



ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

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SPORT AS A METAPHOR

One of the greatest sportsmen of American sport, Tom Brady, recently retired from American football after playing for over 20 years. Brady is probably the best to have ever played the game and the statistics and records do argue this but what makes his rise to this status is that no one thought he would be good at the start of his career. To me, he is a metaphor for those people trying to get their start as a pastor in a church. Sport and ministry can be similar in that those who don't have the obvious signs that they will succeed often go on to have an amazing career/ministry. Brady was one of the last people in his year to be picked by a team in the football draft and that would usually mean a player would never even make it into a game let alone become the best at it. He didn't have the obvious skills and physique to be a good football player. Injuries to others would mean he would get to play and the fact that he would never give up meant that he would go on to win six championships with the New England Patriots.

Those wanting to become a minister can feel the same frustration. In my small church, I asked if I could preach and I understand now why the minister wasn't too keen on giving the pulpit to a teenager. Imagine my frustration, though when one Sunday the same minister preached word-for-word a sermon I watched on tv earlier that morning. Instead of preaching someone else's sermon he could have asked me. It did give me joy to preach for the first time in that church earlier last year, almost 20 years after I was a part of the congregation.

Many churches are reluctant to give young people Sunday service responsibilities but some, like Ken Camp's church in England, do give young people a chance to pray, or do the Bible reading, or even preach! What aspiring pastors and Tom Brady have in common is the confidence that, if people gave them an opportunity, they will make the most of it. What they also have in common is a reluctance to take on someone who has not yet proven themselves yet. Brady was grateful to the Patriots for giving him a chance and I will always be grateful to my first church too. Many have ministry abilities that are not so obvious and like Brady are hoping that someone will give them an opportunity. Therefore pray that God would bring along people into St Columba who have the confidence to serve and then pray that we would be willing to give them the opportunities too.

God bless you all. Alec

QUARTERLY COMMUNION

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

On the 13th March



RUTH'S RAMBLINGS

Do you remember the first time you fell off your bike? Do you remember the time the cat scratched you? Or that mozzie that bit you and you scratched and scratched? Did it leave a scar? Can you still see it years later?

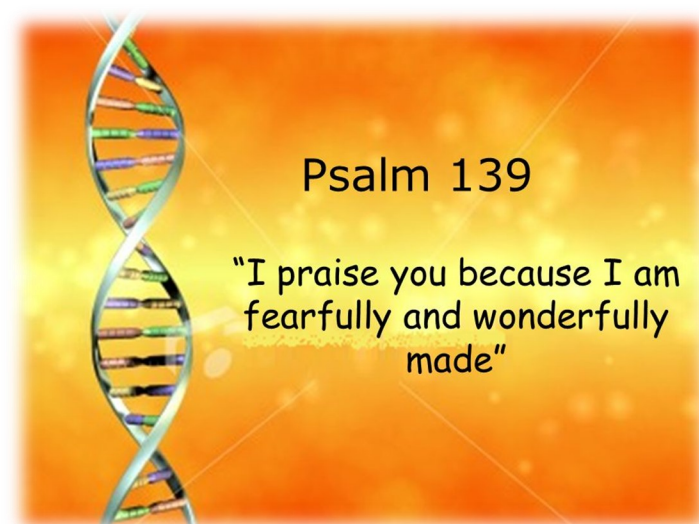
Whether it be a scar on your knee or a scar inside your heart - healing has occurred. Sometimes healing starts from the inside and works its way out to the surface. Sometimes it starts from the outside and knits together to the core. Either way, the itching that goes on is a sign of healing and the knitting of nerves and skin and muscle.

Aren't we fearfully and wonderfully made??

Psalms 139:14 *I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.*

Think about a scar that maybe hasn't healed well - what can we do to expedite the healing?

Be washed in the blood of the Lamb,
Bathe in the peace of Christ,
Temper your love of worldly things,
Rest in the loving arms of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Much love to you all.



WHY MUSIC?

- I. Music is a Science
- II. Music is Mathematics
- III. Music is a Foreign Language
- IV. Music is History
- V. Music is Physical Education
- VI. Music Develops Insight and Demands Research
- VII. Music is all these things, but most of all Music is Art.

That is why we teach music:

Not because we expect you to major in music

Not because we expect you to play or sing all your life...

But so you will be human

So you will recognise beauty

So you will be closer to an infinite Being beyond this world.

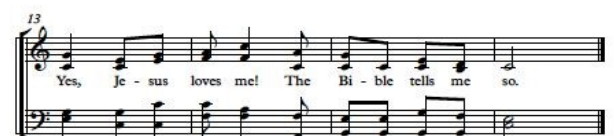
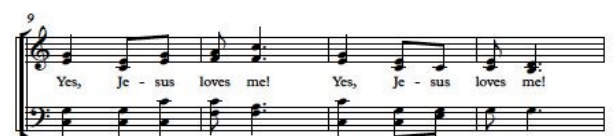
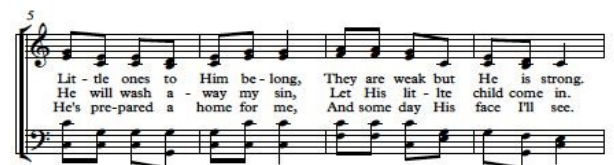
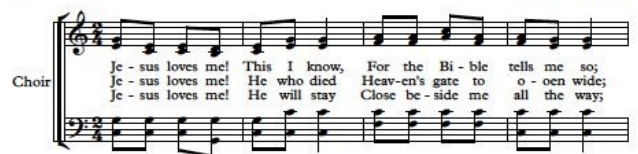
So you will have something to cling to

So you will have more love, more compassion, more gentleness, more good - in short, more Life.

