



ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

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MODERATOR'S VOICE – SEPTEMBER 2022

There is a lot of sadness in the world today and I wonder if you are feeling it too. We live in a time of rapid change where many of the values and institutions we relied upon to keep us on an even keel have been eroded and replaced. In addition, we may have to adjust to changes in our personal circumstances with the loss of health, loved ones and sometimes a measure of our independence.

At the same time what's happening around us is also very discouraging. Relationships seem to be in a mess, violence, lawlessness, and poverty are on the increase. Yesterday's excesses have become today's norms. People have forgotten God in what we used to be so proud to call 'God's Own.'

Who doesn't feel sad for the Ukrainian's, citizens of Myanmar and other places where personal ambition runs roughshod over people's lives?

Where can we find God in all of this? This was the question asked of me recently by a very committed Christian lady who went on to say that for the first time in her life she was questioning God's management of our world. She wasn't blaming God, but she was questioning His judgment. Why wasn't He doing something? She is not the first to ask or doubt and she will not be the last.

Job asked this question of God when things went very badly for him. In the process he made two vital discoveries which we need to know as well:

First, he discovered that it was okay to question God's judgment. God can handle our hardest questions. However, take note, God had some hard questions for Job too!

However, Job's most important learning was that while it's okay to question God's judgment, we should never question His love. When Job started doubting God's love, the wellspring of his faith dried up at the time when he needed it the most.

If you are feeling sad or confused or overwhelmed, remember the words of the old hymn, 'What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sin and grief to bear, what a privilege to carry everything to him in prayer.'

Rev Keith Hooker

RUTH'S RAMBLINGS

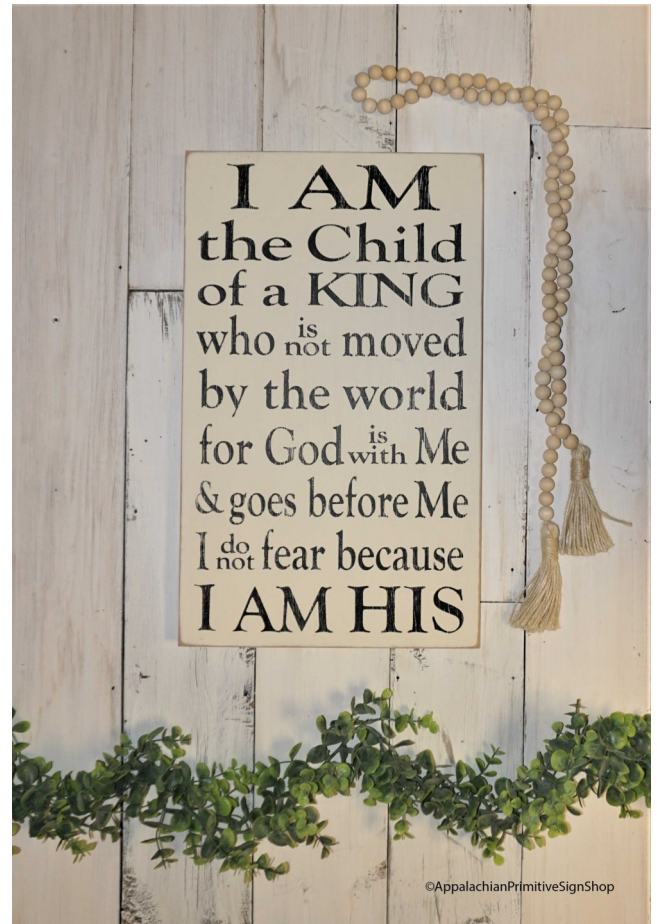
I am a child of a King. I was born into a family that gave me a Great Grandmother and a Great Grandfather, 4 grandparents and 2 parents. I was extremely blessed to have so many of my paternal and maternal family in my early years.

Funnily enough, Auntie has done our family tree and we find that I am descended from King Richard the 3rd. So I am actually the child of a King! The Neville family. My family castle is Warwick Castle.

In all of this, he is not who I am proud to say I am connected to. My true King is my Lord Jesus Christ! I became a Christian at Ngaruawahia Christian Camp that our youth group attended each Queen's Birthday weekend. I was 14. It was here that I found my personal identity in Christ, having lived off my parents' faith up to that point.

This was the beginning of the personal relationship that has developed. So without a doubt I know I am the daughter of the KING!

I was christened as a baby but baptised as a 15 year old. The Lord is my Saviour, Lord and King!



