



KIWI CURSILLO

*The Magazine for
New Zealand Anglican Cursillo*

Winter 2018

Issue 45

Heart-warming stories!

News from the Diocese'

And more...



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Kiwi Cursillo Editor - Janice Thorne

janicegthorne@gmail.com

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National Executive

NEO	Appointment pending	
NLD's	David and Glenda Prosser	<i>harmony@xtra.co.nz</i>
NSD	Rev Chris Darnell	<i>vicar@whitbyanglicans.com</i>
NS/NT	Anne Gover	<i>annegover@xtra.co.nz</i>

The New Zealand Anglican Cursillo Council (NZACC) is made up of the above Executive and Representatives (2) from each Cursillo Diocese.

Contacts for Diocesan Lay Directors:

Waiapu	06 845 0560	Hanlie Vilijoen
Waikato/Taranaki	06 754 6472	Wendy Harland
Wellington	04 237 7045	Paul Weaver
Christchurch	03 381 1351	Stephanie Johnstone
Dunedin	03 453 0131	Craig and Margaret McLanachan

Websites: National Episcopal Cursillo Website (USA) www.nationalepiscopalcursillo.org
 Wellington Cursillo Website - www.cursillo.org.nz
<http://www.crosswalkmail.com>
<http://www.bibleinoneyear.org/>
<http://www.biblegateway.com>

FROM THE NATIONAL LAY DIRECTORS...

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

– by David Prosser, National Lay Co-Director

As I write we're on holiday in Perth, Australia. This evening, while we were waiting for our meal, we got chatting with the owner of an Indian food stall about coinage. Did you know that the Aussies still use the enormous (and heavy) 50c, 20c, and 10c coins that NZ downsized several years ago? I couldn't wait to lighten my pocket into his till.

Don't get me started on the USA – with their fiddly 1c pieces and cumbersome add-on sales tax calculations! How archaic and inefficient compared to NZ's ticket price being the actual price, and "Swedish rounding" to the nearest 10c!

What's all this got to do with Cursillo you may ask? Well, in order to make each of NZ's commercial improvements, something old had to go. Some cherished way of doing things as "we've always done them" had to be given up.

As Cursillistas we're called to be leaders. To bring into effect positive change in our environments. For something new to happen, something old most likely needs to die. Do we welcome this, or do we resist it? And how do we assist others to embrace necessary change?

Around Easter, Glenda and I took *Brendan on a 2-week Cursillo tour of Southland and Otago*. We also told friends that we were seeking out the wonderful autumn scenery of Central Otago. In doing so I learned 4 things:

- Cursillo is sustaining and empowering the faith journey of many wonderful people in the South; from Queenstown, Invercargill, Gore, Dunedin and Oamaru – and, no doubt, places in-between.
- Our best autumn vista was actually to be found, not during our quest, but upon our return; turning into our own home street in North Canterbury – an object lesson about appreciating what's literally on my doorstep!
- The perfect autumn vista requires a carpet of dead leaves (what Central Otago was lacking, so early in the season). Something needs to die in the

ongoing process of renewal.

- A memorable sermon doesn't need to be long. The Easter Sunday message in Queenstown was all of a minute and a half but made its point well.

So, I'll stop waffling on...

Before you hear from us again we hope to have seen many of you in person on our upcoming North Island tour in September/October, or as we continue to visit 4th day groups around Canterbury.

Please prayerfully remember the preparations for 3-Day Cursillo weekends in Wellington, Waiapu, and Dunedin Dioceses. Also, Cursillo NZ's 30th Birthday celebration and National Secretariat meeting on 20th October in Wellington.

Ultreya!

David (Christchurch Combined 2)



Around Easter, Glenda and I took *Brendan* on a 2-week Cursillo tour of Southland and Otago.

Faith is not knowing what the future holds;
But knowing who holds the future.

FROM THE NATIONAL SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR...

Working Together

If you were like me, the Thai Cave rescue this month had you on the edge of your seat (or refreshing my web browser regularly for the latest update as individual by individual came out of the cave). From the news of their disappearance to their discovery and stunning rescue, the story captivated the world.

Many prayers were prayed and answered as each stage of the rescue took place.

Of course, the question “how did they get stuck there?” was a commonly asked puzzle. Upon their release the answer has become a little more clear - they themselves never imagined that they would be stuck so far back in the cave but were pushed back further and further to escape the rising waters. Sometimes I can look at the messes in my own life and wonder “how did I get stuck here?” The answer is much the same - an error of judgement here, a wrong decision there, inattention to the voice of God - the waters of the storms of life rise and I find myself stuck and without ideas. What hope is there for rescue?

There are many glimpses of heaven in the rescue - the way that the community of the world worked together in partnership for the rescue, not seeking personal identification or glory; those three Thai Seals who risked everything in companionship to stay by the side of the soccer team from the moment of their discovery; Saman Gunan who lost his life in the effort of supplying the caves; the medical teams who would daily return to the scene; the dream and longing for home; the anonymous teams working tirelessly on the mountains above the caves to divert water from entering into the cave systems; the farmers whose fields were flooded in the rescue but were still able to celebrate the rescue. Each little part of the extended news story gave us a glimpse of beauty and hope.

May we each discover what it means to work together in generous partnership. May we discover the beauty of pouring out our lives for others. May we walk the way of the cross daily into the dark and dangerous places. May we let others carry us when we need help. And may we all discover the freedom and celebration of the journey home.

Onward!

Rev Chris Darnell



My First Fourth Day — Again

It's quiet this morning as I get out of bed,
no anticipation of what lies ahead.
Rushing to go getting dressed for the day,
thinking of blessings, an enormous array.