Jesus Loves Me

Anna B. Warner

William B. Bradbury



20 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

In December last year the Basement Boutique celebrated 20 years of service to the community. 40 past and present volunteers enjoyed a sumptuous celebratory morning tea and Rita and David Owen cut the birthday cake. Rita was one of the original volunteers and David served as treasurer of the Boutique for a number of years so it was appropriate they shared this duty.

We can thank the late Beryl Lonergan and the late Maureen Reid for their foresight in suggesting the community needed an op shop and that it would also provide additional funds for the Church. They met with many obstacles in their endeavour to get the Boutique underway, with sceptics declaring they would never have enough stock to make it viable. They persevered and as a result we now have the “best op shop” in town, according to our many and varied customers.

Initially the Boutique was open 2 days a week but as demand increased and the offers from more volunteers came, we have been able to open for 4 days. Over the years we have been able to upgrade fittings and fixtures using generous donations from businesses such as Postie+. This has enabled us to smarten our image. In 2019 we installed an eftpos machine which has been responsible for our increase in daily takings. We continue to receive huge donations of clothing and goods, not only from the church, but also the wider community for which we are so grateful.

The Boutique has become a community hub and an important outreach for St Columba. Half of our volunteers are now from the wider community and, acknowledging this, every year we make a monetary donation to Homes of Hope, Mt Maunganui Surf Life Saving, St Johns Ambulance and Tect Rescue Helicopter. We look forward to our next 20 years with great optimism.

Submitted by Jennifer Day



Pics

2 from 2001, 2 from 2022



THOSE EARLY YEARS,

I was born out west at an early age... or that's what my parents told me! My whole family were living apart at the time! It all happened on the 6th of December 1939 at Gilsland Maternity Annexe Cumberland. The Second World War had been underway for 2 months and our family had been evacuated from our home in Newcastle upon Tyne to Cumberland. Dad was working in essential industry as a metal shearer at Vickers Armstrong's Elswick Works on the banks of the Tyne. As such he worked throughout the war years 1939-1945 and beyond, on constant night-shift. My eldest sister, Connie had joined the W.A.A.F. (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) making the rank of sergeant by the end of the war. Doreen and Joan were next in age being 9 and 5 years old respectively and Clifford being just short of his third birthday.

OPERATION PIED PIPER: The German air force was very active over British cities and seaports in particular. The Luftwaffe would fly in from over the North Sea and up rivers and straddle the banks with their load of bombs. Middlesbrough on the Tees, Sunderland on the Wear and Newcastle on the Tyne were targeted. Bombers would fly up these rivers and drop bombs along the banks and hit shipyards, engineering works, power stations, shipping lying at wharves etc. with relative ease. A lot of bombs would fall into civilian areas and this led to Operation Pied Piper being activated on 1/9/39. Mum was 6 months pregnant with me and like countless other mothers had to pack up suitcases of clothes etc. for all family members and trudge to the local railway station and boarding the train for Carlisle and other centres in the west. Here, with numbers pinned to their coats, my two sisters were taken and billeted in Silloth on the banks of the Solway Firth, over-looking the southwest coast of Scotland. Imagine a 9 and a 5 year old being plucked from their mother and taken away by well-meaning strangers? This was a 2 hour round bus-trip for Mum each time she went to visit her daughters. Mum and Clifford were billeted in Carlisle.

Once the R.A.F. had the capability to repulse the slower bombers, we returned to our home in Newcastle in January 1940. My earliest recollection strangely enough was Victory Europe Day which was celebrated on Tuesday May 8th 1945 and although only 4 years 5 months old I remember the very long walk from our home to join the cheering crowds in the city centre. There the armed forces marched past with contingents of army, navy and air-force personnel. Flags, bunting, plenty of noise, and huge crowds; all very overwhelming, then the interminably long march back all the way home. I reckon we marched further than the armed forces that day! Then the street parties were being made ready. All the way home people were placing dining tables end to end all the way down the streets and throwing sheets over them. Then came all the food! It was the largest 'pot-luck' tea in world history! I remember playing with other children and ducking under the overhanging sheets and manoeuvring around table legs to appear out in the open yards away from where I disappeared. Great fun! My eldest sister Connie had married a soldier, who came from Harrogate, Yorkshire. Steve served with the Eighth Army in the Western Desert and then went on to serve in the Italian campaign. On cessation of hostilities he came home for a short leave and then was drafted as a 'Soldier of Occupation' in Germany. They did not have much time together as a married couple, for many years, until he was ultimately de-mobbed. My mother worked as a domestic help and went off to work each day. She cleaned 'up-market homes' of professional people. I was put into day-care which was known as Nursery School then. (Kindergarten, being a German word, was non-kosher!) I hated it at first. Mother would feed me some story about taking me somewhere and she would walk on the outside of the path with me on the blind side. I was reputed to have commented, "I know where I'm going, but

