



VOICE:

ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

VOLUME 32

ISSUE 1

FEBRUARY 2023



THANKS FOR THE PRIVILEGE

I'm grateful to have this opportunity to write something in what will be my final contribution to the St Columba Church 'Voice'. It affords the perfect opportunity to say thanks for the privilege of being your interim moderator since Donald Hegan's retirement in January 2021.

I've known about St Columba Church since 1981 when I began ministry at St Peter's in the City but having worked and worshipped with you, I feel that now I know you personally.

I understand why so many have found a spiritual home here over the years.

To quote the words of Jesus to the Church at Thyatira, *"I know what you do. I know your love, your faithfulness, your service, and your patience."* Rev. 2:19

It has been wonderful to work with people who love the Church as Christ does because she is his bride. People who understand the difference between going to church and being the church never tire of their Christian service. I thank God for the example and encouragement that so many of the older members of St Columba are to me.

Working with St Columba's Ministry Settlement Board and Session has been very a positive and rewarding experience. My special thanks to Neville Wilson who continues to give an exceptional amount of time and talent in service of the congregation. Also, a special thanks to our three retired ministers Neville, Bob and Denis who have made a wonderful contribution through pastoral care and preaching.

I can't mention everyone by name, but I do want to give a huge thanks to Ruth who is the hub of our administrative wheel which keeps on turning because of her skills and devotion.

My congratulations and best wishes to Sandra as she takes up her responsibility as Minister and Moderator of St Columba Church. Sandra thank you for hearing God's Call. I'm sure that you will not only be a blessing, but receive a great blessing in serving this congregation of beautiful people.

Rev Keith Hooker

QUARTERLY COMMUNION

*An invitation is extended to all
who love our Lord Jesus Christ
to join us for the Communion
Service 12th March*



RUTH'S RAMBLINGS

Well after a lovely Christmas change of scenery, I am back looking forward to a wonderful year. Over Christmas I talked to my children and grandchildren but didn't see any of them to touch, and cuddle, but had a lovely time with other members of the extended family.

I wonder how often Jesus saw his Dad and Mum, siblings and cousins, grandparents etc.. Did he miss out due to the ministry call on his life? Did his Mum ache to wrap her arms around him, all the while understanding the calling, the yearning and the impact he was having on the rest of the world? Had his dad taught him all of the things fathers teach? Had his siblings taunted, teased and played with him? Doing their 'tour of duty' as siblings do.

I imagine many of us have a myriad of bruises and scars caused by family that have moved countries, or sadly estranged or been taken to soon...

Have you yielded to the loving arms of Christ who protects, who grieves with you, who shares in a place of solace, pouring out his grace and peace, encouraging you to forgive and release?

Allow the peace to envelop you -- know you are loved by the Almighty.

And the **peace** of God, which transcends all **understanding**, will guard your hearts **and** your minds in Christ Jesus.

[Philippians 4:7](#)

WELCOME TO

PAUL AND SANDRA

We would like to welcome Paul and Sandra Warner into our community.

Please wear your name tags so that Paul and Sandra can get to know you.

We are so blessed to see the fruit of Christ's love for St Columba Church.

Our months of gathering on Wednesday as a group and as a wider church have been a blessing, as it has drawn us closer as a congregation.



*Paul and I are delighted to be at
St Columba.*

*We thank you all for a lovely warm
welcome and we look forward to
many years together.*

Blessings upon you all

Sandra



Conor
and
Laura's
Baby Shower
29/1/2023



Conway
John
McLoughlin
-Ware

17th Feb
2023
7lb3oz





EUROPE'S DEBT TO IRELAND

"There's no doubt about why Ireland's landscape attracts so many visitors. It's stunning. The coastline has rugged cliffs plunging down to the sea, hundreds of feet below. You'll find little coves along the coast with a colourful harbour tucked in safely. The rolling, fertile fields of the interior are simply lovely with all the shades of green."

