



ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

VOLUME 21

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DEAR FRIENDS,

Have we not lived through the most unusual of times? We began watching with concern the news from China of a serious virus but we heard reassuring words that it was under control. Then with increasing concern we heard of the rising death toll and the extreme action taken in China to make people isolate. In horror we saw it quickly spread around the world. I couldn't help but think of the bird flu of 2005. Officially known as the H5N1 strain it was a fast-mutating, highly pathogenic avian influenza virus found in multiple bird species. On September 29, 2005, David Nabarro, the newly appointed Senior United Nations System Coordinator for Avian and Human Influenza, warned the world that an outbreak of avian influenza could kill 5 to 150 million people.

Our community in Putaruru took it very seriously. We had seminars on the need to self-isolate, how to care for our neighbours while in isolation. The thinking was that whole communities could be devastated and our economy would shut down. I remember thinking at the time that a little sparrow might even spread this deadly virus. Thankfully the worst was not realised, but we soon forgot the lessons from this and the other viruses that have threatened. Covid-19 was supposed to be a rather benign virus. I listened with fascination to a TedTalk by Bill Gates, the Microsoft Founder, in 2015. He stated that the real threat to humanity was not of nuclear warfare but of a virus. He believed we had time to prepare for this.

The lesson we learn from history is that we do not learn from history! People are frail and prone to make the same mistakes over and over. We over-estimate our own capabilities and in our pride and self-sufficiency we think we can control destiny. But a tiny unseen virus that was not supposed to be a threat revealed just how mistaken and vulnerable we are. It brings to mind Psalm 20:7 *Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the LORD our God.* There is so much we cannot control but we know the One who is in control, our heavenly Father, and we know His purposes for us are good. But his ways are inscrutable, mysterious and beyond our imaginings! So we simply have to hand over all our cares and concerns for He cares for you and me. 1 Peter 5:7.

The interesting lesson we have learnt is of our need of community. In our Signs of Hope I have heard over and over again from you how our community has come together in wonderful creative ways, including families joining in a bubble, neighbours helping each other out. One of our parishioners wrote to me, *The blessing for me has been to see the dads playing with their kids. One dad was on the road outside their home firing homemade rockets. The three kids were having a wonderful time (and so was Dad) with peals of laughter. Another younger family – Mum, Dad, three kids and their dog go for walks. This neighbour rings me and tells me his wife is about to go to the supermarket and do we need anything. Another neighbour saw me at the front of the section and called out from the edge of the road. "I was worried about you guys. Have you got enough kai? (food) I hadn't seen you and I was going to leave a note in your letterbox to ask if you needed any Kai." I hadn't had much to do with this Maori lady – just to say a few words when she was parking her car...I feel that Covid-19 has strengthened our neighbourhood and will have ongoing benefits. We have learnt so much about ourselves through this time, hopefully the positive outweighing the negative!*

You may have rediscovered old hobbies, activities and recipes. You may have read more, been on the phone more or found your way around a computer and Zoom. I had calls from people I have had not heard from in a long time who just wanted to say hello. You may have discovered your need for the presence of God in times of silence and solitude. We may have known sadness and loneliness through this time but as God's people we have realised a deeper appreciation for others and our need of community. We are the Church.

God bless you richly.

Donald & Christine Hegan

GO DONALD GO!!

He did the Mount Everest Challenge climbing the Mount 38 times in 50 days to help raise money for TECT Rescue Helicopter, a very deserving local charity. Donald raised with peoples help \$808.00 for the TECT Rescue Helicopter.

Thank you all so much!



The Photo out of The Weekend Sun Hosting a funeral through Zoom (a digital platform). As a result friends and family in The Netherlands and Canada could join in. How amazing is that?!

QUARTERLY COMMUNION

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

Sunday 14th June@ 9.30am

RUTH'S ROSY RAMBLINGS

Hi Everyone!

I'm sure by now you have all had something with my paw-prints all over it! I would like to say a huge thanks to Sally, Janette and Claire for covering for me while I was away. You ladies are amazing!!