I'm not!" then just as we were opposite the Nursery School door, she would scoop me up and sprint across the road, open the door and thrust me into the passage and hold onto the door for grim death. I would kick the daylight out of the door but couldn't open it. Slowly, resigned to spending another day in nursery, I would slowly trot up the floor-boarded passageway and join the other children and supervisors. The sound of my footsteps was the key for Mother to let go of the door and sprint down to catch the bus and off to work! I don't have many memories of 'Kindy,' but one stands out. We used to play games together. The teachers would read stories and then we would have lunch. The play-room doubled as our place to have an afternoon nap. We slept on canvas webbing camp-beds supported by two metal hoop legs; a bit like a banana bed. The room was a large rectangular shape and down one side were low cupboards which were divided by a horizontal shelf. These housed all the toys which were stowed behind draw curtains. One day after we had gone down to sleep; I was still wide awake and realised the teacher was not in the room; she must have gone to the staff-room. My mate Eddie Humble was awake and the pair of us got up and tiptoed through the sleepers and reached the toy cupboard wall. We drew back one curtain and I slid in onto the top shelf and Eddie took the bottom one. Then we drew the curtain back in place. This was exciting and a good place to hide! We duly fell sound asleep and were completely oblivious to the alarm going up when the teacher returned to find two empty beds! Searches were mounted within the Nursery School which was part of the Primary School which I would later attend. A wider search was mounted and the authorities were getting worried. They called my brother Clifford and sister Joan who were attending the Junior School located across the road. Clifford was sent home to see if I had gone there and Joan was dispatched to my grandmother's house in Scotswood – (a mere 40 minute walk round trip!!!), to see if I had turned up. Still no luck and with everyone standing out on the perimeter of the school area, two little bleary-eyed boys brought up the rear and innocently asked what were people standing outside for? Happy Days!

PRIMARY SCHOOL. I commenced the Primary School when I turned six. Our headmistress was a Miss Vale and looking back she was an iron lady. My first day there was eventful. I was back home by 10.30 in the morning. My mother who was at home, asked what I was doing back so soon, to which I duly replied, "School's finished because they have let us out." She marched me back smartly and I learned that morning and afternoon breaks happened every day! I remember sitting in class one day and listening to the teacher reading us a story. Sitting in front of me was a nice little girl with lovely long ringlets. Very tempting for a little boy and I duly pulled them. A loud shriek and I was undone. The teacher sent me to see the dreaded Miss Vale. At six years of age and even as a first offender she strapped me. I duly shed tears at the outrage! Looking back at my childhood, we had such wonderful times playing outside with the other children in our neighbourhood. Today, we hardly know the names of people living two or three doors away from us! In the streets we played soccer with a tennis ball and also cricket using the base of the lamppost as the stumps. Rounders was another game we played. If we got enough kids, we would go over to Hodgkin Park and play on the wide playing fields. Hide and Seek was a favourite and we were often flushed out by irate folk proud of their hedge or garden! We got bolder as we got older. The houses were all standard council homes. All front doors had an aperture for the postman to drop letters in. A heavy door knocker ran the length of the aperture. One of the tricks we got up to was to sneak up at night-time and tie black cotton to the knocker, the reel was unwound loosely back over the front garden and through the garden hedge. When everyone was in place, we maintained silence and slowly took up the slack. Then the cotton was raised and let go, repeating the sequence several times banging the knocker. The householder would open the door expecting to find someone; he would then come out and have a look around and go back in.

We would give him enough time to settle down and repeat the process. He would be out quicker this time and shout abuse into the darkness. The hedgerow shook with silent laughter!!! Some nights we had to leg it! Games were cyclical. There was a time to play marbles. September brought keenly contested conker battles! The local privet hedgerows got a hammering as stealthy youth sought the best bow and arrow material. We had to make our own amusement. The anticipation of Guy Fawkes Night was steadily worked on with boys in each street collecting combustible materials and stacking them in a heap, usually on someone's back garden. All manner of things were collected ranging from tree branches, tyres, mattresses and timber of all descriptions. Individual street gangs of boys would be responsible to ensure that their bonfire materials were not stolen by some marauding boys from another street. When November the 5th came, it was all hauled out and stacked in the middle of the street and duly set alight. Then the rockets and fireworks would be set off. Bangers were a big favourite followed by Catherine wheels and Roman candles. Hand-held sparklers were regarded with disdain! The fire burned for several hours. I remember one year on the following morning the milkman could not get by with his horse and milk cart because of the enormity of smoldering remains. I never lived in a home with electricity until I was sixteen. Gas was the order of the day. Gas for lighting, cooking, and a gas-fired boiler for washing clothes. The mangle was mounted on the side of the boiler! Heating was by coal fires. News came via radio (Rediffusion) powered by a lead-acid accumulator which had to be taken to the local hardware store to be re-charged periodically. B.B.C. Home Service, the Light Programme and Concert Programme were all we received. At 5p.m. weekdays we would listen to Children's Hour. This was a great programme with stories, and nature slots featuring a chap who went by the nom de plume of 'Nomad.' Larry the Lamb stories come to mind featuring Mr Grouser, Dennis the Dachshund and Ernest the Policeman. As soon as we had tea, we would be outside to play with our mates. However at 6.45pm the streets were deserted. Between the years 1946-51 at 6.45pm on week-nights the radio serial, 'Dick Barton, Special Agent,' aired for 15 minutes. Dick along with Snowy and Jock sorted out all the evil characters of the day. It was riveting. Resuming our play outdoors at 7p.m. we took on their persona and made all the appropriate noises of gun shots, car chases, braking, collisions etc. Dick was our forerunner to James Bond.