(Wanderyore way.com<why-ireland-is-so-damn-) The author of those words was obviously captivated by the enchantment of this small island on the edge of Europe. Ireland is, indeed, a small island with a magic all of its own, but its story is long, troubled, and significant far beyond its shores. Human habitation seems to have begun 8000 years ago. The first inhabitants lived by hunting and fishing near the sea, rivers, and lakes. By 3500 BC people knew how to grow grain, keep domestic animals for food and hides, make pottery, and fashion polished stone axes to clear land for cultivation. By 1800 BC, the first metal workers reached Ireland and axes and weapons of war began to be exported to Europe. (Copper deposits in Cork and Kerry. Tin from Cornwall and Spain.) About 1200 BC the "Bronze Age" produced bronze swords, decorated shields, and a rich variety of gold ornaments, all of which suggest the emergence of a warrior class, and a pre-Christian pagan religious hierarchy.

That religious hierarchy was the domain of the Druids of Celtic Ireland. Today, the name conjures up thoughts of magic, wizardry, and spiritualism, but in ancient times the definition of a Druid was much wider. The earliest known references to the Druids date to the 4th century BC, and were brought to public attention by none other but Julius Caesar in his commentaries on the Gaelic War. Druids were in fact, a highly educated class of Celtic

society which included learned men, doctors, poets, and those able to judge disputes. Training lasted from 12-20 years, and their traditions were passed on orally. A branch of Druid's society did practise magic, and claimed to be able to foretell the future. Their darker side consisted of conducting public sacrifices, offering captured animals to the gods after a successful battle, and, on occasion, innocent human beings for those who were gravely ill, or in danger of dying in battle. Images of huge wickerwork cages still haunt the modern imagination. Druid religion gradually petered out with the advent of Christianity, but the place of learned men, poets and those able to judge disputes, continued to have an important place in later Irish society.

If ever there was mystery surrounding the birth of an individual who has left such a mark on secular and religious history in Ireland and beyond, it has to be Patrick. What was the date of his birth? 385AD or 401? Where was he born? His "Confession" says it was Bannaverm Taburniae. But where was Bannaverm Taburniae? SW Scotland or North Wales? The basic facts of his early life are, however, that he was the son of a Roman official called Calpornious. At sixteen years of age he was captured by pirates, shipped to Ireland, sold as a slave to a local chieftain, put to work looking after stock on or near Slemish, a grass covered volcanic plug, rising above the Antrim plateau. He became a Christian during his captivity, escaped six years later, returned home, and, like the apostle Paul (Acts 16:9) had a vision of someone calling him to full-time service. "We ask you, son, to come and walk once more among us." Following a period of training, probably in France, he returned to Ireland as a Celtic Christian missionary. This is usually dated as 432AD, and traditionally celebrated on 17th March.

Patrick landed on the shores of Strangford Lough in County Down in the north-east of Ireland. His first convert, Dichu, gave him a barn to use as a church, and the site still exists to this day. It is called "Saul" after the Irish sabbal which means barn. From this first church Patrick travelled all over the island preaching the Gospel, but most of his missionary work, and that of his followers, was carried out in the north. Chieftains, tribes, people of high and low birth, wholeheartedly believed the Good News of Jesus Christ and were baptized. It was this spreading flame that gradually reduced and nullified the pervasive influence of pagan religion in Ireland. The eventual founding of the great monastery at Nendrum on the Strangfold Lough peninsula rightly confirms County Down as the cradle of Irish Christianity. While Patrick considered himself to be a Roman citizen, and the church he founded Roman in character, it nevertheless had a distinctive Irish flavour. Christian communities were established, senior elders or bishops appointed, each with their own sphere of authority. Eventually Patrick chose the settlement of Armagh (Ard Macha) as his ecclesiastical capital because it was close to Emain Macha, an ancient hill fort and seat of the royal kings of Ulster. Armagh remains the church capital of Ireland for both the Roman Catholic and Church of Ireland to this day. Irish historian Thomas Byrne, however, suggests that when Emain Macha was destroyed about 450, Patrick withdrew from Armagh and returned, somewhat dejectedly, to his original sphere of operations in Saul. Notwithstanding, his life and labours had a transforming effect on religious and secular life not only in Ireland, but, as we shall see, in Britain, and throughout Europe.

Patrick died in Saul in 461AD. He is buried in the county where it all began nearly thirty years before. Pass through the gates into the grounds of Downpatrick Cathedral. Take the left-hand path. Walk some thirty meters, and on the right hand side you come across a huge granite slab lying horizontally bearing the simple inscription "Padraig" To be continued....

