



VOICE:

ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

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Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

As I wander around Tauranga, I am amazed at the extent of the roadworks being undertaken.

It seems that road cones have popped up everywhere as if they have been planted for a roading engineer's garden.

We see cycleways being developed, roundabouts appear, roads are being realigned, detours are in various places all bordered by the orange glow of change.

All this makes navigating this beautiful city a challenge, and while the current road works are being undertaken, there are also many new plans just waiting to be started.

This rearrangement of our fair city's transport routes can also be seen to be an analogy of our lives.

In our day and age change can be seen as an almost constant process.

Some of the old roadways of our lives are being realigned as society responds to the challenges of our age. Detours are put in place and we struggle to find a way through. This can be very unsettling.

But change is here, and it will continue.

We also need to be mindful that not all change is bad.

We do not live static lives that are unchanging, we live with dynamic flux flowing with the ebb of life.

So, how are we to live?

We are to anchor our lives on Jesus and allow Him to give us the stability we need in our changing times.

The winds of change will not affect Him, and the challenges of our era won't upset Him. We can rely on our Lord to be the stabilising factor in our lives, as the book of Hebrews (13:8) reminds us:

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

That being so, may we learn from the past, live in the present and embrace the future knowing that in our changing world, Jesus is our help, our hope and our stability.

O God, our Help in ages
past,
our Hope for years to
come,
our Shelter from the
stormy blast,
and our eternal Home.

QUARTERLY COMMUNION

*An invitation is extended to all who love our
Lord Jesus Christ to join us for the
Communion and
Membership Service
10th September 2023*



RUTH'S RAMBLINGS

Brr, nippy, icy, pretty, gentle, swirling, wet, dripping.... How do you see winter? What have you experienced in your life and in your travels?

I have been in Europe in winter - white, gleaming, unadulterated snow first thing in the morning. The birds and cats footprints are the only sign of life outside. A world of black and white with pops of colour.

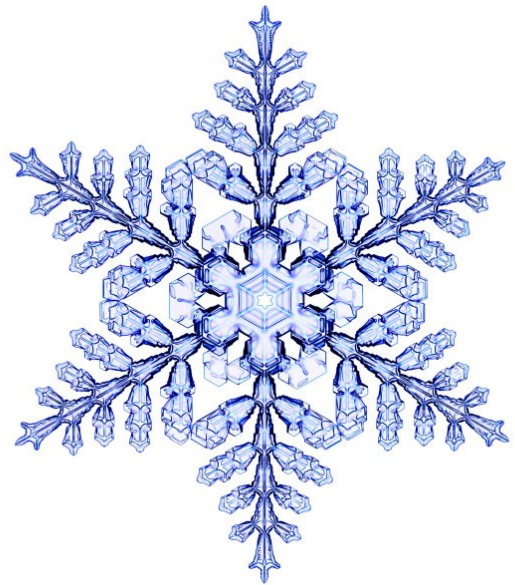
When you see the beauty of the snowflake, the uneven edges but sparkling prisms, it is easy to see God's creation. As the snow falls softly, gently and silently, it is easy to remember Christ's love for us as being faithful, gentle and warm.

I have been in Dunedin in winter - white, grey slushy snow as it melted and ran away down the hill, unable to hold its shape or course. The cars and buses sludged through the mess of the squashed slurry of what was exquisite not long before.

Do we see God's grace in the grey murkiness of the fog or the sludge? Or do we only know God's presence when the sun is glinting off the sparkle of an icy uncopiable snowflake? Did you know that snowflakes are like fingerprints? No two snowflakes are the same. They are unable to be paired or copied. How amazing is the Creators hand.

God made you in his image, unique, blemished perfectly. Whether mushy or sparkly you are in God's image.

My Child, you are loved by the Father.



Usually a snowflake is formed of about 200 of these ice crystals. Snowflakes have six sides. There's a famous saying that goes, 'No two snowflakes are the same.' As snowflakes fall to the ground, they will each take their own unique journey, and that journey will determine what they look like.

All snowflakes contain six sides or points owing to the way in which they form. The molecules in ice crystals join to one another in a hexagonal structure; an arrangement which allows water molecules - each with one oxygen and two hydrogen atoms - to form together in the most efficient way.

Contrary to popular belief, snowflakes aren't simply frozen water. Frozen water is actually sleet. Snowflakes are formed when water droplets freeze in the clouds, and then are dispersed in snow.



MIRACLES OR NOT

What follows is a brief, personal response to a friendly chat over a cup of coffee that took place following Rev. Sandra's message "Little Becomes A Lot" preached at a morning worship on Sunday 16th July 2023, and featuring the story of the Feeding of the Five Thousand recorded in Matthew 14:13-21.. It comes with her knowledge and approval. Chat centered on the question of the possibility or otherwise of a miracle of provision on such a large scale. "The number of those who ate was about five thousand men, besides women and children." v21. That's quite a crowd! Some very valid suggestions were offered....

"Maybe people secretly brought their own food...."

"Maybe it's a miracle that demonstrates the innate goodness of human nature. Those who had were moved to share with those who hadn't...."

And a couple of others that weren't mentioned, but which have flitted around for years...

"Maybe it shows the importance of saying grace before meals..."