Drinking my coffee, eating some toast,
I search for my keys and out the door I go.
Sitting in traffic, trying not to rush,
taking a deep breath to feel God's touch.

In the door I go, smiling, walking into work,
the reflection of the weekend begins.
No service, no singing, no bells ringing,
no rollos, no groups, a tough moment within.

Steady as I go, my thoughts turn to God,
as He brought me a weekend
of sisters and brothers, oh yeh—
and great new friends.

Tears of love are held back
as I feel each hug again,
in the midst of my Cursillo
and new life within.

Take me back to my journey, God,
in the moments where doubt creeps in;
bring back those tears of joy
and hugs that never end —
This is what it's about, Lord 'cause
it's my first fourth day, again!

By Amy Baker (August 1, 2016)

Report from Waikato/Taranaki Diocese Combined Ultreya in Pio Pio.

Pio Pio is a small township about halfway between New Plymouth and Hamilton which makes it the ideal place to hold a combined Ultreya. The Secretariat members drove through icy roads and dense fog on 30th June to arrive at 10:00am for our meeting in the local church before the Ultreya. We warmed up with a hot drink and switched on various heaters and then had a good meeting resulting in some major follow up activity to be taken care of. We are still without a Diocesan Lay Director, but hope that very soon this position will be filled.

By noon 22 Cursillistas had gathered for lunch bringing a wonderful array of dishes to share. As usual we enjoyed catching up with friends from both ends of the diocese. As half of us came from Waikato and half from Taranaki there was plenty news circulating around the table.

We were truly blessed to listen to Janice Thorne give her witness talk. She described the amazing grace of God enabling her family to love and cope with Janice's severely challenged child who lived well into adulthood. We were deeply moved as Janice described with clarity how the Lord blessed the family with the ability to tend this loved one with great strength and compassion as slow progress of an incurable cancer claimed her body. It was a brilliant talk reminding us that God is always close at hand - no matter what happens or where our fourth day journey may take us. We do not have to be superman or superwoman to achieve great things. Instead, as we offer ourselves to God, we are given the gifts we need to do the work that we are called to do.

Ariel McCracken had chosen the excellent selection of songs which were sung with great gusto accompanied by Jeff Jones on the piano. By the end of our gathering we had warmed up in more ways than one - the heaters did their job well, the sun had cleared the fog away, we were cheered by the fellowship with one another and above all we were held in the embrace of our God and refreshed for the journey home.



Wendy Harland (D.S.D. Waikato/Taranaki)

Janice's witness talk is on page 12

Hindsight is a Marvellous Thing

by Jasmine Beller

Recently, in conversation with friends, sharing stories of amazing things that have happened in our lives, I related a story from 43 years ago when I was the recipient of extreme generosity. As I told the story, it became clear to me just how much God had had His hand on the whole event. Hindsight is a marvelous thing.

We all have opportunities to pray, sometimes in a group setting, and we often hear or use phrases that seek blessings or mercy for events or situations, or we offer praise for outcomes that have responded to prayers of supplication. During the aforementioned sharing, it occurred to me that the event of 43 years ago made me the recipient of immeasurable mercy and grace. Our awesome God had guided me through a maze of obstacles which all culminated in a “wow” resolution.

Let's time travel back to 1975. On my OE, and I was established in a Bed-sit in London, and working as a secretary to application engineers for a global company in the petro-chemical industry. In New Zealand my mother had had successful surgery, but a few days later suffered a massive stroke. I received a telegram to get home as soon as possible.

Having bled dry my savings getting to the UK the year before, and extensively travelling Europe, North Africa, Scandinavia and the Communist Block, while working as a Temp in between excursions, I was in no position financially to get myself home. But I had to get home. I had recently become a permanent employee of the petro-chem company, so I swallowed hard and went straight to the CEO. I had no idea what I was going to say to this imposing executive who I did not know any more than occasionally passing in a hallway.

“Come in.” I went in. “Sir, I have a problem, a big problem. My mother is very ill and I have been advised to go home to New Zealand urgently but I have no money and wondered if you could help me in some way.” Mr. “R” did not hesitate, but calmly and deliberately said, “Go to Allan in the accounts department, tell him what you need, he will get it for you. Go.”

My new best friend Allan immediately secured flights London to New Zealand plus domestic to my hometown but advised that in order for him to take advantage of a good deal I would have to be gone for 45 days! That meant telling my immediate boss about my unexpected and lengthy absence. He was

very understanding. Also, I needed to move out of my Bed-sit. Allan told me to go pack everything and the company driver would come for my stuff which could be stored in a vacant office during my absence. Unable to locate the Landlord, I put my existing remaining cash in an envelope, enough to cover a couple of weeks' rent, together with a letter of apology for bailing, and shoved the envelope under his office door.

Back at my work office Allan handed me a travel folder with flight tickets, plus an unexpected bonus of a reasonable amount of cash in case I needed incidentals en route home. At lunch time I walked to the frequented café in the local village to alert regular lunch mates that I would not be around for a while. A London Cabbie, Frank, asked how I planned to get to Heathrow. I shrugged. In the whirlwind of the morning I hadn't thought about that. Frank offered to take me, which he did, without engaging the meter.



Early evening, aboard a BA 747 we departed a couple of hours late, heading to Bahrain. There were only 75 passengers on board. We all had a row each. For all that comfort sleep did not come easy. When I raised my head to stretch, all I could see was seat backs, and it was quietly eerie.

