



# Dunedin Methodist Parish

*Finding Good in everyone Finding God in everyone*

[www.dunedinmethodist.org.nz](http://www.dunedinmethodist.org.nz)

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## PARISH BULLETIN

**2<sup>nd</sup> October 2011**

### WORSHIP FOR SUNDAY 9<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER 2011

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

### MOSGIEL METHODIST WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> October 1:30pm. In the Church. The Taieri Women's Club Choir will entertain us. Please bring a friend all Church Members welcome.

### CELLISTS OF OTAGO

The Cellists of Otago will present a charity fund-raising concert for the Dunedin Hospital Chaplaincy Fund in the Hospital Chapel at 3pm on Sunday 2 October. This will be the final concert for this year - the last was in Marama Hall and almost a sellout with 150 attending. The programme will include Bach's Prelude and Fugue, and well-known Air on the G String; Handel's Sonata in G Minor for Two Cellos; Faure's Pavanne and Albeniz's Cataluna and Tango. There will be a violin solo of Bach's Sonata No 1 in G Minor by Sarah Claman and Myles Chen will present Tchaikovsky's Pezzo Capriccioso. Admission: \$10 adults; \$5 children and students.

This will be a stand-out concert. Parking will be free, but please be early as the Chapel will hold just over 100.

## **MORNINGTON METHODIST WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP SPRING OUTING**

This will be on Monday 10th October and we are going to visit Fuschia House at 5 Lees Street, Dunedin. Afternoon tea will be supplied and it will cost \$5.00 each. Transport will be organised nearer the time.

## **THE KRAZY KITCHEN UTENSILS MEAL AND CONCERTINO**

The much-used Mornington Methodist kitchen needs a variety of kitchen utensils, so we're offering a Judy Russell three-course meal with entertainment, on Wednesday, 19 October, starting at 6pm, to raise the necessary dosh. Cost \$15 single, \$25 for a family. Ring Judy (455 3727) or sign in at Mornington. We need tongs, large and slotted serving spoons, an ice-cream scoop, jugs and basins, a fish slice, an egg beater (whisk), wooden spoons, a large saucepan and sharp kitchen knives. Any offers of new equipment welcome.

## **TAGGA TOUR – 14<sup>th</sup> -16<sup>th</sup> October**

Kaikorai Presbyterian Church, 127 Taieri Rd, are planning a full weekend of opportunities to engage with Timo Tagaloa of Athletes in Action during the RWC.

**Friday 14th - Family Fun Night** (Gold Coin) - 6pm. Games for all/rugby skills/life stories. RSVP by Thursday 13th.

**Saturday morning - Men's Breakfast** (\$10) - 8am. Life stories/faith shared/BIG Breakfast. RSVP by Monday 9th

**Saturday evening - First Semi Dinner** - 7pm. Three course dinner/stories of life, rugby and faith and then watch the 1st semi-final live. RSVP by Monday 9th

**Sunday Youth Service** - 10am. Once again Timo will be sharing a message of faith and trust in God. You're welcome to join us.

## **THANK YOU**

Thank you for the St. Kilda Tongan congregation for acknowledging the role of women in their Faka-Sepitema (Women's Day) on last Sunday. It was wonderful to see the proud faces of our women to be acknowledged and to be part of our ministry. In addition was your generous donation of your Misinale (annual offering) to the running of our ministry. It was indeed a great day of fellowship and sharing in the name of Jesus Christ. I wish you all the best and God's blessing.



## Flags on the touch line

Flags, bunting and banners have transformed our clean, green islands into a colourful theatre of celebration. Flapping and fluttering, from Cape Reinga to Stewart Island – on mountains, mansions, cottages, cribs, lighthouses and loos – sets the scene for a grand show. There are flags galore; stretched flat on walls and windows and wardrobes, painted on faces, and hoist on mental touchlines. Aotearoa New Zealand is in party mode. The Rugby World Cup has kicked off a playful level of patriotism in The Land of the Long White Cloud, with a floodtide of flags. (A local manufacturer says his staff has been ‘run ragged’ trying to keep up with the demand, filling orders for all manner of flags including those of the ‘underdog’ teams.)

In the recent history of our nation ANZAC day has tended to dominate flag flying events, often sombre occasions marked by the half-mast raising of the New Zealand Ensign and the Australian flag to honour our war dead. The flag of any nation is a symbol of respect. We fly it as a mark of esteem for others and to uplift ourselves. Desecration of the flag is an offensive act. Allegiance to it, instilled through education, caught or taught, is part of how we identify our cultural selves.

Every Monday morning in my early schooldays, the Bell Monitor stood on the top step, sharp at nine-o-clock, and rang the teacher’s hand-held brass bell to call us into line. Our country schoolyard was also the tennis court and we assembled on the marked white lines, girls in front, boys behind, facing the flag. In lieu of a flagpole, (that came later) two Flag Monitors, chosen for their ability to stand staunch, each clutched a corner of the Union Jack, pulling it as taut as they could without tearing it apart. We waited for our teacher to call us to attention. When she commanded, ‘School, salute!’ we followed her lead, each holding a hand to brow for three strict seconds before dropping it stiffly to our side. Then we lifted our voices, in less concordant strains, to *God Save The King*.

After the final notes of the National Anthem had drifted away over the pony paddock next door, we trooped inside to begin the week’s lessons while

the Flag Monitors carefully rolled up the Union Jack until next Monday's unfurling. The Ink Monitor, whose hallmark was trust and reliability, had already filled the little ceramic inkwells in the desks and made sure there was plenty of chalk on the blackboard ledges. But before we settled into Reading, Writing and Arithmetic there was another monitoring ritual, 'Hands on Handkerchief', a fingernail inspection by our teacher. Her aim, nay, her bounden duty, was to fly another sort of flag – Cleanliness (which was next to Godliness) – and in the process to counter annoying sniffing. Make no mistake we were monitored to within an inch of our lives.

And would you believe it? Monitors are still alive and well, doing their duty in the 21st century. In this High Season of Celebration two staunch Flag Monitors stand on their individual touch lines, firm in their opposing views, with the fabric of nationhood stretched between them tight as a schoolmistress's lips. One, a businessman, 'incensed' to see a Maori flag flying at a local school, has sent emails objecting in very strong terms to the flag's presence in the community. He believes tino rangatiratanga has no place in our country because it sends 'mixed messages' about our cultural identity. 'We are all one people here and this division is not good for the country,' he says. The other, the school's Board of Trustees chairman, citing the cultural and national diversity he sees reflected in the school community, hopes the children will grow up in an atmosphere that not only represents but also actively celebrates that diversity. The clash between these two Flag Monitors touches on much deeper social, cultural and political tensions. But their disagreement also highlights the amazing power of flying the flag.

A flag, any flag, is much more than its patriotic message. In the current New Zealand climate the painted flags on gleeful faces, the wind-whipped flags on convoys of campervans, or the sweep and dip of home made flags in a buoyant crowd are intimately connected to mood. And the mood of the moment is celebration.

Of course it's important to keep the flag flying for social justice, in both real *and* metaphoric terms. But for now, for a little while at least, its time to loosen up a bit. Slap on some face paint, sidestep the issues that divide people and communities, and run with the emotional flutter and flap. Whether we're for the top dog or the underdog we can score by showing our true colours in this convivial theatre of celebration. And if we're not rugby fans we don't even have to go to a game. Just grab a flag and fly it.

***Elizabeth Brooke-Carr***