

The Messenger
Of St Thomas's Parish
The Anglican Parish of Tamaki-Kohimarama



Summer 2018



From the Priest in Charge

Tell all the truth but tell it slant
 Success in circuit lies
 Too bright for our infirm delight the truth's superb surprise.
 As lightning to the children eased with explanation kind,
 The truth must dazzle gradually or every man be blind

Emily Dickinson, 1830 – 1886

The Massachusetts reclusive poetess hits the nail on the head; we were talking just recently about J R R Tolkien's great novel, "The Lord of the Rings", which indeed "*tells the truth and tells it slant*".

Tolkien's own life history is itself slanty – just consider: John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892 – 1973). His father died when JRRT was only 3 years old. This left his mother with no income and so she took her son to live with her parents in Birmingham. Mabel, his mother, taught JRRT and his brother at home – this included learning Latin, and much reading.

Mabel, for reasons not clear, left her Baptist roots in 1900 and became a Roman Catholic. Her Baptist family who had been supporting her financially, quickly cut off all aid. In 1904 with JRRT aged 12, Mabel died of diabetes. However, prior to her death, she had arranged for a priest at Birmingham Oratory, Fr. Francis Morgan, to be guardian to her sons. Tolkien wrote later that he "first learned charity and forgiveness from Fr. Morgan." He also described his mother as a "martyr who killed herself with work and trouble to keep us in the faith".

At the age of 16, JRRT fell in love with, oh dear! a Protestant girl, Edith, also an orphan. His guardian forbade him to see her until he reached the age of 21. Meanwhile she became engaged to another, thinking JRRT no longer cared for her. However, in 1916 with JRRT now 21, she called off this engagement in order to wed her first love. JRRT expressed his admiration for her "marrying a man without a job, no money and every prospect of being killed on the western front".

The Birmingham Oratory incidentally, was founded by another man with a slanty history, John Henry Newman, whose mother was of Huguenot descent. Newman

had given his life to God when the family business, banking, went bust. He was ordained in 1824, and in 1833 he went for a tour of the Mediterranean. He fell very sick in Sicily, but recovered and was convinced God spared his life to perform special work. It was on his trip back to England that he wrote the hymn "Lead Kindly Light", still in use today. He became one of the figures in the Oxford Movement which tried to combat spiritual stagnation, state interference in Church affairs, and doctrinal unorthodoxy in the Church of England.

His studies of the Church Fathers showed him that the Anglican Church of his day was out of kilter with orthodoxy – he withdrew to Littlemore just outside Oxford to think and pray.

In 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church - a costly move, for he was ostracised by many former colleagues. Newman went to Rome and became attracted to the Oratory of St Philip Neri, a congregation of Priests and Brothers founded in the 16th Century. Newman became an Oratorian and in 1848 founded the first Oratory in the UK in Birmingham where he died in 1890. He was beatified by Pope Benedict XVI in 2010.

We can see, I think, divine providence in all of this. No expulsion of Huguenots from France, no J M Newman; no J M Newman, no Birmingham Oratory; no Birmingham Oratory, no Fr. Morgan; no Fr. Morgan, no education for Tolkien; no education for Tolkien, no "Lord of the Rings".

It seems that in God's economy, less is more. Isn't there a lesson for us here in our exploitative world always hungry for more, and less and less able to distribute the more in a fair way (see NZ Herald article 22/1/18).

Another thing occurs to me. It is said that genealogy, researching the family tree, is one of the most popular pastimes today. Is that because we sense our lack of connectedness and rootlessness? You might like to think of the slender threads that join you to ancestors, events and to God. Who were your ancestors in the faith – did what they believe, influence what you believe today?

Usually we cannot see the big picture because our lifespan is limited, but we can rest assured that God is indeed working his purpose out. Paul Tillich, one of the greatest theologians of the 20th Century wrote:

Faith in Divine Providence is the faith that nothing can prevent us from fulfilling the ultimate meaning of our existence. Providence does not mean a Divine Planning by which everything is predetermined as an efficient machine. Rather, Providence means that there is a creative and saving possibility implied in every situation, which cannot be destroyed by any event.

Look at those slanty, saving, creative possibilities in the life of Tolkien – then look at the same in your own life so far – and rejoice.