QUARTERLY COMMUNION

*An invitation is extended to all who love
our Lord Jesus Christ to join us for the
Communion Service*

On the 11th September



The Lord Is King! Lift Up Thy Voice 83

Josiah Corder (1789-1855): abridged DEUS TUORUM MILITUM: L. M. Grenoble church melody

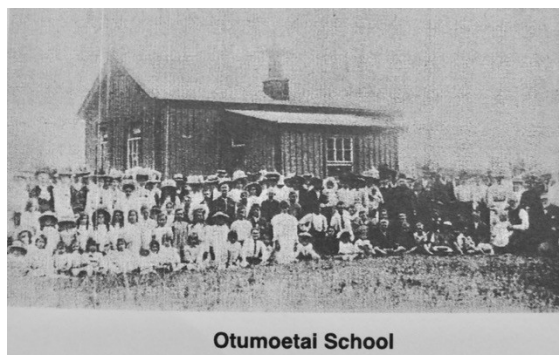
1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, re-joice!
2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Re-sist his will, dis-trust His care,
3. The Lord is King! child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just;
4. A - like per-vad - ed by His eye, All parts of His do - min - ion lie—
5. One Lord, one em - pire, all se - cures; He reigns, and life and death are yours:

From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om - nip - o - tent is King.
Or mur-mur at His wise de-crees, Or doubt His roy - al prom - is - es?
Ho - ly and true are all His ways, Let ev - ery crea-ture speak His praise.
This world of ours, and worlds un-seen, And thin the bound-a - ry be-tween.
Thru earth and heaven one song shall ring, The Lord Om - nip - o - tent is King. A-MEN.

OUR CHURCH HISTORY

The First Regular Presbyterian Service in The Tauranga District was held in 1868 when the Rev George Morris arrived from Scotland in answer to a call from here. He returned to Scotland July, into 1869, but it was June, 1877 before his successor arrived from Scotland and was inducted to St Peter's, which was the first Presbyterian Church built in Tauranga, It opened for worship in November, 1878. That solid kauri building served faithfully for eighty-six years, when it was moved a few yards to make way for its successor which opened in February, 1964.

Presbyterian work in Otumoetai did not commence until well into the 1900's. It was a long drive into town along dusty country roads and as in many rural districts, the local school became the community worship centre, with the major denominations taking turns in conducting services. Miss Olive Foxcroft, of St Peter's could remember playing the piano for the Rev. Smyth when he conducted services at the Otumoetai Primary School.



Otumoetai School

Growth of the citrus industry brought a population increase to Otumoetai and in the late



Ngatai/Otumoetai Rds corner, circa 1949

1940's, during Rev. Wainwright's ministry at St Peter's, a group of Presbyterian residents took the first steps to build a hall for worship and general community use. They approached Mr Gordon Darragh, who had substantial land holdings, for a section. At the time he was erecting commercial buildings opposite Otumoetai School, as it was anticipated that this

would be where the shopping centre would be. He had nothing suitable for a church and advised them to approach Mr Youngson, who was subdividing in Ngatai Road. He was sympathetic and gave a section on the corner of Ngatai and Otumoetai roads. This was gratefully accepted, for although it was a triangular plot and awkward to develop, it was on the vital crossroad that served the northern Otumoetai area. At that time, Ngatai Road finished at the bridge to Levers Road.



St Columba Hall, Ngatai Rd., top right, 1964

The Hall was built in 1950, largely with voluntary labour, finance being raised by door to door canvassing. It was essentially a community Hall for a country district, having a large stage and good catering facilities. It served the district well until the Borough Council built the Levers Road hall to meet the increasing need of the community. From its opening in 1950, in Rev. Laurence Roger's ministry, it was used for regular Presbyterian



Sunday afternoon services. Later, Anglican and Open Brethren used it for Sunday school work until they, in turn, built their own churches. Alice King had been holding a small Sunday school at her home in Levers Road and this, under her leadership, formed the basis of a flourishing school in the new Hall.

When the Rev. Jack Nairn became minister of St Peter's it was decided to commence regular **Sunday Morning Services**. The response was gratifying with Church and Sunday school attendances increasing. A significant step was the inauguration of the Women's Guild in 1956, with Joy Findlay as President and Nita Davies as Secretary. They and their successors were destined to play a major role in the Church's development.

A Causeway and Bridge across the mouth of the Waikareao Estuary had been planned for many years and in 1958, after much controversy and many delays, it was finally built. The effect on the Otumoetai community was immediate. Land values soared and building went ahead at pace, as orchards and farms were subdivided. The effect upon Church attendances with new people moving into the area was dramatic.

Steps towards a new Parish were now being taken by the Otumoetai Committee of St Peter's Board of Managers. They were discussing the prospect of a separate parish and minister at Otumoetai and in 1958 Presbytery appointed a Commission to investigate the possibility. It advocated a "wait and see" policy, but recommended that land for a Manse and future development be secured and urged St Peter's to appoint an Assistant Minister to meet the needs of the district. This proved impossible because of the reluctance of the Home Ministry Committee to subsidise an assistant ministry, their help being only available for a new Parish. **Property was secured in Ngatai Road** close to the Hall and when St Peter's embarked on a stewardship campaign in 1959, the Director of Home Ministry, the Rev. Arthur Horwell, agreed to appoint a minister provided a new Parish was established.