After Bahrain, a long haul to Sydney. Change of planes but the earlier delay caused me to miss the connection to Auckland. There were lines of people queueing for flight information. Armed with the urgency to get home, and an unfamiliar swell of bravery, I crashed the queue apologizing as I passed everyone saying, "genuine emergency, honestly, a genuine emergency." Murmurs of encouragement embraced me as everyone stepped aside for me to get to the counter.

There was space available on a flight to Wellington that was in the process of boarding but the only money I had was sterling pounds. I was sent to the foreign exchange booth. On returning to the counter the new ticket was ready for me. Running, I was escorted to the flight by a baggage handler who had found my bag from the inbound flight from Bahrain. It didn't matter to me if my luggage did not accompany me but I was impressed that so much had been going on behind the scenes.

Wellington. Through Customs and Immigration. Then the process of jumping another queue in another genuine emergency to snare the last seat on the last flight to New Plymouth. After landing, an ex work colleague caught up with me

as we walked to the terminal. Mr. "B" had a company car at the airport; he drove me to my sister's house.

Sadly, Mum had died just hours before. A four-year-old niece asked, "Why were you late?" So cute, but she did not understand the geographical challenge, the 27 hours of flying, punctuated by little dramas. But our Gracious Heavenly Father did understand and clearly had guided me through every aspect of the journey. I was in time for my mother's funeral, and spent 45 precious days with my family.

You would think His grace and mercy would end there, but, no. When I returned to London, the company eagerly welcomed me back, and presented me with pay cheques for the entire time of my absence! The total amount matched exactly what accounts department Allan had outlayed for me in flights and cash.

I countersigned the cheques back to the company and was told, "your slate is clear." How extraordinarily generous is that?!

What an amazing testament of His grace and mercy, faithfulness, love and caring. I was a believer, but had not connected the dots. It was only in relating the story recently that hindsight gave me a mighty stab of realization, and I have thought of very little ever since.



Jasmine Beller, Registrar - Waikato and Taranaki Combined Cursillo

**One day, we all will depart
on a journey free of cost.**

Don't worry about seat
reservation, it is confirmed.

The flight is always on time.

Our good deeds will be our luggage.

Humanity will be our passport.

Love will be our visa.

Make sure we do our best
to travel to Heaven
in Business Class.

The Shepherd

In the farming communities of middle America years ago, the eldest son was expected to take over the family farm from his father, who had taken over from his father. But in one small community there was a boy who told his father that he didn't want to farm as he wanted to go to university. He did and after his study he became a great and well-known orator.

The small community wanted to celebrate the hundred and twenty years of their existence and went about planning all kinds of festivities. They wanted something very special for the Saturday night and decided on a concert of local talent. Someone suggested that the famous orator, who after all was a descendent of their farming community, be invited to come and speak.

He accepted and, on the night, gave several recitations which were very favourably received by the audience and then when asked for something more he said he would speak once more on the condition that the pastor, who had served the community for seventy years, through good times and bad, births deaths and marriages, should also speak.



The orator recited the Twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want'.

The audience gave him a standing ovation. Then the Pastor took the stage and he also spoke the words of the Twenty-third Psalm – and there was a silence in which you could have heard a pin drop.

The orator explained that he knew the words of the Twenty-third Psalm, but the Pastor knew the Shepherd.

Do you know the Shepherd? I want to be one of His sheep that he cares so lovingly for and hear His voice.

Inez Cooper (Katikati)– taken from F O C U S No. 22 - April/May 2016

God's Role for Us

We recently have been looking at the story of Samuel and his reluctance to choose a king for the Israelites. God allowed the Israelites to have Saul as King, but Saul thought he could bend God's commands and he lost the Kingship to a young shepherd called David. God set aside traditions and anointed not the oldest brother, as was the custom, but the youngest.

God's role for me – or you – or any one of us! I wonder what that means or how we would know.

If I look at the world and what would be customary to be chosen for, I wouldn't be chosen for my education – I left school at 15 – no school cert or UE, while I've done a fair bit of adult study, I've never been to university. I've done many jobs and held many roles in my life, but I'm the master of none.

Yet God has chosen us! Because we are willing to do things his way – not our own way. God looks at the heart, not our qualifications or our outer appearance when making his choices.

In 2 Corinthians 5, verse 7 Paul tells us that “we live by faith, not by sight”.

Am I able to do that? I will definitely try!

God's role for my life has turned out much better than anything I ever chose for myself before. He has trusted me with my children and their families, he has gifted me with skills for writing and editing, he has shown me how to love and care for others compassionately.

Many of you know that I brought my daughter home when she was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Now, Sharyn was far from normal. She was severely mentally handicapped (mentally about 4 years old), she was a very paranoid schizophrenic and she had squamous cell skin cancer of her face. That meant that she lost her face bit by bit. She had her left eye removed in 2002 and at that stage we thought that the cancer had been removed. After about 6 years more had to be removed from her left cheek, her nose, and then her chin. At this stage the doctors said it was in the bones of her chin and there was nothing else we could do. The general consensus was that she wouldn't last much longer.

If nothing else Sharyn was determined to live. We bought her home and for the next three years we had an army of caregivers, district nurses and hospice nurses assisting us, and that included my lovely teenage grandchildren



Sharyn January 2013

who loved her dearly. Sharyn had learned some lovely four-letter words which she used freely, so we learned to have trucks and ducks and anything else we could find. We couldn't stop her. We learned to laugh a lot. It took a lot of the stress out of the situation. She had no idea of the meanings of the words, but she certainly knew they got a reaction. She was also convinced that the door handles were staring at her and would abuse them very loudly. We chose to live in a rural area with no neighbours but cows, which she sometimes mooed back at or yell at them to shut up. She loved to wave at the farmhands.

