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In this Edition

*Bishop's Warden's
Message from David
James — Page 2*

*Ministry at TeHopai
Rest home and
Hospital (Newtown) -
A story of Two Halves"
Mark Williams
—Page 3*

*Bishop's Medals for
Michael and Pippa —
Page 4*

*Lockdown Reflections
in Art and Stories from
Pippa Christmas and
Judith Doyle—Page 5.*

*Remember Dates for
your Calendar—Page 6*

WELCOME HOME!

Greetings St Barnabas Family



“Welcome Home” is a song written by Dave Dobbyn, and I think of that song as many Kiwis return from overseas as the global pandemic continues. “Welcome Home” to all of you as we return to our spiritual home at St Barnabas. It is so wonderful to be back in St Barnabas for worship.

I wonder if we can invite our friends to join us in worship at St Barnabas (one of our parish goals is growth). At this present time, our friends and acquaintances may be searching for meaning, and for us that meaning is our faith and our worshiping life here.

Why would we welcome others and be welcomed by them? Because we think the love of God is worth sharing, and that Jesus is a person others would like to know.

Why would we not do that? Because we would rather retain our pride than be rejected.

I heard a story of a man who wanted to practice being rejected so he would get used to it. His wife had left him. He had



The Reverend Cath Growcott

spent 9 months feeling terrible, and decided he would challenge himself to get rejected once per day. He would ask things that he was sure would receive a ‘no’ answer. He started in the parking lot of his local grocery store, went up to a total stranger and asked for a ride across town. The stranger looked at him, and just said, ‘I’m not going that way, buddy.’ And he said ‘Thank you!’ That was his first day of rejection. He made a list of things and continued. The ideas were things like ‘challenge a stranger to a game of paper, scissors, rock,’ ‘convince a stranger that you know them,’ ‘ask to make an announcement over the supermarket intercom’, ‘ask to sit in the driver’s seat of a police car’, or ‘ask to sleep the night at a bed showroom’. After being told no for some of those things, being rejected stopped mattering so much.

I wonder how often we invite people to things and they say no? Does it really matter if they say no? Not really, there are other people to ask and other things

to do. If other people invite us - what if we say no - does it really matter? No, not really, but saying yes could be where God is leading, and it could be fun.

We can welcome others and be welcomed by them. On June 28th I wrote about being welcomed by others, and about people of peace - people who welcome you, are open to you, interested and want to be around you. There is an interesting challenge to receiving the welcome of others - we go to their turf, we do the things they want to do. This takes away our ability to be in control. If we are the one who invites,

who welcomes, then we are in our own space, we provide space for the other. When we are welcomed by others, we go into their space and that might be uncomfortable. We get used to our regular spaces and places - new places and people may be unsettling. By accepting the welcome that others offer, we let go of our control, and we trust the other person, and we trust God in a new situation.

Let's challenge ourselves for July - welcome others and allow others to welcome us. Let's watch out for people of peace and get to know them. Let's invite people to church

- they might say no - does it matter? Not at all. I often get surprised when I ask people to church and they come - and I often get surprised when people want to talk about faith and God. It is a good surprise, and it makes me want to continue inviting people. "See I made a space for you now, welcome home, from the bottom of our hearts" (Dave Dobbyn).

Love and blessings
Rev Cath



BISHOP'S WARDEN'S MESSAGE



As most of you will be aware, I finally took over the role of Bishop's Warden from our dear Michael, Sunday 21 June. On this auspicious occasion we were absolutely delighted to witness both Michael and Pippa receive Bishop's Medals for their immeasurable service to Saint Barnabas; long may this continue for as long as they are both willing and able. I was especially moved to learn by how much they have both contributed to our parish; for me, Michael will be an extraordinary act to follow.

Indeed Michael has very kindly offered to run courses in July or August for those of us interested and willing to take up practical roles in the Sanctuary, from crucifer and thurifer to Liturgical Assistant. So far we have a list of five such volunteers to bolster

the existing stalwart team, including myself. The courses will be open to anyone who simply wishes to learn more about how and why we do what we do each Sunday Mass, the choreography of which so richly and beautifully enhances our liturgy. More details will be forthcoming. Anyone yet to register an interest, please do let me know.