The Home Ministry Committee would give financial support until the new Church was self supporting. In fact, assistance was only needed for two years. **A Congregational Meeting** chaired by Rev. Harold Burnett, was called by Presbytery. Various speakers expressed the



need for a Minister and a Church in Otumoetai. A motion was passed asking Presbytery to agree to the formation of a new Parish which would include Otumoetai and the country areas from the Wairoa River to the boundary of the Katikati Parish at Apata. "St Columba" it was agreed would be the new Parish name, after a number of possibilities were considered. Some favoured

"St David's" but lost their enthusiasm when it was realised this was not the "Shepherd King," but a much later Celtic Saint. "St Clements" was suggested , somewhat facetiously, as appropriate for a citrus growing area! When the work and ministry of Columba as a Missionary to Scotland was explained, it was unanimously agreed that his name be used in the hope that his missionary zeal would "rub off" on the new congregation. In due course Presbytery agreed to those requests and decided that the new Parish would come into being on the **First of January, 1960.**

The Manse: In the meantime plans were prepared for the building of the Manse on the newly acquired section in Ngatai Road. Tenders were called and a contract signed with Mr Keith Richardson, a local builder. The Hall was also redecorated, with a series of working bees with paint, drapes and new furniture transforming the interior to give a more worshipful atmosphere. A generous gesture came from Rev. Jack Nairn, who agreed to conduct services without charge, until the induction of a new minister.

A Watch-night Service on New Years Eve, 1959 was held in St Enoch's Church, at which a number of our people were present. Special prayers were offered for the new parish being established at Otumoetai. The service was conducted by Rev. Ivan Muir who had assisted and encouraged the new congregation to be.



To be continued....

Hugh Whitehead

THOSE EARLY YEARS (PART TWO.)

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE circa 1950-1956

Equivalent to the local dairy here in N.Z were the 'corner shops', very like Arkwright's 'Open All Hours'. We had three within a short distance from our house plus a fish and chip shop. There we were asked to bring our own newspapers for the wrap-up!!!! The corner shop nearest to school received the most patronage with kids buying lollies and even broken biscuits. These came in large tin boxes and invariably there were breakages. These were sold at a discount and the kids sought them out. One cheeky character asked the shopkeeper, "*Do you have any broken biscuits*"? "Yes".

"*Well why don't you mend the?*" He immediately bolted for the door! Outside the shop on a major arterial route, we always had a policeman on point duty. When he had a sufficient crowd of children he would step into the road and halt the traffic letting the kids cross-over. One morning he had done just that and as the kids were filing over he shouted STOP! We froze, and he pointed to the leading boy and said in a loud voice, "*You'd better close the stable-door son or your horse will run out!*" Once this had been digested, a giggle went up as the red-faced boy did up his fly. Boys and girls laughed all the way up to school!

One caper we got involved with was instigated by my brother. We were home from school one afternoon when he told me that he had been told if you stuffed a newspaper up a drainpipe and lit it, it would roar like a train. This had to be proven. Newspaper and matches were obtained and we set about the task. What we did not take into consideration was that the pipe was outside my father's bedroom. Being on nightshift he was still in slumberland... but not for long. The wind-tunnel roared into life, but so did pyjama-clad father who came barrelling out the front door to find out what on earth was going on. All he saw was the rear end of two sons beating a retreat. Happy days!

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

This was an opportunity for a working mum to ship her sons off to her sister who lived in the village of Shenstone near Lichfield in Staffordshire. When the war ended the Allies took upon themselves the resettlement of hundreds of displaced persons, a lot of whom had been liberated from Forced Labour Camps in Poland and Germany. My uncle Harold had been an officer in the Kings Own Scottish Borderers. He was asked if he would run a Displaced Persons camp which he and Aunt Wynne agreed to. This was on a dis-used army camp in Shenstone village. The camp was just as it had been left. Nissen huts; all with pot-bellied stoves, shower and toileting facilities, bunk-beds etc. The men filled an important gap in the local workforce. They went out daily to farms and factories where they earned a wage. The government had issued the camp with surplus army trucks to ferry them to and from farms etc. Their womenfolk manned the kitchens and saw that the men went off with a packed lunch daily. They were also responsible for breakfasts and dinners. A highlight for us was that they adopted my brother and me as they had lost everything back home in the Ukraine, Poland, Lithuania etc. The majority were Ukrainians. They stayed there until they were processed for immigration either to the U.S.A. Canada or Australia. Some stayed on in England. We would enthusiastically try and keep up with them on the soccer field and our puny efforts were tolerated. They also taught us to play chess. A fine group of people.

OPERATION CORMORANT.