She lived much longer than the doctors predicted, and we couldn't get her to stay in bed (we had a hospital bed in our lounge) until the last 48 hours. My friend brought her communion regularly and she loved the rainbow candle we lit for that. She very peacefully passed into the hands of Jesus on October 26th, 2014 at 7.45am. Lynda, my daughter, and I were in the dining room having a coffee and we realised that it had gone really quiet. She lay as we had left her a moment before, facing a picture of Jesus on the wall above her.

It was a really hard time but also a very rewarding time and we learned to trust in God everyday. Without the close presence of God, I'm not sure that we could have done it. We had no regrets, we knew we had done our best and made Sharyn happy at the end of her life. She was two weeks off 45 when she died.

To know what God wants of me – by praying and reading - God has shown me values from the Bible, encouraged me with other people's stories, given me the strength to get through hard times which have increased my faith.

Belonging to Cursillo has encouraged my journey by thinking about and sharing things of wonder that God has brought into my life – **Piety!**

Learning about God and his world and the many examples of people in his word – **Study!**

Considering the needs of others and what I can do to help them – **Action!**

On one occasion about 3 years ago, I felt the Lord was asking me to pray with someone I didn't know at the time! He was new in our congregation and he looked so sad. He had his head bowed almost in a hopeless way. I didn't know what to pray, but I remembered someone telling how much God loved me many years ago during a sad time for me, so I felt he needed to hear that. I asked him if I could pray for him as he was leaving the church. He said he needed to get home and I said it would only take a couple of minutes. So that's what I prayed, that he would know how much God loved him and how special he was to God. The result was lifesaving for that person, but I didn't know that for many months. My prayer changed the direction of his life at that time and

it was the love of God that did that. I only obeyed what I believed God was telling me. I was totally humbled and blessed by that experience.

God knows us better than we know ourselves so when he asks us to do something or puts us in a new position, he will equip us and often surprise us.

When Jesus tells the parable of the mustard seed he is speaking metaphorically – describing how God sees the greatest things coming from the smallest of beginnings. We are often asked to sow seeds of love and positivity and leave the rest to God.

Living the life God wants for me and you and saying yes to Jesus can start a new season in your life, or a new idea for your church or whatever you are involved in to open the doors to life in God.

God wants us to grow and move forward. We are never too old or unable to start something new! God has a plan for every part of our lives. He will lead us when we are unsure and equip us for your journey. We will learn new skills along the way, we never know what we are capable of until we try.

God has since led me into becoming a Third Order Franciscan and that has deepened the way I want to serve.

God has given us different gifts. God wants us to use what gifts we are given to reach out to our family, our neighbours, our community.

Anointing God help us to listen for your call; help us to respond in faith; and equip us to live out that call to the best of our ability. Amen

De Colores

Janice Thorne – KC Editor



Dates to diary for Waikato/ Taranaki

8 Sept - Taranaki Ultreya, Peace Lounge at

Cathedral Church of St Mary, New Plymouth

12 Noon shared lunch - 1pm Ultreya

15 Sept - Waikato Ultreya, Holy Trinity, Forest Lake, Hamilton.

12 noon shared lunch - 1pm Ultreya.

Broccoli Balls

Serves: Makes approximately 12 balls

I got this recipe from the Tui Garden Web site. Very yummy and everyone liked them.

Do you eat broccoli stalks? Broccoli stalks are both edible and delicious. Research conducted by Love Food Hate Waste has revealed that over 2,500 tonnes of broccoli stalks (and leaves) are thrown away by Kiwi households every year.

2 cups broccoli, made up of grated broccoli stalk and/or cooked broccoli florets, finely chopped

1 small onion grated or finely chopped

1 egg

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup plain flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup parmesan cheese, grated

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Pepper, to taste

1 tablespoon fresh herbs finely chopped (optional)

Preheat oven to 180°C.

Mix all of the ingredients together. Roll the mixture into teaspoon sized balls then place on a baking tray lined with baking paper.

Bake for 12-15 minutes, turning the broccoli balls about 8 minutes into cooking time.



*May the Lord Jesus, who loves with a wounded heart, be your love forevermore.
May the Lord Jesus, who serves with wounded hands, help you to serve others.
May the Lord Jesus, who walks on wounded feet, walk with you to the end of the road. Look for the face of the Lord Jesus in everyone you meet. And may everyone you meet see the face of the Lord Jesus in you. And may the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with you and remain with you forever.
Amen.*

MARY'S STORY

The power of prayer is amazing isn't it? Sometimes we think of it as coincidence or just good luck.

Peter and I and our two sons moved to New Plymouth in 1973 after spending five year 'globe' trotting around New Zealand before deciding where we would live permanently after our arrival from England in 1968.

Peter obtained a job as a mechanical engineer at the power station and I chose to work at the newly commissioned hospital on night duty in a very busy surgical ward. I am a State Registered Nurse and was welcomed with open arms.

We bought a house where we lived until 1997 bringing up two boys through primary, intermediate, and secondary schools, then university/apprentice ships until they left home. It was a very happy house hold where our policy was to always have an open door to welcome not only friends but strangers too and that happened on many occasions.

In 1996 Peter suddenly became very ill resulting in a stroke forty-eight hours later. This was through not receiving a blood transfusion in time. Not enough oxygen was getting through the carotid artery to his brain. He was in hospital for many weeks but eventually came home to a very unsuitable house with many steps and stairs and a long steep drive. Peter loved that house with its huge workshop, model railway running through the basement and room for 3 or four cars together with our campervan parked under its shelter outside.

