

# KIWI CURSILLO

*The Magazine for  
New Zealand Anglican Cursillo*

**Christmas 2019**

**Issue 49**

## Have a Joyful Christmas



**News from the Diocese'**  
**Answering God's call...**  
**And more...**

## Inside this Issue

Christmas Message from NEO	3	Wellington Diocese	18
Out of our Comfort Zones	4	Distractions	19
When Song of Angels	6	Carol for a Hard Winter	20
Flowing Grace from W/T	7	Christchurch Diocese	22
Pass it on	10	Dunedin Diocese	23
Next Please	11	Subscription Form	27
Answering God's Call	12		
Waiapu Diocese	16		

Kiwi Cursillo Editor - Janice Thorne

*janicegthorne@gmail.com*

### **THE DEADLINE FOR THE EASTER ISSUE IS FRIDAY MARCH 27, 2020**

The price of Kiwi Cursillo is \$15 a year for three magazines posted to you, or contact your Diocesan Lay Director about receiving it through them. PDF copy is free. Subscription Form is on last page.

### **National Executive**

NEO	Bishop Peter Carrell	<i>bishop@anglicanlife.org.nz</i>
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 Viljoen
Waikato/Taranaki	027 222 3053	Jan Lockett-Kay
Wellington	04 237 7045	David Kendall
Christchurch	03 381 1351	Stephanie Johnstone
Dunedin	03 453 0131	Craig and Margaret McLanachan



CHRISTMAS IS THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF JESUS, THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND

# CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM OUR NEO

## Christmas Message from Bishop Peter Carrell

What is at the heart of Christmas and its significance for us as followers of Jesus? There are a number of answers that find their way into Christmas sermons and regular Christmas preachers likely find one such answer more appealing than another from year to year, especially if one remembers what last year's sermon was about and wishes this year's to be a little different. Gifts and grace. Love came down at Bethlehem. Unto us a Saviour is born. Glad and joyful tidings from on High. Or there might be an emphasis on "family" or "dislocation" or "vulnerability." The Christmas story is multilayered and multiple in meanings and in application.

So, this year, with deep acknowledgement of all possible other themes which are faithful to the gospel, accurate to the narratives in the gospels and relevant to our crazy world (is it a bit crazier this year than last year?), I am making a choice to focus on some words in John's Prologue (1:1-18).

"The true light that gives light to everyone was coming into the world." (Verse 9)

Whether we focus on the darkness of sin, or the darkness of "fake news", or the darkness of gloom and anxiety about the future of the planet, there are dark clouds surrounding humanity. What gives light which helps us overcome the darkness of sin, of falsehoods and of despair? The light of the world. That is the answer John's Gospel proclaims. Jesus Christ is the Light which shines in our darkness. What John 1:9 emphasises is that this light is for everyone. It is not the preserve of Israel. It is not the possession of the first Christians – Jews who followed Jesus. It is available to the whole world.

On the one hand, the spread of the good news about this Light, about Jesus, has often found that enlightenment about Jesus had gone before the first mission partners to an area of the planet. On the other hand, God calls us into partnership in the spreading of the Light.

May this Christmas be full of the Light, blessed by Christ, as we gather as congregations, get together for family celebrations, and sing our community and school carol services!

# OUT OF OUR COMFORT ZONES

by David Prosser, National Lay Co-Director



Each Friday I look forward to reading Verity Johnson's opinion piece in "The Press". I've recently subscribed to her blog at [www.verityjohnson.com](http://www.verityjohnson.com).

Her writing is intelligent, irreverent, witty, insightful, brash, opinionated, cheeky, and all-up she's quite unlike anyone I regularly interact with. I don't agree with everything she says – but that's the whole point. Her writing rattles my complacency; it challenges me (male, stale, pale, boomer?) to see things I think I'm familiar with from the "alien" perspective of a twenty-something woman.

When was the last time you spoke in depth with someone 2 or 3 generations younger – with the aim of seeing the world afresh from their perspective? If you haven't done it recently, try it, you might be pleasantly surprised!

People grow when they are continually challenged not to just accept the status quo, but to identify what God's doing (or wants to do) in a particular situation, and then to do something about it. In Cursillo language we call this process "Study of Environments" and "Leadership": 3DM uses the life-shape of the Kairos circle (if you haven't heard of it, try Google).

Glenda and I returned home in mid-October from our 2019 North Island tour. We took in Wellington W32 and Waiapu C8. What a pleasure it was to spend time with Cursillistas in Kapiti, Opunake, New Plymouth, Waitara, Taumarunui, Hawke's Bay, Te Awamutu, Morrinsville, Te Aroha, Katikati and Papamoa – sharing the joys and struggles of being God's people, the church, in today's changing world.

Prior to that, we visited six more 4<sup>th</sup> day reunion groups in our own Diocese.

I am repeatedly thrilled to hear how God has blessed people through the Cursillo movement, and where the blessing of disturbed complacency has led them. There's no such thing as "one size fits all" or a "use-by" date when it comes to saints in the kingdom of God!