Occasionally on a Saturday, older brother Clifford and I would take a packed lunch to the beach. Clambering over rocks, and searching pools was the order of the day. On one occasion we came across a cormorant covered in fuel oil, crouched on a rock and looking totally miserable. Clifford said we will have to take it home and clean it up and release it later on. We wouldn't be allowed on a bus with this specimen and travel the 15 miles back to Newcastle, and so I had to stuff it inside my jerkin with my beach towel and try and look bigger than I was. We got seats upstairs but not together. I sat next to a buxom middle-aged lady who after a short while got very interested in my volatile chest movements.... Imagine the scene, a packed upstairs deck, full of cigarette smoke and suddenly a loud shriek as the cormorant's head shot out between buttons of my jerkin and pecked at a large button on the breast of her overcoat. She was beside herself as I gamely tried to stuff the bird's head back inside my jerkin. During this time she was squawking louder than the cormorant! Fortunately, the conductor was on the lower deck and what with all the other noise about, did not know what was going on. My brother and I changed places and things died down enough for us to make it to the terminus without being evicted! At home he made a large cage from wooden slats and we endeavoured to clean and feed it the best we could. We ultimately took it down to the Tyne bridge where we committed it to the deep. It dropped like a stone and just before impact it gained lift and soared slowly to the bank never to be seen again.

NEW YEARS EVE.

This day in the north of England is a major event, as invariably it is party time. Mum would be baking; fruit wines were made earlier in the year and would be 'sampled' during the festivities. We contributed as we picked blackberries, elderflower bracts and later elder berries for mum. She would make blackberry, rhubarb and elder berry wines and even elderflower champagne. To get us out from under her feet one New Year's Eve afternoon, she lined my brother and I up and said, "*If you go up to Adelaide Terrace (about a 20-minute walk away), you'll see a man who has as many noses on his face as there are days in the year!*" Wow! We had to see this character! We plodded up and down Adelaide Terrace asking all and sundry if they had seen him. Some looked long and hard at us and then twigged on and even suggested places to look for him. This entailed standing guard outside public houses waiting to catch a glimpse of him as he came out! *Yeah right !*

Junior school came to a close with the sitting of the 11 plus exams. These were basically a grading system in three levels. Those pupils who obtained the upper bracket marking went to a Grammar school, the middle tier to a Technical school and for girls to a Commercial school, with the remainder to a Secondary Modern school, which was co-ed. Until the age of 11, I never had a male teacher and after that I only had males. I went to a local technical school for the rest of my school days. This involved wearing a school blazer, a cap, tie, white shirt and grey shorts. Our motto was, "NIL SINE LABORE" (nothing is achieved without work), which I thought was self-evident.

At the technical school the curriculum was geared to industry. Our subjects, besides the usual fare of English, Maths, Science, History, Geography, were Woodwork. Woodwork Theory. Metalwork, Metalwork Theory, Machine Theory and Technical Drawing. P.T., Religious Instruction. The usual sporting periods rounded out our week.

THE CASE OF THE FLYING FELINE....

In 1951 sister Joan, then an 18-year-old, had gone to a dance one Saturday night. Mum, Dad, my elder brother and I would listen to the radio during the evening. Dad had his routine and as the evening drew out he would yawn, run his hands through his hair and say something like, "*It's time for the blanket show,*" and ready himself for bed. Next on his agenda was to move swiftly to the settee and with one scything movement of his left arm, scoop up our snoozing tom cat, Micky. In no time at all dad was down the passage, to open the front door, which led out into a portico, and with a powerful under-arm swing, let go of Micky who would glide ungraciously into the night heading for the garden and a soft landing. Not this night however! Sister Joan was in the portico in the embrace of a young blade who had escorted her home. Romance was cruelly terminated when Micky crash-landed high up around his neck and shoulders. During the ensuing tumult Dad's voice was heard to say, "*Oh, it's you daughter, don't be long.*" Meanwhile, the young blade was gyrating and fighting to rid himself of the attachment whilst Micky with talons extended, had no intention of yielding his position. The youth was last seen hurtling down the street with a ginger tom around his neck; he was never to be seen in our neighbour-hood again.

SCHOOLBOY PRANKS.

CORONATION JUNE 1953

At school we were told that we were going to make a huge mural of the Coronation. The assembly hall would be framed out by the woodwork classes and segments painted by art class students would then be pinned up accordingly, giving a panorama of coach, horses, crowds etc. Quite a lot of co-ordination and effort by all concerned. Our art teacher was James Garbutt who would later play a major role in the local BBC TV production of "*When The Boat Comes In.*" Garbutt played the wheelchair bound patriarch Billy Seaton. One lesson comes to mind especially. We used to set up lunch tables and cover them with drop sheets. The paint was made from powder and water. One classmate was always so perfectly turned out he looked like a tailor's dummy and put the rest of us to shame. From his hair to his feet he was immaculate. One of the pots of powder had run out and he went to replenish it from stock; as he moved across the floor, Garbutt's stentorian voice rang out and stopped everyone in their tracks. One of the boy's black shoes had had a paint job done on it! Someone had slipped under the drop sheets and painted one shoe bright yellow with red bars and blue spots leaving the other a gleaming black. Garbutt asked for the culprit to own up and of course no one came forward. His next move was to call out four names, (mine included) as number one suspects. At the end of our session, no one had owned up and so he gave us the ultimatum of 500 lines or the belt. The lines were: "*Only savages adorn their bodies with paint.*" I still don't know who the culprit was and subsequently opted for the belt as did my fellow suspects and several others.