JUNIOR SCHOOL. At school we had our main meal of the day at midday. We had to pay a fixed price of sixpence and always got a hot dinner and a dessert. It was brilliant value. The dinner hours were legendary with some wonderful happenings. Local women were employed and in the assembly hall they would set up the dinner tables and bench-forms. The tables sat eight children. The food would arrive in an insulated truck which kept it nice and hot. A meal monitor would be appointed to push a two tiered trolley from the ladies serving tables to the individual tables. They would duly collect the empties and return these too. At junior school the most memorable event happened. I was with my mates at a table hard against the wall. We liked the position as it was winter and it was up against a large steam radiator and we could keep warmer than the other kids. You had to be swift to get in first. At the end of a course, if there were second-helpings on offer, we would be notified and the teacher would walk up and down the rows of tables looking for the smartest table. This meant no food left on plates, knives and forks placed together neatly, arms folded, looking straight ahead like soldiers on parade. If you got the nod an explosion took place as kids raced to get to the serving table. If you arrived late and missed out, you were greeted with hoots of derision by those who had not been selected. One day, there was extra dessert which was a fruit square with custard. Our table got the nod and the race was on. The boys sitting on the open side of the table were out and back - no drama. However, boys getting back to the bench-form against the wall and heater had to climb up on the form and slip carefully under the table edge and onto the bench seat. One boy sitting on the end arrived back, threw a leg around the table leg and began eating his seconds. The boy who had been sitting next to him wanted to get in, but the first one wouldn't move for him; so he put one leg up on the bench and thrust up.

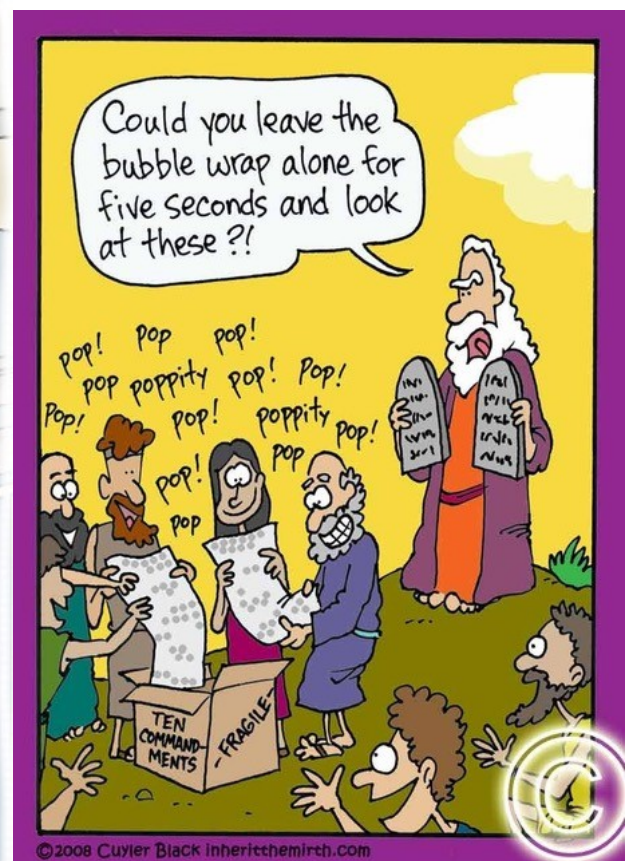
Instead of putting his plate on the table and slipping into position, he endeavoured to slip into place holding onto his precious cargo. He lowered a straight leg beneath the table to the floor and bent his other leg to accomplish the manoeuvre, not noticing that his plate was now at a perilous angle and slowly but surely, the inevitable happened. The fruit square gained traction on the custard and began to slide down and off the plate landing fair and square on the head of the boy who would not move. The victim continued eating until the heat of the custard alerted his brain that he was in trouble and then the scream came. All eyes focused on the screamer. The fruit square was now sliding down his forehead and onto his plate. The response was wonderful, the hall went ballistic. A day that went down in infamy! Our school caretaker had a dog called Flicker. Toward the end of the meal during the period of the dessert, he would come into the hall with Flicker and pick up a dinner plate and then head for the left over dinner scraps which had been scraped into an empty Dixie. He would carefully select himself enough for a meal and put some leftovers into a paper bag for his dog; then they sat on the stairs of the stage and ate. We always watched with winks, nudges and baited breath and quiet groans could be heard around the hall! The dinners were also available during school holidays. Most parents worked and so there was still a need for the children to have a hot meal during the day. This meant grimly hanging onto your meal-money whilst you played in the morning and getting to school in time to pay over the money and eat as usual. They usually went by without drama. Food was rationed until the early 1950's. I remember our teacher telling us to bring a large tin to school as there was to be a 'cocoa issue.' We duly turned up with our tins and received a generous quantity of edible light cocoa powder. Most kids sampled it in various quantities before it reached home. I also remember getting an issue of big red Jonathan apples, produce of Canada. Our Headmistress at junior school was a Miss Learmonth. She was a tall woman with her black hair pulled back into a severe bun. She wore heavy black glasses and no make-up. She was another no-nonsense lady. I told my mother that she had announced to the assembly that she was forming a choir and would be personally choosing children to sing in it. She would especially be looking for children who could sing the descant. Miss Learmonth, true to her word, walked the serried ranks of children at assembly, cocked her ear close to our mouths, and made a mental note and moved on. We were aged between 8 and 10. I came home and my Mother asked if I had been chosen for the choir. I told her that I hadn't as I was unable to sing the "death chant." This was what the boys interpreted what she had said!