As our 3-year term as NLDs draws to a close, perhaps I could be so bold as to share a few insights (generalisations, I know) gained from our travels around our wonderful country.

In places that seek renewal and transformation, that intentionally embrace all generations, that actively explore new ways of being church, and are committed to doing things together as God's unruly family – even though it's uncomfortable at times – those places are thriving.

In places where people are unwilling or unable to connect meaningfully with others, who are not constantly and actively seeking renewal, or who are stuck in “the way we've always done things around here” – those places are dying.

“Do not neglect to meet together” says the writer to the Hebrews (10:25). Where Christians regularly meet together in small mutual accountability groups (home groups, 4<sup>th</sup> day group reunions, 3DM huddles) mission and ministry is nurtured and flourishes.

In multiple bible passages (Isaiah, Ephesians, Hebrews, Revelation, among others) God speaks about “doing a new thing” or “making things new”. Jesus broke more than a few rules about who God would interact with, and how. The Holy Spirit's touch transformed lives and continues to do so today.

“It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God” (Heb 10:31).

Do we have the courage to step out of our comfort zones and let God really be God, in our lives and in our fellowships?

Advent blessings and Ultreya!  
David (Christchurch Combined 2)



## When the song of the angels is stilled

When the song of the angels is stilled  
When the star in the sky is gone  
When the kings and the princes are home,  
When the shepherds are back with their flocks,  
The work of Christmas begins:  
to find the lost,  
to heal the broken,  
to feed the hungry,  
to release the prisoner,  
to rebuild nations,  
to bring pace among the people,  
to make music in the heart.

Author Thurman - African/American theologian, civil rights leader.

*Inspired by "I am the light of the world, You people come follow me, If you follow and love, You'll learn the mystery, Of what you were meant to do and be".*



## FLOWING GRACE FROM THE WAIKATO TARANAKI DIOCESE

As I reflect on the Gospel reading for the 27th Sunday in Ordinary Time/Te Rātapu Rua Tekau mā whitu o He wā noa iho, Luke 17, 5-10, there is relevance for us in the Waikato Taranaki Diocese right now. The Apostles said to the Lord, “Increase our faith!” He replied, “If you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mulberry tree: Be uprooted and planted in the sea, and it will obey you” (v 5-6).

This reading is an excellent illustration of Jesus telling the disciples they are asking the wrong question. Instead of asking for more faith, or bigger faith, the disciples perhaps should have been finding ways to act on the faith they already had!

Jesus tells a parable. And to understand the parable, we need to create an altered understanding of the term Servant. As Jesus tells the story, he draws on the social construct of the day and says: “Would you tell your slave to eat first, before serving you? Of course not. Wouldn’t you be more likely to say, Prepare my supper, get yourself ready and wait on me while I eat and drink, after that you may eat and drink” (v 8)