MOUSEY.

One lunch break I went with some classmates over to a local park where we would either kick a ball about or horse around. One boy found a dead field mouse which according to his autopsy had died recently.....

That afternoon we were in the science lab with the dreaded Mr T.... He sat at a raised demonstration laboratory bench which had two recessed sink units one at either end. The sink taps had a large swan neck pipe which rose gracefully, arced and turned down sink-wards.

We had to bring our homework out to his desk and, standing in line, file alongside him, and present our offering. He would excoriate our work with the aid of a red pen and growls. The queue would lean over to see who the victim was. When we all had passed through and been scrutinised, a snigger and giggle swept through the class much to Mr T's annoyance. Then something caught his eye. Mousey had been suspended by a perfect hangman's noose from the top of the swan neck and was swinging freely, much to our delight. Mr T. leapt into action and, jabbering loudly, with one wrench plucked Mousey free, calling us blithering idiots, and cast Mousey into the waste-paper basket.

Our masters who had all served in the war were disciplinarians and not the types to mess with and so we delighted in taking things to the wire to see how far we could go - undetected.

AUSTIN RUBY.

Another incident worthy of mention concerning Mr T. A mate of mine at school was Ronnie Slater. *(I have subsequently made contact with him on Facebook. He has sent me our Form photo taken when we were 14-year-olds!)*. Ronnie was standing at his local bus stop waiting for his bus to get to school. Mr T. was reputed to have pulled up in his 1931 Austin Ruby. (Anyone remember these little cars?). Mr T. *"Would you like a lift Slater?"*

Slater: *"No thanks sir, I'm in a hurry!"*Priceless.

DELIVERY BOY.

One benefit obtained through passing the 11 plus was that Mum changed her butcher as I could not do the round trip as before and get to the technical school on time. Our butcher was now only a twenty-minute walk away. Billy Milne was a Master butcher who went to the Monday sale yards, bought his meat on the hoof and like others would hire the use of a unit in an abattoir block adjoining the sale yards and process the animals himself. His shop was in the old style; sawdust on the floor and a large heavy chopping bench separating the customers from the 'operations room' as it were. One Saturday morning I was in the queue to pick up the weekend joint. When it was my turn to face him, he plied me with several questions. As a rising 15-year-old he was sounding me out to see if I was in reasonable physical shape. The women were enjoying the interchange but I wasn't too comfortable and challenged him by saying, *"What's the matter, do you think I'm delicate?"*

Everybody laughed at that and he ended up offering me the job of meat delivery boy which was gladly accepted. This entailed deliveries on a Tuesday evening, Friday evening and a Saturday morning run. The 'vehicle' was a classic delivery bike exactly the same type as David Jason rode in "Open All Hours." When the wicker basket was loaded up with meat orders it was very heavy and often, they would give me a hand to lift it and place it within the carrier. I would start out with a leather cash-bag slung around my shoulder containing a fifty-shilling cash float and a notebook to record payments. The winter months were the worst, also, the hilly suburbs and snow and ice underfoot made riding a finely balanced load very tricky. I went over on occasion with orders scattering hither and yon. This entailed righting the bike and collecting the orders, wiping the grease-proof paper clean, then with the aid of the dim headlamp, ensuring the named customer order went into the basket in the right delivery order and checking I had not lost any money from the cash bag! Once back at the shop Billy would sit me down and we would balance the takings against the order book. I worked for him until leaving school.

School years were drawing to a close and employment loomed. Two of our mates who lived nearby had attended South Shields Marine & Technical College as Deck Cadets; in other words, training to become Deck Officers in the Merchant Navy. On their first leave home we caught up with them and learned about life aboard and time spent ashore in foreign ports. All very different to the usual factory/mining/industry jobs which were the norm.

My brother was an Electrician and I plumped to take the entrance exam at the Technical College to train as a Marine Radio Officer. I qualified in March 1958 and joined Siemens Edison Swan. In those days shipping companies rented their radio equipment from the likes of Marconi, International Marine Radio or Siemens. The cost of rental included the supply of the radio officer who was primarily there for safety of life at sea. I commenced as a junior Radio officer on the princely sum of 32 pounds per month all found. My first deep-sea vessel was the B.P. tanker m/v "British Officer" and we sailed from the Tyne for Bandar Mashur via Suez. The oil terminal lay on the Khor Musa river in Iran at the top of the Persian Gulf. Our discharge port was the Kurnell oil refinery in Botany Bay. After discharge we put into Sydney for bunkers and stores. On the way north we broke down and limped into Brisbane for engine repairs. We duly sailed P.G.F.O. (Persian Gulf For Orders) and duly loaded at Bahrain for Aden in the Yemen and Djibouti in what was then French Somaliland. After a six-month spell of shuttling crude oil here and there we loaded for Isle of Grain refinery near London and paid off. Based in Newcastle I was 'Johnny on the spot' to relieve radio officers in the 'coal scuttle brigade.' This was a fleet of colliers which ran coal from N.E. loading ports to Power stations on the Thames and along the Channel coast. They were plum jobs for married men who did not want to be away for months on end tramping all over the world. I relieved several during 1959. My next posting was to a salvage tug the "Metinda". This was the second biggest tug under the British flag. She had been in Suez after the crisis in 1958, lifting block-ships which had prevented the use of the canal. We carried 4 divers when they were required. Our summer station was in Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands north of Scotland. Winter saw us at home base on the Gareloch west of Glasgow on the Clyde. In 1961 I served on a bulk carrier ferrying coal from U.K. ports to Germany then we would transit the Kiel Canal from Brunsbuttel to Holtenau and emerge in the Baltic and run up to either Sweden or Finland to backload iron ore for the U.K.