His life as he knew it had ended at the age of 65years. Fortunately, we had both taken early retirement and had been able to enjoy time away in the campervan.

I had found a house which was ideal for our situation, but it took several months for Peter to accept that it was necessary to move. I left it in the hands of the Lord and felt that if the house had sold meanwhile, it was not meant to be. It was a one off privately built house, brand new, all on the flat with a lovely indoor/outdoor flow. My mother had died and left sufficient money for us to purchase this lovely home to add to what we would get for the one we were living in.

Our sons kept telling me to put the house on the market, but I refused to do so until Peter had accepted the need to move. One day, out of the blue, he said I want that house in Barrett Road. I could not wait to phone the agent and was amazed that after six months it was still available. I should not have been surprised though as I said at the beginning, the power of prayer is amazing.

We lived here together for eighteen months before Peter died.

I love this house and the garden and expected to remain here for ever! BUT it's all getting too much. I need a lot of help with the garden although I can manage the raised vegetable garden perfectly and so enjoy my homegrown summer vegetables which I can share with friends and neighbours.

I still had not considered moving until about 3 months ago when my neighbour mentioned the small retirement village in Manadon St. I knew it was there somewhere but had never been there. I went to an open home and considered the possibility but then decided I could not leave this house.

The Lord was obviously urging me to think again. It was time to move on and stop being sentimental and so my daughter in law and I went back. This time I went from possible to probable. Both my sons have seen the last one of two available and think it's ideal for me at this stage of my life.

The Lord is also telling me the same thing and so the deposit has been paid.

I have met my neighbours, and everyone seems so friendly and happy. I will of course be able to continue with my voluntary work. Even take on more!! I will still be able to have family and friends to stay too which is so important to me.

Thank you, Lord, for knowing me better than I know myself.

Mary Needs

“Laughter is the language of the young at heart.

And you know what?

You don't have to be happy to laugh.

You become happy because you laugh.

Barbara Johnson

In Memory Of Win

On 25 July, Win Price, one of our faithful Cursillistas, completed her Fourth Day.

When the Win and Traff Price with their 3 children arrived in the Morrinsville District from England, St Matthew's Church had recently been built and Rev Dawson was the Vicar. The family entered into the life of the Church and were regular worshippers. Work was starting on the Lady Chapel and a request went out for donations for the memorial glass partition. Win and Traff gave a donation in the memory of their daughter Gayle who was killed in a bus crash locally.



Win was always interested in Missions from the Church both local and overseas. She often stopped to chat to passers-by when taking Claudie, her dog, for a walk with the mobility scooter.

Win was a member of the Church Choir and we remember the many practices under John Searle. We used to robe in the choir vestry then go out through the door to line up before processing down the aisle for evensong and for special occasions like St Matthews Day.

Wednesday Mob will remember Win as a faithful member of the group. Her car and in later years her mobility scooter would pull up outside the church and in would come Win and Claudie. We will always treasure the sight of Claudie

sitting quietly on pew and walking up for communion with Win.



We always admired Win for her caring service to others, for quietly listening and for her wise, thoughtful replies. She met everybody with that gentle smile and we all felt uplifted by the encounter.



In 2002 Win joined the Cursillo movement attending Waikato Combined 2 as a member of St. Hilda's Table with a theme of "We Shall Go Out."

Our Group Reunion was held at Win's house for many years.

A few years ago, some of us were knitting peggy squares using odd balls of wool. We decided to knit a blanket for somebody affected by the Christchurch earthquakes. Some of us got bored and knitted beanies instead. We knitted industriously and brought our completed squares to Win. When we

finally started sewing them together we had 4 blankets and 12 beanies to take down to a Parish in Christchurch.

Win enjoyed meeting up with all her friends from Waikato and Taranaki at our Ultreyas

In February 2014, a group gathered in Mangakino for a quiet weekend (although the chatter and singing could hardly be classified as quiet). On Saturday afternoon we departed on a paddle boat (which was over 100 years old) for a 2-hour cruise on Lake Whakamaru. The views were spectacular and on board a lovely feeling of fellowship and friendship prevailed. After a BBQ dinner we had a sing-a long and prayers. On Sunday morning we joined the local parishioners at their service before heading home. Win really enjoyed this adventure

At the end of our residential course we are presented with a wooden cross to remind us of our commitment to Christ. Many of us also wear a rainbow scarf to remind us to live up to God's promises to all mankind. We have sent Win's cross and scarf with her.

We gathered around Win to sing "Bethlehem" as we felt this summed up her faithful belief.

Ultreya, Win, Onward and upward to glory and to peace.

Written by Ariel McCracken, Morrinsville

NEWS FROM WAIAPU

Ultreya in Waiapu has always been a highlight on our calendar. In the past, due to our demographic, we had 1 get together in Hawkes Bay and one in the Bay of Plenty. These use to run from 9.30am till 2.30pm with a BYO lunch around noon. Although well attended Secretariat felt that we could create more opportunities for Cursillistas to get together as a fourth day community. We decided to increase the number of Ultreyas and shorten the time to 2 hours. The first 2 hour Ultreya was held on March 17 in Takapau in Central Hawkes Bay from 10am till noon followed by a BYO lunch. Everyone that attended was in agreement that the shorter time was more than sufficient to worship, present the witness talks, listen the priest response, have buzz groups and sharing. A huge success overall. The same response came from the Ultreya in the Bay of Plenty on April 21 where they started with a shared lunch followed by the Ultreya. Either way worked well and Ultreya is thriving in Waiapu.