Then Jesus does something between verses nine and ten that we might miss if we aren’t careful. Up to this point, Jesus has had his listeners identifying with the master of the house. Suddenly, he changes the viewpoint of his listeners to that of the slave. In v 10: “So you also, when you have done all that you were ordered to do, should say, ‘We are unworthy servants; we have done only our duty.’” In other words, being faithful and obedient to God doesn’t make God owe us anything. We need to be more faithful, serving with no expectation of praise or recognition, in true humility. Our obedience is by no means a way to gain honour. We obey and serve because Christ calls us to follow him in obedient service. He gives us plenty of faith to do this, but it’s up to us to be faithful followers.

~~~~~

These verses exemplify Servant Leadership! Robert Greenleaf coined the term Servant Leadership in an essay he published in 1970 and it is now well established in management literatures. He said:

“The servant-leader is servant first... It begins with the natural feeling that one wants to serve, to serve first. Then conscious choice brings one to aspire to lead. That person is sharply different from one who is leader first, perhaps because of the need to appease an unusual power drive or to acquire material possessions... The leader-first and the servant-first are two extreme types. A test difficult to administer is: “Do those served grow as persons? Do they, while being served, become healthier, wiser, freer, more autonomous, more likely themselves to become servants?”

A servant-leader focuses primarily on the growth and well-being of people and the communities to which they belong. The servant-leader shares power, puts the needs of others first and helps people develop and perform at their very best level.



Wendy Harland, our Spiritual Advisor, handed her mantle to Rev. Brendan Gibbs (St Peters, Katikati) and Rev. Christine Hunn ((Parish of Taumarunui and District) after six years in the role for the Waikato Taranaki Cursillo. With Wendy’s servant leadership stewardship, we are enjoying energised Ultreya, our plans are well underway for the 2020 Three Day Cursillo and we have parishioners throughout the Diocese preparing for their Cursillo journey (after attending Ultreya to find out more about the gifts of Cursillo). Wendy, you epitomized the desire Jesus had for Servant Leadership.

I adapt a section of a beautiful poem written by Joy Cowley: *Flowing Grace*. Wendy, you have been our water: For water is the symbol of the inner abundance. You have been the fountain of God’s love for your Cursillo brothers and sisters. We look forward to the mustard seeds you will continue to sow on our Cursillo pastures.



Thank you Wendy!

De Colores  
Jan Lockett-Kay (Dr)  
Lay Director, Waikato Taranaki Diocese.





The Waikato / Taranaki Combined Cursillo has set the dates for its 2020 calendar of events. Apart from the 3-day Cursillo in October, all dates are Saturdays. Any questions? Contact Jasmine, the Registrar on: [jasminebeller412@hotmail.com](mailto:jasminebeller412@hotmail.com)

## **February**

29 February 2020, 10:15 for 10:30am  
Secretariat - at All Saints Church, Piopio

## **March**

7 March 2020, 1:30 to 3:00pm  
Waikato Ultreya - at St James, Hamilton East  
28 March 2020, 1:30 to 3:00pm  
Taranaki Ultreya - at St Chad's West New Plymouth

## **June**

20 June 2020  
St Bride's Anglican Church, Otorohanga  
Secretariat - 10:00am  
Shared Lunch - 12:00 Noon  
Combined Ultreya - 1:00 to 3:00pm

## **August / September**

29 August 2020, 1:30 to 3:00pm  
Taranaki Ultreya - at St John the Baptist, Waitara  
12 September 2020, 1:30 to 3:00pm  
Waikato Ultreya - at St Matthew's, Morrinsville

## **October / November 2020**

Three Day Cursillo Weekend  
Friday thru Sunday, 2 - 4 October 2020  
(gathering on the 1st)  
New Plymouth Girls' High School, New Plymouth

## **14 November 2020, 9:00am to 3:00pm**

Follow-up Day of Deeper Understanding  
Peace Hall at the New Plymouth Interim Cathedral Church of St Mary

## **31 October 2020, 10:15 for 10:30am**

Secretariat at All Saints Church, Piopio

## Pass It On

Wendy Harland



(On a sunny Spring morning in my garden I found inspiration. I watched a honey bee buzz out from a softly scented pink apple blossom. It would carry the golden honey and pollen it had collected to its hive across the field, stop outside and perform its waggle dance, pointing: **That way to the apple flowers.** And thus, it passes on the good news to fellow workers. Then it stores the gold it has gathered.)

Pass it on!

The school kids prepare for the relay race to run.  
A teacher calls to them before the firing of the gun:  
“We’re in this together; the race is long.  
Runners be strong and pass it on!”

In the dark of the night angels sang;  
“Good will to all people,” the message rang,  
“A babe in a stable, God’s gift for the world,  
God’s Glory is born, in a manger held.”

This holy gift, our Lord Jesus Christ,  
Lived to pass on God’s boundless love.

Blessing his friends before leaving this earth,  
He promised to send his Spirit of power  
So that they would continue the work He began.  
They would pass on the gospel and be the seed sowers.

Today Christian friends have worshipped and prayed.  
We gather in a circle round a table ready laid.

Blessed bread is shared to each;  
Sacred wine is handed round.  
We call to mind Christ’s sacrifice  
As, one by one, we pass it on.

Cursillistas, journey on, living in Christ’s way,  
Holy Spirit guiding us on our Fourth Day.  
Our Three Days together rekindled the flame  
To share with joy the Gospel we bear in His Name.

Pass It On!

## Next Please!

Wendy Harland

When I agreed to pick up the role of Diocesan Spiritual Advisor (then called Spiritual Director) for the Waikato/Taranaki Diocese some 5+ years ago, little did I realise how God would bless me as I went about the tasks involved. I have spent time with so many dear Cursillistas at local levels, Diocesan Secretariat meetings and also with various members of the NZACC, and in all these gatherings I have seen our Lord's hand at work. I have had the privilege of listening to many stories that show how the Holy Spirit works in lives to encourage, to teach and to deepen our faith and love for one another.

But my time to hand over the reins has come. In fact, for some time I had looked for another to take my place. I realised that the area I tried to cover in our spread-out Diocese was more than I had been able to minister to well. This became more and more obvious as those I had asked earlier responded that they felt it was too much for them.

I continued to pray and as I did, I felt that the area could be better served if two people were to share the role. God truly answered my prayers when the Rev. Christine Hunn from Taumarunui and Rev. Brendan Gibbs from Katikati agreed to take up the call. So, I am truly delighted that I can step back and know that these two wise and loving people will continue the work in their different corners. I pray God will bless them as I have been blessed as they lead us and encourage those in the mission of Cursillo.

De Colores.

*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*

## Answering God's Call

I am a Coastie, in other words I come from the East Coast of the North Island. I was born in Wairoa and lived just out of Frasertown on the family farm throughout my childhood.