A Prayer of J M Newman:

Most sacred, most loving Heart of Jesus, you are concealed in the Holy Eucharist, and you bear for us still. Now, as then, you say "With desire I have desired". I worship you with all my best love and awe, with fervent affection, with my most subdued, most resolved will. For a while you take up your abode within me. O make my heart beat with your heart! Purify it of all that is earthly, all that is proud and sensual, of all perversity, of all disorder. So fill it with you, that neither the events of the day, nor the circumstances of the time, may have the power to ruffle it; but that in your love and your fear, it may have peace. AMEN.

God Bless you all

Bob Driver
Priest in Charge

The Lord's Prayer Revisited

Tony Poole

If we look at the Lord's Prayer in the *Book of Common Prayer* (1662), and again in the modern *A New Zealand Prayer Book* (1989), we can see that it has been re-translated, especially as far as punctuation is concerned, over the last 350 years.

Book of Common Prayer (1662)

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done, in earth as it is in
heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that trespass
against us.

And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil:

For thine is the kingdom,
The power, and the glory,
For ever and ever. AMEN.

A New Zealand Prayer Book (1989)

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be
your name, your kingdom come, your
will be done, on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those
who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial and
deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power, and the
glory are yours now and for ever.
AMEN.

At first glance, the essential Lord's Prayer is still the same. Each version contains the same five sections. Both versions begin and end with passages adoring and praising God, in between which are three passages of petition, asking each about our daily bread, forgiveness of sins, and being saved from temptation and delivered from evil.

The language of the original version differs slightly from that of the later version, however, for one of two reasons:

- (a) English was changing relatively rapidly in the decades around 1662, which meant there was some difference of opinion, or at least uncertainty,

about how it should be written. This was especially true of the use of *punctuation*. For example, the *convention* of using a full-stop only at the end of a sentence, putting a capital letter only at the beginning of a new sentence, and not beginning a new sentence with a conjunction, are all inconsistently applied in the 1662 version. As a result, there are at least seven errors of modern-day punctuation in the 1662 Lord's Prayer, compared to the modern version.

(b) Translators now think that certain words or phrases are linked together in the Lord's Prayer, whereas this tends to be unclear in the 1662 version. For example, in the modern version, the whole of the first section is set out as one statement, rather than the mish-mash of largely or partly unconnected statements at the beginning of the 1662 version. Similarly, although the actual words used are similar, their arrangement and punctuation in the modern Lord's Prayer make it clear that *forgiving the sins of those who sin against us*, is a condition of God's forgiveness of our sins. St John (1 John ⁹) goes further; he states that forgiveness of sin will result in our being *cleansed from every kind of wrong*. In other words, he saw "*save us from the time of trial and deliver us from evil*" as being part and parcel of forgiveness of sins.

The Lord's Prayer can be looked at in several ways. It is perfectly acceptable to simply recite it as a prayer to God, in which we cover the five sections set out earlier.

This is a perfectly legitimate way to pray the Lord's Prayer. When we use the Lord's Prayer like this, however, over time we may find that our mind wanders a little, as we start to take in the wider, fuller meaning of its statements – especially the statements about our daily bread, forgiveness of sins, and avoiding temptation/deliverance from evil.

This can lead us on to considering the Lord's Prayer, not just as a prayer in its own right, but also as a blue-print for original prayer. When we greet God, we may want to say a little more/perhaps using slightly different words, about the Divine Being and our relationship with It.

Similarly, we may come to see that life's needs are not confined to bread, but "bread" is in fact *a proxy* for all of our Christian needs and wants, including needs and wants to do with our relationship with God. We may want to ask God for

help with some if not all of them; probably different ones of them at different times, as our needs and wants change over time or due to circumstance.

Similarly, we may feel moved to pray for help in avoiding *the time of trial*, to be delivered from evil and so be *cleansed from every kind of wrong*.

Once we reach this stage, prayer to God will become, maybe not easy, but something we increasingly want to do.

One way to pray, is in conjunction with reading the bible. The bible is also one of the ways that God speaks to us; thus potentially there can be a two-way conversation with God.

If you use a commentary, many of them have prayers as part of the passage being studied; but don't feel constrained to using just those prayers, God is probably waiting for hear from you personally!

The New Testament encourages us to pray to God. For example in Matthew 7⁷–11.