"It demonstrates the importance of not being wasteful with food..."

All worthy of consideration, but, somehow, in the writer's opinion at least, falling a bit short of the authentic ring of truth.

Indeed, if truth be known, not a few Christians struggle with the idea of miracle. It seems to be rather out-of-step with thinking of the modern mind, and in some cases, profoundly unintelligible; no longer necessary for our understanding of the universe, the world, and life itself. Consequently, some sincere Christian believers nurse a sense of quiet unease whenever the subject is raised. It was Scottish philosopher David Hume (1711-1776) who brought the matter into the public arena. He claimed that "A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature..." and went on to explain his reasons. Today, the argument against miracle reaches out to include the violation of the laws of science. This is a problem for believers who struggle to accept a worldview bereft of miracles, because miracles lie at the centre of their faith . For instance, without the miracle of the First Easter and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, Christianity would have died out centuries ago, and would certainly not be around to offend the ears of "modern" man.

David Hume may, or may not , have known that an acceptable solution to the problem had already been in existence for twelve hundred years. Christians can agree that Biblical miracles and, particularly, those of Jesus are unusual events that often incite skepticism and even opposition. Augustine of Hippo (N.Africa 354-430) - bishop and scholar - recognised this and taught that miracles are not events run counter to nature, but, rather, events which run counter **to what we know about nature**.

Our knowledge, he said, will always be limited, even in the most exalted circles. There are higher laws that remain beyond the reach of our minds, and it's in the mysterious operation of these laws - known only to God - that miracles become possible; miracles of provision (feeding of the 5000), grace, love, redemption, healing, new life, and hope which the world cannot give nor take away.

'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways 'declares the Lord. (Isaiah 55:8). So, believers can take their stand and quietly and honestly declare, "I don't fully understand it. The Holy Spirit initiated it. The authors recorded it. I believe it. That settles it!"

Meanwhile, as citizens of the Kingdom, we keep working, and believing for people's health and wellbeing in every possible way, through medicine, through food, safety and security, and fervent prayer for miracles that only God can graciously hear and answer.

"My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ know all,
And I shall be with him."
(Richard Baxter)

WHAT ARE 3 FACTS ABOUT SAINT COLUMBA?

He is known as Colum Cille or Columcille in Ireland, and Columba is a Latin version of that name.

Columba was born about 521 in Tyrconnell (now County Donegal), Ireland.

He studied at the monasteries of Moville and Clonard and was ordained a priest about 551.

WHAT IS SAINT COLUMBA BEST KNOWN FOR?

Saint Columba (7 December 521 – 9 June 597) was an Irish abbot and missionary credited with **spreading Christianity in present-day Scotland**. He founded the important abbey on Iona, which became a dominant religious and political institution in the region for centuries. He is the Patron Saint of Derry.



WHAT IS ST COLUMBUS THE PATRON SAINT OF?

Columbanus is named in the Roman Martyrology on 23 November, which is his feast day in Ireland. His feast is observed by the Benedictines on 21 November. Columbanus is the patron saint of **motorcyclists**.

WHAT IS THE SYMBOL OF ST COLUMBAN?

Known as the sacred stone of St Columba, Iona green marble has been prized by island fishermen for centuries .

ECUMENICAL WORK CAMP BERLIN - AUGUST 1961

Before my friend and I embarked on our youthful OE more than 50 years ago, we had decided that one thing we wanted to do, was to take part in an Ecumenical work camp. The camp we were assigned to was in Berlin and our project for the month-long stay was to repair and redecorate the homes of impoverished people in a poor area of the city. These homes were, in fact, just one or two roomed flats in large dilapidated buildings. Most had no hot water or facilities for bathing. We had to plaster up holes in the walls, wash off the old whitewash and apply new whitewash, paint and in some places wallpaper.

The campers - about 30 of us - came from 11 different countries. Very quickly an amazing bond developed between us, and it didn't really matter when we were among people who had no common language. What we did have in common was our Christian faith; a faith that was soon to be challenged, as eight days after our arrival, the border between East and West Germany was closed. The date was 13th August, 1961.

In horror and disbelief we watched the wall being built - concrete block upon concrete block. We saw dozens of armed police and armoured vehicles. We saw twisted barbed wire barriers. I remember standing some distance back from a wide intersection. The road that had been a busy thoroughfare before, was now deserted - apart from police standing guard in the middle of the intersection. On either side were groups of people, people in the East staring silently across at the people in the West. There was no way they could move across. The barrier was there even before the building of the wall.

Of immediate concern on the morning of the closure, was the welfare of our six East German campers. They crossed over with day passes, and had not obtained the documents necessary for a longer stay. That morning they had to make a huge decision, either to stay in the West, with its freedom, or to return to an uncertain future in the East. They all returned, feeling it was their Christian duty to live and witness for Christ in the place of their birth. They made it safely through the frontier, and for some days we were able to visit them in East Berlin.

In spite of the very tense situation, we were able stay for the remaining three weeks, though we did have some restrictions placed on us. At the border crossings we were interrogated, and on one occasion had to empty our purses.