Meanwhile, anyone keen to lend a hand off-stage, as it were, will be equally welcome as, without such loyal assistants, and they know who they are, we wouldn't get off the starting blocks. Tasks range from taking care of the candles to washing the Altar linens, not to mention keeping the chalices and such in order: I don't know the half of it but I am learning.

I am delighted to advise that Vestry is about to go ahead with laying new carpet tiles in our hall, along with new curtains and a most welcome heat pump. I must have gone soft since moving hemispheres: winter is a breeze (pardon the pun) here in Wellington compared to the wilds of Scotland.

I cannot sign off without expressing my deepest gratitude to our Director of Music Mark, and indeed to each and every member of the augmented

choir, for pulling out all of his stops on the occasion of this year's Patronal Feast of Saint Barnabas. Thank the Lord for our new roof: the old one would have been lifted clean off. We can't wait for the next excuse for such uplifting praise. And to those who provided such a wonderful spread for lunch, helped to serve and tidy up afterwards: just as huge thanks are due.

Do keep warm, keep your hands clean, and keep praying for our beautiful community of Saint Barnabas.

All my love,
David.



MINISTRY AT TEHOPAI REST HOME AND HOSPITAL (NEWTOWN) A STORY OF TWO HALVES

Mark Williams

Ministry at Te Hopai aged care facility and hospital is no different to faith communities anywhere else in Wellington. It is not about the place of worship but the people who are the church. He tāngata, he tāngata, he tāngata. What is the most important thing in the world? It is people, it is people, it is people.

Many in the faith community have led long lives close to God in a wide variety of faith communities including Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Pentecostal and Anglican traditions. Supporting some of the residents, in what is often the final leg of their faith journey, are their whānau who are also often engaged and in vested members of the faith community, for a season, meeting in the main lounge on the first and third Sundays each month.

Like the faith communities we are part of, there are people at Te Hopai each week who struggle physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually and socially. We all want to be appreciated, valued, involved, liked and loved but in a community where people are no longer able to help or contribute as they might have previously done, a smile, showing arohanui, a word or a prayer does so much more than we can ever know.

There are many people who I love and value in the Te Hopai faith community. There are also those who I have not really got to know as they are living deeply within themselves, present physically but their voice is only heard by God. I would love to take their photos and tell some of their stories but in many cases they are not my stories to tell. One couple I can tell you a little about are a couple of residents no longer at Te Hopai.

The koro had walked with God for 70 years. He was an engineer in his 20s who lived through WWII then



became a Church Missionary Society (CMS) missionary running an engineering school in Southern Sudan. He returned to work in downtown city ministries in London and Birmingham before being ordained as an Anglican priest. After a stint in parish ministry he and his family emigrated to New Zealand and where he continued to minister in rural and urban parishes for another 25 years before moving to Wellington to be near family. He suffered from a brain tumour that affected his ability to taste, to sing, to hear and finally his eyesight and ability to read. All these things were dear to him and the loss of them one by one left him angry at God and everybody else.

The kuia had walked with God for even more years than her husband. Her mother died in child birth and she was brought up by two great aunts, becoming a nurse and midwife working with solo mothers. After the war she met her husband in the CMS and followed him to the Southern Sudan where they were married. She returned to England for the birth of their first child who was avoided by the local community but after an arduous trip back to their Sudanese community was accepted and loved despite his Down syndrome.

Ministering together for decades they ended their ministry and life together in a joining rooms at Te Hopai. As her husband withdrew, she craved community and her faith whānau became very dear to her. Most of the residents, community and ministry team had no appreciation for the life and ministry journey that had resulted in them sitting in a reclining chair wheeled through the home to the church service each Sunday but as she prepared to meet her Lord, Saviour and friend the opportunity to sing, pray, worship and share communion was the oasis she needed in her week. It allowed her to forget about the arthritis and osteoporosis that ate away at her body and dementia that ate at her mind.

You've probably guessed that this couple were my parents, I was not part of the ministry team. My wife Stephanie was the family member that accompanied my mother to the services. But I see her smile on the face of some of the current residents, the glint in the tear they shed occasionally as they worship or the gusto they sing with remembering when their voice sounded as good on the outside as it does within.