Submitted by Denis Gordon



MEMORIES

*"Running over, running over,
My cup's full and running over,
Since the Lord saved me, I'm as happy as
can be,
My cup's full and running over."*

Funny how well I remember all the Sunday School songs from "way back when."

I was two and a half years old when I stood on the stage at the annual Waitoa Methodist Church concert, and sang, "He Careth for you, He Careth for you. Through sunshine and shadow, He Careth for you." Jesus was always part of my life, still is, and always will be.

I was ill throughout my childhood, with a blood disease called Thrombo-cytopaenic-purpura. Every pin-head-sized purple spot on my body, was a haemorrhage under the skin. I had bruises everywhere, and awful nose-bleeds. Both of my parents had a deep Christian Faith, and they believed that I was healed through the Power of Prayer, as the disease gradually disappeared through my teenage years.

There were six "kids" in our family; five girls and one boy. My eldest sister Beverley was in her twenties when my youngest sister Bronwyn was born. I was about half way, with Beverly being fourteen years older than me, and Bronwyn nine years younger than me.

As a child growing up on a dairy farm, Christianity was a huge part of my life. On Sundays my siblings and I were taken to Sunday-school in the morning, home for a mid-day roast dinner, then back to the Church Service at 2pm. Home again for the cows to be milked, and then Mum & Dad went back to Church for the 7pm Service. My older siblings went to Bible Class.

At bed-time, we kneeled by our beds as Mum heard us say our Prayers, and Grace was said by one of us kids before every meal. This is how I recall saying Grace, "For Wotry Boutry Ceev, Lord make us truly thankful, for Jesus sake Amen"! Even now, I have to make an effort to say "For what we are about to receive!"

When the Communion Service was held in the afternoon, we kids sat in Church with our parents for the first part of the proceedings, and then when Communion was about to begin, we had to go outside and play. My mind came up with all sorts of wild imaginings about "what they were all doing" in the Church! In those days, 1940s remember, one just didn't ask parents awkward questions. Anyway, I thought that for some reason they were all taking their clothes off and we were not allowed to watch!

My sister Gaye (eighteen months younger than me) and I used to get rattled if Dad had the bulls in the paddock between the house and the cowshed, and one day she said to Mum, "I don't know why Dad has those bulls, they don't do anything." Mum said that they were the Fathers of the calves, to which Gaye then asked, "Well where do the calves come from anyway?" Mum answered, "God sends the calves." So much for growing up on a farm. We never saw a cow having a calf, and just imagined that God sent the calves floating down out of the sky while we were asleep!!

One day, we were in Church with Mum & Dad and were standing up singing a Hymn. Youngest sister Bronwyn, two to three years old, was standing up on a pew singing her heart out, and between the lines of the Hymn, all over the little country Church the words were clearly heard, "It takes Two to Tango, Two to Tango!!!" Needless to say, the congregation erupted into great hilarity. Thinking back now, my parents must have been mortified, but it has been a tale told in our family down through the years.

There has never been a time in my life when I did not know or love Jesus. I must have sung "Jesus Loves me this I know" hundreds of times over the years. As a child, it didn't enter my head that some people didn't know Jesus, or didn't want to know Him. He was and still is "my Friend."

One very vivid memory I have and treasure, is the day Gaye and I were messing about down the farm. We climbed down into a drain, which only had a few inches of water in it, and we picked some wild flowers growing on the sides. When it came time to climb out, I had this bunch of flowers and didn't want to spoil them.

So I held the flowers in one hand, put one foot a little way up the side of the bank, held my other hand up in the air above my head as though I was grasping for another hand, and called out, "Pull me up God!" And up I went onto the top of the bank! I remember thinking, "Golly, gosh," and even today, I still recall that amazing feeling. Such was the Faith of of a ten year old.

My father became ill, so my parents put share-milkers on the farm, and we shifted into Te Aroha in my twelfth year. How different the "town" kids were to the "country" kids, but that is another story for another time. We then attended the Te Aroha Methodist Church, (where Neville and I were subsequently married in 1962) and I was in the Junior Bible Class.

