



**VOICE:**

ST COLUMBA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

# THE VOICE OF ST COLUMBA

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## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE (KEITH HOOKER)

There are many remarkable things about the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem and yet for the overwhelming majority of people, living at the time, it went unnoticed.

However, Jesus' birth was not a surprise to everyone – certainly not for those who were attentive to what God had said through the prophets.

Luke tells us of two such people who lived in Jerusalem – Simeon and Anna, who spent their days in and around the Temple.

Both lived in expectation of the Messiah's coming. Both recognised the baby when he was presented at the Temple for circumcision on the eighth day. (Two lovely stories that we can read in Luke chapter 2.)

They first learned of the Messiah's coming through what Prophets, like Isaiah, had announced more than 700 years before Jesus was born - promises which had inspired great hope.

They were some of the most magnificent words ever written:

*"For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders.*

*And he will be called Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.*

*<sup>7</sup> Of the greatness of his government and peace there will be no end."* Isaiah 9:6 - 7

The 'Christ child' would have not one name but many. Isaiah clearly understood that no one name is big enough to define Him.

In chapter 9 Isaiah begins to build up a picture by giving Him additional names that build up and up to a grand crescendo. If you are familiar with Handel's 'Messiah' you will know how he does this magnificently!

What is particularly stunning about this prophecy is the context (we should always understand prophecy in its immediate as well as future context.)

These words came at a very dark time in Israel's history – look at how Isaiah introduces this wonderful news.

*"The people walking in darkness have seen a great light;*

*on those living in the land of deep darkness a light has dawned."* 9:2

What is Isaiah referring to?

Israel was teetering on a precipice of destruction.

In the north the biggest army the world had ever seen, threatened to overwhelm Israel.

The Assyrians were a barbaric and unprincipled people, and they were about to invade Israel and they would in fact sweep away the Northern Kingdom.

But Assyria was only the first of several terrifying empires that would follow. The Babylonians, Persians, the Greeks and finally the mighty Empire of Rome would change things for the Jews for centuries to come.

Through all this time, for those who had the faith to see it, Isaiah's prophecies offered a flicker of hope – a light in the darkness, as it still does for oppressed people today.

I can't think of any more inspiring words written than these.

Imagine the power and hope in these words for people living in darkness.

Someone is coming to deliver them - God's anointed Messiah!

There has never been a more wonderful human being than Jesus.

Dostoyevsky once wrote: *'I believe there is no one lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic and more perfect than Jesus.'*

Tennyson: *'His character is more wonderful than the greatest miracle.'*

**He inspires hope and devotion wherever His name is lifted up. Let's be sure to do that this Christmas.**

## RUTH'S RAMBLINGS

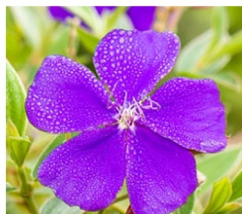
As the clouds softly pass by, sleepy and docile, and the varied green of the trees dance in the breeze, I give thanks that the sparrows can dig for breakfast on the beautifully manicured lawn, while the rumble of the train vibrating, adjusts all of the pictures that adorn the inner walls of the church.

Really, when you look at the jacaranda or the silver birch or the soon radiant tibouchina, you cannot deny that we have an amazing designer. The intricately formed leaves form the basis of the exquisite purple flowers that provide the tapestry of beauty that we and the public admire annually.

What beauty and vibrancy can you see? I wonder how much our non-physical cataracts blur our vision due to our not blinking and taking time for our inner visual acuity to clear, so that we may see what Christ has created.

Either look out the window or look down at the hands you have. Trace the lines, feel the grooves, watch as the tendons extend and contract as you flex your fingers. Observe the scars that show journey and experience. Note the nails that have required meticulous maintenance for phew! ..Since you were born, someone's been snipping and filing.

Next time you are feeling grey and the world has lost vibrancy, close your eyes, speak to the Father and open your eyes ready to see His amazing love for YOU.



## FOR THOSE WHO SPEED ON THE HIGHWAY -

A few hymns for you.

90km - God will take care of you

100km - Guide me O thou great Jehovah

110km - Nearer my God to Thee

115km - Nearer still nearer

120km - This world is not my home

125km - Lord I coming home

130km - Precious memories

## HYMNS FOR HAPPILY AGING

1. Precious Lord, Take My Hand . . . And Help Me Up

2. It Is Well with My Soul . . . But My Knees Hurt

3. Nobody Knows the Trouble I Have Seeing

4. Just a Slower Walk with Thee

5. Count Your Many Birthdays, Name Them One by One

6. Go Tell It on the Mountain . . . But Speak Up

7. Give Me the Old Timers' Religion

8. Blessed Insurance

9. Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah . . . I've Forgotten Where I Parked

## BALLAST FOR MY SOUL

Life is like a stormy sea, that tosses to and fro,

But God's word will ever be, a ballast for my soul;

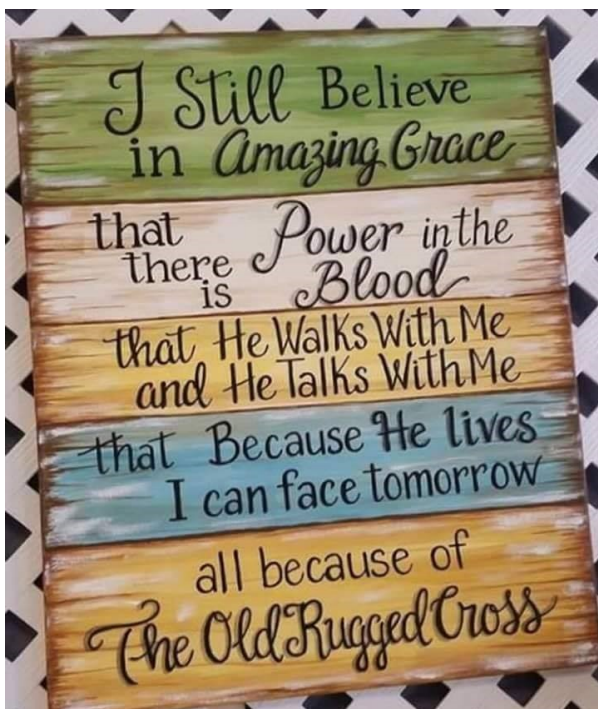
By it's truth I'll be held fast, til I reach heaven's shore,

Where I will be home at last, and sail life's sea no more. **Perry Boardman**

## FUNNIES

1. At my age "getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in for.
2. Don't ever ask me to bend down and touch my toes. If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
3. Of course I talk to myself sometimes, when I need expert advice.
4. I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I cannot remember their names.
5. Now I am wondering did I send this to you, or did you send it to me?
6. You can tiptoe but not tipfinger.
7. When you transport something by car, it's called a shipment. But when you transport something by ship, it's called cargo.
8. English is the only language where you drive in parkways and park in driveways.
9. It's also the only language where you recite in a play and play in a recital.
10. What did the wise men say after they offered up their gifts of gold and frankincense? Wait, there's myrrh.
11. What did Santa say when he stepped into a big puddle? It must have reindeer.
12. What is it called when a snowman has a temper tantrum? A meltdown.
13. What do you call an obnoxious reindeer? Rude-olph

Have a good chuckle.... Laughter is good medicine!



