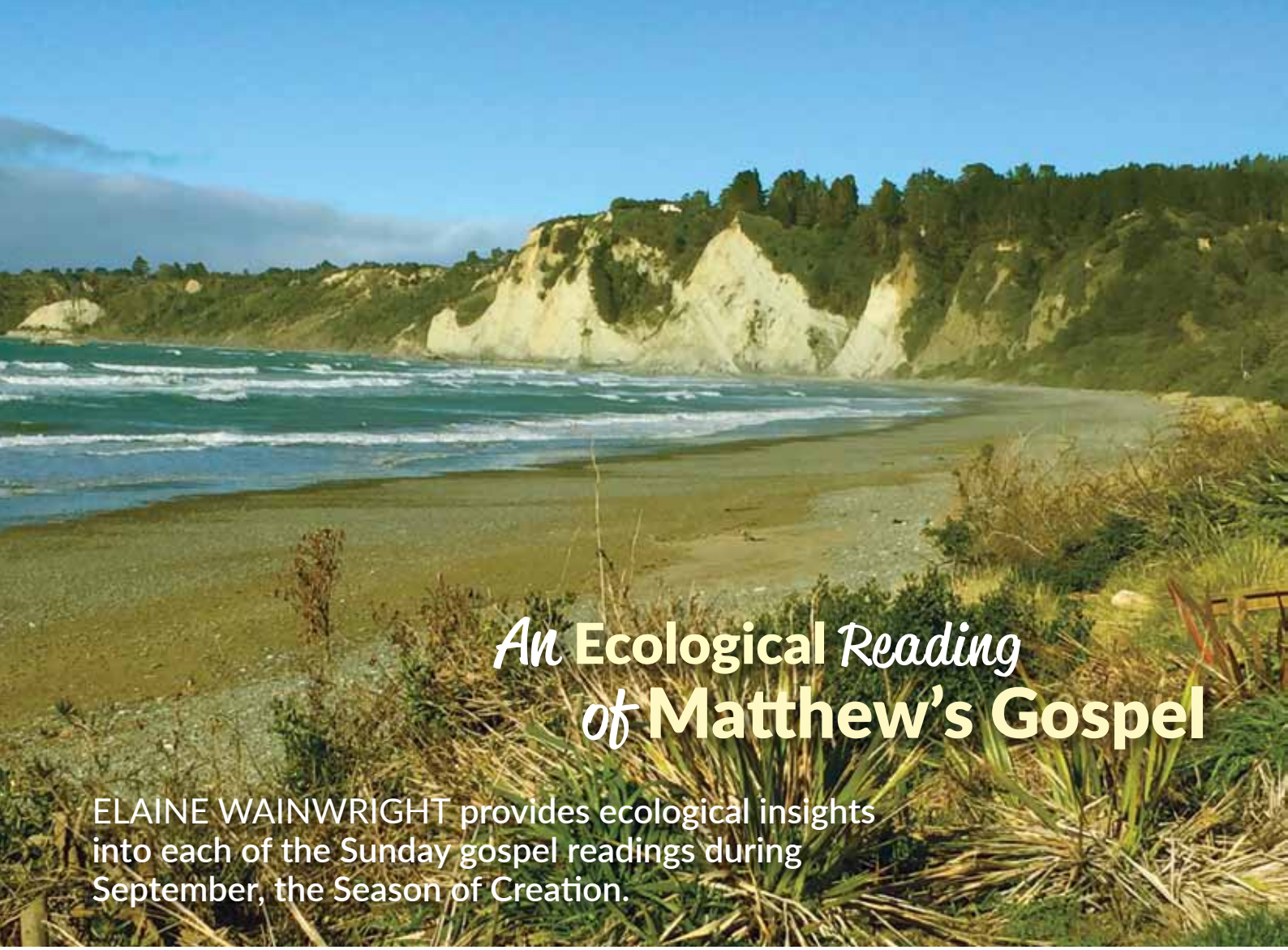


An Ecological Reading of Matthew's Gospel

ELAINE WAINWRIGHT provides ecological insights into each of the Sunday gospel readings during September, the Season of Creation.

September has been designated by many Churches and Christian traditions as the Season of Creation in the liturgical year. In 1989 Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew of the world Orthodox Christian community, proclaimed 1 September as the World Day of Prayer for the Care of Creation and many other Christian Churches have joined in this tradition. Pope Francis officially recognised 1 September as the World Day of Prayer for the Care of Creation within the Catholic Church in 2015 and in 2016 he invited Catholics to join in the celebration of the liturgical Season of Creation beginning on 1 September and ending on 4 October (Feast of St Francis of Assisi).

Elaine Wainwright RSM is a biblical scholar and the Executive Director of Mission and Ministry for the Mercy Sisters in Australia and Papua New Guinea.

In this article I will explore the gospel readings for the four Sundays of the Season of Creation (3, 10, 17 and 24 September). They are all from Matthew's Gospel and my points will necessarily be brief. This Season of Creation is an opportune time to bring our growing ecological consciousness to all our scriptural readings as well as our liturgy as a whole.