As many of you will know I disappeared in March to the Northern Hemisphere to catch some rays... not the sunny kind but the green kind. My mum and I went on an adventure to catch a glimpse of the Aurora Borealis. WOW! it was amazing! First was the anticipation of waiting for a clear night, then hovering by the window seeking the sky to see its initial glimpse.. And then... faintly at first was the pale hue of gray on the horizon, then the tinge of pale green as we were scanning the sky. As it intensified in colour we noticed the movement which was so fluid and so mesmerizing as it arced over the midnight sky. We had no idea that it moved so gracefully but so quickly darting in and out of shape. There was absolutely no denial of who created the beauty that was dancing before us! It was amazing. At the same time, I looked at my phone and saw the purple and pink colours that graced New Zealand's Aurora Australis the same day in Invercargill. The array of colours were beautiful!



We also saw baby reindeer on site, and moose in family sets. It was a world of black and white with the starkness and blanketed land of sparkling pristine whiteness and the quantity of stick showing trees of which Norway excels in growing in the wild.

Then we nipped over to Sweden where my sister and her family have lived for 15 years. It was wonderful to spend time with nephews and my niece, to witness their growing and their lives. We had 2 lovely weeks with them before the world turned to Swiss Cheese... Then it was a complete agitation to return home a month early, finding flights, any flights! Sweden's planes shut down as did Lufthansa and British Airways and we saw the world caving like a deck of cards in the wind. Finally, our AMAZING Taurangaian travel agent at House of Travel, got us on 3 flights home through Frankfurt, Bangkok and Auckland. Phew! We came home to 2 weeks of self-isolation and then normal country lockdown.

Working from home has been a true blessing but I will be very grateful to get back to the office. Keen to see you all!!

Ruth Scott

FOCUSING ON MEMORIES

What a sweet person Hilary was. We all loved her, and she has left a lasting memory. Maungawhare was her life in the latter years. When her husband John Revfiem was killed in a freak accident in the avocado orchard, Hilary took over the enormous task of restoring the beautiful old historic homestead. With great diligence and attention to detail she brought it back to the lovely home and garden that we know today.

In 2004 Hilary, Margaret and Elizabeth (all from the St Columba Church choir) had a wonderful holiday in Italy. On our first day, in Rome we experienced a parade that only the Italians can do. A thousand folk all dressed in white t-shirts with the coeliac logo on them protesting at the unavailability of gluten free bread and pasta. They were preceded by a band of young men dressed in heraldic costumes and throwing flags high in the air. We stayed in convents and religious houses that had been converted into accommodation for travelers as there were fewer nuns in training any more. In Florence, the dining room was memorable as we all sat along the wall while the staff served us at long tables. The cloisters were spectacular, and Hilary sang – the echo sounding like several angel voices, so we were called the Kiwi choristers. (Elizabeth and Margaret quietly enjoyed the accolades.)

The holiday was a special time to develop the friendship between the three of us. After the holiday in Italy the three of us got together for morning coffee as often as we could and Hilary would tell us about the children who had come to visit her, about the little jobs that she had given them to do and how she had rewarded them, and she would talk about taking an old lady, who lived across the road, her paper every day. No wonder all her neighbours loved her. She was always doing something for someone. Hilary was a very special person. She was kind, thoughtful, understanding, very generous with what she had and with her time and she had a very strong faith. Sometimes she allowed organisations to have fund raising days at her place, she would allow them to use her kitchen to make cups of tea etc., and she would have her garden in tip top order for the occasion.

Hilary loved music and of course she was a wonderful pianist. While she was leading our Church choir, she spent a lot of time choosing suitable things for us to sing, and often doing small alterations to make it a bit easier for us. It was not easy for her to train us and play the piano having her back to us while we sang. She also played for the Men's' Gospel Choir and for a while she trained and played for the Lyceum Ladies Choir. She went to choir and or orchestra concerts when there was one on that appealed to her, often taking a neighbour with her. Being a wonderful hostess was another of Hilary's talents. I remember a great meal she put on for the choir when we went into recession, it was beautifully done and enjoyed by us all, but the time I will always remember was an afternoon not long before she went into hospital, she invited a few friends to come and hear a friend of one of her sons play classical guitar. It was a delightful afternoon. Hilary will live on in our hearts as long as anyone who knew her is still around, and we rejoice that she is now at peace with her Lord.