### QUARTERLY COMMUNION

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

***On the 11th December***



## PART 3 OF ALAN SMITH'S EARLY YEARS

Re-capping the ending of " Part Two', Joy and I had decided to make our way back to N.Z.

Joy availed herself of a 50% air-fare deal offered by the N.Z. Govt who wanted young Kiwis to return home and not make a permanent home overseas. Not qualifying personally for this offer and after discussion with Joy, we decided I would try to work my way back to N.Z. To this end, I found a " run-job " from Rotterdam to Shanghai advertised in Lloyds Gazette. A "run-job" is delivering a ship from port A to port B. The Delivery Company was based in Devon and after a telephone interview I was engaged on the understanding that I would be repatriated from China to Auckland, whereas the remainder of the crew would be flown back to Europe. I duly flew from Newcastle to Schipol, Amsterdam and then took a bus trip to Rotterdam, where I joined S.S. "Loussios" on 4th August, 1968.

The Loussios was an old Liberty Ship of 7244 gross tons built in Richmond California as the S.S. "Harriet Monroe" in 1944. She saw service in and around the Pacific.

A "Liberty Ship" was an emergency cargo ship, mass-produced using a common design.

Building commenced 15/12/1943 and launched 11/1/1944, a mere 28 days which included the Christmas/N.Y. period!!!! Oh that we had that productivity today!

After the war she was re-named the "Middle River" and ran under the American Flag. Subsequently she sold to the Italians who renamed her the "Pontello" until she was on-sold to the Greeks who gave her the name of "Loussios."

She had been laid-up in Piraeus, the port for Athens and then in 1968 she sailed for Melilla in Morocco where she loaded iron-ore for discharge in Rotterdam.

When I joined her, notices throughout the ship were in Greek!!!! The officers, eight in all were Brits and the eleven crew were Spanish. This was a bonus as I could torture them with my bad command of their language which on reflection was slightly better than their handling of English!

The radio equipment was the original 1943 Mackay installation. This comprised a medium wave transmitter and a medium/short wave receiver. No short-wave transmitter!!! To go on a long voyage, short wave transmission is imperative, otherwise the radio operator has to go on medium wave and send a QSO - (please relay free of charge - request to all ships in the vicinity.) I monitored Portishead radio the U.K. short-wave station where you would normally send and receive messages from. All communication with Portishead would have to be done by obliging vessels acting on my behalf. I was able to transact business with local coastal stations on our route via medium wave.

After all departments, to wit: Deck, Engine and my radio equipment had been serviced we set sail for Gdynia in Poland where we were to load scrap railway lines; then it would be onto Bremerhaven to complete loading scrap metal for discharge in China.

### A BRAINWAVE IN POLAND. 13 - 22 August 1968.

After an uneventful passage round the top of Denmark and down into the Baltic sea we arrived in Gdynia (pronounced, Gidinia). Once in port, the Radio Officer has no work as he is not involved in loading operations so I decided to go ashore and explore the city. By and large we were all ignorant about the Polish political crisis, also known in Poland as the Students' March, or March events; this was a series of major student, intellectual and other protests against the communist regime of the Polish People's Republic.



Whilst we arrived there in August things were still in foment. As I left the ship, I was greeted at the foot of the gangway by a Polish soldier armed with a rifle and pistol who wanted to see my Seaman's Discharge Book which has about as much detail in it as a passport. He checked my photograph, eyed me up and down and then handed my Discharge Book back and waved me on. All ships had armed guards stationed at the foot of gangways. Now I had to find my way out of the port area and head to town. Easier said than done, as all signs encountered were in Polish. I eventually spotted two workmen coming my way and then they turned and walked off down a side road where there was a gate-house and barrier across the road. The two men approached the gate-house and showed their passes and walked straight through. Following their example I arrived at the check-point with my Discharge Book at the ready and I was gob-smacked to find the gateman fast asleep and it was just after 1p.m!. So I wandered through the checkpoint and on into Gdynia. It was a very drab, boring place with long queues outside shops. At one point a woman left the queue and came over to me and spoke to me in Polish whilst fingering the lapel of my overcoat; obviously she liked the 'cut of my jib!' I uttered the only Polish word I knew, - Angielski - English. She rushed back into the queue calling out Angielski! Angielski! It was after 4 p.m. and I decided to head back to the ship. Re-tracing my steps I arrived at the check-point and produced my Discharge book to the now awake gateman. He thumbed to the back of the book and pointed out that there was no entry to show that I had been recorded as leaving the port. He signaled that I should go to the main gate and sort out the problem. This was quite a trek and something I wasn't in favour of doing as the problem was down to his being asleep on the job.

I noticed a stick on the ground and picked it up. I began to draw a circle in the dirt and then drew the clock face and placed the pointers at 1 p.m. He was watching me intently. I pointed to him and then to 1 p.m. on the makeshift clock, then putting both my hands under my cheek I made several snoring noises. He reddened up, looked both ways, handed me my Discharge Book back and waved me through. Triumphant I made my way back to the Loussios and was about to climb the gangway when a whistle stopped my ascent. The armed guard was over at the other ship swapping yarns with his comrade; he now barreled over to me and asked for my Discharge Book. My heart sank!

As soon as he saw that there was no exit entry he called over his colleague and they talked excitedly about my misdemeanour. It was almost dinner time onboard and so once again I drew the clock face showing 1 p.m. and drew the check-point and with hands under cheek and making snoring sounds, I indicated that I had just strolled through the checkpoint.

They looked at me, then at each other and then both roared with laughter. They handed me my Discharge Book and waved me on board.

The following morning the Shipping Agent with the Commissar came on board and I was summoned before the Captain. I was grounded thereafter with shore leave cancelled. What I learned was that it was a naval dockyard and to all intents and purposes a restricted area. At no time were we told of this and no information given as to port operations, i.e. check out procedures and directions to various gates etc.