I went to Frasertown School where there were more Maori than pakeha. They were part of my life. I spent 20 years living with my family in and around the back blocks of Gisborne involved in the lives of, and with, the Maori people. We worked together, played, partied, sang and supported each other. I grew up with Maori people in my life and have many friends I still keep in touch with.

My mother got very sick in 2003 and I moved back to Wairoa to look after her. I went back to St Paul's Anglican Church where I had attended and sang in my late teens and early married life. St. Paul's was very involved with the Rohe, the Maori Anglican Church, and we interacted a lot. Every 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday we had a combined service either at one of the many Marae around the district, or in St Paul's. We shared waiata, food and laughter and had wonderful fellowship over long lunches.

In the early 2000s I had three years being "Mum" to the Outcast ministries and was their secretary, and, also secretary to "King of Kings", the Gisborne Chapter. The president, Johnson, was a very large ex drug Lord who carried on with his "business" while he was in prison, before he gave his life to Our Lord. I was shocked when he told me openly and very humbly. We got on very well and I spent a lot of time with his family. He asked me to come to his home while TV One was filming a documentary on the lives of the wives of gang members. I was sitting there while they were filming and was feeling very uncomfortable... there was a very "dark" and I don't mean colour, gang member sitting behind me and I could feel him thinking what is this "Honkey" doing here. I said to Johnson I felt very uncomfortable and didn't feel it was my place to be with them. He just looked straight at me and said "Yes you are .... You are here to support us". What could I say?

There were very few pakeha involved with the Outcast Ministries and I felt God was with me in the times we spent on different Marae all over the North Island. I was treated with respect and love throughout this time and

was totally blown away with what God was doing among His people, how he used me as “Mum” sharing a Mother’s love to them. I ended up being the “cook” as well and was fascinated when we arrived at our venue, they would pass a hat around and everyone put money into it. I then cooked what the men went out and bought. It always worked and we didn’t run out of anything. Wonderful fellowship was had in “Mum’s kitchen” wherever it happened to be. There was always a cuppa, something to eat and a chat to be had.

In 2002 we were at a Hui in Gisborne and we spent the afternoon in the Memorial theatre. After the usual amazing singing and worshipping for as long as The Holy Spirit led us, we were asked to form two lines one of men, the other women. We were then asked to move throughout the theatre going in opposite directions. Before we started moving, we were instructed to pray and to ask The Lord to tell us what to “give” to each one we met. I had no idea what to do and was feeling very insecure, unsure and a wee bit stupid to say the least.

I got told very distinctly to give the men a hug. I said to the Lord “no way I am a single woman, I don’t know most of these men and that’s just crazy”. He said again give them a hug... and again I said no way Lord. Then He said to me very, very distinctly “Give them a Mother’s hug”. Oh.... OK Lord I can do that easily. Wow, I had no idea what was going to happen.

Drug Lords, drug addicts, ex gang members, violent men, alcoholics, people out of jail for all manner of reasons coming to me as I opened my arms and my heart, smiled at them, and gave them a Mother’s hug. There were big tattooed men, scary men, smelly men, broken men who had never known their mother, let alone had a Mother’s hug and they were openly, brokenly weeping in my arms. I was totally focused on what was happening and was blown away. I couldn’t believe what God was doing. I didn’t ever get to see what everyone else was doing. It was so special, and I ended up weeping too.

God was working in the lives of these men and women, using them to witness, give the most incredible and amazing testimonies, and help others to come to Him and give their lives and their hearts to Him.... for His glory. We held an outreach at Waikohu College, where I lived in Te Karaka, and

over half the college and village gave their hearts to The Lord. Out of that came the Youth Group “The JC Rokkas” .... I was Mum to them too. What a privilege that time was, and I still treasure the memories in my heart.

Six years ago, my marriage at that time ended and I was invited by my sister to come to Katikati and live in a little cottage on her lifestyle block. I felt the difference between Maori and pakeha very strongly and found it hard to understand. There are Maori living here but there seemed to be no interaction that I could see anywhere. My heart grieved for the wonderful times I had spent in their company... fellowshiping, singing, laughing, and just being together. I prayed, and asked God to show me a way to meet and talk to the Maori community of Katikati. If I approached and spoke to someone, they would answer me, but the conversation always just fizzled out and I felt uncomfortable.

I kept praying, and praying, and praying, and then earlier this year I heard a woman had started up a Church down at the sports club at Rereatukahia Marae and I asked Steve and AK, who have lived here for ages, to introduce me to her. A few weeks later we were at a movie at the AOG Church one Friday evening and AK pointed her out, and said her name was Teresa. The Lord had me moving my way over and introducing myself and stating I wanted to come to one of her church meetings. Teresa was surprised but invited me to come whenever I wanted to. We exchanged phone numbers, and gave each other a big Holy hug, the first of many I might add. I asked Brendon, and Lynne, our worship group director, for permission to go once a month which they gave with their blessing.

I now go once a month, more if Brendon or Mike take communion down, or if Teresa invites me because they have someone special coming to bring the word. AK comes too and that has been great because she has been able to introduce me to people I don't know. I must admit when I first started going there were a few people in our Church who thought I was a bit odd but now there are prayers offered up for Teresa and her little Church down at the Sports Centre.

I am there to help if needed and support a little Church that is being planted among people who really need Our Lord in their lives. I have been able to bless them a heater, when the one they had broke down, and a guitar I wasn't using for their growing band. God is good! Slowly I am being accepted by the

others there and conversations are starting up. Supporting Teresa on her journey in prayer with love is such a blessing for me. I have another beautiful sister in Christ.

My prayer now is that Our Gracious God will keep using me and all of you here today to do His will ....for His glory.

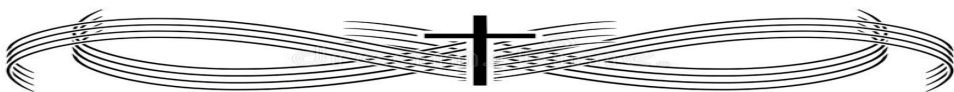
De colores.

Annie Brownlie

Annie singing her songs at  
Katikati, September 2019



Annie's songs will be available sometime in the future. If you would like to share your thoughts with Annie or know more about her music email her at this address: [annie.rainbow@yahoo.com](mailto:annie.rainbow@yahoo.com)



**Lord,  
you tell us  
to wait for your return.**

**Help us  
watch for you. Let us  
greet you in the Eucharist.  
And look for you in the ones we love,  
in strangers that we meet, and in everyone in need.  
Let us find you in our work, in books we read and in our  
sleep.**