With the resultant loss of manpower after the war, many young women joined the Land Army. My sister Doreen was one of them. This left Joan, Clifford and me at home with Mum and Dad. As both parents were working, we had the majority of daily household chores to carry out. We had to make our beds, set all meal tables; clear away, wash and dry the dishes. Lay the fire daily and light the fire after school and keep it going. We went to the grocers on a Saturday morning and bought the week's supplies. This was equivalent to going into Tauranga city and back and we had to carry these to the bus from the grocers and then from our nearest bus stop to our home. Exhausting for young people. As we got older, Joan started work and she joined the W.R.A.F and moved away from home, leaving all the housework and chores to Clifford and me. It didn't take me long to realise that I was tail-end Charlie and would end up with the lot one day! One job that I detested was going for the mid-week meat order. (This was equivalent to taking a bus say from Matua to the racecourse). I alighted at the closest stop and legged it all the way down to the Butcher which was no short distance. Then I had to queue and place a paltry order for mince or sausage meat or whatever and then hurtle back and catch the bus to Hodgkin Park and race home, put the meat in the pantry and then sprint up to school before 9 a.m I was only 9 years old!! Meanwhile on the same bus, invariably upstairs, was the eagle-eyed Miss Learmonth. I got off the bus two stops before she did and had to go into overdrive to make it to school to avoid being late for assembly. I used to arrive blown; a bit like Dick Turpin's horse Black Bess after its famous ride from London to York where upon arrival it was reputed to have keeled over and died!!! My mother was a creditable knitter of Fair-Isle and Arran sweaters, two-piece costumes, berets, gloves etc. I used to wear a Fair-Isle pullover to school at times. One day at school Miss Learmonth stopped me and told me that she wanted to see my Mother. I thought I was for the high jump and of course conveniently forgot to tell Mother. She asked again and again and finally my mother told me that she had been to see Miss Learmonth.....Apparently she was taken with my Fair-Isle pullover and wanted my Mother to knit her and her sister a two-piece costume!

On Sunday mornings we would carry a bag of weekly vege peelings and crusts to Granny's and on to the waiting hens. Granny always had a batch of cinder toffee in exchange. I was not brought up in a Christian home. In the afternoon Mum used to send us off to Chandlers mission where elderly residents ran a Sunday school. Looking back they were a kind, dedicated group. I didn't last long there. My betè noir was a boy of my own age who delighted in taking the 'mickey.' This came to an abrupt halt when he not surprisingly suffered a nose-bleed and I was expelled, never to darken their threshold again! In WW1 granddad served on the Somme and grandma worked in the Blaydon railway sheds! Along with other women she was in a standby team who boarded incoming munition trains as exhausted crews went off to sleep. She, along with other women, would re-fill the water tender etc. and we have a photo of grandma shoveling coal into the boiler to keep up a head of steam ready for the relief crew to board, turn the train around back to Vickers Armstrong's, re-load war material for another run to southern destinations. Advised of the photo shoot, grandma dressed up in her 'Sunday best outfit!' I recall grandma telling me that when granddad came back from the war, he slept the first 2 weeks on the floor in front of the fire. After four years sleeping in trenches he couldn't settle in a bed!

WINTER: This was a brutal fun-filled period of the year. Brutal, because the freezing sleet, snow and icy conditions made life difficult. Fun, because it meant snowball fights, sliding and sledging down the roads. Difficult, for old-folk getting about. Many used to throw their ashes from the fire onto the footpaths to bring young tearaways to a very abrupt halt! With no central heating in homes and only a coal fire for heating, folks waiting for their coal delivery used to save empty jam tins and lids and these were filled with boiling water and we used to cuddle these on our laps to stave off the cold! (Many people consider the English winter of 1947 to be the worst of the 20th Century - There were massive disruptions of energy supply for homes, offices and factories.) (to be contd!)