So that was my parents' experience of the ministry, what about mine? This is the second half of the story. Like many ministry 'opportunities' I was asked to help for a couple of months. I walked into the first service with no understanding of what I was supposed to do and dealing with the feelings linked to going back to Te Hopai for the first time since clearing out my mother's room. Sounds like a great opportunity doesn't it!

Actually it was.... Residents and their whānau really appreciate

what you do and they don't care (too much) how you do it. I try to do the best I can, not just because it is part of my worship to God but also because I'm honouring each of the residents and their whanau as people had done for my parents. I do not mind the ones who sleep or avoid the ones who do not reply for I am only seeing them as they are, not who they are.

If you are willing to do what you

can do be it playing the piano, praying, reading the bible, preaching, singing, listening, talking or smiling there is a place for you in the ministry team at Te Hopai. Just drop us a line and we can give you the times and directions of where to find the service.

Don't feel obligated or thrown in at the deep end just come and join the community for a Sunday or two and see if it's for you. We always need

people on team and we would love to have you join us. Everybody ministering in Te Hopai is contributing in some way to their home church, meaning we are not looking to steal you away—just give you a great opportunity to share Gods love with a faith community that really needs it.

Contact me mark@unltd.co.nz if you'd like to come along to a service at Te Hopai one Sunday and explore your place in the ministry.

BISHOP'S MEDALS FOR MICHAEL AND PIPPA

Jane Hill

It is with great joy and gratitude that Bishop Justin and Rev Cath acknowledged and commended the ministries of Michael Doherty and Pippa Christmas. Near the conclusion of the St Barnabas Day service Rev Cath read out two citations for the Bishop's medals awarded to Michael and Pippa. We stood to express our joy as they are so deserved.

The three co-conspirators (Margaret Rowe, Ngaire and Jane) began work eight months ago and were delighted to see the applications endorsed by the Bishop and Rev Cath. Usually a Bishop presents the medals but this was not possible over the last few months and we were so pleased that Rev Cath read the citations and presented the medals. The medals mark Pippa and Michaels' commitment and service to the Parish of S. Barnabas Roseneath in the Anglican Diocese of Wellington.

Michael's citation highlighted "his faith in Christ through his combined integrity, spirituality, service, and care for others and God's church...He has encouraged parishioners to offer support, friendship and hospitality to one another and the wider community. Michael joined the parish in 1997...and is a fine tenor, fill



-in organist, a knowledgeable liturgist, a quirky humourist and a listening, loving person.

He has served the Church through various ministries in the St Barnabas Parish. We are especially thankful for his service as a Lay leader and as a Vicar's Warden (from 2011) and Bishops Warden (from September 2016 – September 2019.) He has given and gives service as a Liturgical Assistant, a liturgist, a synod representative, an organist, a tenor in the choir and a Nominator. He has developed a key and integral liturgical partnership with Pippa Christmas ...Michael's gift to S. Barnabas over the years has been never to lose sight of the importance of that binding worship, with its modern catholic liturgy."

Pippa's citation highlighted that she "has expressed her faith in Christ through her combined service, integrity, spirituality and care for others' welfare. Her prayerful leadership of the healing ministry has been a vital component. She has supported parishioners by offering support, friendship and hospitality to them and the wider community...Pippa arrived in 1985. She has served the Church as a Lay Leader and a liturgist, with a particular leadership of the Parish's Healing Ministry, a Liturgical Assistant, a Vestry Member and a Nominator.

Pippa's gifts as a poet and an artist have contributed to her continuous exploration of the Gospel teaching and practice of healing and spiritual health...Her response to those troubled in body, mind and spirit is never-failing, unobtrusive and deeply felt... Her commitment, the assurance of her constant discipline of prayer for those in special need, remains an unspoken but significant reality for the parish community, confident in her understanding whenever practical support is needed. Her concern with the issues of health have included her commitment as a Volunteer Assistant Chaplain with the Wellington Hospital Ecumenical Chaplaincy Service."

Thank you both.

Jane Hill

A LOCKDOWN POTPOURRI !

Most communities experience extreme weather events. For me, it was September 2003, just six months after I arrived in Washington D.C. and the event was Hurricane Isobel. I had never experienced a full-on hell-bent Atlantic hurricane and when Isobel came ashore, it ripped into the coastal states, causing damage and most importantly in a late summer, total loss of power in my locale for over 11 days. I could rightly say I survived Hurricane Isobel and had a few good stories to tell.