3 Sept — Matthew 16:21-27

In the Matthean story of Jesus the verses Mt 16: 21–27 follow after the Caesarea Philippi incident that we read in *TM* August 2017. As we noted, the location "was/is a place where habitat, human and holy play intimately with one another and provide an opening for Jesus to converse with those accompanying him on his journey of preaching, teaching and healing" (Mt 4:23; 9:35). That conversation turns in Mt 16:21ff. It marks a new time: the moment from which Jesus turns his attention to Jerusalem. That city, in its turn, becomes a new spatial element in the unfolding narrative. Time and space, those key elements in an ecological reading, continually weave through the Gospel.

The ecological reader will recognise the cycle of life-death-life that Jesus sees ahead of him. Peter, on the other hand, rebukes Jesus for his acceptance of this process and thereby draws one of the strongest rebukes we hear from Jesus: "Get behind me, Satan." This exchange invites and even challenges us to attend profoundly to all life's processes in which we are embedded. It also sounds as a rebuke to us, the human community, when we seek to set ourselves apart from such processes.

10 Sept — Matthew 18:15-20

Matthew 18 is often designated the "Community Discourse". This is important to note as community for ecological readers includes

humans and more-than-human. Mt 18:15-20 invites readers into a process of reconciliation necessary when there is a breakdown in relationships in the emerging gospel communities. We usually understand and read these relationships very explicitly as within the human community with the speaker being a member of that community. However, a way of reading this text ecologically could be to give voice imaginatively to the other-than-human who is offended against. This can expand our consciousness.

And so we might begin: "If your brother or sister in the human community sins against you, an other-than-human one (water, animal, soil…), go and point out the fault when you are alone. If the human one listens to you, you have regained a brother or sister. But if you are not listened to take one or two others from the other-than-human community with you so that every word may be confirmed by two or three witnesses. If the offending human refuses to listen to these witnesses take it to the assembly of the Earth community and if the assembly is ignored then that person puts themselves outside the Earth community."

Attention must be given to the other-than-human as this is where we will hear the voice of the God, who is with us in Jesus (see Mt 1:23 and 18:20) at this time.

Such a retelling challenges our imagination in relation to how we listen to or engage with the other-than-human with whom we are in community as much as with other humans. The Season of Creation may be a time for such creative imagining of our biblical tradition including our Gospels. This, in turn, may assist in the expanding of our consciousness just as the Jesus story expanded Jewish religious consciousness in the first century.

17 September — Matthew 18:21-35

Matthew 18:21-35 is difficult from a number of perspectives including the ecological. It deals with the challenging issue of forgiveness which cannot be limited to Peter's proposal of seven times but rather must be 70 times seven, or 70 times and seven, either of which is infinite.

We are aware that the breakdown of relationships that need forgiveness is not confined to human relationships but can be extended to those between the human and other-than-human. Natural forces such as wind and rain, movements of earth and fire can very quickly destroy human communities. What is the forgiveness that these call from human communities? And we are also aware of the ways in which the human community has destroyed and disrupted the ecology of Earth. Forgiveness must be mutual and infinite and it needs to be learnt. This is what the difficult parable Mt 18:23-37 wants to teach. However, it is necessary to read against the grain of the violence encoded in it. This, too, is to be read ecologically.

24 September — Matthew 20:1-16

The parable of the labourers (Mt 20:1-16) focuses almost exclusively on right relationships or justice within the human community. However, we can imagine the rich and complex interrelationships of material and social features woven into this text. The vineyard itself needs the workers' attention and the owner who hires them. There are certain times of the day for the labourers to begin work and keep working. We can imagine the soil needing to be tilled, the vines heavy with grapes and the hired labourers working under the heat of the sun.

The parable hinges on the pivotal question: Is your eye evil because I am good or generous? It picks up the cultural feature of the "evil eye" associated with envy — envy in the face of the generosity of the landowner. This is an example of the socio-cultural features lying within the text. The parable challenges us to attend to the ecological clues — material, cultural and socio-political — threaded into the first-century story and to explore their significance now.

The parable is so rich in features, as the one noted above, that it readily lends itself to an ecological retelling. The Season of Creation gives us an ideal time for furthering this exploration. ■

For Season of Creation Resources see:

Uniting Church Australia website: seasonofcreation.com

Columban Mission Institute website: www.columban.org.au/media-and-publications/educational-resources/a-catholic-season-of-creation-sundays-of-september-(year-a-2017)

Sign up for Tui Motu "Creation Pause" daily emails: www.tuimotu.org

SLAVERY IS SLAVERY

KATHLEEN RUSHTON

uncovers the evil of human slavery in her reading of Matthew 18:21-35 and points out how often it is obscured or mistranslated then and in our own times.

Two areas of interest are converging for me. I am researching slavery in the world of the earliest Christians and the difference this background makes to interpreting Scripture. And I attended "The Tip of the Iceberg" Conference on human slavery in Aotearoa New Zealand recently. Although the slavery is separated by 2,000 years, similarities exist. Slavery and the exploitation of human persons is mainly unseen in biblical scholarship or is sidestepped in translation. Similarly, modern human slavery is unseen and not named for what it is.

Obscured, Sidestepped and Overlooked

The word *doulos* which means "slave", is translated as "servant". Many hold that it makes no difference about the person's status as long as there is a real superior-subordinate factor involved. And a lot of uncritical appropriation has led to sincere church-talk about so called "servant" leadership which theologises and obscures ancient slavery. Slavery was intrinsically oppressive and maintained only for the benefit of the privileged, the slave owners.