A compilation

TONGARIRO CROSSING

With two weeks of lockdown behind us, I look back with gratitude at the opportunity I had to hike the Tongariro Crossing on March 7th with a group of eight, led by our enthusiastic and energetic Minister Donald. When we set off from Mangatepopo car park at 6am, armed with headlights and warm clothing, it was not without a little apprehension on my part. If fitness allows, I consider the Tongariro Crossing to be a must do, but the thought of hiking over the “raw volcanic terrain of the multi-cratered active volcano” Mount Tongariro, along a “short narrow ridge” to reach the Red Crater at an elevation of 1886m, then scrambling down a “steep scree slope with a sheer drop on either side” was quite daunting to say the least!

However, my fears were unfounded. We were blessed with perfect weather; by the time we reached the Red Crater the sun was shining but not too intensely and there was not a breath of wind.

I could only marvel at the majestic scenery which highlighted the power and strength of God, and our fragility as I observed the distant snaking trails of hikers like tiny marching ants.

The elevated section I feared most and the scramble down the scree turned out to be an exhilarating highlight for me and the pathway was wide enough to feel safe on.

Solidified lava flows abounded like nothing I had seen before, with active fumaroles constantly emitting steam near the crater. The contrast of the red rock of Mount Tongariro and Mount Ngauruhoe and the captivating Emerald and Blue Lakes will be a wonderful challenge for me to paint one day.

After a short lunch admiring the Blue Lake (Donald kept us on the move!) it was an 11km descent down the northern flank of the volcano, tiring on the legs but again memorable.

Young hikers of various nationalities passed me as I slowed with each kilometre towards the end. After seven and a quarter hours the 19.4km hike was completed and we gratefully relaxed on the grass verge of the car park to await our shuttle bus.

Of course Malachi aged 9 still had plenty more energy to climb a few trees and practise a couple of sprints!

Always looking for adventure, Mark and Alex climbed up Mount Ngauruhoe in addition, an extra 3 hour detour! They had breath taking views but admitted the climb itself and the descent was a little hazardous as they had to navigate their own route over the large loose scree.

I look forward to another opportunity to hike in this beautiful country sometime soon.

Ruth Kenyon-Slade



WINGS OF PRAYER

Just close your eyes and open your heart and feel your worries and cares depart.

Just yield yourself to the Father above and let Him hold you secure in His Love.

For life on earth grows more involved , with endless problems that can't be solved

but God only asks us to do our best ,then He will take over and do the rest.

So when you are tired , discouraged and blue there's always one door that is open to you

and that is the door to the house of prayer

and you will find God waiting to meet you there ,and the house of prayer is no further away

than the quiet spot where you kneel and pray.

For the heart is a temple when God is there as we place ourselves in His loving care

and He hears every prayer and He answers each one

when we pray in His name Thy will be done , and the burdens that seemed too heavy to bear

are lifted away on the Wings of Prayer.

David and Rita Owen



SMILING



Smiling is infectious - You catch it like the flu

When someone smiled at me today -
I started smiling too



I walked around the corner - And
someone saw me grin

When he smiled, I realised - I had
passed it on to him



I thought about the smile - And then realised
its worth



A single smile like mine - Could
travel round the earth

So, if you feel a smile begin - Don't leave it
undetected

Start an epidemic - And get the
world infected!



Spike Milligan

SMILING

After over 4 weeks in lockdown, I find myself having
conversations with inanimate objects in my home.