The Warsaw Pact countries had ostensibly commenced 'manoeuvres' on the Czechoslovak border and on the 20th August the armies of Russia, Bulgaria, Poland and Hungary invaded and placed the Czech leader, Alexander Dubcek under house-arrest. Two days later we sailed from Gdynia for Bremerhaven, West Germany, a distance of 837 nautical miles which was a four day run for us.

### **BREMEN AND THEIR GLOCKENSPIEL.** 26/8 - 6/9

We picked up our sea pilot at the mouth of river Weser for a 60 nautical mile run down river to Bremerhaven. Loading commenced next day. The cargo was scrap steel ex railway rolling stock which had been cut up using acetylene gas torches. The labour was interesting. They were from the local jail! All wore a thick dungaree material; the tunic and trousers were coloured in white and blue narrow hoops! Obviously an escapee would stand out a mile if he did a runner! We had filled the lower hold in Poland and now this cargo would be stowed in the tween decks. This necessitated trimming the steel i.e. manhandling it and stowing it in the wings of the tween decks to give an even stowage. Hard labour indeed! The steel was loaded aboard by a large powerful electro-magnet arrangement fitted to the end of the crane lifting wire. On deck an armed prison guard patrolled the deck, peering into the holds now and then to see all was well.

On one foray ashore I went to the city of Bremen. In the Bottcherstrasse, I saw the Glockenspiel mit Ozeanbezwinger, (Carillon with Conquerors of the Ocean). The panels belong to a set of porcelain chimes and are hidden in a rotating tower. It opens every hour from 12 to 6 p.m. to show the panels while the chimes are playing (Jan-March only 12pm, 3pm, & 6pm).

Carved by Hoetger in 1934, the ten panels honour pioneers of navigation and aviation who crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

The panels show the discoverers' faces painted in gold, faces of native inhabitants in dark red, and their ships or planes in silver.

Loading had taken 15 days, and now we were setting off for Dakar, Senegal. Here we would take on provisions, bunker fuel and water for the trip round South Africa to Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa. Little did I know what lay ahead!

We were sailing off the Canary Islands when we developed a steering problem. The rudder would not answer the helm. On the after deck we had a reserve steering wheel located above the steering flat and our engineers connected this directly to the rudder mechanism. This was successful but it meant that when a course change was required, a runner was sent from the bridge to the helmsman to give him the new course to steer the ship. Two days later the starboard boiler collapsed. Limping along at very low speed, with one boiler, we made for Dakar in Senegal to have repairs done to the steering and boiler.

**DAKAR, SENEGAL 1/10 - 6/10?** The shore-side engineers had to clean out the collapsed brick lining of the boiler and remove the destroyed asbestos lining which had been between the brick and outer steel casing of the boiler. Once this had been done and the boiler interior thoroughly cleaned, the interior was re-lined and bricked up. A small fire was lit inside to dry out the cement etc. This was all completed and tested, the steering gear had been repaired and we were ready for departure.

### **SIGHTING THE UNSEEN.**

We spent about two weeks in Dakar and on one occasion I went ashore for a look-see. It was a very impoverished city. On one street I saw an unusual sight; seven men were walking in single file, each with their right hand on the left shoulder of the man in front. The lead man had his right hand on the left shoulder of a boy about 10 years old.

The men were all blind! These men had neither hindsight nor foresight but they had found a leader who they had trust and confidence in. "Who have we placed our trust and confidence in?" The psalmist wrote:

*"Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path". Ps.119:105*

*"For this is God, our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even to death". Psalm 48:14*

### **MISCHIEF IN MONROVIA. 17/10 - 3/11**

The weather was fine but things were not; after two days at sea the duty engineer noticed that the starboard boiler was glowing dark cherry red and it duly collapsed again. This time we put into Monrovia, the Liberian capital. On examining the boiler interior it was noticed that no asbestos lining had been installed between the brick lining and the outer steel casing of the boiler. A gross oversight and no supervision! On 25/10 crew troubles broke out. Five Spaniards went to see their Consul. Apparently their families were not receiving monthly payments from their husbands. This was done through the Delivery firm remitting the amounts to a bank in Madrid for on forwarding to individual bank accounts in Spain.



A typical example of a WW2 Liberty Ship

This also happened with Spanish crew members when I served on the Norwegian tanker. The scam is carried out by a bank officer who siphons off the original aggregate payment and invests it for himself and so the families receive their monies one month later. The crew members were demanding one British pound per day extra plus overtime. An impasse ensued. This was resolved when the police took them off to jail and they were eventually repatriated home - at their expense. We had to wait for five replacements from Spain. Their travel costs were deducted from the five who had been sacked. After ten days we were ready to sail but had to move onto the bunker berth to top up our fuel stocks. We had the pilot on board when the customs boarded and approached the captain to say that there was an oil leak floating down to the yacht marina and as we were the only vessel bunkering we were the culprit. This was flatly denied by the chief engineer and his staff who had been monitoring the bunkering operation. The ships; agent, who was also on board, told the captain to pay the fine as they would prevent the ship from sailing and if he refused the captain would duly appear in court and the judge would throw the book at him! The trumped up fine was U.S. \$200.00.

The Captain asked for a receipt and was calmly told, 'We don't issue receipts Captain.' After consultation with the Ship Delivery firm in England, he was told to comply as the inevitable delay to the ship would cost even more! We were glad to get out of Liberia.

### **LOURENCO MARQUES 30/11 - 8/12.**

Our passage south and round the Cape of Good Hope then turning north passing Port Elizabeth and Durban albeit very slowly, went without further drama and we arrived safely in Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa.

Later in 1975 de-colonisation and re-naming took place. They became Maputo and Mozambique respectively.

Unfortunately, we had to look forward to more repairs in the engine room and our ancient radar. Bear in mind that the ship was 24 years old and still carried the original installations.

After an uneventful stay we set out to cross the Indian Ocean on 8/12; destination Singapore.

Our present on Christmas Day was the news that our fresh water situation was becoming dire. We had enough drinking water to last nine days, i.e. reach Singapore but we had no shower water or washing machine water. We had to carry water to our cabins to have a wash. Oh for a good bath!





## **PENANG 4/1-18/1/69**

As a result of several breakdowns we had to put into Penang, Northern Malaysia on 4/1/69. The crossing of 4500 miles took 29 days! The engineers informed us that we would be at least two weeks undergoing repairs. With this information I approached the captain and asked permission to fly to Singapore to stay with a N.Z. family who lived and worked there as Missionaries. He agreed and I left him their address so he could cable me when I had to return. To say I was elated would be an understatement! I duly arrived at the home of Elaine and Campbell McSkimming, to find Campbell down with Dengue fever. It was a wonderful "port of refuge" for me, as I was the only Christian on board the "Loussios."

