



# 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

11<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER 2012

### WORSHIP FOR SUNDAY 18<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER 2012

9.30am	Mornington	Explorers
9.30 am	Mosgiel	S Pole
11.00 am	Glenaven	Explorers
11.00 am	Wesley	S Pole
1.00pm	St Kilda	TBA
6.00pm	Broad Bay	No Service

### MOSGIEL METHODIST LEADERS MEETING

Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> November 2012 at 7:30 pm in our Hall Lounge.

### MOSGIEL MID WEEK SERVICE

Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> November at 2p.m. All very welcome.

### NO SERVICE AT BROAD BAY METHODIST CHURCH

There will be no service at Broad Bay on Sunday the 18<sup>th</sup> of November due to the Memorial Service of Deacon Francis Westaway in Lawrence. Rachael Masterton who is supposed to do the service and myself will be there for this service in the afternoon. I suggest that the people of Broad Bay may join Glenaven people on this Sunday in their service at 11am.

**WESLEY CHURCH**

Annual Meeting will be held on Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> November 2012, following a short Church service.

**MEMORIAL SERVICE**

A memorial service is being held on Sunday 18 November, 1.30pm at the Simpson Park Complex, Harrington Street, Lawrence for Deacon Francis Westaway, a long time member of the Otago Southland Synod and a tireless worker for the community of Lawrence in his position as Deacon.

All who knew Francis are invited to this service, and afternoon tea will be served afterwards.

Any questions to Rachael Masterton ([rmasterton@actrix.co.nz](mailto:rmasterton@actrix.co.nz) or 4764867) though Rachael is away at Conference from 1-7 November.

**PARISH COUNCIL MEETING**

There will be a Parish Council Meeting on Wednesday 21 November at 7.30 pm at Mosgiel Church.

**Story from the Mission**

With the weather warming up it has been great to watch the children as their fascination with the natural world around them continues to grow.

Although some would say the play space at the new centre needs renovated immediately the children's interactions with it would tell you that sometimes the simplest of things allows us time to slow down and really take notice of what is at our fingertips to interact with.

This has been clearly present when watching the children take the time to engage in groups with something as simple as a puddle, just watching their reflections and testing out whether by piling lots of grass on top of itself will make it sink into the water. And how a simple task of taking weeds out of the garden can provoke such an intrigue and curiosity to search relentlessly for worms and other insects day after day with such enthusiasm and excitement each time a discovery is made.

Our new environment has seen the staff gain a real sense of appreciation and respect for the natural environment and all the rich learning that it holds, making us want to hold onto this when we begin the development process.



Living in the US (Boulder, Colorado) in 1978, I remember thinking people were not as close to nature as we normally are in New Zealand. That may seem like nonsense, when they skied all over it, even down the main street at times, hiked the walking trails, kept pets. What does *close* mean?

In 1977 in central Wellington the Whites had a vege garden and kept bantams: glistening-coated Solomon who strutted about and his less glamorous mate Sheba who laid eggs. I was even thinking of getting a goat to keep down the tangle of scrub and vines around the precious veges. Dad had grown most of the veges we ate as children, and my brother supplied us with meat from his farm. I had never lived anywhere without at least a few veges, and the accompanying insects, mud and worms.

Now that food-growing has again become part of urban life, with shared gardens in communities like North East Valley and in schools -- and even the White House -- it's easy to forget that there were several decades when this was not the norm.

Nor was it the norm in Boulder in the seventies. No-one we knew grew the food that they ate. The supermarket was open till all hours and we did our shopping sometimes at 10 or 11pm. I remember marvelling that you could get grapes and tropical fruit (from California, perhaps, or Hawaii) in winter. Inside the centrally-heated or air-conditioned shops there was little sense of what season it was outside, except for snowy times which coincided with the 'holiday season' of Christmas and New Year. (Malls are this way by design; year-round, you spend...)

Part of our apartment complex was laid out in lawns, with linking paths where my one-year-old twins learnt to walk. No-one could run on the grass in bare feet, not because they weren't allowed, but because the lawns consisted of prickly weed, which may have been used on purpose because it didn't need much mowing and looked as green as grass.

Apartment living was really about being inside, in an oil-heated capsule, looking out on very nice grounds which were alien and even hostile, that didn't really have anything to do with you. Or you drove to see the sights, buzzing along fast roads. I was the only one who swam in the

mountain stream that ran through the college grounds, although people might have fished it -- as Brian Turner (in his memoir *Somebodies and Nobodies*) records fishing the Water of Leith that flows through the University.

In the development of easy-care townhouses with no garden at all, and the understanding of development in general as taming, modifying and using nature, we humans have lost sight of our dependence upon nature-that-can-be-hostile. Spiders, slugs, bugs and even birds are nasties which have gained a new fictional identity from horror films. (Teachers must have to fight hard to insist they are our friends). If evolution is not taught in conservative religious schools, some children will never know how inter-dependent are the human and animal worlds.

When westerners go to the Pacific Islands, they often spend their swimming time in the sterile hotel pool rather than get mucky entering the actual sea. But if they do swim in the lagoon, they may forget, or may not know, that if they stand up there they are treading on precious coral and colonies of creatures in and around it that depend on our leaving them alone if they are to survive. A different dependence is illustrated in the flying-in of canned food because those same lagoons have been fished out long ago.

Hurricane Sandy has brought to a head issues that have been building since the oil-shocks of the 70s. Living on the ocean edge does not necessarily mean humans understand nature better. Their cities and settlements, based in the past on access to food from land and sea, and on water/wind-based transport, are now based on oil. The electricity so essential for modern living often comes from oil, power from back-up generators certainly so. Most supermarkets are re-stocked by trucks, not trains. Buses may have petrol to run, but traffic around them is deadlocked by queues of private cars...

The Water for Life programme has shown us how human life anywhere in the world depends on water, and our knowledge of how things grow. For Palestinians in Israel, a traditional closeness to nature has been denied by the withdrawal of water resources. The dominant culture on the West Bank is now the culture of oil, the same as in most developed countries.

Nature's economy runs on water. The US and the world's economy on the other hand, stands or falls on oil, even though the burning of oil has helped fuel ocean and global warming, causing a rise in the force of storms like Katrina and Sandy.

***Helen Watson White***