A story from Avis Currie's travels

My memories of that special month in Berlin are many. On the one hand I remember fun, laughter and the sheer exuberance of youth. On the other hand I recall the dreadful political situation. To Edith and I, used to the freedom of our own privileged land, it was awful.

Some weeks after our return to London we received a letter from Canon Edward Patey of Coventry Cathedral asking whether we would be prepared to appear on his BBC television programme 'Seeing and Believing.' We joined six others, all selected because we had attended work camps in troubled regions of the world. Canon Patey's theme was 'Unity in Christ.' He spoke a little about each of us and where we had been. We then grouped around the piano and sang a hymn, the first verse of which I'll share with you.

'In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love,
Throughout the whole wide earth'.



The three campers from New Zealand
Avis Johnston, Jennifer Carpenter, Edith Snodgrass

I have so often thought how different our world would be if countries were united in the bond and fellowship of Christian love.

The Berlin wall stood for 28 years, and perhaps the message we should draw from this, is that barriers, once created, take a long time to break down. As it was in Berlin, so it is with us if we allow a rift to develop in our families, or in the groups to which we belong.



Avis Johnston New Zealand
Benedicta, Denmark
Edith Snodgrass, New Zealand
Jennifer Carpenter, New Zealand

Behind:
Kimon, Greece, Hail, Belgium

"A GIRL WITH AN APPLE"



August 1942. Piotrkow, Poland . The sky was gloomy that morning as we waited anxiously. All the men, women and children of Piotrkow's Jewish ghetto had been herded into a square. Word had gotten around that we were being moved. My father had only recently died from typhus, which had run rampant through the crowded ghetto. My greatest fear was that our family would be separated.

"Whatever you do," Isidore, my eldest brother, whispered to me, "don't tell them your age. Say you're sixteen". I was tall for a boy of 11, so I could pull it off. That way I might be deemed valuable as a worker. An SS man approached me, boots clicking against the cobblestones. He looked me up and down, then asked my age. "Sixteen," I said. He directed me to the left, where my three brothers and other healthy young men already stood.

My mother was motioned to the right with the other women, children, sick and elderly people. I whispered to Isidore, "Why?" He didn't answer. I ran to Mama's side and said I wanted to stay with her. "No," she said sternly. "Get away. Don't be a nuisance. Go with your brothers." She had never spoken so harshly before. But I understood: she was protecting me. She loved me so much that, just this once, she pretended not to. It was the last I ever saw of her.

My brothers and I were transported in a cattle car to Germany . We arrived at the Buchenwald concentration camp one night weeks later and were led into a crowded barrack. The next day, we were issued uniforms and identification numbers. "Don't call me Herman anymore," I said to my brothers. "Call me 94983."

I was put to work in the camp's crematorium, loading the dead into a hand-cranked elevator. I, too, felt dead. Hardened, I had become a number. Soon, my brothers and I were sent to Schlieben, one of Buchenwald's sub-camps near Berlin . One morning I thought I heard my mother's voice. " Son", she said softly but clearly, "I am sending you an angel. " Then I woke up. Just a dream. A beautiful dream. But in this place there could be no angels. There was only work. And hunger. And fear.

A couple of days later, I was walking around the camp, around the barracks, near the barbed-wire fence where the guards could not easily see. I was alone. On the other side of the fence, I spotted someone: a young girl with light, almost luminous curls. She was half-hidden behind a birch tree. I glanced around to make sure no one saw me. I called to her softly in German.

"Do you have something to eat?" She didn't understand. I inched closer to the fence and repeated question in Polish. She stepped forward. I was thin and gaunt, with rags wrapped around my feet, but the girl looked unafraid. In her eyes, I saw life. She pulled an apple from her woollen jacket and threw it over the fence. I grabbed the fruit and, as I started to run away, I heard her say faintly, "I'll see you tomorrow."

I returned to the same spot by the fence at the same time every day. She was always there with something for me to eat - a hunk of bread or, better yet, an apple. We didn't dare speak or linger. To be caught would mean death for us both. I didn't know anything about her; just a kind farm girl except that she understood Polish. What was her name? Why was she risking her life for me?

Hope was in such short supply, and this girl on the other side of the fence gave me some, as nourishing in its way as the bread and apples.

Nearly seven months later, my brothers and I were crammed into a coal car and shipped to Theresienstadt camp in Czechoslovakia .. "Don't return," I told the girl that day. "We're leaving."

I turned toward the barracks and didn't look back, didn't even say good-bye to the girl whose name I'd never learned, the girl with the apples.

We were in Theresienstadt for three months. The war was winding down and Allied forces were closing in, yet my fate seemed sealed. On May 10, 1945, I was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at 10:00 AM. In the quiet of dawn, I tried to prepare myself. So many times death seemed ready to claim me, but somehow I'd survived. Now, it was over. I thought of my parents. At least, I thought, we will be reunited.

At 8 A.M. there was a commotion. I heard shouts, and saw people running every which way through camp. I caught up with my brothers. Russian troops had liberated the camp! The gates swung open. Everyone was running, so I did too.

Amazingly, all of my brothers had survived; I'm not sure how. But I knew that the girl with the apples had been the key to my survival. In a place where evil seemed triumphant, one person's goodness had saved my life, had given me hope in a place where there was none. My mother had promised to send me an angel, and the angel had come.