Joy had stayed with them en-route England/Rome/Singapore/Auckland. I recall standing in for Campbell by taking a bible class at Changi, fronting about 30 very well presented young Chinese men. Time flew by and I was summoned to re-join after 12 days. We remained in Penang another four days before finally getting under way on 18/1.

We cleared the Malacca Straits, rounded Singapore and entered the South China Sea without any drama and duly received a change of orders. We were now to proceed to Whampoa on the Pearl River, Canton (Guangzhou) Province.) This shortened our trip considerably.

The Vietnam war was in full swing as was the Cultural Revolution in China. On reflection, we were delivering a ship load of quality scrap steel for China and the ship was to be scrapped also. What would they turn the steel into, once it had been through the smelter and rolling mill? We had been given to understand that American warships were patrolling the South China Sea and boarding vessels heading for north Vietnamese or Chinese ports. Manifests would be checked and if they deemed that they were carrying war material, the ship would be escorted to a neutral port and detained.

## **CANTON CHOP SUEY.**

We arrived off the entrance to the Pearl River early February 1969.

No berth was available and we anchored as instructed. My cabin was next to the Pilot's cabin. As no pilotage was envisaged for a while I was "thrilled" to have an armed Red Guard take up residence next to me! Every time I left my cabin to go on radio watch I could hear him padding up the alleyway after me. When I sat down in my radio station, he would be standing in the doorway giving me a wonderful smile and flashing his incredible set of white teeth! I returned the favour with a wan smile! Three days later, with Pilot onboard we proceeded up the Pearl river and anchored off Tiger Island. Here we would stay until given notice to leave the vessel. This duly occurred and with very little notice the Captain was told we were to leave the vessel in two hours time. His first order was to tell the Cook to hard boil every egg on board; these, together with recently supplied mandarins, would be issued to every man. This was a fall-back as he had no idea when we would be fed or accommodated. On landing in China the crew were crushed into a small bus and taken to a Seamen's hostel in Whampoa. This was early February and winter-time. The hostel was a multi storey concrete building. The floor was covered in tiles; no carpets at all; a cold bleak building. Together with two of the engineers we went for a stroll around a nearby square just for a look-see. One of the engineers was Harry. He was a dour Yorkshireman from Hull. 'Arry from 'ull in his dialect. Harry saw an item in a shop window that he

fancied as a souvenir. We went in with him and opening his wallet to pay for the bauble, he produced an American \$5 bill and the shopkeeper went ballistic. Anything American was not on the menu in Red China at that time. Large signs from Mao's book of thoughts were posted all over the town and two I remember were very common. *"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun,"* and *"Down with American Imperialism and their Israeli running dogs."* On returning to our "ice-box" we found a little old widow sitting at the foot of the stairs next to a board holding keys to the rooms. We had to write our room number down and she would hand the key over.

Dinner was at 6 p.m. and as we were all ravenous, everyone was on time. It was a banquet with approximately 8 dishes. All paid for by our Delivery Company. They even served up a local brewed beer made from onions!!!

We all made a good attack on the menu but Harry wasn't into Asian food and so settled for a dish of prawns fried in almond oil. He then consumed donations of prawns from crew members interspersed by quantities of onion beer. On retiring I found that the mattress was a timber board frame hiding under a very thin cloth covering. No heating, inadequate bedclothes. I somehow managed to drop off to sleep.

I was rudely awakened by blaring music. It was 4 a.m.! Who was so inconsiderate to play this rubbish at such an early hour? Going out into the passage-way, I noticed the passage window overlooking the square was wide open. The noise was coming from outside. Looking out I could see illuminated loudspeakers hanging in trees around the square, blaring martial music.

That was the end of 'mon repose.'

Breakfast was at 6 am and we stumbled down to partake. It was bacon and eggs. However the meal had been cooked after dinner last night. The offering lay cold on the plates in congealed fat. No staff in sight so we all settled for a cup of tea. Transport was laid on for 7a.m. to take us to the central railway station in Canton, then a train journey to Hong Kong. The bus laid on for us was pitifully small and we crammed in like sardines; those who got a seat had several suitcases piled up on their knees. Our tally revealed one man short. It turned out to be 'arry from 'ull. The third engineer who had the next room to him told us that he had heard Harry making awful noises during the night. The onion beer and the almond oil fried prawns had wrought their revenge! Harry was duly produced looking dreadful and we took off for Canton Railway Station. Standing outside the station in bitterly cold temperatures prior to entering, we heard a dreadful cacophony of noise. This turned out to be a workers' band and they swung around the corner and came toward to us. There was a large number of followers in their field grey work clothes and as soon as they saw foreigners, they pulled out their little red book of 'Mao's Thoughts' and held

them aloft. Harry was standing in front beside a flower bed and right on cue whilst they were staring us down, he took one step forward and emptied his stomach over the flower bed! Two engineers grabbed Harry and manhandled him inside the station and frog-marched him into a toilet. Fortunately there were no repercussions and we waited for our train to sanity!

We thought we could settle down and have a nap en-route but this was shattered when we heard another brass band getting louder and louder. The door at the end of the carriage opened and in marched the discordant band. Harry was very upset at the din and some were trying to calm him down. In our carriage was a touring party of German Maoists. Their spokesman stood up and proudly announced; "Das ist das Propagandateam der Roten Armee" (This is the Red Army propaganda team.) That did it for Harry who stood up and delivered a withering tirade at the German party. The Chinese looked on totally bewildered. Fortunately, the Germans looked utterly bewildered too.

We stopped at a station and were ordered out of the train with our suitcases. We were marched to the customs post and had to empty out all our belongings. They painstakingly checked everything against our customs declaration. Then we were each handed Mao's Book of Thoughts and given a page number. I told the senior officer that the crew needed Spanish copies. We were to read them out loud as a group of Customs men shouted a few chosen thoughts to us. The officer went away then duly came back and handed the crew their copy. I noticed the crew having difficulty and discovered the books were in French! When I pointed this out the answer was, "It is the nearest we have to Spanish!!!!" This event was repeated at several stations down the line. We still had not received our passports which had been sent to Beijing for transit visa entries to Hong Kong.

