



# Dunedin Methodist Parish

*Finding Good in everyone Finding God in everyone*

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

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<b>Presbyter:</b>	Rev. Siosifa Pole	455 2923
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	Mrs Fay Richardson	489 5485
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## PARISH BULLETIN

**11<sup>th</sup> December 2011**

### WORSHIP FOR SUNDAY 18<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER 2011

9.30am	Mornington	Y@M
9.30 am	Mosgiel	G.Preston
11.00 am	Glenaven	Y@M
11.00 am	Wesley	G.Preston
1.00pm	St Kilda	TBA
6.00pm	Broad Bay	S.Pole

The following are the bullet points for the next Dunedin Parish Bulletin next Sunday:

- Persisting with the 0.25 ministry: the Parish, despite delays is still seeking to fulfil the 0.25 ministerial position -m ODT advertisement closes on 2 December.
- Healthy Church, Missional Church workshop in Invercargill on 19<sup>th</sup> November as a Synod event. Sets of recommended reading to be placed in Mornington and Mosgiel churches.
- Mornington and Mosgiel undergoing Lay Ministry training following: The 2-3 September workshop at the Mission. Mosgiel already has a team in training and there was a most positive response from Mornington members to training led by Rev Siosifa Pole.
- Wesley Village Project: things are looking up. The pledging for the project now stands at nearly \$2 million. There is to be a meeting hopefully in late February to finalise fundraising.
- New Parish Steward and Parish Minute Secretary: Fay Richardson has retired from an extended period as a Parish Steward and her place has been filled by Hilda Hughson. Fay has remained to take the Parish Secretary's position.
- Youth representative, Fakafeangai Fakava from District to Conference: Rev Pole has informed us that the Youth Representative from the District to Conference will be a member of the Tongan Methodist St Kilda congregation.



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Raoul Sarup who will be 11 years old on the 12<sup>th</sup> December

Christina Weston who will be 12 years old on the 17<sup>th</sup> December

### Reminder:

I will need all information for the Bulletin and Order of Service in to me by 14<sup>th</sup> December, so I am able to prepare these prior to the holiday break.

Thanks, Nat

## Mornington Church end of year event

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> Dec starting at 6:30p.m.

The Mornington Minstrels go on tour from Argyle to Borthwick

This Invitation is extended to all members of the church

The plan:

A choir of carol singers will assemble to depart the church at 6:30p.m. Walk via a circular route to visit the homes of church members, who live within 2 km of the church. At each home the choir visits the carol singers will sing 2 well known carols (2 lively verses) and enjoy a responding song and maybe a treat from residents and their choir. After visiting the various homes the walkers will return to the church advising all the visited residents so all walkers and residents can join in supper and some further carol singing at the church.

You are welcome whether able to walk all (there are some hills to ascend) or some of route (flat sections abound) or to join as a "choir member" at a residence and then to join in supper afterwards.

Please all come and enjoy some singing, company and Christmas cheer at this special time in the church year.

Please bring a small plate to make supper enjoyable

Cam Weston Phone: 454 5600

## Wesley Leaders Meeting

Meet on Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> December at 10.30 am

## STAMPS! STAMPS! STAMPS!

It's that time of year when you get stamps on your Christmas mail so please save them for the Methodist Women's Fellowship collection. You don't need to clean them as we sell them on the paper and we collect foreign as well as New Zealand ones, so please start saving them for us.

This year \$2160.96 was raised nationally and was used to help the students of Trinity College with their trip to Jerusalem.

Hand them to any fellowship member or ring Margaret Connor

Phone: 488 4345 if you want them picked up.

Start saving now!

## HYMNS FOR PRAISE BE

In May next year, and after a gap of five years, Television New Zealand will come to Dunedin to record congregations and choirs for the Praise Be program broadcast on Sunday morning. The producer has asked me to collate and send up to Wellington a list of hymns you would like to see and hear on the program. No, not grandma's favorites (they're heavily recorded already), but the hymns of our own time which are poorly represented on Sunday morning television or radio.

Please send me a first line or title (or a number of such lines or titles) by email or snail mail, before Christmas.

My address is: 28 Mitchell Avenue, Mornington, Dunedin 9011,

My email is: [colin.gibson@clear.net.nz](mailto:colin.gibson@clear.net.nz).

This is a rare chance to influence the program makers; I'd like to be able to send a long list!