Betty Atkinson Lay Director for Combined 7 to be held 27 – 30 September at Pacific Park Christian Camp, has formed an enthusiastic team and have completed their 3 team training day with the 4th training day coming up in August. Do you know of someone who would like to attend a Cursillo away from their home parish/diocese? Contact me at hanlieviljoen@yahoo.com for a registration form.

On a personal note - I have recently gone through some big changes in my life and at one stage I felt quite desperate and it felt like things aren't happening fast enough. Where is God? Why am I going through this? Why do I have to wait? Fix this now God! Does this sound familiar?

We all know that God gives us hopes and dreams for certain things to happen in our lives, but he doesn't always allow us to see the exact timing of His plan. Although frustrating, not knowing the exact timing is often what keeps us in the program. I have learned that when we accept God's timing, we can learn to live in hope and enjoy our lives while God is working on our problems. In Exodus 13 we read that God led the Israelites the longer, harder way to the promised land because He knew they weren't ready to go in. They had to go through some tough situations, a time of training. In the process God never failed to take care of them.

The same was true for me, God's training period required me to do what He tells me to do, when he tells me to do it, without trying to figure everything out. I soon learned that it is better to rely on God's timing, I did not always understand but I completely trusted Him and guess what? It all came together, with a few bonus blessings. God is good, all the time, because that is His nature.

De Colores

Hanlie Viljoen - Diocesan Lay Director, Waiapu Anglican Cursillo



A BOOK REVIEW: “Sensible Shoes”



by Sharon Garlough Brown,
ISBN 978-0-8308-4305-3 -IVP Books.

If you like reading and are in need of a breath of fresh air, I can highly recommend this wonderful book. But you will need to put on your own best sensible shoes and follow along with four engaging women who are wrestling with their individual views of their lives as they journey!! This is a story to open eyes and to comfort and remind us among other things of the importance of relationship. For me the realisation of just how much I need fellow pilgrims to love me and keep me honest in my journey, not unlike our 4th Day Cursillo group reunions which follow our 3 Day weekends. The narrative weaves together the lives of four very different women and takes the reader into a possibly new understanding of spiritual practices and offers support for those who want to travel deeper into life with God. The author Sharon Garlough Brown is a spiritual director and cofounder of Abiding Way Ministries which provides spiritual retreats for men and women. She and her husband have served congregations in Scotland and England as well as the USA and I am told she ran workshops in Christchurch NZ recently. Jeremiah 6:16 tells us to “stand at the crossroads and look and ask for the ancient path where the good way lies, and walk in it and find rest for your souls”. This book provides instruction and offers help. Matthew 11:28-30 speaks to us of “God inviting all who are weary and in need of rest to lean on Him,

learn from Him to find rest” – as the book puts it “come, take a sacred journey”. In their meetings the four women form friendships and recall incidents often from earlier in life and find strength to share and to work through things that have bothered them for years. They find after getting into the study course and exploring different styles of prayer their burdens are lightened and their understanding of God and themselves is enhanced – allowing them to move on. I particularly liked **the Examen prayer** www.ignatianspirituality.com which is a method of reviewing your day in the presence of God. Its actually an attitude more than a method, a time to set aside for thankful reflection on where God is in your everyday life. I reproduced the prayer from Mr Google and laminated it – a great gift for a friend. The prayer has 5 steps and takes 15 minutes/day.

THE EXAMEN PRAYER

1. **Ask God for light**
I want to look at my day with God's eyes, not merely my own
2. **Give thanks**
The day I have just lived is a gift from God. Be grateful for it.
3. **Review the Day**
I carefully look back on the day just completed, being guided by the Holy Spirit.
4. **Face your shortcomings**
I face up to what is wrong – in my life and in me.
5. **Look toward the day to come**
I ask where I need God in the day to come.

Barbara Ollerton - Post Cursillo
Coordinator - Waiapu Anglican Cursillo

The Gift Of Friends

Recently I've been reflecting on the gift of friends. Friends are those special people who are in your life because, amazingly, they care about you. They have no reason to care other than the fact that they love you– they're not blood relatives, and if they're true friends, they have no hidden motives.

When I look back on my childhood I recall primary school years when friendships were tenuous – one minute I was 'in' with a group, the next minute I was 'out'. Things were a bit more settled during college but again, the cords of friendship were more like nylon threads rather than strong and durable. But finally, as a more mature believer, friendships are something to give thanks for and something to cherish.

Our closest friend, of course, is the One we also call Lord. Jesus says, *"I no longer call you servants, because a servant does not know his master's business. Instead, I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from my Father I have made known to you."* (John 15:15) This, of course, comes the passage in which Jesus entreats us to 'abide' in him, to remain connected to him, to remain in him.

For me, the word, "abide" has the connotation of 'settling deeply into'. It is a word we do not hear or use very often these days but nevertheless, it is a word that carries the deepest sense of 'ingrafting' and 'dwelling within'. Jesus does not just *invite* us to abide with him, he *commands* it. And there is a promise – if we abide in him, then he and the Father will come and dwell in us.

Building strong friendships takes time, trust and a strong desire to maintain that closeness. Building our friendship with Jesus also takes time, trust and perseverance. It is a matter of desire, of obedience and of discovery. Desire to know Jesus more and more, and to love as we are loved. Obedience to heed his call, to walk the way of the cross and to die to self. And discovery of joy, of hope, of self, of those around us, and of God.