The first Methodist Bible-Class Camp I attended was held in the Waihi High School. It was around this time, that I became aware of being "expected" to "make a decision for Christ." It baffled me somewhat, as Christ had always been in my life. I do remember though, at that Camp, we were in the dark one evening watching a Christian "Slide" show on a big screen. One of the slides was a beautiful picture of Jesus, and I just couldn't take my eyes off Him. That amazing "Feeling" came on me once again.

The following year, I attended the Methodist Bible-Class Camp held in the Thames High School. Two of the leaders of the camp were Mr. & Mrs. Bulmer and they had their little six years old Rosalie with them. When I was getting the autographs of everyone at the Camp, Rosalie wrote her name in her six years old printing. I still have the Autograph book, and many of you will know her as dear Rosalie Rentz, who passed into God's Keeping last year. Little did we know that it would be fifty-something years before we encountered each other at St. Columba Presbyterian. I was able to show Rosalie and Rev. John not only the autograph, but also the entries I made in my diary about being with Rosalie's parents, not only then but again a couple of years later after I left school and was working in a pharmacy I attended a Cosmetic School at Thames, and my Mother had contacted the Methodist Minister to find somewhere for me to stay. I wrote in my diary at the home I was staying at, that "Mr. & Mrs. Bulmer came for dinner!" Rosalie & John were blown away by it all.

In 1958 my Parents took Gaye and I to the Billy Graham Crusade in what was then called Carlaw Park in Auckland. I can't even begin to describe what a totally amazing night that was among thousands of people. All these years on, I am rapt that I got to see that wonderful man of God in person, and can still picture him vividly. I can never sing "Blessed Assurance" without picturing and hearing that marvellous choir with hundreds of voices in it. I mentioned earlier, that I realised that as Christians, we were expected to "make a decision for Christ," and do it publicly. I had knots in my stomach with nervousness,

but when Dr. Billy called for those who wanted to be followers of Christ to come forward, I felt myself being propelled off the seat. I stood up, and Gaye did too. She and I held hands and joined the throngs who went forward. I'd done it and done it publicly!! Praise and Glory to God!

Fast forward to the 1980s. We were here in Tauranga, and attending Holy Trinity Anglican. The Rev. Graham Jones had come from England with his wife and family to be a support Vicar for two years. Graham & Heather had already lost two of their four children to Cystic Fibrosis in England. Sallyanne never contracted C. F. but Elizabeth was already suffering with it when they arrived in N.Z. One evening, a year or so after their arrival, a Healing Service was arranged for Elizabeth aged 12, and about thirty of us attended.

The Arch Deacon asked for us to Pray silently, but that if anyone felt they were being spoken to or had signs from God about Elizabeth, to speak up. I had my head bowed and my eyes closed when suddenly, in my mind's eye I could see a huge Vision as big as a picture theatre screen. There in front of me was a green hill. Life-size Jesus was strolling down the hill with Elizabeth by his side. They were holding hands, Jesus was looking down at her, and Elizabeth, well and happy, was looking up at Him and they were both laughing.

Now instead of telling about what I had seen, I had a whole mixture of emotions including guilt, as I knew that I was supposed to be praying for Elizabeth to be healed. Instead, I instantly knew that if Elizabeth was with Jesus, she was not going to be Healed by God in this life. So I said nothing. Elizabeth died two or three weeks later. Graham & Heather subsequently went back to England, but it was several years before I had the courage to write to them and tell them about my experience. Graham replied and told me that some friends over there had also reported having a Vision, but in theirs, Heather & Graham were at the bottom of a hill, and they were carrying Elizabeth up to Jesus who was at the top! My Vision was obviously "what happened next!"

All these years on, Neville and I have been through some very horrible and depressing times, where our Faith has certainly been tested to the Nth Degree. Almost ten years ago when we were both at a very low ebb, Neville saw a notice saying that it was Communion at St. Columba the next day, and suggested that we went. So we did, and that was the day that we began to rise up out of the mire, so to speak. We believe God directed us to go to St.Columba. All part of His Amazing Plan, which fits together like a jig-saw puzzle of life, where we can even be thankful to Him for the awful times, as they led to something so amazing, our Spiritual Home of St.Columba and our wonderful caring loving St.Columba friends. God has Blessed us indeed, and we give Thanks and Praise to Him Every Single Day.