**We'll watch for you in our laughter and our tears,  
within the deep insides of everything,  
in the dusk, and in  
the dark of  
night.**

**Knock, and please  
come right  
in.**

# WAIAPU DIOCESE

## Greetings Cursillistas

In September my beautiful 3 daughters and I went to South Africa for my dad's memorial service. It was two weeks of sheer bliss. We cried together, laughed together and for 2 of my daughters it was the first time they went back home since immigrating to New Zealand in 2007. I say, "back home" because that was what almost everyone's first reaction was on hearing we are going to South Africa: "Ah you are going home" or "enjoy your time back home". This made me think about the age old question, where is home? I have been talking about New Zealand as home, it has been for the last 13 years but thinking of South Africa as home stirred up some warm fuzzy feelings.

Home is one of those simple ideas that gets more complicated the harder you think about it. Is home a place, a person, a thing or somewhere to go? Is it material or spiritual? Or...is it all of the above? What is home to you?

I associate HOME with love, warmth and comfort. It has nothing to do with the physical house and structure. It's all about the love and warmth I get when I'm there, that true sense of belonging and love. After all that is what we as Christians build our life and relationships on, first of all love God with all your heart, soul and mind and love other as you love yourself. Love from the inside out and bring it out into the world.

The thing is, though, that each of our homes, and the people who share them with us, shape us in ways it takes years to fully understand. Most of us begin with the same kind of home: Where we come from. Where we grew up. Our oldest, most fundamental place; the place we really began. It may not have been happy, but it's still our origin, and for better or worse, we can't forget it, or carve away the imprint it left upon us.

Therefore, the home you build yourself, in many ways, is the most rewarding one of all. You can fill it, and populate it, with whatever and whoever you wish. It can be whatever you want it to be, whether it's the place you share with your partner, or your partner plus the colourful chaos of children (and or chaos of pets), or just the solitary peace of your sofa, a good book and a big glass of wine. This home is the one you fill with your own family, whoever you choose them to be — but the peace is in the choosing.

Where or what is home to you?



Praying that you will have a blessed Christmas at your “home”

Blessings

Hanlie - DLD Waiapu Diocese



## **Waiapu C8 2019**

The Riverbend Bible Centre, Havelock North, was an excellent venue for C8. We did our own catering which kept the costs down to all. Also, having Cursillistas cater enriched the weekend for all. Jennifer Whyman did an excellent job in doing the catering and organising extra help, when needed. Also, we were blessed to have David and Glenda Prosser, and Rev'd, Mary Rowland assist Jennifer with the preparation of meals and cleaning up afterwards during the weekend.

We had beautiful weather during the weekend. The team commented that everything seemed very relaxed and unhurried. Part of this was due to the fact that our numbers were relatively small. Hanlie as Proctor had everything well organised and everything ran very smoothly with a relaxed pace. The team was just wonderful. The pilgrims enjoyed the relaxed 3 days with plenty of time for reflection and siesta. It was a very prayerful Cursillo with the movement of God's Spirit evident. It was wonderful to have such great support from the Regional Dean, Rev'd David Van Overen.

As mentioned before, the team was superb. The talks were excellent and gave a lot of food for thought. The talks were beautifully presented. They enjoyed the venue and their comments indicated they enjoyed serving on team. Being small in numbers worked well for all things.

We were blessed to have four pilgrims that God had chosen to attend C8. One was a lovely young woman who had only been in NZ for 7 months from Brazil.

It has been my very great privilege to lead the C8 team and I couldn't have done it without everyone's help, the prayer support and our dear Lord who has helped me enormously to believe in myself and help me over my struggles.

Lay Director C8

**Christina Thomas**

## WELLINGTON DIOCESE

De Colores from the newest DLD in the country, as I was Commissioned on the 6<sup>th</sup> November at our DDU and Ultreya on that day and we thank God for the blessings he has bestowed upon us in chronological order.

We have been functioning for about 6 months with the team running the show, so thank you to the secretariat and those that filled in gaps but out of that.

We have just finished two successful Cursillos, W43 and M43 with 20 and 15 pilgrims. W43 changed so many of the pilgrim's lives and lived up to the sadness to joy theme. On M43 two 21 year olds and pilgrims from Anglican parishes as well as a catholic and one from the rock. It was a varied weekend with Taize used exclusively in chapel.

The DDU and Ultreya on the 6<sup>th</sup> November had 40 attendees for DDU and 60 for the Ultreya and had a great testimonial from a husband and wife whom had both just attended the weekend. We spoke on spiritual direction and group reunions.

Kapiti also had a mini Christmas Ultreya last weekend as well.

We have restarted to participate in giving and receiving international palanca.

We have a retreat planned for January for the secretariat. To do some visioning and long term planning.

We have six mini Ultreya's in the planning stage and hope to Cursillo service on Sunday morning with the Ultreya in the afternoon throughout the diocese.

We have negotiated pricing for our venues for the next 2 years and have booked them.

We also intend to reconnect with our veterans throughout the year

So it's on with the hard work then.

David Kendall - new DLD, Wellington Diocese



## DISTRACTIONS...

Luke 21:5-11

In today's world, the ability to focus has become harder and harder as more things draw away our attention. Netflix, Sky TV, YouTube and others compete for our time when we get home in the evening. The project at work with the big deadline on the horizon consumes our thoughts. The distractions we are subject to seem to increase every day, and often have the effect of numbing us to what really matters. I can't help but feel that, in this gospel passage, Jesus reminds us that the distractions, although entertaining, can lead us astray from our mission as Christians to love God and to love one another.

It can be easy to gloss over the cosmic travail that Jesus describes in this reading because we don't experience that kind of apocalyptic drama in our day to day lives. But perhaps we can consider our ordinary, personal, spiritual turmoil as a small version of what Jesus talks about today.

*What "beautiful stones" in the temple of our own lives distract us from the hungry person we drive by on the street corner each morning?*

*What things "lead us astray" from taking the time to talk to a friend who seems sad or troubled?*

*What distractions keep us from truly listening to and connecting with our loved ones when we get home at night?*



As we approach the season of Advent, Jesus is challenging us to reflect on our own lives. How can we remove or minimize the distractions that keep us from drawing closer to him? How can we more effectively use our time and talents to connect with the people in our lives?

Blessings,

Hennie Nothnagel - new DSA, Wellington Diocese.