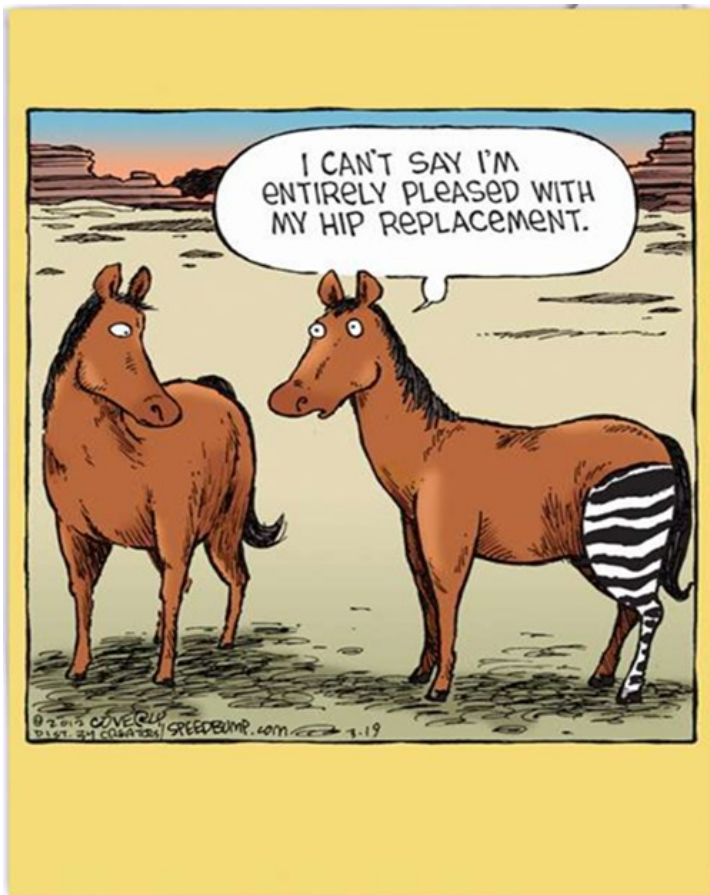
But after the coffee machine told me not to get all steamed
up about things, the toaster told me not to get burnt when
out having my walk and the microwave told me not to
abandon him when the caf  s re-open, I decided not to get
into dialogue with the washing machine as she puts a
different spin on everything. Nor the fridge, as he is acting
very cold these days. In the end, the iron straightened me
out as she said everything will be fine as no situation is too
pressing. The vacuum cleaner was very unsympathetic as he
told me to just suck it up, but the fan was more optimistic
and thinks it will all blow over fairly soon. The toilet looked
a bit flushed when I asked his opinion, whereas the
doorknob told me to get a grip. The front door said I was
unhinged, and the curtains told me to pull myself together.
So, I'm trying to do just that, but what makes it worse is
that my cleaning lady has just told me that she will be
working from home!!

Garden Word Search



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

Apple	Garden	Pear	Spinach
Asparagus	Gate	Peas	Stem
Beans	Greenhouse	Pecans	Strawberry
Beds	Harvest	Pepper	Sunflower
Bucket	Herbs	Potato	Thyme
Cabbage	Jalapeno	Rhubarb	Tomato
Carrot	Ladybug	Roots	Trowel
Compost	Leaf	Rosemary	Vegetable
Corn	Lettuce	Sage	Weeding
Eggplant	Manure	Seeds	Wheelbarrow
Fence	Mulch	Shed	Worms
Flower	Onion	Shovel	
Fruit	Oregano	Soil	



POEMS, PRAISE AND PRAYERS

Prayer is one way we can talk with God but there are other avenues to follow also; by living the “Jesus Way” and all that it implies and by acknowledging His beautiful gifts bestowed on the world for us to use.

A common way is through poems ancient or modern, long or short, in rhyming verse or flowing praise and they can be read, recited or sung which is my favourite way.

I was reared in a churchgoing, singing family and hymn singing was a way of life with hymns for every occasion. One of my earliest memories is when my Granny would play the piano and I would sing to her, I would have been 5 years old. Now that I’m over 90 it is a very special memory. One of my favourite hymns is

Praise my soul the King of heaven

To His feet my tribute bring

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven

Who like you his praise should sing?

If you are feeling tired, depressed or suffering pain, when everything is stressing you say out loud

I am ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven and think about it and share it with a friend.

This can remind you that you are not alone, believe it for Jesus said “I am with you always” so continue with your pilgrimage in life with both courage and hope.

God bless you with peace through the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Elizabeth Monckton



Hebrews 10:25 New International Version (NIV)

²⁵ not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching.

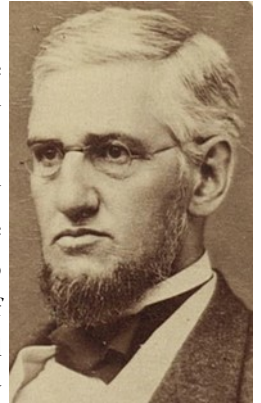
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Life can be so unpredictable—joys and sorrows, beautiful blessings and distressing difficulties can come unexpectedly. Our life’s dreams and plans can change in an instant. We all know this to be true. So how can we find peace amid such turbulence?