I stayed in the British Merchant Navy until I emigrated to N.Z. in 1962. I served as Radio Officer/Purser with the Union Steam Ship Company until Joy and I married in 1965 and left on honeymoon for England via Hong Kong, Japan, U.S.A. and Canada. We traversed the U.S.A by Greyhound Bus (99 days for \$99) arriving in England in December. We lived in Hexham, Northumberland. Joy worked for the Northern Rock Building Society and I worked in radio/tv servicing. After a six-month spell, I registered with the Norwegian Shipping office in Newcastle on the proviso that Joy would be employed as a Stewardess with myself as Radio officer. Within two weeks we were flying to Marseille to join the turbine tanker "Jabetta."

Our time on board was short-lived when we had an engine break down in the Greek Archipelago. We were heading to Novorossisk in the Black Sea. The weather was deteriorating and we were in danger of drifting on to an island even with both anchors lowered. A Greek salvage tug took us under tow to the shipyard of Skaramangas just west of Athens. The damage to the turbine was major which necessitated parts being manufactured by the shipbuilder in Keil, Germany. We were there for a fortnight during which time Joy and I enjoyed a tour to Corinth and many trips into Athens and of course Mars hill and the Acropolis.

We were subsequently transferred to a sister ship in the same shipyard, the turbine tanker "Jawesta" on which we would serve for 22 months before it was sold to Taiwanese interests.

This was mid 1968 and at that time the NZ government was concerned about young Kiwis going on their O.E. and not returning. To reverse this trend they offered 50% discounted air-fares for the prodigals to return. We discussed this and decided that Joy would take up the offer and as I didn't qualify, I would look to work my way back to N.Z. Joy visited relatives in the south of England before flying home via Rome and Singapore. I went to the local library and trawled through Lloyds Shipping gazette and saw a 'run job' delivering a ship to Shanghai. This was on the understanding that I would be repatriated to Auckland whereas the other crew members would be repatriated back to Europe.

(To be contd.)

Alan Smith

TEACHING MATH FROM THE 1950'S TO TODAY.

1. Teaching Math In 1950...A logger sells a truckload of timber for \$100
His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price. What is his profit? \$____

2. Teaching Math In 1970...A logger sells a truckload of timber for \$100.
His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price, or \$80. What is his profit? \$____

3. Teaching Math In 1990... A logger sells a truckload of timber for \$100.
His cost of production is \$80. Did he make a profit? __Yes or __No

4. Teaching Math In 2000...A logger sells a truckload of timber for \$100.
His cost of production is \$80 and his profit is \$20.
Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

5. Teaching Math In 2015...A logger cuts down a beautiful forest because he is selfish and inconsiderate and cares nothing for the habitat of animals or the preservation of our woodlands. He does this so he can make a profit of \$20.
What do you think of this way of making a living?

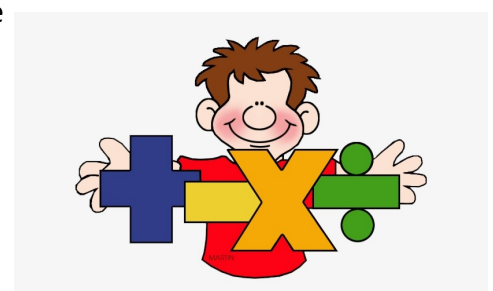
Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down their homes?

6. Teaching Math in 2022...Students no longer need any Math skills to go to Graduate school. $2+2 = 4$, or 22, or what ever you feel is correct.

There are no wrong answers, feel free to express your feelings e.g., anger, anxiety, inadequacy, helplessness etc.

Should you require debriefing at the conclusion of the exam there are Counselors available to assist you to adjust back into the real world.

Source... A refined Canadian Headmaster



ROMY'S STORY

There once was a man who walked this earth seeking for he knew not what. "How will I know when I find it?" he said to himself, "How will I know what it is?"

He walked the earth, he sailed the seas, he flew the skies - but it wasn't there. Then one day he thought as he sat and pondered, "Wherever I go, whatever I do, whoever I communicate with - I myself am always there! So whatever I am seeking for is with me, is in me! Who am I? When I know who I am, then I will know what I'm searching for."