Eventually I made my way to England where I was sponsored by a Jewish charity, put up in a hostel with other boys who had survived the Holocaust and trained in electronics. Then I came to America, where my brother Sam had already moved. I served in the U. S. Army during the Korean War, and returned to New York City after two years. By August 1957 I'd opened my own electronics repair shop. I was starting to settle in.

One day, my friend Sid who I knew from England called me. "I've got a date. She's got a Polish friend. Let's double date." A blind date? Nah, that wasn't for me. But Sid kept pestering me, and a few days later we headed up to the Bronx to pick up his date and her friend Roma. I had to admit, for a blind date this wasn't so bad. Roma was a nurse at a Bronx hospital. She was kind and smart. Beautiful, too, with swirling brown curls and green, almond-shaped eyes that sparkled with life.

The four of us drove out to Coney Island. Roma was easy to talk to, easy to be with. Turned out she was wary of blind dates too! We were both just doing our friends a favour. We took a stroll on the boardwalk, enjoying the salty Atlantic breeze, and then had dinner by the shore. I couldn't remember having a better time.

We piled back into Sid's car, Roma and I sharing the backseat. As European Jews who had survived the war, we were aware that much had been left unsaid between us. She broached the subject, "Where were you," she asked softly, "during the war?" "The camps," I said, the terrible memories still vivid; the irreparable loss. I had tried to forget. But you can never forget. She nodded. "My family was hiding on a farm in Germany, not far from Berlin," she told me. "My father knew a priest, and he got us Aryan papers." I imagined how she must have suffered too, fear, a constant companion. And yet here we were, both survivors, in a new world. "There was a camp next to the farm." Roma continued. "I saw a boy there and I would throw him apples every day."

What an amazing coincidence that she had helped some other boy. "What did he look like? I asked. He was Tall, Skinny, and Hungry. I must have seen him every day for six months." My heart was racing. I couldn't believe it. This couldn't be. "Did he tell you one day not to come back because he was leaving Schlieben?" Roma looked at me in amazement. "Yes," That was me! "I was ready to burst with joy and awe, flooded with emotions. I couldn't believe it. My angel.

"I'm not letting you go," I said to Roma. And in the back of the car on that blind date, I proposed to her. I didn't want to wait. "You're crazy!" she said. But she invited me to meet her parents for Shabbat dinner the following week. There was so much I looked forward to learning about Roma, but the most important things I always knew: her steadfastness, her goodness. For many months, in the worst of circumstances, she had come to the fence and given me hope. Now that I'd found her again, I could never let her go. This story was made into a movie called The Fence.

That day, she said yes. And I kept my word. After nearly 50 years of marriage, two children and three grandchildren I have never let her go.

Herman Rosenblat Miami Beach , Florida

This is a true story and you can find out more by Googling Herman Rosenblat as he was bar mitzvahed at age 75.

Submitted by Alan Smith

Kindness is the signature of a loving heart.

be kind

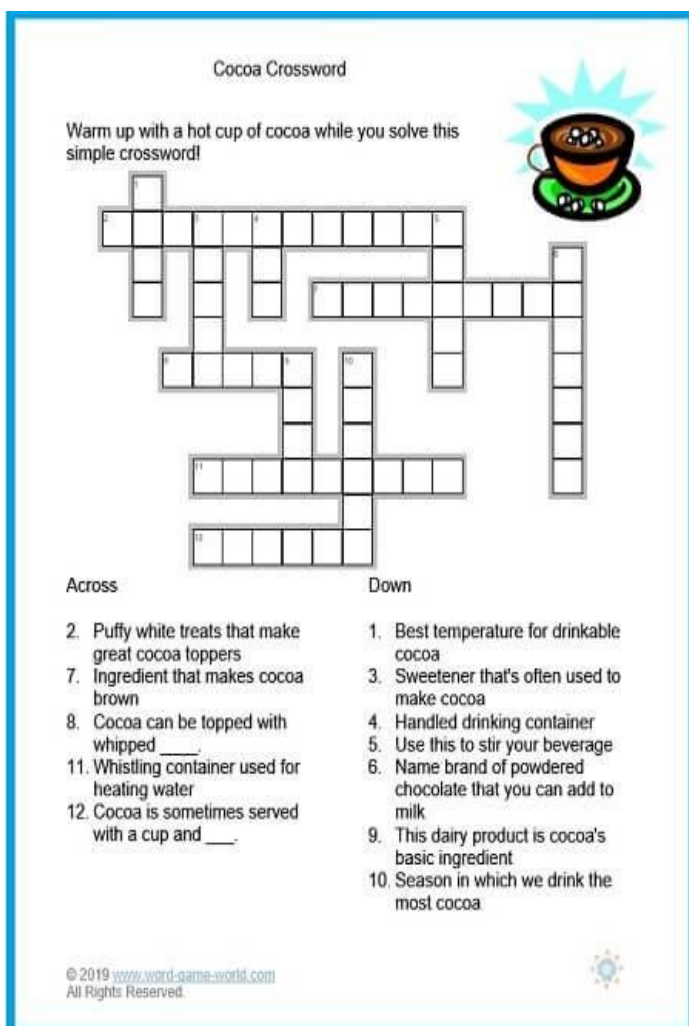
What you are today comes from your thoughts of yesterday.