Today's illicit trade whereby vulnerable human persons are traded as a commodity is human slavery. Men, women and children are bought, sold and exploited. The more familiar term "human trafficking" mostly refers to sexual slavery and suggests crossing borders and immigration/migration. We can be led to think that this happens only in the two-thirds world (countries with the lowest UN Human Development Index). But this exploitation happens in our country — an estimated 800 people are held in human slavery in Aotearoa New Zealand. Further, we are implicated in a global lifestyle which demands cheap clothing, goods, services and food which encourages the use of slave labour. While consumers might protest against the use of pesticides contaminating food, they seldom extend their protests to the people exploited in the supply chain.

Ancient Slavery

Slaves were stock characters in fables and plays, usually portrayed as clever rascals and tricksters. The gospel parables contain similar features to those in the fables of the *Life of Aesop* and in the comic plays of Plautus. Slaves are portrayed as significant characters. In a festive way, this ancient literature overturns the rigid, clearly defined roles and relationships of the hierarchical systems of Rome. It is unlikely that Graeco-Roman masters would have put up with their own slaves acting out the antics found in these comedies. Audiences, however, admired their devious ways and enjoyed the exaggerations and the threats and beatings were considered hilarious.

The grim reality was that the institution of slavery was everywhere in the Roman Empire. It is estimated that there was one slave to every five free adults and in the city of Rome the ratio was one to three. The Empire was structured on slavery which made the lifestyle of the upper classes possible. Not all societies functioned like that even though for generations slavery had existed. In Palestine, for example, slavery was practised as part of life by both Jews and non-Jews well before Roman rule.

Later, early Christianity did not question this practice. It is well documented that slaves were subjected to brutal punishments including sexual assault, torture, flogging and execution. Jesus' crucifixion was a form of punishment for slaves. An individual, along with their family, could be enslaved because they were unable to pay their debts. Biblical examples include a man who has stolen oxen or sheep and cannot make restitution, who "shall be sold for the theft" (Ex 22:2). A widow tells of "a creditor [who] has come to take my two children as slaves" (2 Kgs 4:1). Wives and children were regarded as property.

The Parable of the Unjust Slave

Against this background, let us consider a parable which Jesus tells at the end of his fourth discourse (Mt 18) about "the church" (Mt 18:17) as a community of sustaining relationships and practices. As an alternative community, the church is to embody the mercy of God. Disciples are not perfect so conflict is inevitable. Peter asks Jesus how often he must forgive. Jesus' reply of "seventy-seven times" is illustrated in the ensuing parable where the *basileia* of the heavens is compared to "a king who wished to settle accounts with his slaves".

Three scenes unfold. In the first (Mt 18:24-27), Jesus' hearers would have latched onto the exaggeration we miss. "Ten thousand talents" is a vast amount. The largest money unit (1 talent equals about 6,000 denarii) is multiplied by a very large amount. If one denarii was equivalent to a day's wage for a labourer, John Pilch estimates 10,000 talents would require more than 164,000 years of work, seven days a week! This amount was more than likely the yearly production of all the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire. It compares with the huge international debts which today burden the peoples of the developing world.

17 September — Matthew 18:21-35
24th Sunday of Ordinary Time (Roman Lectionary)
15th Sunday after Pentecost (Revised Common Lectionary)

Looking back . . .

"Agriculture is humanity's most important link with the life-giving soil. If we degrade this vital asset to the status of a soulless factory it will lose its life." From *Holistic Farming* by Frank Hoffmann (RIP 13 August 2017).
[Issue 173 July 2013]

Being Moved with Compassion

As expected the king resorts to the usual solution — sell the slave, his family and possessions. However, his response to the slave's appeal is totally unexpected: "Out of pity (*splagnizomai*) for him, the lord (*kyrios*) released him and forgave him the debt." The translations of "out of pity" (*NRSV*) and "felt so sorry" (*New Jerusalem Bible*) somewhat miss the mark. The Greek verb comes from *splanchna*, a plural noun which literally means entrails, bowels or guts and metaphorically means from the depths of one's being, or the place of heartfelt compassion. This verb connects the king's response with Jesus who is "moved with compassion" when he sees people as "sheep without a shepherd" (Mt 9:36), sick (Mt 14:14), hungry (Mt 15:32) and blind (Mt 20:34). In another parable, the Samaritan "was moved with compassion" for the wounded man (Lk 10:33).

A role reversal occurs in scene two (Mt18:28-30). The forgiven slave comes upon a fellow slave literally "seizing him by the throat he choked him" because he owed a small debt of 100 denarii. The latter pleads with the same words which enabled the forgiven slave to receive forgiveness. In contrast to the king, we find: "He refused" and threw the one pleading into prison.

In scene three (Mt 18:31-34), fellow slaves report what happened to the king who then resorts to expected behaviour. The slave who had abused power, and did not extend to another the mercy he had experienced, is handed over to torturers.

Experiencing God's Mercy

The experience of God's mercy can change us. The gifts we receive can transform us and make our gifts work for the common good. Forgiveness, though not easy, is presented in this parable in stark form. To forgive "from your heart" (Mt 18:35) can take a long time and mean a long process of prayer and discernment.

Every person can make a positive difference through awareness, conversations and actions.