Submitted by Glynnis Wilson. 9th February 2023.



OUR CHURCH'S HISTORY continued from 'Voice of St Columba' November 2022

Laying The Foundation Stone; The day for the laying of the Foundation Stone came, and in the shell of the partly constructed building, with the blue sky for a roof, the Right Rev Arthur Horwell laid the stone. It was right that he perform the task, as he had been a great source of

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

30TH APRIL 1966



encouragement to us.

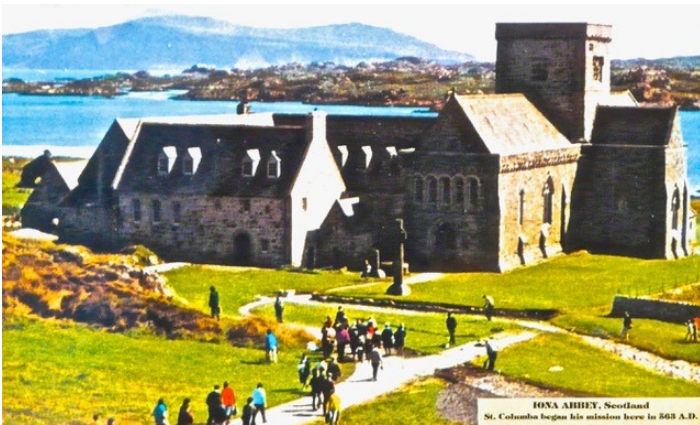
One Elder was heard to say, "We should have called this Church, Saint Arthur Horwell in recognition of all he did to get us started."

Pews and chairs were brought from the Ngatai Road Hall for the congregation.



Time Capsule; During construction, a Time Capsule was inserted in the north wall, under the Foundation Stone, and marked by five pieces of Iona marble stone brought from

Iona, Scotland and donated by our First Lady Elder, Mrs Mary Revfiem.



There was no shortage of encouragement for the congregation as the walls climbed and the roof went on. Members came forward with gifts. One family gave the font, another the Communion Table, a third the Gable Cross. St Peters gave the Pulpit and St Columba women donated the Sanctuary Cross and carpets. The pews were finished and varnished by a team of workers. Working bees laid out the grounds, planted trees, laid paths and lawns.

Tradesmen in the congregation gave their time without charge and thousands of pounds were saved in this way.



Fund Raising; It was here that the women of the congregation showed their mettle. Biannual Fairs were held in the Tauranga Town Hall, along with Cake Stalls, Sales of Work and Catering at the early Orange Festivals. How many cups of tea, how many cakes, how much jumble went into financing the new Church, no one will ever know, but, *we are thankful of the loving care, dedicated hard work and giving which came from our early members!*



Last Service in the Old Hall; On the Sunday evening of 29 April, 1966, prior to the opening of the new church, Rev Bryan Wilson conducted the last service in the old Ngatai Road Hall. It was a moving occasion as we remembered the years of growth, the sad as well as the happy moments. We remembered it packed to the doors when Communion had to be served to worshippers out on the footpath! When the children in the front pews made such a 'racket' that the organist refused to continue the voluntary!

After he had pronounced the Benediction, Bryan Wilson lifted down the Sanctuary Cross and carried it out of the Hall.



A CHAPTER WAS CLOSED AND A NEW ONE WAS BEGINNING



To be continued.....

Hugh Whitehead

GOOD, GOOD WILL, GOOD WORKS

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

QUIET

Be Still and Know that I am God, That
I who made AND GAVE THEE LIFE
Will lead thy faltering steps aright;
That I who see each sparrow's fall
Will hear and heed they earnest call.
I am thy God.

OTHER DAYS - OTHER WAYS

After our marriage in May 1968, Mel and I settled in Tauranga. Six months were spent at Arataki while our house was being built in early Matua. Sections were plentiful and we shifted into our Meadowland Street home on 1st January 1969. Both being brought up as Presbyterians, we immediately joined the brand new St Columba Church. The Rev Jim Milne was the Minister.