"Ask, and you will receive; seek, and you will find; knock and the door will be opened. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks, the door will be opened. Is there a man among you who will offer his son a stone when he asks for bread, or a snake when he asks for fish? If you, then, bad as you are, know how to give your children what is good for them, how much more will your heavenly father give good things to those who ask him?"

Similarly, some parts of the Gospels are in fact prayers, such as St Luke's Gospel 1⁴⁶ – 5⁵ (generally known as the Magnificat); and Luke 1⁶⁸–7⁹ (the Benedictus). There are examples of Jesus praying, such as in John 17, and Matthew 26³⁹ – 4⁴ ("Sit here while I go over to pray"). In fact, the New Testament is full of examples of Jesus' praying.

As we know, the Lord's Prayer in The New Zealand Prayer Book is itself taken from the bible, at **Matthew 6⁹ – 1³**, and also at **St Luke 11² – 4**. In addition, in other biblical writings (such as **1 John 1⁹**) there are references to parts of the Lord's Prayer. As a result, reporting of the exact words of the Lord's Prayer differs, even when taken from the same modern New English Bible, because -

- (a) The Gospels were written approximately 60 years after the event, by writers whose recollections of events differed.
- (b) Gospellers gave different emphasis to particular sayings of Jesus within the Lord's Prayer. Look again at St Matthews Lord's Prayer (the most complete version), and compare it to the partial recordings of St Luke and St John, to see what *they thought* was of most importance.
- (c) The *Koine Greek* in which the New Testament was originally written does not have all the words in it that English has; so modern translation is the result of teams of translators' best efforts at writing in English the equivalent of the original Greek.
- (d) The version of the Lord's Prayer in the New Zealand Prayer Book is an amalgam of all of the original versions.

If the *footnotes* to the passages in St Matthews and St Luke's gospels in particular are studied along with the New English Bibles' translations of the Lord's Prayer, the differences in English diminish a little.

St Matthew's Gospel contains the fullest version of the Lord's Prayer. It is preceded, not by a passage about prayer, but by a passage which tells us how *not* to pray.

"Again, when you pray, do not be like the hypocrites; they love to say their prayers standing up in synagogue and at street corners, for everyone to see them. I tell you this, they have their reward already. But when you pray, go into a room by yourself, shut the door, and pray to your father who is there in the secret place; and your father who sees what is secret will reward you.

In your prayers, do not go babbling on like the heathen, who imagine that the more they say the more likely they are to be heard. Do not imitate them. Your father knows what your needs are before you ask him."

So, when we pray, let our prayers be in accordance with how Jesus told us to pray; in secret (unless, I guess, we are praying in Church as part of the liturgy!), and no babbling!

Note the last sentence quoted above. "Your father knows what your needs are before you ask him."

God actually does not need us to tell him what is wrong, and what to do about it. The real purpose of prayer, whether it be the Lord's Prayer or our own original prayer, is not to tell God things, and tell God how to fix them. God knows that already – probably much better than we do.

Rather, the purpose of prayer is:

- 1 to humble ourselves; to acknowledge before God, that God is the creator, redeemer, and friend, of the world and everything in it.
- 2 to seek God's help in doing all those things which we are incapable of doing perfectly ourselves.

Prayer is an acknowledgement before God of our own weakness. As St Matthew states, "God knows what your needs are before you ask him."

A Golden Sri Lanka

By Leith Hamilton

I lived in **Manila** for 18 years, and for almost all of that time, three of us were "joined at the hip", and became the firmest of friends. Firstly there was **Malkanti** (known as Mal) **Wirasinha**, a Sri Lankan who has now returned to Sri Lanka and lives in Colombo. She has been my friend for 40 years. The second friend was **Doreen Periera** (now *Fernandez*), an Indian who by Singaporean law had to become a Singaporean citizen because of her arranged marriage to a Singaporean man! When he died at age about 60, she re-married an Indian man, and now lives in Kerala, on the South-West coast of India.

And I was the third friend. We were often asked in the market if we were sisters! Usually we replied we were all "sisters under the skin!" Our children were all more or less the same age and good friends. Mal and I lived in the same compound and visits were common among the children. They all travelled to the International School together.

At the beginning of 2017, I received a call from Mal, asking me to attend their 50th (Golden) wedding anniversary in December. It seemed a good idea at the time, but some time away.