~~~~~

Lord Jesus, our lives pattern your own. You were beaten and spat upon for loving a world unused to love. We mistakenly expect not to be hated by the world, but admired by it; not to be betrayed, but to succeed. Remind us that it is not a reality that your name, Jesus, will bring us only success, praise, and power. Give us the endurance to suffer because we choose you. Amen.

## **CAROL FOR A HARD WINTER** (Author unknown)

Sisters and brothers, gather around,  
Here lies a babe upon the hard ground;  
This is no Christmas child in the hay,  
Yet here is Christ, born even today.

There are no angels, there is no star,  
Kings do not ride with gifts from afar,  
To this hard birth-place no shepherds run,  
Yet here is Christ, God's tiniest one.

No mother sings a warm lullaby,  
Joseph has left the baby to cry;  
Ruined the inn and empty the stall,  
Yet here is Christ, God's love gift to all.

Child who knows hunger, sorrow and pain,  
Helpless, abandoned, left by the slain;  
You are the Christ entrusted again,  
May you find love as once you found then.

*Foot note:*

*A picture of a Vietnam War Soldier holding a tiny child in his arms, combined with visual memories of Renaissance pictures of Mary surrounded by shepherds and Magi kneeling before a tiny child laid on the ground - a Christ-child born in poverty and destitution yet still the Saviour of the world - lie behind this carol-poem. Many children today inherit poverty and abandonment, yet in each one God again entrusts the Christ-child to us.*

**Luke 2: 8-20** (from the Aussie Bible)

**News Flash:**

There were some drovers, camped out on a paddock nearby, keeping an eye on their mob of sheep that night. Their eyes shot out on stalks when an angel of the Lord zapped into view, and the glory of the Lord filled the air like a thousand volts of electricity. The angel said, "Stop looking like a bunch of stunned mullets. Let me give you the drum, the good oil, it's top news for the whole crew, everyone, everywhere. Today in that little town on the hill a rescuer has been born: he is the Promised One, the King, the Lord. And here's how you'll find him: the little ankle-biter is wrapped up in a bunny rug. And

lying in a food trough."