It was through the actions of a woman moved with compassion when she saw that another woman was upset at a Church service and invited her for a cup of coffee, that a breakthrough came. Saliana, from Fiji, began to tell her story of exploitation. This simple action by a member of a faith community led to the first conviction for human slavery in Aotearoa New Zealand (15 September 2016).

And other actions might include using the ethical fashion guide (See, Louise Carr-Neil *TM* August 2017: 26) and support initiatives such as the Christchurch City Council's recent decision to pay the living wage. ■

Further Resources

Tui Motu InterIslands. Issue 209, "Freeing the Slaves" October 2016.

Ethical Fashion Guide:
www.baptistworldaid.org.au/resources/2017-ethical-fashion-guide/

Baptist Churches of New Zealand Stand Against Slavery:
www.standagainstslavery.com

Aotearoa New Zealand Religious Against Trafficking of Humans:
www.anzrath.com

Painting: *Farm Workers on the Back of a Truck* by Marianne Manasse. Collection of the Nasher Museum of Art, Duke University, USA.© Photo by Peter Paul Geoffrion.

Contributor since Issue 39 March 2001

Kathleen Rushton RSM lives in *Otautahi* Christchurch where, in the sight of the Southern Alps and the hills, she continues to delight in learning and writing about Scripture.

Photograph courtesy of the Electoral Commission

Politics beyond Personality

On the 23 September, many New Zealanders will leave their houses to cast their vote in the 2017 general election. Some will be hoping for drastic change, others for the status quo to be maintained. There can be no argument that it has been a dynamic election period, with the Green Party hitting headlines after Meteria Turei's declaration of benefit fraud in the 1990s and the announcement of Jacinda Ardern as new Labour Party leader just seven weeks before election day.

Personality has always been important in politics, but it is especially so in this election. We need only to look at what has been coined the "Jacinda Effect": a surge in donations, and an extra 1,500 Labour Party volunteers within days of her assuming the role of party leader. Labour values haven't changed, but a new leader has boosted voter confidence beyond belief. Similarly, National have curated their leadership team to convey the values they want to present to the public.

While the personalities of our potential leaders are of course an important part of our decision-making, for many voters personality is the sole consideration. Often, the waters are muddied by all the political to-ing and fro-ing — parties discrediting one another, the media creating teacup storms — and voters find it hard to determine the best political decision for themselves and their communities.

Louise Carr-Neil, an Auckland native living in Hamilton, is passionate about gender equality and human rights. In her spare time she enjoys running and vegetarian cooking.

There is also the matter of voter apathy shown by over 37 per cent of enrolled 18-24 year-olds not voting in the 2014 election. It is fair to conclude that these younger voters feel disengaged with politics because of a lack of relevant representation, and attention paid to issues that affect youth.

With the election so close, what tools do people need to make informed decisions about their political leanings, rather than voting for the person they like most?

First, it is important to think about what matters most to you. What are you really passionate about? Is it healthcare, the environment, or support for small businesses? It can be a great idea to get a handle on the different party policies on your top issues, using party websites and reading well-balanced election commentary. Look at the specifics of the policies as well — if a party is making the claim to boost education funding, what specific parts of education are they focusing on? Looking into the history of an issue can also help to decide if the party matches your values — it can signal the difference between a government that values education, or a government that is using it as an election promise. Election promises have their place, but it is important to think about the long-term priorities of a party, rather than the instant gratification that comes with the offer of, say, tax cuts.

Not only must we think about what we find important personally, but we also need to think about the values that will shape our world. This means forefronting the needs of those most vulnerable in our society, such as those living below the poverty line, at-risk youth, those living with disabilities or struggling with their mental health. There will always be people living in situations that we will never personally experience — to vote with a sense of justice is to consider the needs of these people when we are aligning ourselves with a party.

While we should focus on policies rather than personalities, a political party is made up of individuals, so it is important, too, to feel that those individuals are displaying integrity in their actions. This is particularly relevant when considering our candidate votes, Often we focus solely on our party vote — easily done, as the values of our local candidates usually strongly align with the party they belong to. It is worth considering the involvement that your candidate has in your local community — do they make an effort to attend events and community meetings outside of the campaign period? Are they listeners and receptive to people's views and taking feedback from the community? Are they accessible? Following your local candidates on Facebook can be a really easy way to see how active they are in your community. Many candidates are dished out electorates they have no connection to and spend little time in. This hardly fosters faith in their commitment to a community.

I often feel grateful that we live in a representative democracy — every person and every vote is equally weighted. It is one of the few places where everybody gets equal say in creating the world that they want to live in, and where the boxes that we choose to tick speak to our sense of justice and equality. ■

GO NEW ZEALAND!

Aussies often joke that our neighbour across the Tasman is just another Australian State. When I visited New Zealand last month it certainly felt like it. As I flew out of Sydney, the state government was attempting to dismantle a "tent city" erected by our homeless population in the CBD. When I landed in Auckland and saw the number of those sleeping on the street I thought perhaps police had been instructed simply to move them over there.

While homelessness in Australia has been growing, it seems New Zealand has well outpaced us. Official statistics are often inaccurate due to the difficulties of measuring homelessness, but they provide a useful, if conservative estimate. The 2013 New Zealand Census places its homeless figure at 1 in 100 Kiwis, or around twice that of Australia. Given New Zealand's steeply increasing rent and property prices, this trend has likely worsened in recent years, making the sheer scale of homelessness in New Zealand — and particularly Auckland — seriously concerning.