Doreen's big birthday was in February 2017 and, about April, her daughter, a doctor in the UK, called us and invited us to be surprise guests for her mother at a dinner to be held at Raffles, in Singapore.

I was working at the university at the time but was able to "fast forward" the work and we boarded a Singapore Airlines flight on 1 July. We were a complete surprise to Doreen and the fun began. Mal, and her husband, **Ranjith** were among the guests.

The dinner was elegant, delicious and beautiful to behold. The hotel closed for 12 months' renovations, the next day. Quite a party!

Having attended this function, we had to give further consideration to the Sri Lankan invitation. It had been extended to include Mal's birthday and that of Mal's brother-in-law, who was also attending the wedding anniversary.

Another complication was gift arrangement. And also what to wear.

I decided that the clothes I had would be fine – there were the three functions. All sorted! The gift was awkward as, having known them for many years, there was nothing we had not given. Plus, the brother-in law was married to a New Zealander and they lived in New Zealand.

We decided that, this time, we would take a leg of lamb, notwithstanding Mal's being a vegetarian. In addition, we took four smoked salmon fillets and kilos of cheese. A local butcher vacuum-packed the lot, and put all into a polystyrene box. He also arranged the documentation – which was completely ignored by the Sri Lankan officials.

Flights were the usual uneventful ones – we did both in one day – and soon Mal was meeting us at the Colombo Airport, over an hour from their home. Arrival at Colombo was in torrential rain. We discovered that there was an unseasonal

typhoon lurking off the coast. Had the cloud cover been any lower, the aircraft may have had to stop at traffic lights!

All the schools were closed and we passed by several sites where broken trees were being cleaned up. The new road from the airport fooled us into thinking traffic had improved. But no, it was Congestion City from near the city. Indicators are optional and many drivers have B747 complexes where lane markings are concerned. Two and a half hours from landing, we arrived at the Wirasinha's home and a warm welcome.

The driver had negotiated the hectic, rain-sodden roads and streets to a warm welcome by family and staff. We had stayed there before but, this time, it really was a full house, with Doreen and husband and brother-in-law and wife also being there – plus two German friends of us all, who had to stay in a hotel.

We were presented with our invitation to the anniversary function and found that it was at a venue and was to be extremely grand. This put my choice of clothing into the "not quite good enough" category. "Oh well," I thought. "I will have to purchase something!" There are some lovely shops and which sold really splendid clothes.

Mal, Doreen and I always exchange a vast array of gifts – and they are almost always clothes. This time, Doreen, by now living back in Kerala, had brought me a truly lovely skirt and top. Typically Indian and just splendid. I was sorted for the anniversary occasion!

Our days were spent in drifting down stairs (in Hammers' case, hobbling, due to his moon boot), to the veranda each morning, to freshly made Sri Lankan coffee (made with sweetened condensed milk). Then onto breakfast in the dining room – mango, papaya, curry, milk rice ... Slightly different each day. Then we ladies would set off, usually with the driver, past all the randomly placed shops, schools, temples, mosques, beautiful trees, and cricket, soccer and rugby grounds. There were more fantastic hotels, including the Hilton, where we were once registered as "Lord and Lady Hamilton" for reasons not known to us. The streets were packed with vehicles of all shapes and sizes, with "tuk-tuks" being as proliferate as flies on a rubbish dump.

People came to the house to assist with preparation for the anniversary celebrations. One day was "cake-wrapping day". Men were discouraged.

We were driven to the Cinnamon Lake Hotel for supper. Thai. Not a favourite cuisine. We drove for half an hour, in torrential rain for the occasion. The hotel foyer and grounds were heavily decorated for Christmas. Sri Lankans tend not to be Christian (though our hostess is) and more likely to be Buddhist. Hammers recalled doing a job in Abu Dhabi a few years ago and the hotel foyer had one of the biggest Christmas trees he had ever seen. Someone may see something wonderful in Christmas being recognised in Buddhist and Islamic countries but it can seem odd. Not a bad thing and I would like to think of it as a symbol of religious neutrality (but think it is more likely a commercial thing.)

The four chaps made another trip to a supermarket and lunch. This time, in the Central Business District. Inner Colombo has many fine old buildings and many new high-rise ones. The inner area has many trees, including banyan and acacia. Hammers says he never sees the latter without recalling how this tree took over parts of Christmas Island - the Japanese Army planted them to disguise the machine gun nests. Again, Colombo is a city where the Chinese are making an imprint. We saw a small arena the Chinese built. And they have a lease to extend the harbour.