Your present thoughts are building your life of tomorrow.

Your whole life is nothing but a creation of your mind and the thoughts you hold within it.

To change you life you must first change your thoughts.

*Faith
Kindness
and ♥
Love*



WHAT NEW ZEALAND NEEDS

A leader like **Moses**, who refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but was willing to go with God.

Army generals like **Joshua**, who knew God and could pray and shout things to pass, rather than blow them to pieces with atomic energy.

Food administrator like **Joseph**, who knew God had the answer to famine.

Preachers like **Peter**, who would not be afraid to look people in the eye and say, "Repent or perish," and denounce their personal as well as national sins.

Mother's like **Hannah**, who would pray for a child, that she might give him to God, rather than women who are struggling mothers of troubled children.

Children like **Samuel**, who would talk to God in the night hours.

Physicians like **Luke**, who could care for physical needs and introduce their patients to Jesus Christ, who is a specialist in spiritual trouble.

A God like **Israel**, instead of the "dollar god" the "entertainment god" and the "auto god."

A Saviour like **Jesus**, who could and would save from the uttermost to the uttermost.

When is medicine first mentioned in the Bible?

When God gave Moses two tablets.

At what time of day did God create Adam?

Just before Eve.

Who is the greatest babysitter mentioned in the Bible?

David. He rocked Goliath to a very deep sleep.

Did Eve have a date with Adam?

No, just an apple.

How do we know Peter was a rich fisherman?

By his net income.

Christ the Leader

L= Loving - Because He has made the way at such a cost. Hebrews 2:10

E = Essential - Cannot do without Him. Phil 4:19

A = Absolute - Must let Him lead altogether. John 21:22

D = Divine - He knows the way. John 14:6

E = Excellent - Good company and He cannot err. Psalm 23:2,3

R = Ready - But only becomes ours when we accept Him. Isaiah 48:17

When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time.

Maya Angelou

Customer: Do you have a camouflage jacket?

Clerk:

We have dozens but I can't find them.



WHY ME?

(Brian Carr July 2023)

He knew that he was going to die in about 48 hours. If you asked Greg how he knew that there would have been a vague answer. He just knew. He had known before the doctors had told him that the illness was terminal. He just knew. That was just under eighteen months ago. It had been a painful process coming to terms with the fact that he had only that amount of time left. The distress to the family had been difficult to watch. But, once they, and he, had come to accept it there had been added a new dimension to life for them all.

Many changes had occurred to his family and friends, to daily routines, to relationships within his family. Despite the fact that he was about to die he had a great sense of satisfaction. His family was closer than it had been in the last few years. There had been signs of drifting apart, all going their own way. They had become like ships in the night, passing each other as they checked in for food and sleep. Any faith they had in God had melted away.

He hoped that this drifting apart had gone, gone for good. He wanted the unity of his family to continue after his death from being a group of self-centred individuals who were now a loving and caring family. It had not been without a struggle.

He had, in the early months, discovered who his true friends were. Some whom he thought were close and strong had slowly drifted away. The physical changes caused by his illness had slowly driven some of them away. Going from a solid well developed 80 kilos to skin and bone had been too much for some. He didn't blame them. He didn't look in the mirror these days.

The big question in the early days had been, Why me? Where was God in all this? How could he let such an illness come and take his life away? I haven't hurt anybody. I still believe in God. It wasn't fair. There were still years ahead before he would reach three score and ten years.

There was anger, grief, disbelief, all rolled up together in those early months. His family had expressed the same. He had heard them talking about it, crying and trying to come to terms with it all.

A stronger friendship had developed with the next door neighbour, Steve. They had spoken to each other over the years but it had been a casual friendship. There was fifteen years age difference. Steve regularly visited Greg and had helped him, and his parents to accept the inevitable. Steve knew what it was like to lose a young daughter, his only child, as the result of an accident a few years ago.

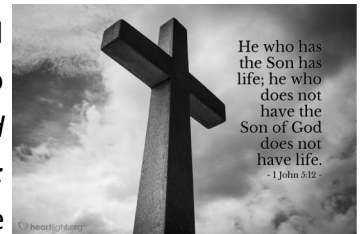
Steve's quiet unassuming way had been of tremendous help in retaining sanity and gaining strength. The rest of the family had also been touched by Steve. Greg had noticed that despite the trauma that Steve and his family had gone through there was no bitterness or anger toward God in their lives, even when they had been told of the death of their daughter. They had spent some of the time discussing many different aspects of life, of living and what it was all about.

Over the previous years Greg's family had slowly turned away from Christianity and their "religion" was now the need to succeed in whatever they did; sport, work, finance, possessions and status. Suddenly all these things had become so fragile, so transient and so useless in the face of death. Greg had enjoyed the quality of sound from the superb stereo, the comfort and speed of his car, the coolness of the pool but none of those or any of the other "things" around the palatial house were of any use. Nothing would delay the sure hand of death.

He lay back in the bed, the pain penetrating the attempts of medications to negate it. Through it all his mind had been active. Only in these last few days had he stopped recording in his diary his thoughts. Steve had promised to read them after he had died to see if they were worth publishing. Maybe they would be of help to someone else in a similar situation.