Then he heard a voice deep within his soul - and the voice within him said - "You are fearfully and wonderfully made. I created you - you belong to me. I have called you by name, you are mine; you are forgiven, you are cleansed, you are the apple of my eye and I have loved you with an everlasting love, and I will never leave you."

And the name said, "How do I know this is true?" and the voice within him said, "Because I am the truth for which you have been seeking - and those who seek for me wittingly or unwittingly will find me."

"I believe you" the man said. He never had to roam the world again seeking, for he knew that what he had been seeking, lived within his soul and had been there all of the time - he just had to stop and listen!



COOK UP A STORM

Orange muffins

Ingredients :

1 orange take out pips and cut into pieces with the skin on.

1 cup white sugar

125gm butter softened

1egg beaten

1 1/2 cups flour

1/4 tsp salt

1tsp baking powder

1 tsp baking soda

dissolved in 1/2 cup warm milk

1/2 cup choc chips.

Method :

Whizz orange. Add sugar, egg and mix. Add sieved flour, salt and baking powder. Dissolve baking soda in warm milk and add to the mixture with the choc chips.

Using two spoons put batter into 12 greased or lined muffin tins. Bake at 200* for 15 mins. Cool in tin then finish cooling on a rack.

Bon Appetit



COMPUTER INKJET CARTRIDGES.

Tired of paying exorbitant prices for a computer ink cartridge?

I purchase direct from COMPUTERFOOD, a Pukekohe based company.

Go to: www.computerfood.co.nz

Click on inkjet cartridges.

Click on your printer model, e.g., BROTHER/CANON etc

Click on your correct cartridge coding.

I recently purchased a set of 4 x LCC133 priced at \$25.99 (free delivery).

(BLACK/CYAN/MAGENTA/YELLOW)

This offer is four times cheaper than a nation-wide retailer is offering in Tauranga.

S	E	T	S	A	I	S	E	L	C	C	E	S	S
R	O	B	A	D	I	A	H	T	S	O	M	A	B
C	S	S	H	K	P	H	I	L	E	M	O	N	R
Y	O	S	N	A	I	P	P	I	L	I	H	P	E
R	M	L	U	O	J	H	V	I	S	K	E	S	V
E	A	O	O	S	I	E	A	S	N	A	D	T	O
V	T	S	N	S	I	T	R	B	N	A	I	C	R
E	T	S	A	O	S	S	A	E	A	J	H	A	P
L	H	I	A	U	R	I	E	T	M	K	U	U	H
A	E	I	T	E	N	E	A	N	N	I	K	D	M
T	W	I	B	A	T	S	T	N	E	E	A	U	E
I	T	M	J	E	X	O	D	U	S	G	M	H	K
O	U	O	O	R	E	H	T	S	E	M	O	A	E
N	B	R	O	M	A	N	S	E	E	D	M	T	L

TITUS
 DEUTERONOMY
 LAMENTATIONS
 JUDE
 OBADIAH
 ECCLESIASTES
 NUMBERS
 JOB
 ROMANS
 PHILEMON
 HABAKKUK
 PHILIPPIANS
 JEREMIAH
 COLOSSIANS
 MATTHEW
 ISAIAH
 REVELATION
 PROVERBS
 GENESIS
 AMOS
 ACTS
 NAHUM
 ESTHER
 EXODUS

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/1318952/>

6								3
		7	9		6	5		
		8				6		
8			3		5			2
		5				3		
7		1	4		2	8		5
			1		8			
		2		7		4		
	4						5	

LAST QUARTER OF LIFE

You know time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years.

It seems just yesterday that I was young and embarking on my new life. Yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went.

I know that I lived them all.

I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams.

However, here it is the last quarter of my life and it catches me by surprise.

How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go?

I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that I was only on the first quarter and that the fourth quarter was so far off that I could not visualise it or imagine fully what it would be like.

Yet, here it is my friends are retired and getting grey - they move slower and I see an older person now. Some are in better and some worse shape than me but I see the great change. They're not like the ones that I remember who were young and vibrant but like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd become.

Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day and taking a nap is not a treat anymore. It's mandatory because if I don't of my own free will, I fall asleep where I sit.

And so, now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did. But at least I know that, though I'm on the last quarter and I'm not sure how long it will last, that when it's over on this earth, it's over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done; things I should have done but truly there are many things I'm happy to have been done. It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not on the last quarter yet, let me remind you that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life do it quickly.

Don't put things off too long. Life goes by so quickly.

So, do what you can today, as you can never be sure whether you're on the last quarter or not.

You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of life. So, live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember - and hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the past years. 'Life' is a gift to you.

Be Happy! Have a great day! Remember, it is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver.

You may think:

Going out is good - but coming home is better!

You forget names - but it's okay because some people forgot they even knew you!

You realize you're never going to be really good at anything like golf - but you like the outdoors!