Growing homelessness is surely a worrying symptom of a system that isn't working for all New Zealanders. Throw in the fact that median house prices have more than doubled in many Auckland suburbs and traffic congestion has soared, and it's clear Auckland is under a great deal of pressure. While I understand Auckland is just one city, it is home to one in three Kiwis.

It's no wonder, then, that your politicians are promising change and laying blame. Considering that in 2016 New Zealand accepted around 90,000 migrants, it's unsurprising to see new arrivals identified as the source of the nation's woes ahead of this month's general election.

It is sometimes said that we should first look after our own before we look after others. However this is usually only said when we wish to forfeit some portion of our responsibilities. Surely our compassion is not so divisible or limited.

If you can't afford to buy a house or are struggling to rent, perhaps you disagree with me. Likewise if your wages haven't grown or you are living pay cheque to pay cheque. But immigrants did not cause these problems and should not be blamed for them. Political complacency and poor planning are the real reasons. That's where the blame ought to be laid and that's why New Zealand's poorest and most vulnerable are suffering acutely now. New Zealand should work to make sure it has done enough for its people, and it need not turn its back on migrants to do so.

If fighting homelessness means reviewing current migration policies then so be it, but I'll venture to say that many of the policies proposed by your major political parties are absurdly blunt tools for doing so. The current government's plan to raise income thresholds is only going to attract more wealthy foreign property investors at the expense of other hardworking immigrants. The Labour Party's approach — to slash immigrant quotas by 30,000 without considering the broader economic impact — is simplistic, too.

And it's not just the ideas of political parties that need to be questioned. Equally, those sectors that claim to rely on migrant workers need to be examined and tested on this point. The dairy industry in particular has been one of the biggest proponents of open migration, claiming it requires migrant workers to operate. These industries must be challenged to see whether the conditions and pay they offer are simply not good enough to attract local workers. There is no good in accepting migrants if it serves only to shore up profits for manipulative employers.

I have been heartened, though, to see that throughout the political debate about immigration New Zealanders have not sunk into the sort of ultra-nationalist or xenophobic rhetoric that is thriving elsewhere. The conversation in New Zealand regarding tightening immigration differs significantly from other parts of the world and for this you should be applauded. Societies should be judged by how they look after their most vulnerable. Be it their homeless, their migrants, their impoverished or their disenfranchised, any New Zealand government must endeavour to serve all its people. ■

Jack Derwin is the assistant reporter to a foreign correspondent in the Sydney Bureau of the Japanese newspaper *The Asahi Shimbun*.

Dunkirk

Directed by Christopher Nolan
Reviewed by Paul Sorrell

FILM

Contributor since Issue 4 December 1997

The first question I asked about Dunkirk was: "Why now?" Although 2017 is not a special anniversary of the famous 1940 battle on the beaches of northern France, the film may well be a reaction of sorts to Brexit, a contemporary withdrawal from Europe that may prove equally disastrous to Britain. Whatever the case, UK viewers will take heart from a film that draws on the celebrated British spirit of defiance and resilience in the face of adversity.

This is not to say that Dunkirk is in any way a crudely patriotic film. If anything, it is understated in its depiction of the evacuation of more than 300,000 British and French troops following Hitler's Blitzkrieg through Western Europe in May 1940. While the depiction of heroism is restrained, the horrors of war are clearly shown. Dunkirk conveys the experience of shock, fear and terror of battle with a visceral directness. It is a deeply immersive film: the sounds of war are felt as well as heard. One of the film's outstanding achievements is the soundtrack: not only is the noise of battle felt in the gut, it is woven into a powerful — sometimes shattering — score.

Director Nolan has chosen to eschew a "top down" treatment of events, based on the perceptions of field marshals, admirals and elite politicians. Instead, he tells the story of Dunkirk through the eyes of people on the ground (or in the air and on the water): a young private soldier, a Spitfire pilot and a middle-aged civilian who captains one of the flotilla of fishing boats and pleasure craft that plied the Channel rescuing abandoned soldiers.

With this emphasis on the experience of individual participants, very little explanation is offered of the political and military background to the events depicted. The nearest the film comes to commentary are the remarks of a senior naval officer (Kenneth Branagh) on the beachhead. When his army counterpart asks where the navy and the air force have got to, he replies that they are being held in reserve to defend the British Isles against the invasion that is expected to follow the debacle on the beaches of France.

While the film has its faults — for example, its failure to credit the French army for keeping German forces at bay while the evacuation proceeded — it treats a pivotal moment in British history with realism and restraint. See it if you can. ■

When the Tui Calls:

Rural Ministry – Origins and Futures

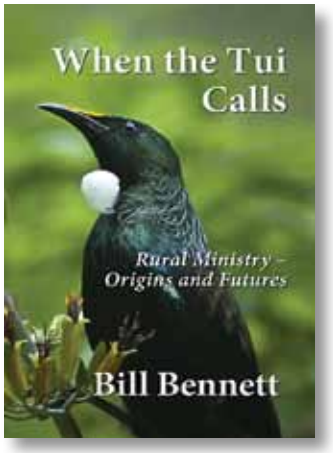
By Bill Bennett
Published by Philip Garside Publishing Ltd, 2017
Reviewed by John Thornley

BOOK

Described as an "essay", this 65-page book provides an informal and readable introduction to rural ministry. Parts one and two cover the historical origins in Roman and Celtic religion, embedded within parish and monastic structures, moving through the Reformation and Evangelical revivals, from a post-medieval to the 18th-century industrial, to the urban world.