He hoped that they would be for over the last 10 months he had discovered the reality of a faith in God. It had been a gradual realisation. No "earth moving" revelation. No angelic visitation. No lightning or thunder just for his benefit.

Rather it had been the discussions with Steve that it was not just a belief in God but a trust in God that had given him a great sense of confidence in two particular verses in the Bible: *1John 5:11-12 And this is the testimony: that God has given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life.* Steve had not liked the word religion or religious. He would say that everyone is religious in some way or other and that it had nothing to do with God. Christianity, on the other hand, was a living and vital experience. It was not Christianity that failed from time to time, making headlines, but rather the failure of individuals.

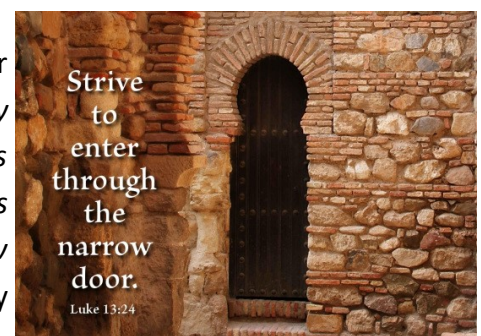


Steve, by his thoughtfulness, by his attitude, by his actions and reactions, had earned a positive response from Greg. He had not come charging in to Greg talking about fire and brimstone. He had not started talking about God until Greg had earlier asked him about how he and his wife had dealt with the death of their daughter.

Greg's memory flashed back to the day that he had told Steve about his illness but couldn't remember what Steve had said. What he could remember was that Steve had given him a hug which had surprised him. Steve is different from the guys that he knew. He never swore, didn't smoke or drink and he and his wife were regular attendees at the nearby church. He was a good tennis player and had been a good hockey player. It was his, and his wife's faith, in God that made them different and now he was experiencing that same deep confidence and sense of peace like they had.

For Steve the last 12 months had been a challenge to him. It was a different situation to when his daughter had been accidentally killed. With Greg the situation was different and it had been hard for Steve to believe at first. Now as he sat by the bed knowing that his young friend was going to die in the next few hours he was feeling very emotional. He had been asked by Greg to come and be with them. He had come to love Greg as a brother in Christ and they had spent many hours discussing a wide range of Biblical topics. There was one which they had discussed more than any other one; "Why has God allowed this to happen to me?" One of the resulting answers was that it had brought about a significant change into the lives of Greg and his family. A few days after that discussion Greg, with a happy tone of voice, said to Steve, "Now I know why God has allowed this illness to take my life. I feel a little like Jesus felt just before he was crucified when he accepted what was going to happen in a short time – his death and resurrection." He paused for a moment and then said, "Something else that Jesus said came to mind which has also comforted me. It was a challenge to find it but I eventually found it, Mat 7:13-14. I have left a marker in my Bible so would you please read it for us all."

Steve stretched out, picked up the Bible, opened where the marker was, quickly found the verses and read them: *Mt 7:13-14 "Enter by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and there are many who go in by it. "Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life, and there are few who find it."* Greg smiled, squeezed his mother's hand and quietly said, *"And this is the testimony: God has given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He who has the Son of God has life: but he who does not have the Son of God does not have life". (1John 5:11-12)* He paused then, looking at those of his family and quietly said, *"Thank you God for my family and friend Steve. Goodbye to you all."* and closed his eyes. He was only 20 years old.



EGGLESS MERINGUES OR PAVLOVA

INGREDIENTS for cream

Whipped coconut cream

2 400ml coconut cream must have no emulsifiers, eg.. Ceres Organics or Roar

3 tablespoons icing sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla essence or extract

INGREDIENTS for Mini vegan pavlovas

400 g can chickpeas

3 tablespoons cornflour

1 cup caster sugar

To garnish

fresh berries or sliced stone fruit e.g. strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, peaches, nectarines etc

passion fruit sauce

mint tips

INSTRUCTIONS

Pour coconut cream into a container or jug and refrigerate for at least 6 hours or overnight. After chilling for several hours the coconut cream separates with the thickest part settling on the top (this is what you'll use to make the whipped coconut cream).

Drain the chickpeas, reserving the chickpea water (save the chickpeas in a container for another use – hummus anyone?). Chill the chickpea water (called aquafaba) in the fridge for at least 2 hours until cold.

Preheat the oven to 150°C. Line two large baking trays with baking paper. Sieve 1 Tbsp of cornflour evenly over each lined tray (this will help prevent the pavlovas from sticking).

Pour chickpea water into a large mixing bowl and, using electric beaters, beat on high speed for 5-6 minutes or until soft peaks form, just like meringue. Add caster sugar, about 2 Tbsp at a time, beating constantly for about 8-10 minutes or until sugar has completely dissolved and you have thick, glossy meringue – amazing huh?! Briefly fold through remaining 1 Tbsp cornflour.

Dollop large spoonful's of meringue onto trays, six on each, piling them high and keeping them at least 5-6cm apart as they will spread. Bake in oven for 15 minutes then reduce temperature to 130°C and bake for 1 hour 10 minutes or until the outside of the meringues is dry, firm and crisp. Turn off oven and leave (without opening the door) for at least a few hours or overnight until meringues have completely cooled. Try not to open the oven at any time during cooking.