We duly arrived at Lo Wu Station, where we disembarked. Hong Kong lay across a single-line railway bridge. We could see machine gun nests on either side of the bridge, both pointing at each other. The Gurkhas manned the British one. The Captain told me to take the crew into the railway café, once on the other side, and let the men order what they wanted. I was to sign on his behalf. He said that he would not be with us as he would be taken away by MI6 and de-briefed! The Senior Customs officer ordered us to walk one at a time over the bridge. Halfway across the bridge was a lay-by for people to get off the line if a train was coming. As I neared this point two Red Guards stepped out, stopped me and thumbed through a pile of passports eventually handing me my passport and waved me on into H.K. Once we were all assembled in the café, having missed out on breakfast, we ordered large lunches!

Such was the relief and shedding of tension after nine days in China that several crew members didn't finish their lunch, - they had simply fallen asleep!

My seaman's discharge book entries read:

Date of engagement: 4/8/68 Rotterdam.

Date of discharge: 8/2/69 @ Whampoa, Canton Province, China. A period of 6 months 6 days.

On completion of voyage, the Deck Log Book entry for our average speed was 6.49 knots per hour!!!! What would surely qualify as a "slow boat to China!"

Our ship's agent had laid on transport to take the crew to their hotel prior to flying back to Europe. I was handed an open - dated air ticket to Auckland.

Working in H.K. were Jack McCoull and Douglas Walton. We had travelled daily by train together from Newcastle to South Shields to attend Marine College. They both worked for MI6 stationed on Victoria Island. Jack and his wife Maureen put me up for three days before I flew to Auckland and for a big re-union with Joy, as she finally met me at the airport.

End of the early  
years of Alan Smith.

## garden flowers and plants

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

hibiscus	forsythia	hebe	gardenia	camellia
lavender	magnolia	hydrangea	jasmine	lemon verbena
hyacinth	hellebore	freesia	anemone	agapanthus
lily of the valley	narcissus	muscaria	ranunculus	sweat pea
viburnum	zinnia	buddleja	chrysanthemum	azalia
daffodil	primrose	dahlia	tulip	



## THE HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS DINNER IN NEW ZEALAND

A sign outside the Cherrywood Butchery warns customers to avoid disappointment and order early; apparently supplies will be limited this year. As we start to focus on festive eatables at this time of year, it's timely to feast on the history of our antipodean Yuletide.

**The First Christmas dinner.** Abel Tasman and the crews of the Heemskerck and Zeehaen were the first to celebrate Christmas in New Zealand, enjoying a meal of freshly-killed pork and copious quantities of wine while weathering a storm off the coasts of the Stephens and D'Urville islands in 1642. **The next New Zealand Christmas** came more than a century later, when the crew of the Endeavour, anchored off North Cape, improvised a festive feast. Botanist Joseph Banks recorded the meal in his journal, writing: '25. Christmas day: Our goose pye was eat with great approbation and in the Evening all hands were as Drunk as our forefathers used to be upon the like occasion.'

Goose pie was a favourite Christmas dish in Yorkshire, Captain Cook's home county. This version wasn't quite like those Cook would have remembered from his boyhood, however, for in the absence of geese a gannet was used instead.

For homesick British settlers who came to New Zealand in the nineteenth century, Christmas was a time to celebrate tradition and replicate the customs of the 'Mother Country.' Some denominations, such as Scots Presbyterians, did not customarily observe Christmas, but by the end of the nineteenth century most settlers had opted to take the day as a holiday and mark it with some sort of special meal.

If the Yuletide feast had its origins in the Middle Ages, it was during the Victorian period, however, that the dishes we are most familiar with in New Zealand became commonplace. Mince pies transformed into a meatless mix of fruits and spices, roast beef and goose were replaced by roast turkey, or a leg of lamb, and the Christmas pudding was increasingly seen to be 'the triumph of the housewife's art.' Settlers brought these traditions with them and, as far as possible, they maintained them in their new home.

*(Sourced mainly from a Museum of NZ Te Papa blog by Katie Cooper) - Ron Buller*



Yummmmmmmmm!

Delicious!!



Scrumptious!

## TALKING WITH GOD.

Twenty years ago I had back surgery to my lower spine in which two Titanium cages were inserted. One of the cages later had to be removed as it had trapped a nerve, causing permanent damage which has affected my right leg to this day, and a third operation was performed to replace the removed cage with Titanium screws. These three lots of surgery were performed over a five month period. Because of the nerve damage I was put on medication to try and relieve the pain, and during this time, Glynnis and I went on holiday to Opononi on the Hokianga harbour on the west coast of the upper North Island. While we were up there, I had a reaction to the medication, which caused me to have heart failure. I was taken by ambulance to the 20 bed Rawene Hospital in the early hours of the morning from our motel, before being transferred to Whangarei Hospital, where I was in ICU for eight days. Glynnis had to go back to the motel and pack up the car before driving herself to Whangarei not knowing if I would still be alive when she arrived several hours later.

At Whangarei, during a very severe bout of pain, my room was suddenly lit up with a very bright light and the most peaceful feeling came over me. I knew that something special was happening to me. In my head, I heard this amazing voice speaking my name. Immediately, I knew this was God giving me assurance that I was in good hands. Glynnis and I were about to celebrate our fortieth wedding anniversary, and I said to God that I did not want to die and leave her. He assured me that this would not happen and that we would celebrate many more anniversaries together. (We have recently had our sixtieth). God also told me that the doctors would, through Him, make me well again and that I was not to worry. Suddenly, the bright light disappeared. I was with a nurse holding my hand and she was telling me that everything would be alright. She said to me, "You have had a visitor, haven't you?" Somehow she knew that I had had an amazing experience.

This experience is something that I will never forget. It remains absolutely vivid, and it really strengthened my faith, leaving me in no doubt that God is real.

**Neville Wilson.**



## A PRESBYTERIAN CHALLENGE

### WORD

DORMITORY  
ASTRONOMER  
THE MORSE CODE  
A DECIMAL POINT  
ELEVEN PLUS TWO  
THE EYES  
SNOOZE ALARMS  
GEORGE BUSH

*And now for the challenge*

*There are 3 words*

PRESBYTERIAN

### REARRANGE THE LETTERS

DIRTY ROOM  
MOON STARER  
HERE COMES THE DOTS  
I'M A DOT IN PLACE  
TWELVE PLUS ONE  
THEY SEE  
ALAS NO MORE Z'S  
HE BUGS GORE

*Fill the missing letters*

*Answer on final page.24*

B \_ \_ T   I \_   P \_ \_ \_ ER





**Lambs to the left of me. Mutton to the right. Here I am. Stuck in the middle with ewe.** 🐑🐑😊



## HEALTH AND SAFETY

My role as Health and Safety person for St Columba is one everyone shares in, to some extent. Everyone is responsible to report anything that concerns you in regards to the health or safety of our Church community. There are forms in the Health and Safety (H & S) folder in the office and an incident form in the First Aid box. The first aid box is on the window sill in the kitchen. You can also report any concerns to Ruth in the office, myself or a member of the O team.