The two birthday parties were somewhat similar. Caterers came to the house and set up outside. Mosquitoes were few. The piano and the ukulele were employed and everyone sang. Mostly old songs, with song books being very handy. Everyone joined in. The food was delicious – many and varied curries, rice, noodles, naan, paratha and much fresh fruit.

And now for the Golden Wedding! The breakfast table was set for 14, with gold cutlery and gold-rimmed breakfast plates. Flowers and candles to set everything off. Milk rice (red rice boiled with milk and spices); so beautiful. The evening venue was in the city in a white cloth-lined warehouse and was decorated with golden flowers, special lighting and a band, which played songs appropriate for the age groups. The buffet was truly magnificent. About 250 people attended, with almost all the women in brightly coloured and sophisticated saris. I felt I fitted in with my new kit!

Where we are staying in Colombo, every second business seems to be a car dealer. Ranjith thinks they are mainly Moslem owned, financed by the mosques which were the conduit for Moslem money fleeing the US, after 9/11. There are many dealers. However, as we progressed south, the dealers became car and truck parts outlets. With all manner of panels, doors, cabs, wheels, hubcaps.... One has the impression that a car could be assembled simply shopping at one of the many, many outlets.

Not only in outer Colombo but also in the towns we drove through, shops vary in style and condition considerably. Top quality shops adjoin dour shack-like shops. The former display upmarket clothing or white ware; the latter are crammed with all kinds of goods, from food to suitcases. As it became dark, one could puzzle over how shoppers could find anything, such is the quality of the lighting. An Asia-wide observation.

Jumping forward a few days, it is now Saturday and we are at the *Sooriya* Resort. Almost as far south as one can go. It was a spur of the moment decision. Gunter (one of our German friends) wanted to see the Southern Expressway, a project he was involved in when he was at the Asian Development Bank. Ranjith turned it into a full trip and hired a mini-bus for us all. Sadly, because Gunter has to leave in the early hours of Sunday, we can only stay one night. We left at 0945 and arrived at 1930, in the dark. We stopped in Galle for a couple of hours. A long and interesting day.

The expressway lulled us into thinking the trip would be smooth-going. A good highway that permitted a comfortable 100 kph. Gunter explained some of its design background and how, by relocating it from the coast, it changed the density statistics which made a positive Cost Benefit Analysis outcome. It annoyed several then Ministers, however, who had bought up land along the original route, in the expectation of making money when selling their sites to the Government for the Expressway; they were not pleased.

We passed farms and farmlettes. As in the city, the homes ranged from very modern to shacks. Another feature of Asia. Forests of rubber trees, chestnut trees, mango trees lined the road. How many roads do we see where drivers are warned about wild peacocks? We saw only one, with his tail on full display.

One stop was at a turtle sanctuary. There, they breed eggs in special sand pits, for the later release of turtles. Several full-sized turtles were in tanks - I felt sorry for them, as they swam in circles. There were about five or six kinds of turtles. A number of tanks had many newly hatched turtles. Tiny fellows. Hammers put photos on Facebook.

We arrived in Galle about midday. The narrow, winding streets were packed with three-wheelers and cars. Schools were letting their kids out. Interesting to see

that ties formed part of the uniforms for girls and boys. Along the waterfront, fishing boats had not long arrived and the area was busy with people buying newly-caught fish. We had no way of stopping and photographs were not possible. Past the Galle cricket ground, there were the remains of the old fort. This area was occupied by the Dutch and, later, the British. Ranjith described the atrocities committed by the Brits as they fought to take over the then Ceylon. The very narrow streets were thronged by tourists. A woman on our flight described Sri Lanka as "the new Bali". I hope not. The country doesn't need the yob element prevalent in Bali.

We lunched in an old hotel. Some of us had fish and chips and the fish was great. Not always the case, with that dish! And then wandered/limped around the shops. Many sold precious and semi-precious gems. Wooden antiques were available, too. But one of us avoided purchasing anything.

It was about 5pm when we joined the traffic-packed streets and roads to head further south. Congestion was terrible, as was the driving of larger vehicles. As in India, say, size leads drivers to think big means go! Overtaking by trucks and buses was scary. And then the local road lice - three-wheelers and motor cycles.