In those days Church numbers were booming and a thriving Sunday School existed. Our son Brendon and daughter Delwyn later became part of this large group. Mel and I as parents were encouraged to help teach the youngsters of primary age. The groups were divided up and we and other parents took them in the Church Hall. Margaret Cullen, a proficient teacher at Matua School, led the Sunday School and was helped by us and about six other parents.

The children came into Church for the first 15-20 minutes prior to being tutored in the hall. Following Jim Milne's time with us Rev Nolan Martin became our next Minister and like his predecessor stayed and served St Columba for many years. Much to our delight Nolan Martin conducted the wedding of our son Brendon to daughter-in-law Linda in Hawkes Bay on 23rd March 1996.

Our congregation later welcomed Rev Bob Maslin to lead us and now that Bob is retired, he and Josie are fellow parishioners here at St Columba.

Rev Donald Hegan spent a number of years with us. Apart from the spiritual aspect Donald organised summer walks which were very popular.

Fifty Four years in the same Church means we have witnessed much change. Many friendships have been made and special memories held dear. Also goodbyes said to those who have passed on to God's Kingdom. With the appointment of the Rev Sandra Warner, St Columba has a bright future ahead.

Submitted by Viv Monk



THANK THE MISSIONARIES FOR BRINGING CRICKET TO NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand’s First Cricket Match 20 December 1832.

Church Missionary Society (CMS) leader **Henry Williams** gave the male pupils (Māori and Pākehā) of his mission school at Paihia in the Bay of Islands a rare day off. They had sat the end of term exams the previous day. Their reward was an opportunity to play cricket on the foreshore at Horotutu. They must have already had some practice, as Williams wrote in his journal that they were ‘very expert, good bowlers’. Williams, who had imported the cricket equipment, had a bowl himself, conceding a run to five-year-old Edwin Fairburn.

The naturalist **Charles Darwin** watched the next cricket match on record, at Waimate North mission station three years later. Once again, both Māori and Pākehā boys took part. In his book **The Voyage of the Beagle** Charles Darwin wrote about a cricket game played in late 1835. Darwin had arrived in the Bay of Islands on December 21, 1835. He and Beagle captain Robert FitzRoy took up missionary **William Williams’** (younger brother of Henry Williams) offer to visit the Waimate mission station, 21km inland from Paihia. At the station, set up by the CMS to spread the Christian message and European farming techniques among local Maori, Darwin and FitzRoy were pleased to find an oasis of English civilisation, complete with cups of tea and cricket on the lawn. Darwin recalls the scene: "Several young men redeemed by the missionaries from slavery were employed on the farm. In the evening I saw a party of them at cricket. When I thought of the austerity of which the missionaries are accused I was amused by observing one of their sons taking an active part in the game."

The first match in which scores were recorded was played at Wellington in **December 1842**. This match was played between the Red and the Blue team of the Wellington Club.

Submitted by Ron Buller



- Why did a scarecrow win a Nobel prize?
He was outstanding in his field!
- What did the duck say after she bought chapstick? Put it on my bill!
- What’s red and smells like blue paint?
Red paint!

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

GOD'S CARES FOR THE LITTLE THINGS.

You remember my Korean friend Junhee who brought his family over to the house in Maria when Catherine and I were over one year? I met Jun at church in London where he'd come to learn English. He then moved to NZ to go to Bible college so his family were there for a while. God had called Jun to be a missionary, specifically to a Turkish-speaking people group living in Bulgaria. So, he and his family (wife Grace and 3 young children) had to learn Bulgarian in order to live there and Turkish to communicate with the people they were going to be working with. So one day after moving to Bulgaria he emailed me saying that they wanted a nanny to come and look after the kids while he and Grace spent a concentrated time working.

The nanny had to be a Christian - and speak Korean and Turkish, to help the kids learn Turkish. My first thought was, "Where on earth am I going to find someone who speaks Korean and Turkish?!" I said I'd ask around and put a notice up at church, mainly because he had asked me, but not expecting any reply apart from "You're looking for someone who speaks Korean? And Turkish?," followed by raucous laughter! But a few days later I got an email from someone at church who I hadn't met. She said she was from Turkey and had spent a year as a nanny - in Korea - and she spoke Turkish and Korean fluently. And she might be available to go to Bulgaria to spend time with Jun's family. A few days passed while she checked if she could get the time off, but it all worked out and she went.