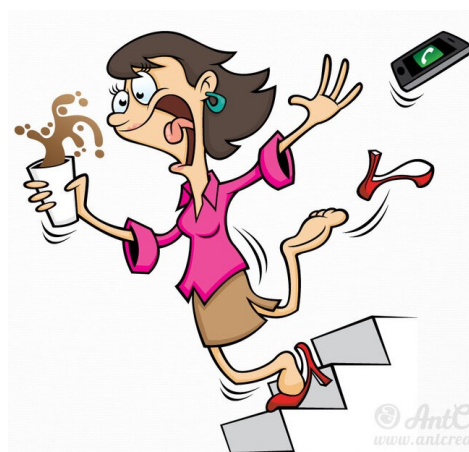
We are required to have an "emergency evacuation" of the church. The main aim is be to ensure you are aware of an alternative exit door from Church and to ensure we can leave the building quickly but safely. There will be no alarms being set off for the drill. But please react if you ever hear one.

If the emergency were to be an earthquake we would be asking everyone to stay in the Church until instructed to leave and by which exit. In an earthquake staying as low as possible in the pews, maybe on the floor, would be one's best protection.

The Minister and security person for the day would be advising the people on the day of the necessary action.

Keep safe over the summer and may God's blessing be with you all.

**Mary Findlay**



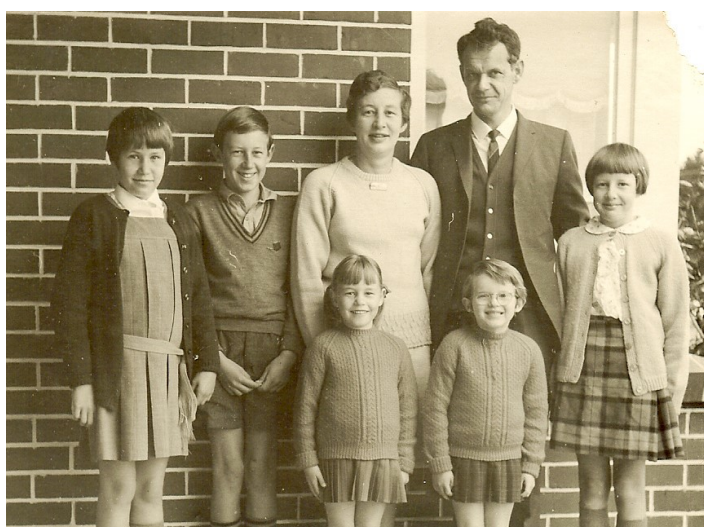


## **OUR CHURCH'S HISTORY** continued from 'Voice of St Col. August, 2022

And so on New Years day, 1960, St Columba Presbyterian Church, Otumoetai, became a parish in its own right. The first services of worship were held in the Hall on Ngatai Road. The early months of 1960 were full of activity as we watched the Manse being built on Ngatai Road. In July 1959, the Ministry Committee advised that it had appointed Rev. Bryan Wilson of Eketahuna, and Presbytery agreed he be inducted in November. To provide hospitality for the anticipated large gathering at the Induction Service, a marquee was hired and erected on the lawn beside the hall in Ngatai Road. Rev Ray Milligan of Whakatane was Moderator and conducted the service.



**The Ngatai Road Manse under Construction.**



**Moreen and Bryan Wilson with Robyn, Peter, Jenny**

The hall was packed to overflowing and people out on the lawn listened through the windows. After the service the new Minister, Mr Wilson, and his wife Moreen and their then 3 children, Peter, Robyn and Jenny were welcomed. Tributes were paid to Rev. Jack Nairn for his leadership over the years and when the new St Peter's Church was built in 1964, a vestibule table was presented by St Columba as a mark of appreciation for the help given by the Ministers and Officers of St Peter's in the years that Otumoetai had been an outstation of that congregation.

A feature of the new ministry was Bryan Wilson's active pastoral work, not only to his own congregation, but to anyone in the community who was in difficulties. At considerable sacrifice of his own time and family life, he sought to serve the disadvantaged, building up a tradition of community service and care that was later recognised by a number of gifts and bequests to the church - a fitting recognition of his ministry. Rev. Bryan Wilson concluded his ministry at St Columba in 1968.



**The Manse, and Wilson children  
in the Minister's car**



**Sunday school, Bible Class & Youth Work:** An active work among teenagers was commenced and led by Alice King, Maurice Stout and Bob Bell. Fred and Ethel Irvine overcame tremendous difficulties to lead a thriving Sunday school. At that stage we had possibly the largest Sunday School and certainly the largest Bible Class in the Bay of Plenty Presbytery.



A black and white photograph showing a large group of children and a few adults posing in front of a school building. The children are arranged in several rows, some standing and some kneeling or sitting in the front. They are dressed in mid-20th-century clothing. The school building in the background has a gabled roof and a chimney. The scene is outdoors on a grassy area.

A black and white photograph capturing a lively scene of young girls in a garden. In the foreground and middle ground, a large group of girls, many wearing white dresses, are dancing in a circle, holding hands. An adult woman in a patterned dress stands in the center of the circle, possibly leading the dance. To the right, another woman in a dark dress stands observing. In the bottom right corner, a young boy in a light-colored shirt is looking towards the camera. The background features a building with windows and a large bush of flowers. The overall atmosphere is festive and joyful.

**Busy Bees:** A Junior Mission group was formed in the early days. Their activities included handwork, games, stories and mission teaching.

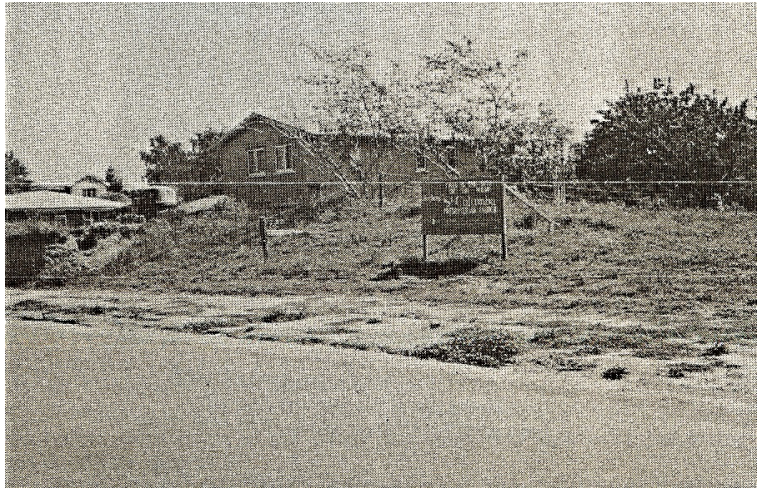




**Toward The New Church:** The rising tide of new members and Sunday School was relentless. Because of shortage of room, the Sunday school had to be excluded from Church Services. Extra rooms were built behind the Hall but it became obvious to the officers that if growth was to continue, provision would have to be made for a much larger congregation.