Submitted by Alan Smith



SILLY JOKES

- 1 What do Alexander the Great and Winnie the Pooh have in common? The same middle name.
- 2 What is the opposite of a croissant? A happy uncle.
- 3 If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring? Pilgrims
- 5 A friend of mine went bald years ago, but still carries around an old comb. He just can't part with it.
- 6 What's the best thing about Switzerland? I don't know, but their flag is a huge plus.
- 7 Two men meet on opposite sides of a river. One shouts to the other, "I need you to help me get to the other side!" The other guy replies, "You're *on* the other side!"
- 8 "I stand corrected!" said the man in the orthopedic shoes.
- 9 I used to be addicted to soap. But I'm clean now.
- 10 What did the left eye say to the right eye? Between you and me, something smells.
- 11 Why is England the wettest country? Because the queen has reigned there for decades.
- 12 I was wondering why the ball was getting bigger, then it hit me.
- 13 Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He's all right now.
- 14 What's the difference between ignorance and apathy? I don't know and I don't care.
- 15 Adam & Eve were the first to ignore the Apple terms and conditions



- You want to maintain your lifestyle or balance
- You've previously fallen
- You're worried about falling
- You want to improve your balance and independence
- You can't attend a strength and balance class, or prefer to maintain your balance at home

Nymbbl is for older adults wanting to maintain or improve their balance in the comfort and safety of their home. All you need is a smartphone or tablet. Talk to Ruth if you would like more info.

THE REMARKABLE REVEREND DON

Chinese gold miners with Rev Alexander Don, outside a sod dwelling at Tuapeka, Otago.
McNeur Collection Ref: 1/2-019148-F. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, NZ.

The sign (attached to the sod house door) with the Chinese characters, which he carted around the gold fields, reads '**Jesus said: I am the light of the world. Light is forgiveness, purity, brightness and sureness. Light brings kindness, brings life and brings peace. Jesus is the light.**'



THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY

The Setting

Dunedin was very much a Scottish and Presbyterian settlement. The discovery of gold in the 1860's not only brought a surge of new arrivals but also a change to the population make-up, of Otago and Southland. Chinese communities sprang up quickly on the various goldfields. The Chinese tended to group together in their own communities, characterized by their almost windowless huts made of stones or turf, generally with thatch or sacks for roofs. The Chinese were industrious and hard working, although their customs and language were in stark contrast to the host population. The attitude of their European neighbours was generally one of prejudice and mistrust.

The Missionary Background

Alexander Don was born (1857) in Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, the eldest of the 10 children of Scottish immigrants. Alexander left school before the age of 10 to work in the Ballarat mining industry but was encouraged by a Bible class leader to attend night school. At the age of 15 he was able to pass the exam to become a teacher and he remained a teacher for the next 8 years. Through his church he heard about an appeal for a volunteer for the Pacific Mission, by the Presbyterian Church of Otago and Southland. He was 21 when he arrived in Dunedin but life is all about timing and sadly the position had already been taken. He then took up a teaching post at Port Chalmers school. Meanwhile, the Presbyterian church saw an opportunity to offer the Christian message to the thousands of Chinese scattered across the gold fields but there was a serious language barrier. Don impressed the Synod and it wasn't long before he was on the way to Canton (today Guangzhou) for an 18 months language study. The culture of this ancient land made a lasting impression on Rev Don, being in stark contrast to the colonial life he had left behind. The Rev Don later noted that one could adequately learn to speak the Cantonese language in two to three years, but the written language was a lifelong study. For this

reason, he brought back a language teacher to assist him. After returning to Dunedin in 1881 he began his theological training and then commenced work among the Chinese at Round Hill in Southland, with its settlement of 150 huts covering five acres. A Church and Mission house were opened in 1883, £80 being subscribed by the local Chinese. Virtually nothing remains today of this once large community. In 1886, Rev Don was transferred to Lawrence where there were 400 Chinese working on the Goldfields.

The Annual Tours:

Later that year he began his well-publicized but grueling "Annual Tour" around the Chinese communities in Otago and Southland, travelling as much as 2000 miles, over half done on foot. He called on large and small settlements, where he offered the hand of Christian fellowship, and preached the Christian Gospel, in Cantonese. The Chinese called him "Jesus Don" and he was welcomed not only as a friend to those who knew him, but also as a provider of news from home and of friends living and working in other areas.

The Roll of the Chinese

Always a methodical and painstakingly meticulous man, Rev Don kept surprisingly detailed records of places visited, distances travelled, people seen, numbers of religious tracts given out and numbers of enquirers. In later years he recorded even their individual names, home villages, numbers at each settlement, details of those who had returned home, moved on or died. This also enabled him to conveniently refresh his memory just prior to each subsequent visit; it was a source of continual amazement to the Chinese that he even remembered their names! This unique record remains the most important documentary evidence of the early Chinese in this part of New Zealand. Chinese names were all given a literal English translation; thus we read such wonderful names as "Splendid Dignity", "Blossoming Wisdom", "Illustrious Energy" and "Noble Son." His style of Evangelism was to hand out religious tracts and to preach using coloured posters illustrating Scripture stories with relevant Cantonese text in large characters - an early form of the modern day audio visual presentation! In later years he carried a cumbersome box camera and his unique images are a valuable record of life on the gold fields.

Successes

The trust built up with the Chinese, along with the occasional success in gaining new Christian converts, led the Synod of Otago/Southland in 1896 to send Rev Don back to Canton to investigate the opening of a Chinese Mission in South China. Rev Don had noted that as four out of every five NZ Chinese came from villages near Canton, it was an area where there were strong links with Chinese families.