The story comes to New Zealand in the third part, "Clash of Cultures", which covers the missionary and settler activities of Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist and Catholic developments. This section concludes with the treatment of Māori Missions and Pastorates and with the independent Māori ministries in partnership models which emerged later in the 20th-century.

In Part Four, "Changing Patterns of Rural Ministry in the 20th- and 21st-Centuries", the subheadings highlight the interplay of religious and secular conflicts and compromises that have been central to the story of rural ministry from the beginning. They include, "Rural Prosperity and Adversity", "Affirming the distinctiveness of a rural ministry theology", "Minita-a-iwi", "The Impact of Political and Economic Changes", "Rural Religion and Politics", "Local Shared Ministry" and "The Near Landscape and Beyond".



Bill Bennett is the ideal writer of this book. As an Anglican Pākehā minister he has been a major mover and shaker in the development of a rural ministry theology and praxis in Aotearoa New Zealand. Much of his ministry has been in rural parishes in the Diocese of Waiapu as well as in Norwich and Lichfield Dioceses in England. His publications of prayers and hymns (both lyrics and music) are a *taonga* for ecumenical and bicultural worship services.

I strongly recommend this book for ministry formation, seminary and pastoral theology libraries and as a resource for lay and ordained ministers throughout New Zealand. ■

Seven Rivers Walking — *Haere Mārire*

Directed by Gaylene Barnes, Kathleen Gallagher
Reviewed by Mark Gibson

FILM

Seven Rivers Walking is a powerful expression of the collective sadness at the state of Canterbury's waterways. From the first scene at the mouth of the Rakaia River it feels as if this is "our" movie. For 84 minutes Cantabrians tell their stories as they walk along the rivers during a Lenten pilgrimage, Walk for the Planet. They walked seven rivers over seven weeks and claimed their place as *kaitiaki* and guardians of those precious waterways and aquifiers.

When a speaker in the opening sequence says: "Our little voices just don't carry very loud", he is setting the flow for 70 Cantabrians to tell of their love of their rivers and their grief at what is happening to them. This is a movie about the "little voices".

Their message is clear. A kind of mindless madness has taken over the Canterbury plains and it needs to end. Dairy intensification ("hydroponics on land" as one speaker describes it) is covering the plains and is pushing ever nearer to the headwaters of the great rivers. This revolution of land-use has been disastrous for the health of the land and the rivers because it is profoundly unsuited to the porous, gravel-laden soil of the Plains. Serious river and water quality degradation and biodiversity loss have been the result.

We hear from *iwi*, anglers, scientists, farmers, rafters, swimmers and trampers of the pain and folly of the harvest that doesn't appear on balance sheets or economic forecasts. These people and their hopes and vision for the future represent the counter-revolution that is taking place.

The walk moves along the two main rivers of urban Christchurch also, showing how poor urban design is impacting their health and pointing to the changes needed to restore them.

Seven Rivers Walking is like a braided river itself. It comes from many directions, from exotic locations and from the high country to the middle of the city. There is criss-crossing from river to river and from voice to voice. Yet the movie is braided beautifully and underscored with an evocative sound track by local indigenous musicians. And because the blend of spoken and sung voices engages the heart, soul and head, the film moves us more deeply than political polemic.

This is a prophetic and powerful movie for these times when we are struggling to live in ways that honour and cherish our land and waterways and not destroy them. ■

Doctors in Denial:

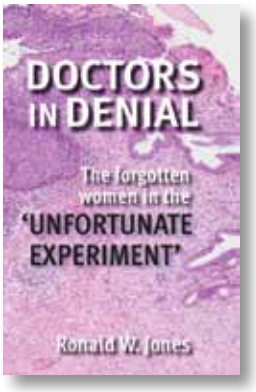
The Forgotten Women in the 'Unfortunate Experiment'

By Ronald W Jones
Published by Otago University Press 2017
Reviewed by Meryn Gates

BOOK

Doctors in Denial is not a book I would usually gravitate towards. While I enjoy reading historical non-fiction in an effort to understand the world we inhabit, something as recent as an analysis of Herbert Green's unfortunate experiment into cervical cancer at National Women's Hospital just felt a little too recent and raw. But when I discovered the author, Ron Jones, was one of the doctors who had worked at National Women's Hospital and was actually involved in revealing Dr Green's experiment, my interest was piqued. What does Dr Jones have for us?

Jones offers a careful, considered analysis of the personalities, attitudes and circumstances that allowed Dr Green to pursue a hunch when denying women treatment for carcinoma in situ, universally recognised as a precursor to cancer, for such a long time contrary to the internationally universally accepted method of treatment. Jones gives us an insight from someone who knew well the people involved, at a personal and professional level. His meticulous research and records kept from a lifetime of devotion to his profession, provides a persuasive perspective.