The things you used to care to do, you aren't as interested in anymore - but you really don't care that you aren't as interested. You sleep better on a lounge chair with the TV on than in bed – you call it 'pre-sleep'!

You miss the days when everything worked with just an 'On' and 'Off' switch!

You tend to use more 4 letter words – 'what' and 'when'

You have lots of clothes in your wardrobe, more than half of which you will never wear – but just in case!

Continued from page 14

Old is good

- Old is comfortable
- Old is safe
- Old songs
- Old movies
- and best of all,
- Friends of old!

So, stay well, 'Old friend!'

Have a fantastic day!

Have an awesome quarter –
whichever one you're in!

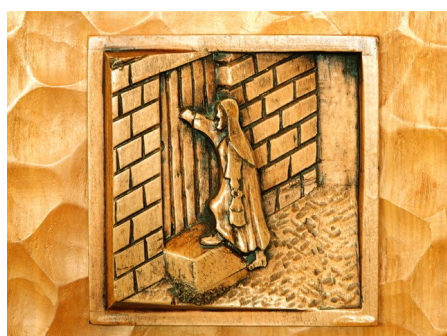
Take care

Send this on to other "Old Friends" and let them be smiling in agreement.

It's not what you gather but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

Have the best day ever!

Neville Wilson



PEW CARVINGS OF NOTE

One of the late Gilbert Stout's beautiful pew end carvings in our church depicts the verse found in Revelation, 3,20;

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice, and opens the door, then I will come into him, and will dine with him, and he with me." (KJV).

Jesus, on the Greek island of Patmos instructed John of Patmos to write a scroll and send it to the seven early Christian churches in Asia Minor, now Turkey, in relation to their falling away from the calling. So in verse 20, Jesus knocks on the door. Meaning he was summoning the church of Laodicea who had, "grown lukewarm and useless." Their selfish focus on wealth and culture left them living without purpose in this life. But Jesus is offering them a second chance. He wanted a relationship with them again, and that relationship would put the church back on mission. There is no handle on the door so Jesus's knocking required a response from the congregation on the other side. So did they respond to Jesus's offer? The city minted its own coins, the inscriptions of which show evidence of the worship of Zeus, Apollo, and the Emperors. An earthquake in the reign of Nero in 60AD completely destroyed the town. I like to interpret the beautiful carved image, and lovely words of verse 20 in a simple way. **"Behold,"** he calls for our attention. **"I stand at the door,"** he waits for us. **"And knock"** Jesus wants to come in. He wants a relationship with us. He wants to transform parts of our lives for our good and it's done with love. He has something incredible for us, so will we let him in? It is interesting to note that each of the seven letters sent to those early churches conclude with the words, "He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the Churches." **Hugh Whitehead**



INTERIM MINISTER

Rev Keith Hooker

OUR ELDERS

Neville Wilson

Keith Bradbury

Pam Brown

Ken Camp

Elizabeth Hockly

Janet Freeman

Avis Currie

Romy Morgenrood

We give thanks to these wonderful people who pray for us, and for St Columba, and direct us with Christ's help. They head up our pastoral care, with kindness and compassion. Please pray for them as they listen to the Lord's voice, for guidance to lead us through 2022.

OUR O-TEAM

Graham Jamieson

Neville Wilson

Ken Camp

Keith Bradbury

Phil Sinclair

Mary Findlay (H and S)

Ruth Scott (Scribe)

We give thanks to these wonderful people who keep our buildings and assets and staff all ticking over. They consider the next project, the next challenge. Please pray for them as they listen to the Lord, the PCANZ, and the Govt, so that we may have a safe, comfortable building in which to meet with others and to worship Christ.

ST COLUMBA CALENDAR

SERVICE OF WORSHIP Sundays at 9.30 am

MONTHLY MIDWEEK COMMUNION SERVICE

First Wednesday of month @ 10 am in the Chapel

EACH WEEK—REGULAR MEETINGS

Mondays

Tuesdays 9.00 am Staff Meeting

Wednesdays

Wed/Thurs/Fri 10.00 am Basement Boutique (till 4 pm)

Thursdays 9.45 am Bible Study in Creche

Fridays 9.00 am Prayer Meeting

10.00 am Cuppa & Chat in Lounge

Saturday 10.00 am-1pm Basement Boutique

Sundays 8.45 am Prayers

MONTHLY MEETINGS

1st Tuesday 1.30 pm Session

3rd Wednesday 10.00 am O-Team

3rd Thursday 3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua

Men's Breakfast in recess

2nd Saturday WOW Breakfasts

PARISH REGISTER JUNE JULY AUG

Deaths: "in loving memory"

DOUGLAS HARRISON

JOHN MATHESON

TOM RYAN

GRAHAM JAMIESON



CHECK OUT OUR WEBPAGE

www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons

www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings



CONTACT DETAILS

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Office Hours 9 am-noon Monday-Friday

Email: office@stcolumba.co.nz

Website: www.stcolumba.co.nz

OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

To know, enjoy and share Christ.