Results

The Rev. Don must have felt frustrated at the lack of any great numbers of Christian converts, as the Chinese miners had a strong desire to retain their traditional ways. He will be remembered for his caring attitude and assistance to the Chinese community in these early years. He was certainly liked and respected by the Chinese miners, many of whom had made it back to their home villages. His third and final visit to China was in 1923 and he had great pleasure at seeing some of his now-elderly Chinese gold-mining friends, who reciprocated his joy.

Retirement

He was appointed Presbyterian Foreign Missions Secretary in 1913; a role which he continued until his retirement in 1923. He retired to Ophir in Central Otago and died on 2 November 1934 on a train en-route to Dunedin, where he planned to lodge the manuscript of his book *Memories of the Golden Road: A History of the Presbyterian Church in Central Otago*, with his publishers. This manuscript was lost, and was later reconstructed and published by his son-in-law, William Bennett.

(Information on Rev. Don mainly sourced from Otago Presbyterian Archives and Wikipedia)

Submitted by Ron Buller

JULIUS ASPARAGUS



A child was asked to write a book
report on the entire Bible.

This is amazing and brought tears of
laughter to my eyes.

I wonder how often we take for
granted that children understand what we
are teaching???

Through the eyes of a child:

The Children's Bible in a Nutshell

In the beginning, which occurred near the
start, there was nothing but
God, darkness, and some gas. The Bible says,
'The Lord thy God is one,
but I think He must be a lot older than that.

Anyway, God said, 'Give me a light!' and
someone did.

Then God made the world.
He split the Adam and made Eve. Adam and
Eve were naked, but they
weren't embarrassed because mirrors hadn't
been invented yet.

Adam and Eve disobeyed God by eating one
bad apple, so they were driven
from the Garden of Eden.....Not sure what
they were driven in though,
because they didn't have cars.

Adam and Eve had a son, Cain, who hated his
brother as long as he was Abel.

Pretty soon all of the early people died off,
except for Methuselah, who
lived to be like a million or something.

One of the next important people was Noah,
who was a good guy, but one
of his kids was kind of a Ham. Noah built a
large boat and put his
family and some animals on it .

He asked some other people to join him,
but they said they would have to take a
rain check.

After Noah came Abraham, Isaac, and
Jacob. Jacob was more famous than
his brother, Esau, because Esau sold Jacob
his birthmark in exchange for
some pot roast. Jacob had a son named
Joseph who wore a really loud
sports coat.

Another important Bible guy is Moses,
whose real name was Charlton
Heston. Moses led the Israel Lights out of
Egypt and away from the
evil Pharaoh after God sent ten plagues on
Pharaoh's people. These
plagues included frogs, mice, lice, bowels,
and no cable.

God fed the Israel Lights every day with
manicotti. Then he gave them
His Top Ten Commandments. These
include: don't lie, cheat, smoke, dance,
or covet your neighbour's stuff.
Oh, yeah, I just thought of one more:
Humor thy father and thy mother.

One of Moses' best helpers was Joshua
who was the first Bible guy to use
spies. Joshua fought the battle of Geritol
and the fence fell over on
the town.

After Joshua came David. He got to be
king by killing a giant with a
slingshot. He had a son named Solomon
who had about 300 wives and 500
porcupines. My teacher says he was wise,
but that doesn't sound very
wise to me.

After Solomon there were a bunch of
major league prophets.

One of these
was Jonah, who was swallowed by a big
whale and then barfed up on the
shore.

There were also some minor league
prophets, but I guess we don't have to
worry about them.

After the Old Testament came the New
Testament. Jesus is the star of
The New. He was born in Bethlehem in a
barn. (I wish I had been
born in a barn too, because my mom is
always saying to me, 'Close the
door! Were you born in a barn?' It would be
nice to say, 'As a matter of
fact, I was.')

During His life, Jesus had many arguments
with sinners like the
Pharisees and the Democrats.

Jesus also had twelve opossums.
The worst one was Judas Asparagus. Judas
was so evil that they named a
terrible vegetable after him.

Jesus was a great man. He healed many
leopards and even preached to
some Germans on the Mount.

But the Democrats and all those guys put
Jesus on trial before Pontius
the Pilot. Pilot didn't stick up for Jesus. He
just washed his hands
instead.

Anyway, Jesus died for our sins, then came
back to life again. He went
up to Heaven but will be back at the end of
the Aluminum. His return is
foretold in the book of Revolution.

Submitted by Barbara Fincham

QUOTE

By Natasha Josefowitz author of
"Too Wise to Want to be Young Again"
Series

By trying to be everywhere at once
I am nowhere
By trying to be everything to too many
I am no one

Socrates said "Know thyself"
Let us add "Be thyself," which is much more
difficult to do because we often are what
others want us to be

Unquote

(I added 'and sometimes we want to be
what others are and what we are not, which
is also very difficult!')

Submitted by Romy Morgenrood

"May the God of
hope fill you with all joy
and peace in faith
so that you overflow
with hope by the power
of the Holy Spirit."