The framework for Jones's reflections is the hippocratic oath, quoted at the very beginning of the book, and the tensions within that founding statement. In my ignorance I had understood the oath was about a doctor swearing to do no harm to the patient. While the obligation to the patient is an element of the oath, it appears to be almost an afterthought with the focus instead on loyalty to fellow doctors and an obligation to pass on knowledge to those within the profession.

Jones asks us to consider what happens when these priorities are in conflict. When an awareness grows that a colleague may be acting outside accepted practice, at what point does the individual reach the point where they can no longer justify an internal loyalty?

While his observations have obvious relevance for those within the medical profession, any hierarchical organisation, dare I suggest the Church, has something to learn from the unfortunate experiment.

As a reviewer my only query lies in the subtitle: "The forgotten women in the 'unfortunate experiment'". Although Jones does speak of some of the women affected by the unfortunate experiment, there seem to be far more men than women mentioned in the book. ■

CROSSCURRENTS

Jim Elliston

Contributor since Issue 10 July 1998

Politics and Climate Change

In a recent interview with Kim Hill, Johan Rockström summarised the theory of Planet Boundaries, according to which it's critical that we move very quickly towards sustainability. He says "our biggest problem is actually food".

The key point is not climate change, but biodiversity decline, caused by population growth and associated destructive activity. Rockström, director of the Stockholm Resilience Centre and a Professor of Environmental Science at Stockholm University, had posed a fundamental question to top scientists: what are the processes that regulate the stability of our planet, and the boundaries within which we have a good chance of having stability? "They discovered nine processes, of which biodiversity was at the heart."

The nine planetary boundaries are systems that regulate Earth's stability and resilience — the interactions of land, ocean, atmosphere and life that together give a "safe operating space for humanity". Four of the planetary boundaries, highlighted below, have now been crossed as a result of human activity.

The boundaries are: climate change; change in biosphere integrity (loss of, and species extinction); stratospheric ozone depletion; ocean acidification; biogeochemical flows; land-system change (for example deforestation); freshwater use; atmospheric aerosol loading; introduction of novel entities (for example organic pollutants, radioactive materials, nanomaterials, and micro-plastics).

Rockström claimed: "Biodiversity is the fundamental fabric for stability". After the Ice Age we moved from being hunters and gatherers to today's complex civilisations. But humanity's impact is now taking us into a new epoch.

Churches and Cathedrals

Discussions about the Christchurch Cathedral reminded me of a newly appointed parish priest 50 years ago who demurred when told to build a new church. "I didn't become a priest to construct buildings," he said to me later. The Vicar General had responded that it was an honour to leave a building with his name on it (then a widespread opinion).

In those days overseas travel was becoming common. We often heard critical comments about the number of churches in Italy surrounded by impoverished communities. Charles Borromeo, when Archbishop of Florence (1564-84), built several churches including a Cathedral. When a relative suggested he should have given the money involved to the numbers of desperately poor people, he replied that he had no money and the rich refused to help the poor. So he persuaded the people that God would reward those who helped provide a new church to honour God. In this way Borromeo created work for the poor and helped relieve their poverty. Today we have a welfare system, so that reasoning no longer applies.

Politics and Elections

One hundred years ago southern Italy was well-nigh uninhabitable because of rampant malaria. In the 1920s Mussolini ordered the Pontine Marshes drained and malaria died out. Swamps didn't cause malaria; they hosted the disease-carrying mosquitos. Similarly, poverty doesn't cause crime; it dehumanises people, providing excellent conditions for crime to flourish.

There is more to democracy than "one person, one vote". The aim is to enable fair representation in our society's governing body. For an indigenous people, whose land was forcibly taken by invaders, equity demands special representation until the resulting disadvantages are remedied.

The tragi-comedy that is the Trump presidency resulting from an outdated electoral system and supported by a sizeable number of self-serving, elected politicians, serves as a warning that true democracy is not about the winner taking all. ■

TUI MOTU InterIslands
The Independent Catholic Magazine Limited

Tui Motu – InterIslands is an independent, Catholic, monthly magazine. It invites its readers to question, challenge and contribute to its discussion of spiritual, social and ecological issues in the light of gospel values, and in the interests of a more just and peaceful society. Inter-church and inter-faith dialogue is welcomed.

The name *Tui Motu* was given by Pa Henare Tate. It literally means "stitching the islands together...", bringing the different races and peoples and faiths together to create one Pacific people of God. Divergence of opinion is expected and will normally be published, although that does not necessarily imply editorial commitment to the viewpoint expressed.

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We welcome letters of comment, discussion, response, affirmation or argument of up to 200 words. The editor reserves the right to abridge longer letters, while keeping the meaning.

We do not publish anonymous letters except in exceptional circumstances.

UPDATE FROM ROB PITTS

In *TM* June 2017 I told my Depression Story and shared the things that helped me to get well. I want to tell you that three months has made a big difference for me. Life is so much better and I'm appreciating all sorts of things I wasn't even aware of when depression had me in its grip. I've noticed the number of depression talk-sites and I'm wondering if this could give the false impression that living with depression is fairly normal. You have to be kidding me! It is not OK to live with depression because it puts you and your people so much at risk and you're missing out on the good life. If New Zealand can win back the America's Cup anything is possible! Read *TM* June or look up the article on the *TM* website to get my recovery steps.

