

# DUNEDIN METHODIST PARISH

*Finding Good in everyone Finding God in everyone*

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



Find us on Facebook: **Dunedin Methodist Parish**

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## PARISH BULLETIN 10 December 2023

WORSHIP FOR SUNDAY – 17 December 2023		
9.30 am	Mornington	D Poultney
10:00 am	Mosgiel	S Hamel
11:00 am	Glenaven	D Poultney

## **CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN MORNINGTON**

The local churches are getting  
**Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> December**  
at the Presbyterian Church  
on Maryhill Terrace  
**at 4.30pm**  
for a shared CAROL Service.



**Christmas Carols**  
**Sunday 10th December**  
**4.30pm**  
**Mornington Presbyterian Church**  
**16 Maryhill Terrace**

## **MOSGIEL CHRISTMAS CAROLS**

On Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> December @ 2pm there will be a Carol Service with Holy Communion followed by sumptuous afternoon tea. All Welcome.

**WANTED:** A one or two-bedroom rental for Pamila and Esther Yiang, of Glenaven. At present they are renting in NE Valley, but would like somewhere closer to Pam's work in the Meridian, and Esther's school, Otago Girls' High School. If you know of a suitable flat or house to let, please contact Pamila by email: [Ysjiang127@hotmail.com](mailto:Ysjiang127@hotmail.com)

*This Christmas*



methodist  
MISSION

Te Hahi Wētāriana o Aotearoa



give **\$2:10** for **24 days**

\$50 contributes to a day of **nappies and formula**  
for our Young Mums' pēpi/babies

\$50 provides half an hour of support from our  
**Taituāra a Hāpori/Specialists**

\$50 provides **essentials** needed by our rangatahi  
transitioning to sustainable accommodation



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

Have you seen our little video?

## **2:10 The Gift of Support**

**This Christmas the Mission is looking for 210 people to give \$2.10 per day for the 24 days of Advent.**

*Galatians 2:10 All they asked was that we should continue to remember the poor, the very thing I had been eager to do all along.*

[www.givealittle.co.nz/cause/210-the-gift-of-support](http://www.givealittle.co.nz/cause/210-the-gift-of-support)

email Julie [julier@mmsouth.org.nz](mailto:julier@mmsouth.org.nz) 0272678140

\* \* \* CHRISTMAS SERVICES \* \* \*  
**CHRISTMAS EVE**

THE FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT - SUNDAY 24<sup>TH</sup> DEC.

11.00AM - GLENAVEN - Rev David Poultney

**\* CHRISTMAS DAY**

9.30AM - MORNINGTON - Rev Donald Phillipps

10.00AM - MOSGIEL - Rev David Poultney

**\* THE FIRST SUNDAY OF CHRISTMAS**

SUNDAY 31<sup>ST</sup> DECEMBER

11.00AM - MORNINGTON - Rev David Poultney

**JOINT SERVICES**

We traditionally have a joint service when there is a fifth Sunday in the month and on other special occasions. Three months ago, the Parish Council discussed this timing and agreed to experiment with having joint services at **11am**,

preceded by refreshments starting at **10.30am**. We have done this once so far.

In December two such services will be held:

1. A Christmas Eve at Glenaven, as a tribute to the significant role Glenaven has played in our Christmas celebration over the years.
2. A joint service at Mornington on 31<sup>st</sup> December. We usually do this the Sunday after Christmas because many of us are out of town and there is a scarcity of preachers available. The Parish Council will reassess the timings for our Joint Services in February.



When I had the privilege of preaching at Mornington a few weeks ago, I mentioned that I had been, some years ago, part-time chaplain at Arohanui Hospice in Palmerston North – as part of my community-facing responsibilities while Minister at St Andrew’s Presbyterian Church. I also observed that this was in the first years of Arohanui’s existence – at a time when, in many respects, all of us involved in the life of the Hospice were finding our way.

So it was that, on Christmas morning 1990, as I was removing my ‘party clothes’ in the vestry following our Christmas morning service, that I wondered what Christmas Day meant for the patients and their families at the Hospice.

St Andrew’s had again been packed for its usual Christmas Eve candlelight service. And on Christmas morning, there was, again, the usual turnout of families – the children eager to show off the one or two toys they’d been allowed to open and bring along to the service (though, clearly, eager to get home to open the rest). And their parents, no doubt equally eager to return home for the true festivities – or, at the very least, concerned about the state of the roast in the oven.

I was on cooking duty that year as well. Catering for the fifteen extended family members due for our Christmas meal – our turn in the four-yearly family cycle.

But what about those families gathered at Arohanui Hospice? What was Christmas – and especially for the nine

patients there, their last – going to mean for them? So, at the risk of overcooking my own festive roast, I bundled my then three-year-old daughter into the car, and headed for Arohanui.

To be honest, I had no idea what to expect. What I encountered, however, was beyond anything I could have imagined. Here, in the face of death, was life being celebrated. And with absolute abandon. The gift of life being celebrated in the very face of death.

There was the daughter whose father's funeral I had taken only weeks' before. She had come to the Hospice bearing her father's silver platter, and his prized Webb and Corbett crystal brandy decanter and glasses – offering a glass of brandy to patients and whanau alike. God only knows the interaction of brandy with morphine sulphate. It didn't matter.

My three-year-old daughter climbed on each patient's bed, sang the one verse of the only carol she (almost) knew –

'Away in a manger / no crib for a bed / the little Lord Jesus / asleep on his head' – and gave each a sloppy three-year-old kiss.

And then there was Walter. His wife of fifty years had died at the Hospice a couple of months' earlier. For every year of their married life, she had baked a Christmas cake. This Christmas, he had baked his first. He had no family in Palmerston North – so he brought it down to the Hospice, and shared it with those who were his new-found family.

Christmas. Life literally *born* in the very face of death. Light in the face of darkness – and the darkness shall never overcome it. God’s one-finger salute to all that is dark in our world, in our lives.

May the gift of the Christ-life be born in your life this Christmas – life and light in the midst of whatever darkness this past year may have meant for you. Arohanui.