ROMANS 15:13



CHANGING A LIGHT-BULB THE CHRISTIAN WAY

How many Christians does it take to change a light-bulb?

Charismatic: Only one. Hands already in the air.

Pentecostal: Ten. One to change the bulb and nine to pray against the spirit of darkness.

Presbyterian: None. Lights will go on and off at predestined times.

Roman Catholic: None. Candles only.

Baptists: At least 15. One to change the light bulb, three committees to approve the change and decide who brings the potato salad and fried chicken.

Episcopalians: Three. One to call an electrician, one to mix the drinks, and one to talk about how much better the old one was.

Mormons: Five. One man to change the bulb and four wives to tell him how to do it.

Unitarians: We choose not to make a statement either in favour of or against the need for a light bulb. However, if in your own journey you have found light bulbs work for you, that is fine. You are invited to write a poem or compose a modern dance about your light bulb for the next Sunday service, in which we will explore a number of light bulb traditions, including incandescent, fluorescent, three-way, long-life and tinted, all of which are equally valid paths to luminescence.

Methodists: Undetermined. Whether your light is bright, dull, or completely out, you are loved. You can be a light bulb, turnip bulb, or tulip bulb. Church-wide lighting service is planned for Sunday. Bring bulb of your choice and a covered dish.

Nazarene: Six. One woman to replace the bulb while five men review church lighting policy.

Lutherans: None. Lutherans don't believe in change.

Amish: What is a light bulb?

Submitted by Eleanor Burkin



WHAT WATER-BORNE CRAFT IS MOST COMPATIBLE IN AN OCEAN?????????

ANSWER ON BACK PAGE.

Love is what makes you smile when you are tired.

HASH BROWN FRITTATAS MUFFINS

I use silicone muffin liners in a 12 cup pan.

Oven to 200*. Cook 4 hashbrowns and some bacon pieces in the oven while it is heating.

In a jug whisk 4 eggs, a splash of milk, seasonings to your taste. (I use lemon pepper, sweet chili sauce, chopped

parsley, hot paprika and garlic.) Add ½ cup grated cheese.

Chop 1 spring onion finely. When the bacon is cooked cut it into small pieces. Cut hashbrowns in half longways then in fifths across.

To assemble : layer hashbrown pieces, bacon, onion then pour over egg mixture; not too full. Sprinkle more grated cheese over the top and cook for about 10 minutes. Yum!

Submitted by Ruth's Mum

Places in the New Testament

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

Antioch
Athens
Bethlehem
Capernaum
Colossae
Corinth

Damascus
Ephesus
Galatia
Joppa
Lystra
Miletus

Nazareth
Pergamum
Philippi
Rome
Sardis
Thessalonica
Troas

SOME INTERESTING BIBLE FACTS

AND STATISTICS. TKJV

1. There are 66 books in the Bible. The Old Testament has 39 and the New Testament has 27.
2. There are 1189 chapters in the Bible. 929 in the Old Testament and 260 in the New Testament.
3. There are 23,214 verses in the Old Testament and 7959 in the New Testament, bringing the total to 31,173.
4. There are 773,692 words in the Bible – all of them inspired by God Himself. The Old Testament has 592,439 words and the New Testament, 181,253.
5. Number of times the word “God” appears is 3358. (It appears in every book except Esther and Son of Solomon). The number of times the word “Lord” appears is 7736.
6. The Bible was written over a period of about 1500 years and by about 40 different people. The oldest book was dated at about 1400 B.C.
7. The Bible work is a collection of authors from a wide variety of authors, such as shepherds, kings, farmers, priests, poets, scribes, and fishermen.
8. We all know the shortest verse in the Bible has just two words in John 11:35. (“Jesus wept”). The longest is in Esther 8:9. Look it up!
9. Shortest book. (number of words). John 3. Longest book. Psalms (150 chapters).
10. The word “bible” is from the Greek *ta biblia* which means “the scrolls” or “the books”.
11. The longest word in the Bible is Mahershalalhashbaz. (Isaiah 8:3).
12. The Bible can be read aloud in about 70 hours?
13. While it took over 1000 years to write the Old Testament, the New Testament was within a period of 50-70 years.
14. The King James Authorized (1611) is said to be unrivalled in its accuracy and literary beauty. Most likely there were 54 scholars helping with the translation.

N.P. This information was taken from a variety of places in the internet. I have covered just K.J.V. and I trust that this is accurate. **Euan Ross.**

Answer from page 14

OCEAN
CEAN
CAN
CANO
CANOE.



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

3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua

Men's Breakfast in recess

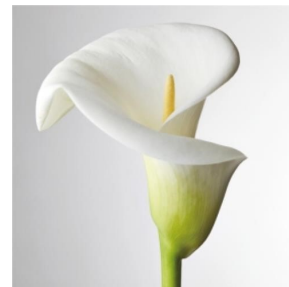
2nd Saturday

WOW Breakfasts in recess

PARISH REGISTER

Deaths: "in memory"

It is well with my soul.



A quick link to
our website.

CHECK OUT OUR WEBPAGE

www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons

www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings

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Reverend: Alec Wallis 020 40808503

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Website: www.stcolumba.co.nz

OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

To know, enjoy and share Christ.