



Dunedin Methodist Parish

Finding Good in everyone Finding God in everyone

www.dunedinmethodist.org.nz

Presbyter:	Rev. Siosifa Pole	455 2923
Parish Stewards:	Dr George Davis	453 6540
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PARISH BULLETIN

21st August 2011

WORSHIP FOR SUNDAY 28th AUGUST 2011

9.30am	Mornington	S Pole
9.30 am	Mosgiel	G Preston
11.00 am	Glenaven	S Pole
11.00 am	Wesley	G Preston
1.00pm	St Kilda	TBA
4.00pm	Broad Bay	No Service

MINISTRY TRAINING SEMINAR

The parish will run a ministry training seminar for all the lay people of the parish on Friday the 2nd 7.00pm-9.00pm and Saturday the 3rd of September 9.00am-2.30pm at the Methodist Mission Conference Room. Val Nicholls from Trinity College will lead this training seminar with assistance from the leaders of the parish. This is obviously an opportunity for those in the wider parish who would like to involve in a more active role in leading worship to attend.

GLOBE THEATRE (104 London St) features 18-28 August Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, with the well-tried team of John Watson and Harry Love (*Home* and *All's Well that Ends*) in the leading roles. The cheapest seats for non-members are \$10 on the first night. Ring the Globe, 477 3274, for bookings / information. There are 2pm matinees on both Sundays, otherwise it's 7.30pm.

OPEN EDUCATION (NOTE: CHANGE OF DATE)

On Wednesday 24 August, at Mornington Methodist Church starting at 7.30pm, the Open Education programme will bring the Reverend Greg Hughson to tell us about his participation in the Ecumenical Peace Convocation, arranged by the World Council of Churches in Kingston, Jamaica, this year. Greg was the sole New Zealander among a family of nations: he has pictures to show and songs for us to sing. Join us to help celebrate and affirm peace and non-violence in the world.

As usual, Judy Russell will provide a delicious pre-session dinner starting at 6pm. Ring her to book your place (455 3727). The charge for the meal is \$15, for Greg's talk \$5.

EXPLORERS GROUP

Meets on Sunday 29th August, at 4-30pm in the Mornington Church Lounge. All welcome.

BULLETIN NOTICES FOR 28 AUGUST

As I will be away on leave, notices for the 28th August Bulletin will need to be in by midday Tuesday 23rd August. Thank you. Sarah Campbell.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE PARISH COUNCIL MEETING 10 AUGUST 2011

- The Parish representatives to Conference will be Palanite Taungapeau and Joy Clark (also Mission representative).
- The Parish decided to advertise the 0.25 ministry vacancy locally and in Touchstone.
- The Parish Council endorsed the appointment of Marion Kitchingman as the Parish Pastoral Care Convener.
- The Parish Stewards will write to the Pastoral Committee of the Methodist Church to convey their disappointment with its procedures.
- The Parish ended the 2010-2011 financial year in a relatively strong position.

RUGBY WORLD CUP

Are there families in your church who would like to host players, their families, and/or their support team (e.g. Manager and chaplain) who wish to experience real kiwi hospitality? The host responsibilities are:

- Accommodation, up to a maximum of seven nights
- Meals, breakfast daily, and possibly evening meals

- Transportation, pick up from the airport and giving details of public transport

If you wish to be a host family, sign up at (<http://fs8.formsite.com/engage/form9/index.html>) the data will be collected and passed onto me and once the teams have been named (22nd August) we will begin to match hosts to guests.

Kimberley Rietveld, kimswonderful@gmail.com or 027 3120534 on behalf of Engage Dunedin <http://www.engagenz.org>

Engage Family Host Programme Dunedin Coordinator

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

To Josh Brodie-Dixon who celebrates a Birthday on 22nd August.



Planting the tree of peace

Four days ago I returned from Normandy, France, where I had been staying with my daughter's family at their fourteenth-century farmhouse now being restored to use as a two-storied house. No electricity yet, no phone, no instant hot water, and the wooden flooring upstairs still being laid plank by plank –rescued and recycled from a demolished eighteenth-century English cotton mill building.

The grass in Normandy grows faster than any national debt, so part of my time there was spent digging sprouting grass and weed clumps from the gravelled drive leading down to the farmhouse while my daughter roughhoused a large grass mower round the property. Once that job would have been carried out with scythes by the monks whose nearby now ruined priory owned all the area.

But I had a further task. The land fell steeply away at the back of the house into what a New Zealander would call a deep gully, now a separate property owned by a young Frenchman based in Paris and determined to create his own small country paradise in the countryside. Apart from an ancient goat which survived by chewing grass all day, this adjacent property was unoccupied by anyone while I was there, but the foundations had been laid for a modern house, Normandy stone block and slate roof style, and there were the beginnings of a high concrete wall intended to hold back the steep bank rising up to our property.

Once there had stood an enormous oak tree on the boundary, not only marking the division of ownership but also guarding the now precipitous

rise from sight and the danger of falling down over the edge. A child or an unknowing visitor might fall, perhaps to their death, over the gap left by the removal of the massive and ancient tree. Something had to be done. We decided to plant a quick-growing hedge, for a regular fence would have been exorbitantly costly and need the permission and co-operation of the absentee landowner.

The trees we chose for the planting were young laurels, already five to six feet high. I dug deep into the rich Normandy soil, anchored the root balls of the young plants with small stones, of which there plenty, and filled in round their stems. When I had finished they stood in an arc of protection, their large glossy foliage dark green and shining in the summer sun. They will grow even taller quite soon, forming a thick and impenetrable hedge which will reach twenty foot high or more.

Laurel trees were sacred to the god Apollo, and the Greeks and Romans used laurel wreaths to honour victorious athletes or generals. Apollo was the god of the sun, of light, of healing and the arts, especially music. It was good to think of those things as I contemplated the new green wall stirring gently in the wind, the results of my day's labour.

But the world beyond this peaceful green country place where I could hear my grand children laughing as they played together, and the regular whirr of the mower in the hayfield below, was and is not dedicated to light and healing and the peaceful arts. Riots in British cities, civil war in Libya, brutal repression in Syria, religious conflict in Nigeria, domestic violence in New Zealand homes...you and I could create a blood-drenched catalogue of daily violence and brutality in our human communities more appropriate to Mars the god of war than to Apollo the god of light.

In faraway Normandy, scene in the past of so many bloody conflicts, from Crecy to the Somme, I found a small place to plant a line of laurel trees, safeguarding the lives and the happiness of my distant family. But where shall be found that holy ground where we may plant the tree of peace, strong to survive through fire and storm? Where shall such peace be born? I believe, as you do, that Christ is our peace, our release from fear and hatred, lust for power; Christ is that young and growing tree, growing for you and for me. So here—my here and your here—must be the place where, by God's grace, we in our time may plant Christ's peace deep in our hearts and minds, making the bloodied world's dream of peace come true.

Colin Gibson