It was a big lesson to me that nothing is impossible for God; and, not for the last time, to have a bit more faith!

Submitted by Pam Brown - a story from her son Craig.



Women in the Bible

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

SARAH
ELIZABETH
REBEKAH
BATHSHEBA
MARTHA
JAE
MARY
DEBORAH
ANNA
BILHAH
RUTH
VASHTI
TAMAR
HAGAR
LEAH
MIRIAM
RACHEL
ABIGAIL
ZIPPORAH
RAHAB
DORCUS
EVE
KEZIAH
NAOMI

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/2082150/>

Psalm 23.

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing. He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters, he refreshes my soul.

He guides me along the right paths for his name's sake. Even though I walk through the darkest valley,

I will fear no evil, for you are with me;

your rod and your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely your goodness and love will follow me

all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm 23, Antithesis

The clock is my dictator, I shall not rest.

It makes me lie down, only when I am exhausted.

It leads me to deep depression.

It hounds my soul.

It leads me in circles of frenzy, for activity's sake.

Even though I run frantically from task to task.

I will never get it all done, for my "ideal" is with me.

Deadlines and my need for approval, they drive me.

They demand my performance from me, beyond the limits of my schedule.

They anoint my head with migraines, my in basket overflows.

Surely fatigue and time pressure shall follow me all the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the bonds of frustration forever.

(Marcia K. Hornok, discipleship journal, (issue 60 1990), 23.)





Gilbert Stout's Carvings; His contribution were the carvings that ornamented the Church furniture. He spent countless hours fashioning the pew end carvings, the dove on the Communion Table, giving the pew ends an 'adzed' appearance and fashioning the Communion Table rope edging from Tawa broomstick dowel. A maritime theme was chosen as being suitable for a parish following in the tradition of fishermen disciples and seafaring Celtic Saints, and for a seaside parish close to a busy port.



COMPUTER INKJET CARTRIDGES.

Tired of paying exorbitant prices for a computer ink cartridge?

I purchase direct from COMPUTERFOOD, a Pukekohe based company.

Go to: www.computerfood.co.nz

Click on inkjet cartridges.

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

Click on your correct cartridge coding.

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

(BLACK/CYAN/MAGENTA/YELLOW)

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



He left the 99 to
find me

BARRY WEST'S CHURCH LOAF (ECONOMICAL)

Oven temp 170/175 we prefer 170.

Dusted or lined loaf tin.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 cup mixed dried fruit (own choice sultanas and cranberries or mixed fruit cake mix or dates and raisins).

1 cup flour plain add 1 tsp baking powder

Or 1 cup self raising flour

1 tsp baking soda

1 tsp ginger (optional)

1 cup of boiling water

1 egg beaten

1 small cup sugar

1 tsp vanilla essence (optional)

METHOD

Add 1 cup boiling water to the dried fruit.

Add 1 tsp baking soda and ginger, leave to cool.

Add sugar and vanilla, mix well to dissolve then add flour. Then the egg. Mix well.

It will be more like a batter.

Add to loaf tin and bake for 40 minutes.

(Check, it may need 5 minutes extra)

Remove from oven and cool, then turn out of tin.

ENJOY!