To whip coconut cream, scoop off the creamy part (leaving behind the coconut water) and place in a mixing bowl. Use electric beaters to whip to firm peaks (this will take 2-3 minutes) then fold through icing sugar and vanilla. (Or for a shortcut just add the sugar and vanilla to coconut yoghurt instead.)

To serve, spread pavlovas with whipped coconut cream (or coconut yoghurt) and decorate with fruit, passionfruit sauce and fresh mint.

Top tips:

Aquafaba is 'bean water', the starchy, protein-containing water that results from cooking beans or legumes in water.

These egg white-free pavlovas look and taste just like meringue – you'll be amazed!

Make sure you start at least 1 day ahead to allow time for both the coconut cream and aquafaba (chickpea water) to chill enough.

To avoid the temptation to open the oven too soon, make pavs in the evening and leave in oven overnight to cool completely and dry out.

For a quicker – but equally good – version, top the pavlovas with coconut yoghurt (mixed with icing sugar and vanilla) instead of the whipped coconut cream.

Nadia Lim - NZ Chef

The following notice was displayed outside a church...

CH??CH

What is missing????????

1. What did Jonah's family say when he told them about what happened before reaching Nineveh? "Hmm, sounds fishy."
2. What was Moses' wife, Zippora, known as when she'd throw dinner parties? "The hostess with the Moses."
3. What did the classmate say when asked why they kept walking next to the same person at school? "I was told I'm supposed to walk by Faith!"
4. How do we know Peter was a rich fisherman?
By his net income.

But Whom Do You Say That I AM?

ETACOVDAEWH
 RURETSAMFOG
 AVRSUSEJLNO
 WRETMTWAYICL
 VINYDAAKDDO
 RATSGNINROM

DAYSTARCPT
 EVGFNOPHH
 NMPEIAGON
 EEMVMIMOS
 RSAAHOFFET
 ASSQNGDDO
 ZITJOUNNN
 AAEDYOE
 NHRZWHS

TSALDNATSR
 UJGROLESNU
 OFUORHADUJ
 SFKHORNOS
 TKEENDOGYTH
 ILANINOSNET
 CAEPFOECNIR
 CORSTNENIV
 SDPOCJT
 RHO
 PHPOCSNDEGE
 ELRLDRSGRHD
 NDOFAEOERTE
 TRPOINLVUHE
 EEHDDRAESBM
 RVEREOTRESE
 EOTOLCILRHR
 VSNLIKOA
 ISGRVVNSAPS
 GADAE
 WPSDRV
 AGSGEVONORH
 LOWORDHGS
 NOITADNUOFY

FORERUNNER
 OCHCNARBO
 ILIFEIT
 SALVATIONSA
 GIMLAMENHI
 TOGEBYLNOD
 RPHYPLPE
 DIVADFONOSM
 LAMBOFGOD
 BOF

Advocate Almighty Alpha and Omega Amen Apostle Beloved Son Bishop Branch Bread Captain Carpenter Chosen Christ Consolation Cornerstone Counselor Day Star Deliverer	Door Emmanuel Everlasting Faithful and True First and Last Forerunner Foundation Governor Head High Priest Holy and Just One Horn of Salvation I AM Jesus Judge King King of Kings Lamb of God	Lawgiver Life Light Lion of Judah Lord Lord of Lords Master Master Mediator Messiah Mighty God Morning Star Nazarene Only Begotten Son Passover Priest Prince of Peace Prophet	Redeemer Resurrection Rock Savior Servant Shepherd Son of David Son of God Son of Man Vine Way Wonderful Word
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The Spread of the Bible in NZ.

Missionaries are well represented in the Atlas of NZ. In our very own Tauranga, Brown Street remembers Reverend Alfred Nesbit Brown who established a mission station in 1838. The Elms Mission House is a permanent reminder of Brown's efforts to spread the Bible in the Bay of Plenty. Colenso College in Napier recognises the missionary efforts of William Colenso in Hawkes Bay. Samuel Marsden Collegiate School in Wellington is named after our nation's very first missionary who spread the Bible's message to Northland Maori. Reverend James Buller started his Missionary work in the Bay of Islands/Hokianga Region and in a few decades worked his way south and finally established the Methodist Church in Christchurch. It was said that Christianity spread in front of him like a prairie grassfire. Like most missionaries, he spent his early years at Henry Williams Mission Station, Te Waimate, where he became an expert Maori speaker. In Wanganui there is a suburb named after the Reverend Richard Taylor. Walk down Victoria Avenue, cross the Town Bridge and you are then in Taylorville. The name is now fading as the area is generally referred to as Durie Hill.

The Reverend Richard Taylor

Richard Taylor was born at Letwell, Yorkshire, England, on 21 March 1805. In January 1825 Richard went to Queen's College, Cambridge. After graduating with a BA in 1828, he was ordained priest on 8 November 1829. In 1835 Richard Taylor took his MA. He was at this stage married with three children. After he was appointed a missionary to New Zealand for the Church Missionary Society, the family sailed on the *Prince Regent*. They disembarked at Sydney on 13 June 1836. The family remained in New South Wales for three years.