As Cursillistas we are urged to 'make a friend, be a friend and bring a friend to Christ'. It sounds a little corny, but the sentiment remains as true today as when it was first penned. There is no other gift as life-sustaining as friendship with Christ – and we are privileged to join with the Holy Spirit as we walk alongside others and share our faith with them.. God does the transforming, we gain a friend.

De colores.

Rev. Robyn McLay - Wellington Diocesan Spiritual Director.





WELLINGTON'S 30TH BIRTHDAY!

Hi Everyone, it's Tanya Mac here - it's been a while since I dropped you all a line and as the "organizer" of the 30th birthday party, I thought I would touch base.

As you all know, we are hoping to have a 30th birthday dinner for Cursillo. This is a time for us all to gather to celebrate the 30th year of Cursillo coming to New Zealand and what a privilege and honour it has been to be a part of this in some form or other.

We would love to see as many people as can make it to help us celebrate on Saturday 20 October at 7.00 pm at Silverstream Retreat. The cost for dinner is \$56.50 per head (drinks additional).

Currently we have low numbers registered and are assessing whether we hold the dinner or not. The Secretariat have advised me a decision will be made at the end of this week - Friday 10 August.

So if you were thinking of coming but hadn't got around to replying, please do contact me - we would love for this function to go ahead! I even have registrations from the Waiapu leadership team so come along and meet these lovely people :-)

Please email me on tanyamac@xtra.co.nz and let me know your intention.

Maybe you are sponsoring a pilgrim this year and they would like to come? Talk to the Cursillistas in your church, your group reunion and around you and try and get a group together, or come on your own and sit with me!

I look forward to hearing from you all and having a very full mailbox!!

Tanya Mac

Where Do I Find God Everyday?

One of the questions I have battled with over the years is "Where do I find God in my everyday" - when it seemed hum drum in an office, responsible for large sums of money, in a Rest Home kitchen, cooking for 110 people every day, in the busyness of Parish life (not so difficult there!)

Years ago I was given a tiny Bible - I don't know where it came from, but I still have it - sitting on a bookshelf. When I say tiny I don't mean a slim line, small print book that fits in my bag though I have one of those also. This Bible is about the size of an old 50c coin. It's truly tiny! So when your whole finger pad is bigger than a page it doesn't make for very good reading. The words are there and technically you could use it - but it is certainly not very accessible.

And, sometimes we have similar feelings about God. I am sure that we know God is powerful, loving, sensitive and caring. But we also tend to think that encountering God has to be in a certain way - it may seem like a boring chore, an empty room, something only done on Sunday - just maybe for you, often encountering God doesn't seem accessible.

But, I believe, and I am sure you do also that the God who spoke the earth into motion and your eyelashes into movement - **loves you**. God wants, even longs to connect with you, and not only in ways you might expect.

And so I fell to wondering about ways to encounter God. Here is a challenge for you - I have included several of the ways I have thought of - see how many more you can add - send me your list - there may be surprise in store!!

- Animals - my precious pussy cat in particular.
- Talking to God in the shower
- Being generous
- Sitting at the beach
- Having coffee with friends
- Bonfires
- Music
- The garden in the different seasons
- Cooking for my family
- A perfect little child



Perhaps you could use this in a Fourth Day Group of a Coffee morning, maybe you could draw your thoughts, make a poster for the church Hall from all the ideas - laminate it and put it up! There are so many ways to talk to God - God is accessible, creative, close to us and near. God longs to surprise you in the places you least expect to find him.

Allow yourself to be surprised by God.

De Colores

Lynnette Lightfoot, DSD Christchurch



A question about the after-life - Life before and Life after.

A classical parrot tulip has extraordinary petals – feathery and twisted fringes of scalloped edges that curl around a variety of colours – gold, apricot and bluish purple - with ravines of green that run through the yellows. The bulb looks like a piece of old wood or a clod of dirt – nothing to look at, utterly common.

This root is the life before, everything you know and experienced rippled as it is with fore - tastes of something else. Within that you find hints of the flower – in music, art, story and family; laughter, discovery, innovation, work and presence. Having seen the bulb/root only, could you begin to imagine such a wonder as the flower. There will be a moment when you see the flower and everything about the root will make complete sense. That moment is the after life.



Taken from "Cross Roads" by William Paul Young, pages 153-154

Dunedin Diocese Cursillo News

Well, the sun has finally turned about and many of the signs of Spring are bursting out, it seems a month early! I am writing this the day before our second training day for Combined Cursillo 22 which is being held for the first time at Camp Iona in Herbert, Otago - approximately halfway between Dunedin and Oamaru over Labour Weekend. The restrictions on self sufficiency mainly as it relates to cooking has meant our stock of affordable venues has shrunk, specially around Dunedin. At present, despite challenges, we seem to have enough of a team to suffice this time. Speaking for us, Margaret and myself, it is the joy of introduction of new people into Cursillo that keeps us going. We are so grateful for our path in and around this lay lead movement, it has changed our lives for the better in many ways. We wish Pete Masters and his team God's blessing for Combined 22.

Since we last wrote we have held two Ultreyas. On Feb. 24th we were in Gore where Abraham Visagie gave a well received witness talk to an appreciative audience. The second was held on May the 19th in Alexandra. We were well looked after there and the witness talk was very capably delivered by Lynda Turner Heaton. Attendance wasn't huge but enthusiasm levels were high. The subject of Spiritual Direction has been brought into these Ultreyas. A lot of thought has now been given to how we may best achieve this and presently we think the Spiritual Buddy/ friend system will work well where trained directors are scarce or out of people's affordability. A note of appreciation should be mentioned for the great road trip undertaken by Glenda and David Prosser, our National Lay Directors. They visited many areas getting and giving encouragement for Cursillo. It has been great to see them and to share ideas and strategies.