Horatio Spafford knew something about life’s unexpected challenges. He was a successful attorney and real estate investor who lost a fortune in the great Chicago fire of 1871. Around the same time, his beloved four-year-old son died of scarlet fever.

Thinking a vacation would do his family some good, he sent his wife and four daughters on a ship to England, planning to join them after he finished some pressing business at home. However, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the ship was involved in a terrible collision and sunk. More than 200 people lost their lives, including all four of Horatio Spafford’s precious daughters. His wife, Anna, survived the tragedy. Upon arriving in England, she sent a telegram to her husband that began: “Saved alone. What shall I do?”

Horatio immediately set sail for England. At one point during his voyage, the captain of the ship, aware of the tragedy that had struck the Spafford family, summoned Horatio to tell him that they were now passing over the spot where the shipwreck had occurred. As Horatio thought about his daughters, words of comfort and hope filled his heart and mind. He wrote them down, and they have since become a well-beloved hymn:



When peace like a river, attendeth my way,

When sorrows like sea billows roll—

Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to know

It is well, it is well with my soul.²

Perhaps we cannot always say that everything is well in all aspects of our lives. There will always be storms to face, and sometimes there will be tragedies. But with faith in a loving God and with trust in His divine help, we can confidently say, “It is well; it is well with my soul.”

Lloyd Newell

2 Samuel 10:12 New International Version (NIV)

¹² Be strong, and let us fight bravely for our people and the cities of our God. The LORD will do what is good in his sight.”

STIRLING MOSS

Stirling Moss, the great racing driver, passed away. I can remember my father talking about him when I was a child and so phoned my brother in Connecticut, USA to see what he remembered. He told me the following story:

In 1961 our family went to stay with our cousins who lived in Manurewa because there was car racing at Ardmore aerodrome featuring Jack Brabham, Dennis Hulme and Bruce McLaren. The night before, our uncle took his car and parked it in the queue and the next day our father travelled with him in his truck that had hay bales in the back. They 'manhandled' the car out of the queue and put the truck into the queue to the disgust of some of the other spectators. All the family then sat on the hay bales to watch the racing!

Also, when our father was in a pub somewhere in New Zealand, one of the customers insisted that Dad was Stirling Moss and wanted to buy him a drink.

Dad tried to tell him that he wasn't, but in the end Dad said, well if you want to buy me a drink, do so, but I'm not Stirling Moss!

Photo attached of a younger Stirling Moss and he looks just like our father!



Story Two:

Same brother organised a Zoom call to friends and family around the world to celebrate his son's 19th birthday. He had a cake and he lit the candles for his son to blow out. My grandson, in Auckland, was fascinated with the cake and candles so my brother asked him if he would like to blow out the candles as well. Grandson duly did this and my brother went out of shot and blew the candles out at his end!! Grandson was delighted!

Sally de Fluiter

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SERVICE IN NEW ZEALAND?

The first Christian services conducted in New Zealand, contrary to commonly held opinion, were carried out by Father Paul-Antoine Leonard de Villefeix. He was the Dominican chaplain on the ship Saint Jean Baptiste, commanded by the French navigator and explorer Jean-Francois-Marie de Surville. Villefeix was the first Christian minister to set foot in New Zealand, and he celebrated Mass near Whatuwhiwhi in Doubtless Bay on Christmas Day in 1769. He is reported to have also led prayers for the sick the previous day and to have conducted Christian burials. The Saint Jean Baptiste had arrived at Hokianga a few

months after Captain Cook 'rediscovered' New Zealand and at one stage they passed within 30 kilometres of each other, both unaware of each other's presence.

Generations of New Zealanders have been taught that Samuel Marsden won the honours for conducting the first Christian service in 1814 at Te Puna, Bay of Islands. Perhaps the Anglicans in colonial times did not want to concede that a Catholic, and a French one at that, beat them to it! Samuel Marsden's service was well documented but the Christmas Mass in 1769 didn't even get a mention in the Captain's log. Sadly, de Surville didn't survive the expedition. He drowned in the surf in Peru, so there are no memoirs for historians to study.