### Music has charms

Advent is upon us. Each week another candle is lit in a church somewhere, marking the twenty-four day countdown towards one of the most important days in the Christian calendar. A sense of anticipation builds as preparations for Christmas Day gain momentum. Decorations are planned, rehearsals for nativity pageants take place and Christmas music practices are under way.

In the commercial sector a mounting sense of expectation is also growing. Constant reminders of how close we are getting to Christmas begin as early as Labour weekend. Seductive advertisements to *buy now* for pre-Christmas bargains that will delight the hearts of those nearest and dearest, lure shoppers to the tills. Special offers tempt the discerning. Overt appeals to get in before the rush overwhelm the most careful spenders. But the Christmas Creep of the commercial season has very flexible boundaries. It seems to begin earlier and earlier each year, often continuing until the end of January, with post Christmas sales certain to delight the wallets of bargain hunters – or so the high priests of commercial advent would have us believe. They know that very few of us are disciples of Scrooge. Most of us enjoy gift giving. This, after all, signifies the spirit of the Christmas. So the proselytising goes on, stretching commercial advent far beyond the borders of the Christian calendar and the simple joys of gift giving.

Recently I found myself caught in the midst of this inveigling, shut in the cramped cubicle of a large department store, wriggling in and out of a garment that I desperately needed to try and buy before my old one let me down. Overhead the tinny twang of piped music accompanied by a sentimental voice crooning Christmas mush, added to my discomfort. Hot and bothered I made my purchase and escaped before I succumbed to the rising savagery in my breast. The in-store, out-of-season, snow-and-schmaltz music had done little to soothe me. However, that sort of mawkish sentiment seems just plain sweet when compared to the lyrics of actor and

singer Johnny Depp's pre-Christmas offering. Depp has a certain charm – if you are a fan of his – but he has outraged a few good people by singing a bad taste song about Jesus getting drunk and passing out in a bar. Whether or not Depp actually wrote the lyrics is a moot point but in any case the song seems to have little respect for Christian sensitivity and reinforces the strength of music to tap into emotion.

We are regularly charmed, in this parish, by the skill of accomplished composers, players and teachers, and a host of sonorous voices bringing gifts of music to *to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak...* (William Congreve, 1670 - 1729). Music has the power to take us out of ourselves, transporting us to other worldly dimensions. Or to bring us together into an effective communion: St Augustine is reputed to have said that 'to sing once is to pray twice' (*Qui cantat, bis orat*) indicating the capacity of the music itself to express thoughts separate from the words of a prayer. Music may even be a more effective evangelical drawcard than sermons or religious dogma. Christmas music has a particular pulling power, whether it's a hymn, Handel's *Messiah* or a midnight carol service attracting crowds of people who might otherwise never darken a church doorway.

In our household there is a tradition involving an old, bright-orange vinyl record that I pull from its sleeve once a year and set spinning like sunshine on an equally ancient turntable, retained for the purpose of enjoying our vinyl collection. MP3 discarded, I sing along as I decorate the tree and prepare for Christmas. This year however, the vinyl has to compete with the ivory. After a decade or so of being piano-less I have another piano. And I'm learning to stretch my fingers to reach an octave again. From the attic I dragged down a box of my mother's albums and sheet music. Amongst them my own pieces, many with my music teacher's pencilled annotations at places where my fingers tangled with my brain as I was learning to play: *Norwegian Cradle Song, The Robins' Return, Fur Elise, Remembrance*. Oh, Remembrance! How it stirred in my bones as I lifted each piece of music from the box. Then down near the bottom I found what I was looking for: *Carols For Christmas*.

Presented as a Sunday School Prize in 1949, inscribed with my name and signed by my Sunday School teacher, it is a gift rediscovered. I'd have to say my spine is in slightly better condition than the book of carols. The old, yellowed Sellotape on the cover, crisp and fragile as a shell, flaked away in my hands when I opened it. But the music on the pages is solid as! With fingering that would distress my long-ago music teacher, and an eagerness that might have delighted her, I fumbled through each carol – sharpening flats and flattening sharps in transition from score to keyboard. But the setting of *Angels From The Realms Of Glory*, one of the oldest musical compositions still regularly sung, with connections that date back to the Middle Ages, required that I play only on the white keys. Great! Apart from some wobbly timing the angels and I made it harmoniously through the realms of glory. Those old carols, like many other gifts of the spirit, will surely transcend Christmas Creep, Johnny Depp and amateur renditions, to endure long after my fingers have become still and my spine has given up the ghost.

Elizabeth Brooke-Carr