So many experiences are singular or with a small group—going to a concert or a rugby match, reading an outstanding book, going for a refreshing swim or a run. Each is personal and not everyone experiences the same thing at the same time and in the same ways. Rarely are there experiences that are completely shared by everyone.

In the next years, we will find a “new normal.” But for the moment, we St. Barnabas members of the New Zealand’s “team of 5 million” have all shared a singular experience of the COVID-19 lockdown. As we battle through to hopefully a safe and easily accessible vaccine for everyone, there may still be more shared experiences ahead.

But for now, it seemed important that we should record some of musings, our happenings, our reflections, of this most un-normal experience of lockdown. For surely in the future, our youngsters will rightly ask: What did you do in the Great Lockdown of 2020? Alongside is the start of some of the thoughts and reflections of parishioners—I hope you will send in many more. I thank the first contributors—always the brave ones who say to everyone else—this is an “alright thing to do”. So please continue to send me your contributions—my email is on the back page.



“Lockdown” by Pippa Christmas

My Lockdown Tapestry

By Judith Doyle

Tapestry and lockdown – how come? Well, 64 years ago, I was at Auckland University when I got pneumonia. My mother came up from Hamilton (my home town) to collect me when I came out of hospital. She was told that I should not go back to Varsity for the remainder of term. I was to go home and recuperate for several weeks.

My mother wondered how to keep me quiet and resting for that time as I gradually felt better. So she bought me a tapestry to do (she was very competent at tapestry herself). I was not enthused, I remember, but I did dutifully work away at my tapestry.

When I was allowed to go back to my normal active life, the

tapestry got tucked away. It remained tucked away during my remaining years in Auckland; my many years in London; my several years in Australia and my long time back home in New Zealand.

Then lockdown came along. So, out of the back of the wardrobe came my tapestry and I worked at it again. But life is going back to a sort-of normal now. My tapestry sits beside me on the sofa, looking at me balefully. Will I continue to work at it? Or will I return it to its habitual resting-place in my wardrobe? I’ll keep you posted.



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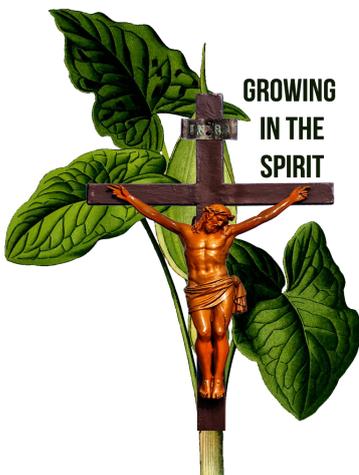
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REMEMBER THESE DATES

SERVICES

Sunday Masses 08:30AM and 10:00AM

Tuesday Compline 8PM by ZOOM

Michael Doherty is inviting you to a scheduled Zoom meeting.
[https://us04web.zoom.us/j/6977278408?](https://us04web.zoom.us/j/6977278408?pwd=MXIIN1dsTUZKaC9ITWpXYXp2cjV0dz09)
pwd=MXIIN1dsTUZKaC9ITWpXYXp2cjV0dz09

Meeting ID: 697 727 8408
Password: barnabas

Thursday Evening Mass 6PM at Church

SAINTS/FEAST DAYS

03 July — St. Thomas, Apostle, Martyr
22 July—St. Mary Magdalene
25 July—St James and St John, Apostles



Leendert van der Cooghen, *The Doubting Thomas* (1654)

SEAFARERS' BEANIES

These cold winter nights are a great time to get out the knitting needles and knit a beanie or two for the Mission to Seafarers. There's a basket of wool and some patterns at the entrance to the church so help yourself, and contact Janet (566 3757 or janetfraserb@gmail.com) if you have any questions.



FOOD DONATIONS THE CITY MISSION

Many thanks for your recent donations of food, we delivered two boxes of foodstuffs for the City Mission Foodbank recently. Please keep up the donations through winter, as there is still significant need. Just a reminder: the foodbank will not accept dented/damaged or outdated goods, so please check before you donate. Please direct any ques-

tions to Janet Brown (022 1761633) or Jane Hill (027 9797732.) Thank you.