And before you could say, "Well, I'll be blowed!" the whole sky was filled with more angels than you could count, all singing away at the tops of their lungs (if angels have got lungs): "God is great, God is bonza - and to everyone on this planet who's on God's side: peace and goodwill, and, by the way, Happy Christmas."

(Which rather confused the drovers because they'd never heard of Christmas before)

Suddenly the whole choir nipped off in the blink of an eye. The drovers said to each other, "We'd better make tracks to Bethlehem and have a squiz at what's happened - check out this message from God".

So, the lot of them shot through like a Toorak tram to Bethlehem - and they found Mary, and Joe and the baby who was, sure enough, wrapped in a bunny rug and lying in a food trough. When they'd seen this, they told every Tom, Dick and Harry about what had happened and everyone who heard the story was blown away by it. But Mary just made a mental note of these things and tucked them away in a corner of her heart. The drovers went back to the paddock, and their mob of sheep, as excited as a racehorse on Melbourne Cup Day, and saying what a bottler God was, because everything was spot on - just as they'd been told.



# CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESE

## PREPARE TO CELEBRATE

I've been receiving for a number of weeks constant reminders that I should be preparing for Christmas. So far I've been successful in ignoring most of them! After all at the time of writing Christmas Day is over a month away.

But all the same to ensure an enjoyable celebration, preparation is obviously involved and we can see this in every Cursillo event from a National Ultreya to activities in 4th Day Groups.

So after much prayer and preparation we rejoiced with the team and the nine pilgrims who participated in C22 in September. A good number of these pilgrims, now new Cursillistas, attended the Day of Deeper Understanding and are being incorporated into 4th Day Groups. Now we are looking forward to our Advent Ultreya, which for a number of years we have held on the first Friday of December. I think our first Advent Ultreya was held when there was still a church building at St Lukes, Manchester St, which dates it before the quakes.

At this time of the year a special modified Ultreya seems to work very well for a good number of our Cursillistas. Those who can meet sometime between 6 - 7pm for a BYO tea and a catch-up. This is then followed with an hour of appropriate music, readings, reflections and a Witness Talk. Cursillistas seem to appreciate having a special event early December as a part of our preparation for the Christmas Season and I am again very much looking forward to it.

Finally on behalf of Cursillo in the Christchurch Diocese I would like to wish you all a meaningful Advent and a joyous Christmas!

Stephanie Johnston ( DLD - Christchurch)



## DUNEDIN DIOCESE

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit by itself, unless it abides in the vine, neither can you, unless you abide in me. John 15:4

### **God, My garden, and Me.**

In many ways my faith journey has mirrored my journey as a gardener.

In 1980, my husband died when my children were both very young, Callum six and Annie four. It was a time when I had a lot of doubt about my faith in God, but I always 'turned up', to church weekly knowing I needed to re-evaluate my beliefs. It was a time of turmoil for me.

I had a massive garden; Malcolm had been a keen gardener and the whole back yard was dedicated to every type of vegetable imaginable. Tomatoes, potatoes, sweet corn, all beautifully presented in weedless rows.

And the whole area surrounded by neatly pruned hedges.

Now I was not a gardener. I didn't like to get my hands dirty. I was happy to buy my carrots at the supermarket, potatoes too as they didn't require washing off dirt.

As the weeks went by the garden grew weeds, strong, green and prolific. I would look out of the back window and despair at the state of the once pristine garden.

I spent a day cutting hedges and the next day in bed recovering from my muscle pain. I hated that garden.

So, I prayed often, Lord, please send someone who will offer to take care of this garden.

But no one came.

I managed over about three years to keep the hedges looking reasonable, and the weeds succumbed to copious amounts of spray. I asked, 'Where are you God. I need your help'.

But no help came.

I decided it was time I moved to a house that was lower maintenance.

I prayed about my possible move and God answered my prayers. I bought a fully fenced house with no hedges, a small established low maintenance front garden and no garden whatsoever in the back, just lawn!

Thank you, Lord!

I moved there where I still live in 1983, and by the Spring of 1984 I had dug a little bit of garden at the back and I grew carrots and lettuces.

I was hooked.

Over the years my garden grew, and my faith grew.

Lord, when I prayed for a gardener, you sent me!



It's difficult to be working among creation and not think of the creator. Jesus' parables often involve gardening. A gardener sows seeds only to have the enemy sow weeds among them in the night. Seeds fall on the path, among thorns, and on good soil. God is an extravagant gardener. Recalling the very beginning in Genesis, we see God as the gardener, present in the beautiful Garden of Eden. After creating the garden with the greatest care and then providing everything the people

would ever need, God stayed in the garden, keeping company with the people. We recall, too, that towards the end of Matthew's Gospel when Mary Magdalene goes to the tomb that first Easter morning, she doesn't recognize Jesus at first, mistaking him for the gardener. There is good ground, solid ground, for thinking of God as a gardener.