The possibility of building a new church next to the Hall on the apex of the section was investigated but found to be impossible.

We tried again unsuccessfully to purchase land behind the Hall. John McGarrigle, Norby King and Maurice Stout spent a lot of time on the project and a book could be written about it.



**The New Church site**

**Land Purchased:** We had almost resigned ourselves to building on a section next to the



Manse (adjacent to the present Bridge Club), when a property on Otumoetai Road became available. Three smaller sections were purchased at the same time and on this block the present Church and Hall were to be built. It was very much an Act of Faith by the congregation as apart from shortage of finance, it meant separation from the Hall and corner section which had been the centre of our planning.

**New Church Planning:** Only in latter years have we realised how unsatisfactory a church on that noisy intersection would have been and how much better off we are on our present spacious site. God was guiding us! However, the possibilities and advantages of the new site were seen and the architect, Mr R.D. Acheson, was asked to prepare sketch plans for a Church building up to the value of 12,000 pounds. By the time the plans were accepted the value was up to 15,000 pounds, and when tenders were called, it was known the figure would be in excess of 20,000 pounds. On top of this, provision had to be made for a new hall and for furnishings for the new Church.

**Hugh Whitehead. To be continued.....**

## HE'S MY BROTHER

Sometime in the late 40's, before either man was famous, Frank Sinatra appeared in a theatre in New York. After his show he went to Harlem to see the Will Maston Trio led by a young Sammy Davis Jr. Frank was blown away by Sammy's talent and after the show he asked Sammy to come see his show.

A week goes by. No Sammy. Sinatra went back to Harlem to see the Will Maston Trio again and ask Sammy why he didn't show. Sammy said he was there but they wouldn't let him in. Frank stormed back to the theatre, tore up his contract in front of them, and never performed there again.

That would be a common theme during the course of their friendship and careers. When Sammy wasn't allowed to play at the Copacabana, Frank wouldn't play there either.

When Sammy was refused a Las Vegas hotel room, Frank said, "Give him my room!" After Sammy's car accident where he lost his eye, it was Sinatra who paid all his medical bills. After 5 decades and 40 years of performing together, a reporter once asked Frank why he was always so charitable to Sammy. Frank responded in three words, "He's my brother."

## DECEMBER 25<sup>TH</sup> 1914

The Christmas Truce occurred on the Western Front on 25-26 December 1914.

The Germans placed candles on their trenches and on Christmas trees, then continued the celebration by singing Christmas carols.

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht".

The British responded by singing: "Silent night, Holy night".

The two sides continued by shouting Christmas greetings to each other. Soon thereafter, there were excursions across No Man's Land, where small gifts were exchanged, such as food, tobacco and alcohol, and souvenirs such as buttons and hats. The artillery in the region fell silent. The truce also allowed a breathing spell where recently killed soldiers could be brought back behind their lines by burial parties. Joint services were held. In many sectors, the truce lasted through Christmas night, continuing until New Year's Day in others.

Troops on both sides played football during the **1914 Christmas Truce**. Many contemporary letters and diaries describing the truce mention opposing troops kicking around a football.

[Mic 4:3 And](#) *He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;*

*Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.*

**Alan Smith**







## OPERATION CHRISTMAS CHILD

46 Operation Christmas Boxes from St Columba will join thousands of others that New Zealand collect and send to the Fijian Islands this year.

### STORY

*The unfamiliar item was a source of curiosity and conversation in Edouard's West African community.*

My parents worked hard to provide for our family in Senegal. We made do. We ate one meal a day, used candles and lanterns for light, and slept on the bare floor.

Family members had to search on a daily basis for pieces of tarp, spare wood, or metal to cover their home. No permanent roof meant that our belongings were vulnerable, so we did our best to safeguard what we had. No item was wasted. We used pages of newspaper as wallpaper.

Our family knew the Lord, finding joy and peace in their circumstances nonetheless.

We were a happy family without things. We didn't have things like a refrigerator or a mattress. It wasn't easy, but we were happy, because we were a family and were all together.

**"God, You are good, and I'm giving You the day."**

I remember my dad, who was a pastor, would start each day by praying, "God, You are good, and I'm giving You the day." My father would remind us that God is seeing the big picture and encouraged us to find joy and hope in the Word of God—to love God and others around us.

## Surprising Gift

I placed my trust in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, at age 12 at a Christian camp. Two years later, during a Wednesday night Bible study at church, I received an Operation Christmas Child shoebox gift.

I was ecstatic to receive a pack of two toothbrushes, one of which I gave to my sister. They were our first toothbrushes. Before that, we would rub charcoal and salt on our teeth to clean them.

Among the other gifts I received were additional personal care items, as well as coloured pencils, a colouring book, and a green yo-yo. I had never seen such a thing before and didn't know what it was.

My best guess was that it was a modern-day sling shot similar to what David had used to slay Goliath (1 Samuel 17). For the first couple of weeks, my friends and I swung the yo-yo in circles above our heads, until an Operation Christmas Child team member visited our church and showed us how to use the yo-yo.

The yo-yo circulated around the community as curious friends and neighbours tried their hand at it. Since receiving a gift was so rare, that in itself was a point of conversation.



“Did you know that I received a gift?” I would tell my friends as I showed them my shoebox. Intrigued, they would ask, “What’s in there? Who sent it?”

People would want to see it and touch it, because it came from an unknown place. I was amazed that someone would send me such a gift.

I thought, “Who would care about a kid far away in a dusty country who didn’t have food, who sleeps on the floor, who didn’t go to school, who didn’t have a toothbrush?”

I saw Someone cares—God. He cares so much. God hears our cry and He loves us. I have a God who loves me so much.

It’s about God’s love and that changes lives. The person who packed my shoebox with love—that person changed my life. God changed my life.

### **Full-Circle Moment - Extra story that was shared**

My shoebox gift inspired me to get more involved in church, serving God and others.