Submitted by Barry West

Q: What do snowmen eat for lunch? A: Icebergers

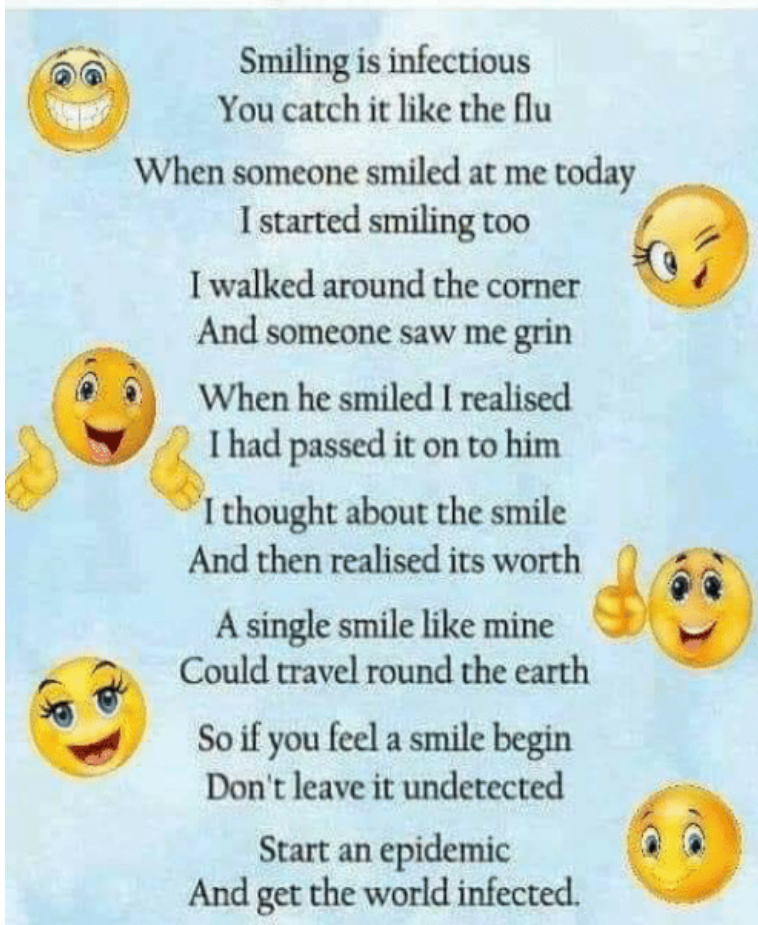
Q: Why is a moon rock tastier than an Earth rock?

A: It's a little meteor.

Q: What do scientists use to freshen their breath?

A: Experi-mints!

What a great poem by the late Spike Milligan about smiling



INFECT THE WORLD WITH A
SMILE!



FAVOURITE FUNNY

MELODY IN F

Feeling footloose and frisky, a feather-brained fellow forced his fond father to fork over the family finance.

He flew far to foreign fields and frittered his fortune feasting fabulously with faithless friends. Fleeced by his fellows in folly and facing famine, he found himself a feed-flinger in a filthy farmyard.

Fairly famishing, he feign would have filled his frame with foraged food from fodder fragments.

'FOOEY! My father's flunkies fare far finer!'

The frazzled fugitive frankly facing facts, frustrated by failure, and filled with forboding, flew forthwith to his family.

Falling at his father's feet, he forlornly fumbled, 'Father, I've flunked.'

He fearlessly forfeited family favour. The farsighted father, forestalling further flinching, frantically flagged the flunkie to fetch a fatling from the flock and fix a feast.

The fugitive's fault-finding brother frowned on fickle forgiveness, but the faithful father figured filial fidelity is fine and so the fugitive was found! What forbids fervent festivity?

Let flags be unfurled, let fanfares flare.'

MORAL: Father's forgiveness formed the foundation for the former fugitive's future fortitude.

Get by yourself and read it over *out loud*. Then practise it on someone you know.... You will both be laughing by the time you get finished with it!

Submitted by Alan Smith

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 9.00 am Staff Meeting

Wednesdays

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

Thursdays 9.45 am Bible Study in Creche

Fridays 9.00 am Prayer Meeting

10.00 am Cuppa & Chat in Lounge

Saturday 10.00 am-1pm Basement Boutique

Sundays 8.45 am Prayers

MONTHLY MEETINGS

1st Tuesday 1.30 pm Session

3rd Wednesday 10.00 am O-Team

3rd Thursday 3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua

2nd Saturday WOW Breakfasts

PARISH REGISTER DEC, JAN, FEB
Deaths: "in loving memory"

ELIZABETH MONCKTON
JOHN HEATHERTON
MARGARET STOREY
ALAN NELMES



CHECK OUT OUR
WEBPAGE

www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons

www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings



CONTACT DETAILS

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Session Clerk: Neville Wilson 576 4814

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Office Hours 9 am-noon Monday-Friday

Email: office@stcolumba.co.nz

Website: www.stcolumba.co.nz

OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

To know, enjoy and share Christ.