The First Presbyterian Service in NZ 1840

Unlike the Anglican, Methodist and Catholic churches, the Presbyterian Church did not send missionaries to New Zealand. Our church arrived only after colonisation had begun, as a church for settlers. The first minister, John McFarlane, was among a contingent of Scots who disembarked from the Bengal Merchant on 20 February 1840. He held his first service a few days later on the beach at Petone, but then had to wait four years before he had a church building. This was a simple wooden structure on Wellington's Lambton Quay, in which he held services in English, Gaelic and Māori. McFarlane's concerns about the treatment of Māori by settlers found little support and, with his health deteriorating, he returned to Scotland in late 1844.

Today, on the Petone foreshore, there is a monument to mark the Rev. John McFarlane's service and the establishment of the Presbyterian Church in NZ. It was dedicated on the 23rd February 1940, 100 years after McFarlane's service. When you are next down that way, check it out! Take your jacket as there is often a wicked southerly sweeping across the Wellington Harbour.

Ron Buller



The First Scot Kirk, 1844-1866 by Samuel Bress, (Wellington)



THE LORD IS MY CONSTANT

This morning I heard this beautiful translation of Psalm 23. Enjoy

The Lord is my constant companion.

There is no need that He cannot fulfil.

Whether His course for me points to the mountaintops

of glorious ecstasy or to the valleys of human suffering,

He is by my side,

He is ever present with me.

He is close beside me when I
tread the dark streets of
danger,

and even when I flirt with
death itself,

He will not leave me.

When the pain is severe,

He is near to comfort.

When the burden is heavy,

He is there to lean upon.

He touches me with eternal joy.

When I feel empty and alone,

He fills the aching vacuum with His power.

My security is in His promise to be near to me always,

and in the knowledge that He will never let me go.

Psalm 23, as interpreted by Leslie Brandt in Psalms / Now



IF I ONLY KNEW

Many are asking this question and wondering where life is leading with so many in lockdown around the world due to the coronavirus epidemic.

The following are a few thoughts from “Morning Glories” by Jeanette Lockerbie.

This desire to know what lies ahead did not originate with our generation. Moses, in his day, petitioned God to ‘show him.’ Moses’ request was two-fold: knowledge of all that lay ahead of him, and a glimpse of God’s glory. What if God had given Moses a preview of the future; the rebellious Israelites and the wilderness journeys that would try his soul? The sheer weight of the difficulties ahead might have caused him to give up on the spot.

And, had God given Moses a sight of His glory, might not Moses have been so blinded by the splendor that he immediately would have become homesick for heaven - useless for the task God had ordained for him.

Rather than grant His servant Moses’ requests, our all-knowing God gave him the supreme assurance,

“My Presence shall go with you.”

Knowledge of the future, or the presence of God all the way; which would you rather have? Which would I rather have?

Let’s consider what full knowledge of our future would do for us. Would it be likely to make us more wise, more able to contend with whatever came our way?

Or would it keep us awake at night dreading the morning’s light, unfitting us for a new day with its known problems, snares and pain?

In His grace and mercy God has chosen to shield us from a full knowledge of what lies ahead. In its place we have the comfort and assurance that we will not walk alone. His presence will go with us, and He will give us rest – rest from fears, from doubts.

Why wouldn’t we choose what proved sufficient for Moses?

My Presence shall go with you and I will give you rest”

Exodus 33 v 14

Contributed by Josie Maslin

You may remember we moved out of our house in a big hurry because our buyers had an emergency situation. They had a baby due shortly and wanted a home birth in our house as their rental accommodation was not suitable. Pleased to say their new baby girl was born on Monday morning .

The home birth was perfect and mother and baby are doing well. As well as Dad, their 2 little boys were able to hold their wee New born baby sister

God is so good !!

Contributed by Pam Gordon



ERIC DE LAUTOUR



Eric de Lautour

“I’ve run all my life for fun and enjoyment but didn’t have my first serious race until the age of 63. After World War II I went farming in Hawkes Bay and chased sheep, cattle and turkeys around for 40 years or so.” says Eric. His first serious race was the Rotorua marathon and since then he has left his mark in the record books of Masters’ athletics. Now aged 86 he just continues to conquer all, both in N.Z. and on the World scene. He continues to compete in Pacific and World Championships and his achievements are too many to list but here are his winning results from the 2005 World Masters Games held in Spain, participating in the M85 grade. **Gold medals** in the 10,000m (58m 59s), and 800m (3m 39s). In the 2006 Oceania Masters Games in Christchurch, M85. **Gold medals** in 100m, 200m, 400m, 800m, 1500m, and 5000m. All games records. His best Rotorua marathon time is 3h 23m 05s. He would like to see more Ramblers in his age group.