Now I am not the greatest gardener, but I am a gardener full of faith. Last weekend I planted my courgettes and beans. I will feed the neighbourhood with my courgettes and fill my freezer with green beans.

My flowers will flourish and bring huge delight to all who visit it. It is a garden of memories. Bits and pieces from friends and family remind me of how God has worked in my life so even when I felt so alone, He was there in the midst of my pain through those wonderful friends who were there for me.

God answers prayer, maybe not how we envisage the answer, but He knows us and gives us what we need.

Recently I met a woman while hospital visiting and I have visited her several times both in the hospital and at home. She has leukaemia and knows her time here on earth is limited.

I was in my garden and she suddenly came to mind and I knew I had to visit her right then, that very afternoon. I changed out of my gardening clothes and called into New World to buy her a few roses on my way.

She had visitors, family, and I stayed for a coffee and cake. Before I left, Susanne said to me 'How did you know it was my birthday? Well I didn't, but God did! It was special because she didn't think she would make this one.

Another recent God moment for me in my garden was when I told myself I really need to get the vegetable garden weed free and dug over before Labour Weekend. But I found myself in the front garden, pruning my precious



Compassion rose.

Now I had been working for some time when I heard a plaintive cry 'John, John,' over and over. It was Jill, my next-door neighbour calling to her husband and it didn't sound right to me.

I hurried to their place and found John in his front garden, also pruning a rose. He was without his hearing aids so I needed to yell 'Jill needs you'. We followed the cries inside and Jill, aged 90 had fallen.

We checked her for possible injuries but it appeared she just needed to be helped up.

Try as we might, John and I just weren't strong enough to lift her.

We have a house group at John and Jill's, based on the Ffald-y -Brennin model. Each month a few neighbours gather to pray for the people in our street. The house next to John and Jill and the last house up our little lane had been vacant for some time and we had been praying for the right person to move in there. We knew someone had just moved in and so John went to ask for his help. He was the right person!

His late wife had had Parkinson's and he had been taught how to lift her and so Jill was up and sitting in her chair with little fuss.

Thank you, God.

My garden spills inside. This is a corner of my kitchen which displays my biggest (actually, only) pumpkin grown last year. It may be little, but I am immensely proud of it.



There is a sign there too, a bit faded now, but it reads  
**Gardening is cheaper than therapy and you get tomatoes.**

And oh yes, I do talk to my plants. I had a Camelia that had been planted for 5 years and had never flowered. I talked to it gently and said, well if you don't have at least 5 flowers next year, I have no option but to cut you down. The following year it had 6 flowers, this year too many to count.

I read this, and it is so true for me

*Our spiritual gardens will bloom beautifully when we live out our faith in the middle of our messy lives. When we tend our gardens daily, we will remember to lift our gaze from our problems to God. The help we receive (not the hardships that we endure) will cultivate our soul gardens. Slowly we learn to base our lives on the word of God, not on our feelings. If you keep praying and tending your spiritual garden, the Master Gardener, Jesus, will work alongside you. With his guiding, helping, and coaxing your garden will bloom and bear fruit beyond your wildest dreams.*

De Colores

Trish

*As we offer our small rejoicing for the love  
that surrounds our days*

*All the wonderful works of Thy goodness  
open before our gaze.*

*And through gates of our narrow  
thanksgiving we shall enter Thy courts of  
praise.*

*Annie Johnson Flint*

## Cursillo Badges — A Great idea for Palanca

A few years ago, the Christchurch Secretariat commissioned the design and manufacture of a colourful and attractive “Anglican Cursillo New Zealand” lapel pin badge (pictured right).

Featuring a colourful “de colores” rooster emblem, this badge is a great way to show your colours and start a conversation about Cursillo.

**Priced at only \$10 each** (plus \$2.00 postage), if required, badges will be on sale at three day weekends and Ultreyas, or may be obtained from Lesley Allan (03) 356 1819 or [chchcursillo@gmail.com](mailto:chchcursillo@gmail.com)



### Websites:

Episcopal Cursillo Website (USA) - [episcopalcursilloministry.org](http://episcopalcursilloministry.org)

British Anglican Cursillo Council - <https://www.anglicancursillo.co.uk/>

Wellington Cursillo Website - [www.cursillo.org.nz](http://www.cursillo.org.nz)

Waiapu Cursillo Website - <http://www.waiapu.com/about-us/cursillo/>

Christchurch Website - <http://cursillo.org.nz/christchurch/>

Bible Study (Nicky Gumbel) - <http://www.bibleinoneyear.org/>

Bible Readings - <http://www.biblegateway.com>

\$15 for 3 issues including p&p

Please make cheque to Kiwi Cursillo and post to

Mrs. A. McCracken

2 Lear Street

Morrinsville 3300

Or Deposit your subscription at Westpac Bank

03 0915 0007059 000

Particulars: Your name

Reference: Your Diocese

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Email:

\_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Donation: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Kiwi Cursillo welcomes donations to help the distribution of our magazine to our Bishops and to keep our costs to \$5 a copy.