As an overview of where Cursillo is in the Dunedin Diocese we are faced by falling numbers of people who feel they can or want to take part in events. This is understandable as we all age but the important thing for us is to look to the future and invite people in who will hopefully form Cursillo's ongoing heart. We feel it is vital we appear, as a movement, to be enthusiastic and authentic. We feel we are doing Christ's work through Cursillo and that the Church needs this to supplement our shared journeys. Our love and appreciation goes out to everyone across our nation who flies the flag for Cursillo.



De Colores,
Craig & Margaret McLanachan - Joint DLDs Dunedin Diocese.



On our second training day these were made for morning tea by one of the team members. Please note the icing - roosters, butterflies and rainbows. The cup cake recipe is from the Chelsea website with butter icing. Very nice and very well received.
Margaret and Craig

The all-powerful truth of the Trinity is the Father, who created us and keeps us within him. The deep wisdom of the Trinity is our Mother, in whom we all are enfolded. The exalted goodness of the Trinity is our beloved Lord: we are held in him and he is held in us. We are enclosed in the Father, we are enclosed in the Son, and we are enclosed in the Holy Spirit. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are enclosed in us. All Power. All Goodness. All Wisdom. One God. One Love.
Julian of Norwich

Spiritual Direction: **A way to enrich and grow your Spiritual life.**

Why Spiritual Direction?

After a 3-day experience, or through discussions in a 4th day reunion group, many Cursillistas recognise a call from God to deepen the Christian Spirituality (Piety) leg of their Cursillo tripod. Spiritual Direction can be a way to do this.

What is Spiritual Direction?

Spiritual Direction is help given by one Christian to another which enables that person to pay attention to God's personal communication to him or her, to respond to this personally communicating God, to grow in intimacy with this God and to live out the consequences of the relationship. (Barry and Connolly)

How do I find a Spiritual Director?

The website of the Association of Christian Spiritual Directors in Aotearoa New Zealand lists Spiritual Directors who meet their standards of training and professional practice. Although there are 17 people on this list from Otago and Southland the majority live in or close to Dunedin. Some Spiritual Directors meet with Directees using Skype, so physical location is not a barrier if you have access to this technology.

Because these Spiritual Directors offer a professional service most will have a charge for their services. It is sometimes possible to negotiate the amount you pay.

The Secretary Treasurer of this Association may be contacted at acsdanz1@gmail.com.

There are others who have trained as Spiritual Directors who have chosen not to join the Association or to have their names listed on their website. So, it pays to ask around.

Doing what we can – not what we can't – Spiritual Friends and Soul Friends

Cost, travel time and distance can be barriers to accessing Spiritual Direction. I have found that sometimes a Soul Friend arrangement has been able to meet my needs for reflection and accountability.

For this to work, those involved need to have a degree of spiritual maturity and agree on standards of confidentiality and respect which they will observe in this

interaction.

This is how my most recent Soul friend arrangement worked:

We met once a month and the hostess would provide a cuppa and a biscuit - nothing elaborate. We would talk informally for about 20 minutes.

We would then still ourselves and pray.

We would take it in turns to talk for half an hour about how we and God were getting on: where we had seen God at work, where God had seemed absent, where God had challenged us... We had a clock and the 'listener' was to watch the time, to ask questions or to offer reflections as they felt moved by God. At the end of the half hour they prayed for the person who had been speaking.

We then swapped the 'listener' and 'speaker' roles.

Sometimes we would then pray one of the services from ANZPB together (e.g. Midday Prayer) and at other times we would say The Grace together before going about our business.

We agreed that we would tell the other if we felt they needed to discuss an issue with someone other than us. This might be a person's Vicar, another Priest, a Counsellor, a GP. Most Clergy would be delighted to have conversation with other Christians about their relationship with God.

Increasing the Availability of Spiritual Directors.

God calls both lay people and clergy to the ministry of Spiritual Direction. Spiritual Growth Ministries in Aotearoa New Zealand offer a two-year training course for Spiritual Directors. If you feel God is calling you to this ministry more information may be obtained from their website. Although there is a significant course fee, a conversation with your Parish or the Diocesan Ministry Educator about meeting some of the costs might be worthwhile.

Vivienne Galletly.

(This article was written after I responded to questions at an Ultreya in Gore in February. Once upon a time I was DSD for the Dunedin Diocese and I am now a part-time Hospital Chaplain. When I am not somewhere else I worship as a member of the Taieri Parish in Mosgiel.)



A Brief History of Cursillo

Following the Spanish Civil War at the end of the 1930's a pilgrimage to the shrine of St James in Compostela was arranged in order to encourage the Christian faith in young people and help change their damaged society to one that was fully centred on Christ.

Leaders of the pilgrimage were prepared through short courses, called Cursillos, which improved their knowledge of faith, leadership and the organisation of the pilgrimage.

One of the leaders, Eduardo Bonnin, was passionate with the idea of the Cursillo. With help he developed a three day Cursillo structure which aimed to remedy the 'ignorance of faith, the superficiality of ritualism and the apathy of non-faith commitment in daily life'. This idea has since spread across the globe and is active in most of Europe and the Americas, as well as parts of Africa and Asia.

STOP PRAYING FOR PEOPLE, BE THE PRAYER.

*If they hurt, comfort them;
If they need help, help them;
If they are lonely, spend time with them;
If they are sick, be there for them;
Only then will your prayers be heard,
for you are the answer God provided.*

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