WOW MEETINGS

WOW BREAKFAST

If the government allows...

A WOW breakfast will be held on

Saturday 13th June at 8.30 am.

The guest speaker is Michelle Pleydell "Dress for Success".

An email will be sent confirming this, or otherwise, at the beginning of June. We will ask you to RSVP then.

RSVP: We will let you know.

Wednesday

to the church office 576 6756 ext 1

or email: columba.tauranga@xtra.co.nz

or write your name on the clipboard in the foyer

FRIENDS WELCOME!



HEALTH AND SAFETY

Everyone's health and safety has been the government's priority since the arrival of Covid 19 and I'm sure you all have the rules now. Donald has an easy to follow Pandemic response protocol which we have adapted for St Columba. If you haven't seen it and would like to, just ask.

My thoughts are more of how everyone is coping

1 without family visits

2 paying bills

3 getting food

4 maintaining your property

5 getting medical care including your flu vaccine and there may be other issues.

Please call your pastoral care worker if these things are worrying you. Worry is helped by sharing the concern even if you don't think it can be solved.

Donald and Ruth are both working and available.

The Church is being watched over by people as well as our God.



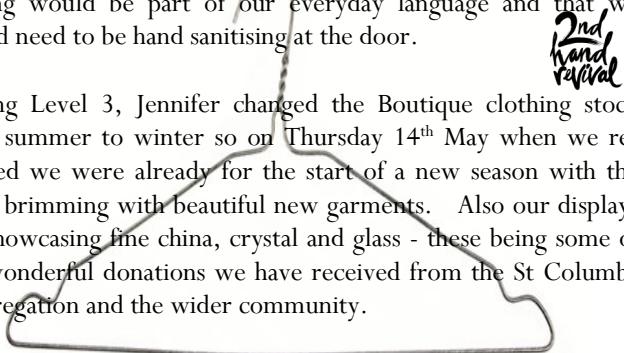
Blessings Mary Findlay (health and safety)

Mary Findlay

BASEMENT BOUTIQUE

The street flags are flying, customers are delighted to return and goods for sale are once again coming into the Boutique. Life is sort of normal again although who would have thought, at the beginning of 2020, phrases like social distancing and contact tracing would be part of our everyday language and that we would need to be hand sanitising at the door.

During Level 3, Jennifer changed the Boutique clothing stock from summer to winter so on Thursday 14th May when we re-opened we were already for the start of a new season with the racks brimming with beautiful new garments. Also our displays are showcasing fine china, crystal and glass - these being some of the wonderful donations we have received from the St Columba congregation and the wider community.



ST COLUMBA CALENDAR SOON!!

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	7.00 pm Indoor Bowls
Tuesdays	9.00 am Staff Meeting
	10.30 am Play Group (excl school hols)
Wednesdays	9.30 am Care & Craft (excl school hols)
Wed/Thurs/Fri	10.00 am Basement Boutique (till 4 pm)
Thursdays	10.00 am Conversation Café (incl school hols)
Fridays	9.00 am Prayer Meeting
	10.00 am Cuppa & Chat in Lounge
Sundays	8.45 am Prayers

MONTHLY MEETINGS

1st Tuesday	1.30 pm Session
3rd Tuesday	10.00 am O Team
	2.00 pm Service at Mitchell Court
	3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua
3rd Thursday	11.00 am Service at Bob Owens Village every third month
2nd Saturday	8 am (summer)/8.30 am (winter) WOW Breakfast
Men's Breakfast Last Saturday in March, May, July, September, November 8.00 am	

PARISH REGISTER

Deaths: "In God's presence is fullness of joy"

15.04.2020 Albert Schuitema

14.04.2020 Eric de Lautour



CHECK OUT OUR WEBPAGE

www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons

www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings

CONTACT DETAILS

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Minister Rev Donald Hegan 570 3281

Session Clerk: Neville Wilson 576 4814

Office Phone: 07 576 6756

Office Hours 9 am-noon Monday-Friday

Email: columba.tauranga@xtra.co.nz;

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OUR MISSION STATEMENT: To know, enjoy and share Christ.