Eventually, we turned down a side road, which became a rutted and undulating clay track - expecting a resort of dubious quality. Imagine our surprise and pleasure to drive into a new, upmarket resort. We can see and hear the sea. Hammers and I are wallowing in the luxury of our room and en-suite. We even have a hot shower!! Dinner was excellent, as was the preceding singing and pre-prandials.

The trip north was a near replication of the trip to the resort, but being in daylight meant it was more interesting. A stop was made at a blowhole site but, we were told, it hardly performed. Because of his moon boot, Hammers saw the hill and the rough-hewn steps and opted to go in another direction. Instead, he made it down a few rocks to a nearby beach. Litter all over the place. He disturbed a monitor and watched it scuttle into the rubbish. The beach itself was lined with fishing boats and there were people standing shoulder-deep, fishing with long rods. Sounds picturesque but the occasion was spoiled by the stench of dried fish, set out for sale on several stalls. As he waited for the others, he had to decide on

sitting in the sauna that was our bus, of sitting in a grubby cafe sucking in lungful of fish smell. He chose the former and turned into a sweat ball.

Matara was our lunch destination - about 40 minutes away and on the sea side. As with our trip south, we passed through villages and settlements. As in other parts of Asia, there were many concrete block buildings in an unfinished state. Some looked as though they had been that way for years. Even many of the finished ones had steel sticking out the top, in anticipation of new levels being added. Somehow, that seemed unlikely.

The coconut trees have ropes between them. Pickers move from tree to tree along the ropes, and do not have to climb each tree. A form of zip-line? Several places had tea bushes. Others, date palms. Banana trees, with their big, floppy leaves. Rice paddy fields, cultivated with tractors, not people. And, in one place, a herd of elephants being washed down. Sadly, we didn't stop to see those fellows. Wandering cows, of course. We were told that cows became a pest in the city as some cows were released from the abattoir by caring persons, who had them set free.

Lunch was at a former government rest house. This part of Asia used to have many guest houses, for use by travelling civil servants. We have slept in them previously, in Delhi, rural India and Bangladesh. This one was in a couple of single-level buildings, painted white after the Christmas Tsunami. A few beers and a light meal saw us on the road. Most of us slept, though we saw a few more peacocks before we closed our lids. Coming off the expressway and into the heavy congestion awakened us. Gunter and Enrie wondered if they would make their mid-night flight.

Our remaining days in Colombo was spent in visiting friends and more shopping.

We left the house about 9.00 pm for the now two-hour drive to the airport. Rain contributed to the congestion. Entry to the airport was convoluted, thanks to the intense security. Even though the troubles have diminished, security is tight. Eventually, we boarded a three-hour flight to Singapore and then to home.

It had been a satisfying and enjoyable two weeks. All of us parted with thoughts of meeting in Manila in May and going to Indo-China beforehand.

A Message from the Marmalade Lady

It is with regret that Gillian Macalister must advise that the marmalade season is well and truly over, and there will be no more marmalade until there are fresh supplies of citrus fruit in the winter. Enjoy your recent purchases, as you look forward to the new crop.

As many of you know, Gillian is moving to smaller premises, with shared grounds, which means she will no longer have supplies of citrus herself. This need not mean the end of the marmalade however, if you yourself have citrus fruit to spare. It would be useful if people who are likely to have spare citrus could let Gillian know, so that she may gauge on what scale marmalade making may continue in the future.

Gillian has done this as a free gift to the Church for many years, and we wish her well for the future, and hope that with donated fruit, we will hardly notice the difference! Thank you Gillian, for your generosity.

Liturgist Roster

Sunday of the Month	Liturgist	Prayers
1 st Sunday	Tony Poole	Leith Hamilton
2 nd Sunday	Janet Anderson	Peter Newton
3 rd Sunday	Peter Newton	Janet Anderson
4 th Sunday	Leith Hamilton	Tony Poole
5 th Sunday (Where Applicable)	To be Arranged	

This roster is for guidance only. If you cannot do your duties on the Sunday assigned, please arrange a substitute, &/or notify Tony Poole ASAP; 'phone 525-4339 or 027-5254339, e-mail tony.poole@xtra.co.nz