In September 1839, Taylor and his family arrived at the Bay of Islands and took over the mission school at Waimate North. Taylor was present at the discussions on the Treaty of Waitangi on 5 February 1840, and that evening was given the rough version of the treaty; he wrote the final copy on parchment. Preparations had been made for Taylor to be stationed at Mangonui, but when the Reverend John Mason was drowned in the Turakina River, Bishop [G. A. Selwyn](#), concerned about 'the state of feeling then existing between the Maori and the English settlers, hastened to send Taylor as replacement missionary in the Whanganui area. On 1 May 1843 the Taylor family landed at Pūtiki Wharanui, on the southern side of the infant settlement of Whanganui. Taylor was to become both evangelist and keeper of the peace among Māori tribes, and between settler and Māori, maintaining his influence by 'constantly marching round the limits of my district.' This district encompassed the Whanganui River, inland to Taupō, the Rangitīkei and Whanganui regions and much of Taranaki. Taylor was never a good linguist but this does not seem to have limited his influence among the Māori. It has been said that at the height of his influence he was baptising more converts than any other missionary in New Zealand, and by the early 1850s two thirds of the population in the Wanganui district had been baptised. Many large churches were built by the Māori. Taylor encouraged the holding of hui, where thousands of Māori gathered for religious purposes but at which other social or political business could also be transacted..

After the early 1850s Taylor's religious influence among the Māori waned. His role as an evangelist was always complicated by his role as a 'civiliser' and as a 'keeper of the peace.' His main problem was keeping the peace between coastal Māori, Ngāti Ruanui and Ngā Rauru, and those of the upper Whanganui, notably Ngāti Tūwharetoa. Taylor visited the Taupō tribes and helped make peace between them and the Whanganui people. On Christmas Day of that year some 4,000 Māori gathered for celebrations at Pūtiki. However, the development of the Pai Mārire movement in the 1860s increased intertribal conflict once more.

Taylor's relations with the Whanganui settlers were ambiguous. There was little enthusiasm among them for his religious message. In the 1840s, when the Māori attended the Christmas Day services at Pūtiki in their thousands, on the other side of the river the Whanganui Europeans went to the races, where gambling and grog was the order of the day. Taylor was also involved in the origins of schools (eg Wanganui Collegiate) and the hospital in Whanganui. In view of his success as a missionary, it is surprising that Taylor was never given higher office in the Anglican church. At one stage there was some talk of making him a bishop, but he cannot have endeared himself to the higher clergy when in April 1859 at the General Synod in Wellington he questioned whether in New Zealand it was appropriate for bishops to be addressed as 'Lord'. Taylor later handed over the running of the mission to his son, the Reverend Basil Taylor.

Throughout his career Taylor maintained his interests in ethnography, botany, zoology and geology. He was a fellow of the Royal Geological Society, and in 1865 attended the New Zealand Exhibition at Dunedin, where he was awarded a silver medal. He was also a founding member of the New Zealand Institute. Taylor was an indefatigable writer of books and articles on scientific subjects, as well as of sermons, many of which he had published.

During 1855–56 and 1867–71 Taylor visited England. On the first visit he took one of his earliest converts, [Hoani Wiremu Hīpango](#), a leading Whanganui chief (and ancestor of the present National Party List MP Harete Hipango.) On the second visit, he took Hīpango's son Hori Kīngi. Taylor had hoped that Kīngi would, after an English education, become a minister of religion, but Kīngi died in England. Taylor returned to Whanganui in November 1871 and died there 23 months later, on 10 October 1873.

Although Taylor left his mark in many ways, his major achievement was that he helped take much of the heat out of race relations in the lower North Island. Taylor's influence was not only that of a missionary but also that of a man of wide interests, who could relate to those who did not share his religious convictions. That he had a warm, human personality is shown by the jokes and puns recorded in his papers. He would, however, have achieved little if Caroline Taylor had not seen to the needs of their large family, the mission station and the constant flow of visitors, leaving him free for extensive travelling and immersion in the affairs of the day. Caroline Taylor died in June 1884.

PS When you make your next visit to Whanganui go to Taylorville's Red Lion Hotel, on Anzac Parade, have a pub meal and then raise your glass (or cup of tea) to the Reverend Richard Taylor, a man who was so influential in spreading the Bible in the lower half of the North Island.



Submitted by Ron Buller



MINISTER

Rev Sandra Warner

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 2023..

OUR O-TEAM

Neville Wilson

Ken Camp

Keith Bradbury

Phil Sinclair

Mel Monk

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 10.00am Justice of the Peace

Wednesdays

Wed/Thurs/Fri 10.00 am Basement Boutique (till 4 pm) Sat 10-1pm 2.00 pm Home Group

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

1st Wednesday 9.40 am Prayer

1st Wednesday 10.00 am Communion

3rd Wednesday 10.00 am O -Team

3rd Thursday 3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua

2nd Saturday WOW Breakfasts

PARISH REGISTER JUNE, JULY, AUG
Deaths: "in loving memory"

Rejoice the Lord is King!



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Website: www.stcolumba.co.nz

OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

To know, enjoy and share Christ.