A few years later, I came to the U.S. to train as a track and field athlete. One Wednesday evening, my youth director called to ask if I could come to the church along with some other youth to help move boxes. When I saw the red and green shoeboxes, I started to cry. They were like the one I had received when I was 14.

**“I received one of those!” I exclaimed. “I received a shoebox!”**

I encouraged the other young people there to take their time as they moved the boxes so that we could pray over each container.

Today, my life has come full circle in more ways than one. I now work with athletes as a personal trainer, speak to groups about packing shoebox gifts like the one I received as a child, and have become a pastor like my father, encouraging people to put God first in their lives and to share His love with others.

The most important thing to pack in your shoebox is your heart, because a kid needs that. In some corner of the world, there’s a girl or boy waiting for you [to pack a shoebox](#) for them, to show God’s love to them.



### **POEM.**

### **RABIA**

#### **No one Knows his Name**

No one knows his name-----

a man who lives on the streets  
and walks around in  
rags.

Once I saw that man in a dream.

He and God were constructing  
an extraordinary  
temple.

#### **Anyone who Suffered**

I would not  
leave this earth until God

Promised me

that my hands could always touch the face  
of anyone who suffered.

***Romy Morgenrood***

## 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](http://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.



## FUNNIES

1. I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds, people get out of the way much faster now....
2. The biggest lie I tell myself is... I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it!
3. Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators - we haven't met yet.

## COOK UP A STORM

### Christmas Logs - Makes 2



- 125g butter
  - 1/2 tin condensed milk
  - 1pkt malt biscuits crushed
  - 1sm pkt walnuts
  - 3/4 coconut
  - 1 level Tbsp cocoa
  - 1/2 pkt almond paste
  - 1 cup mixed dried fruit
  - 6-8 pieces of chopped crystalized ginger
  - 1 Tbsp sherry
  - 1/2 tsp vanilla
  - Pinch of salt
  - 2 cherries (one for each end)
  - Extra coconut
- Melt butter and condensed milk and add to the dry ingredients.
- Mix well.
- Divide mixture into 2 and roll each into a log.
- Make an indentation along the length of each log and place a roll of almond paste in the centre and cover it and roll.
- When it looks like a log, roll it in coconut, press a thumb dent at each end of the top and place in a cherry.
- Put a sprig of holly or a cherry in the middle of the top.
- Set it in the fridge.
- Cover with red cellophane or glad wrap and tie the ends like a cracker.
- Keep it in the fridge and slice thinly and serve with a cuppa.
- Makes a really nice gift too!
- Enjoy!

**Sharyn Sinclair**

## THE PRAYING HANDS

Is depicted in Gilbert Stout's pew end carving. The original is a pen-and-ink drawing on paper created by the German printmaker, painter and theorist, Albrecht Durer in 1508. Albrecht and his brother Albert, both from an impoverished family of 18 children, tossed a coin on a Sunday morning after church to see who would work in the mines to finance the other for 4 years

study at the Nuremberg Art Academy. Albrecht won the toss and went off to the academy



and was an immediate sensation as his work was far better than most of his professors. When he graduated he was earning considerable fees for his commissioned works. After 4 years the Durer family held a festive dinner on the lawn to celebrate Albrecht's triumphant homecoming. He rose from the table to drink a toast to his beloved brother for the years of sacrifice that enabled him to fulfil his ambition. His closing words were, "And now Albert, blessed brother of mine, now it is your turn. Now you can go to Nuremberg to pursue your dream, and I will take care of you." Finally Albert

rose, wiping tears from his face, then holding his hands close to his right cheek said softly, "No brother. Look what 4 years in the mines have done to my hands! Every finger has been broken and arthritis is so bad in my right hand, I cannot even hold a glass to return your toast, much less make delicate strokes with a pen or brush."

To pay homage to Albert for all that he had sacrificed, Albrecht Durer painstakingly drew his brother's abused hands with palms together and thin fingers stretched skyward. The entire world opened their hearts to his great masterpiece and called his tribute of love, "The Praying Hands." Next time you pass that carving, take a second look. Let it be your reminder, that no one, - no one ever makes it alone.



***Hugh Whitehead***



## INTERIM MINISTER

**Rev Keith Hooker**

## OUR ELDERS

**Neville Wilson**

**Keith Bradbury**

**Pam Brown**

**Ken Camp**

**Elizabeth Hockly**

**Janet Freeman**

**Avis Currie**

**Romy Morgenrood**

We give thanks to these wonderful people who pray for us, and for St Columba, and direct us with Christ's help. They head up our pastoral care, with kindness and compassion.

Please pray for them as they listen to the Lord's voice, for guidance to lead us through 2022.

## OUR O-TEAM

**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.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHALLENGE ANSWER pg 14

**BEST IN PRAYER**

## ST COLUMBA CALENDAR

**SERVICE OF WORSHIP** Sundays at 9.30 am

**MONTHLY MIDWEEK COMMUNION SERVICE**

First Wednesday of month @ 10 am in the Chapel

**EACH WEEK—REGULAR MEETINGS**

Mondays

Tuesdays 9.00 am Staff Meeting

Wednesdays

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

Thursdays 9.45 am Bible Study in Creche

Fridays 9.00 am Prayer Meeting

10.00 am Cuppa & Chat in Lounge

Saturday 10.00 am-1pm Basement Boutique

Sundays 8.45 am Prayers

### MONTHLY MEETINGS

1st Tuesday 1.30 pm Session

3rd Wednesday 10.00 am O-Team

3rd Thursday 3.00 pm Service at Radius Matua

Men's Breakfast in recess

2nd Saturday WOW Breakfasts

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## PARISH REGISTER SEPT OCT NOV

**Deaths: "in loving memory"**

**GORDON BROWN  
SYLVIA BRADLEY  
MAVIS MEYER  
KEN FISHER**



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## CHECK OUT OUR WEBPAGE

[www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons](http://www.stcolumba.co.nz/sermons)

[www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings](http://www.stcolumba.co.nz/musings)



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## CONTACT DETAILS

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Cherrywood, Tauranga 3110;

PO Box 8009 Tauranga 3145

Reverend: Interim Rev Keith Hooker

Session Clerk: Neville Wilson 576 4814

Office Phone: 07 576 6756

Office Hours 9 am-noon Monday-Friday

Email: [office@stcolumba.co.nz](mailto:office@stcolumba.co.nz)

Website: [www.stcolumba.co.nz](http://www.stcolumba.co.nz)

## OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

To know, enjoy and share Christ.