Rob Pitts, Fiji

ACCOUNTABILITY NECESSARY

The feast of St Mary Magdalen is a poignant reminder of God's infinite mercy. I am reminded of this with the recent disclosures of Church ministers' and servants' shameful behaviour. Also the regurgitation of past alleged offences. Such happenings are media fodder. The Magdalen's many sins were forgiven because she was deeply contrite. She did not deny. Sadly, and often tragically, there has been too much denial and all the Church suffers.

Denis F Power, Kaiapoi

Faith and Reflection

By Jocelyn Franklin
Edited by Paul Freedman
Auckland 2016 (available from crimmins@ihug.co.nz)
Reviewed by Cathy Harrison

BOOK

When Jocelyn Franklin was a young woman in Auckland she said to her inspirational mentor Dr Delargey: "I have to have a vocation. Send me anywhere." The future Cardinal sat silent then replied: "Your vocation may be never to know your vocation. God may give you only one day at a time. Take the one day and fill it with the Gospel." Many years later Jocelyn said: "That's still my agenda."

In the late 1940s Jocelyn worked for the Catholic Youth Movement and for the Auckland diocesan office of the Lay Apostolate. This led naturally to Catholic Mission and Overseas Aid programmes and to the Catholic Overseas Volunteer Service which she headed from 1963 to 1984.

Faith and Reflection is a collection of her spiritual and theological reflections assembled by her friends in the hope that her "deep spirituality and profound influence" will become more widely known. It includes reflections, litanies, letters and thoughts which express her ongoing dialogue with herself, God, and the Church invigorated by the Vatican Council II.

There is vigour in her thought, her understanding of the role of the Christian, her awareness that life is a transition and a journey into unknown territory where risk-taking is essential, her belief that God enters our personal history, her acknowledgement of the beauty and abundance of Creation, the needs of the many, the dignity of all — and so much more.

Some readers will prefer Nicholas Reid's interview with Jocelyn in which she said: "Don't think you ever stop being an apostle." The interview touches on a unique time in the Church. She speaks of visionaries including Cardinal Cardijn, Mother Teresa, Pope John XXIII, Bishop Ashby and Fr John Curnow all of whom evoke profound memories for many people. Jocelyn Franklin's legacy lives on in the lives and good works of the many people she inspired. ■

Looking **OUT** *and* **IN**

I was the only one out cycling at dawn and many weaker souls wouldn't have even ventured out on this grey morning. The mist laced my eyelashes and the fine hairs on my face, making me glow and feel even more saintly. I felt glad to have my legs spinning the pedals and our faithful dog Eddie loping enthusiastically beside me.

Bumping through some pot holes I swooped down hill. Even the sealed roads were covered with mounds of gravel and debris, their formations re-sculpted most afternoons in the sluicing rain of monsoon. Then I swung onto a new road, and started grinding up the long traverse to the Kaplani pass. I looked up to the steep bank above me, studded with starbursts of disorderly and exuberant colour — wild chrysanthemums, now decades away from the gardens of British *memsahibs* in the time of the Raj.

Eddie suddenly started a half-hearted chase towards our old friend, the yellow-billed blue magpie. Hopping around looking for grubs in her usual haunt, her puzzling blue tail was at least one foot long and nearly tipped her backwards. As we approached she flew off and her long tail, with striped black-white margins, floated behind gracefully.

Eddie trailed behind and through the mist I saw the temple at the top of the hill. Before I turned my cycle around to head home to breakfast I clambered up the roadside bank to pick some Purple Roscoe lilies. Not true orchids, they are nonetheless sensual with their lilac petals and deep magenta throats. My eight-year old loves to pluck off the stamen and insert twigs as two spindly legs to make Flower Peacocks in a sort of floral origami. I picked a few lilies to take home to her.

There were numerous frustrations at work this week. Despite many meetings with different Government officials, there were still no medicines to treat epilepsy or depression in any primary care centre. The new GST act was messing up our budget. But just as my mind started heading off in a rut of work related tasks, I was pulled back to the here and now.

A thin and long creature wove a smooth slalom through the fence posts along the road-edge. Flowing and sinuous, in a fur coat of chocolate and butterscotch, he didn't even raise his head to look at me, but leapt in a waterfall of grace down the rock wall and into the nettles and *kali ghas* (black grass). Pine martens, royalty among mustelids, are a rare sighting,

I sailed downhill and light-hearted now on this glum-but-now-gleaming day, and nodded to a couple of women from the bazaar who were out walking with their sturdy bamboo monkey poles. We see each other often in our early mornings.

This delight I feel on seeing wild animals and native plants doing their thing, while I do my thing, is visceral. The rhythm of seasons is orderly and dependable and there is rhyme too in the plants, birds, animals I meet in my morning cycle rides. I'm getting better at reading the choreographed sequence each year: now I wait for the first cuckoo calls by mid-April, look to see the tree-ferns unfurl in a green fury from the third week of June, and remind my daughter that only in the month of August can we make the Flower Peacocks. On this forested ridge of deodar cedars and Himalayan oak, when I turn away from the banter and business in my head, and open my ears and eyes, I know I am a wild creature too, and also a part of this eco-community. ■

Contributor since Issue 86 August 2005

Kaaren Mathias is a mother of four young people, is married to Jeph and has spent the last 11 years living and working in India.

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From the *Tui Motu* team