



# KIWI CURSILLO

*The Magazine for  
New Zealand Anglican Cursillo*

Winter 2020

Issue 51

*News from the Diocese'  
Out of lockdown...  
And more...*

*L*ift up my eyes  
to the hills—  
where does my help  
come from?  
*My help comes from the LORD,  
the Maker of heaven and earth.*

*Psalm 121:1-2*

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### **THE DEADLINE FOR THE WINTER ISSUE IS FRIDAY NOV 20, 2020**

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***God is bread when you're hungry, water when you're thirsty, a harbour from the storm. God's father to the fatherless, a mother to the motherless. God's my sister, my brother, my leader, my guide, my teacher, my comforter, my friend. . . God's my all in all, my everything.***  
*Thea Bowman*

## NATIONAL LAY DIRECTOR

Ngā mihi āroha, ngā mihi hari ki a koutou katoa i runga i te ingoa o te Karaiti.

*Warm greetings to you all in the name of Christ.*

As I take over from National Lay Directors, Glenda & David Prosser, I offer thanks to God for their energy and commitment to the Cursillo Movement over the last three years, and for the time they spent informing, supporting and praying for me as I prepared to take up this position. Their wisdom, their love and their on-the-ground encouragement have supported us all and will continue to do so.



Tēnā korua mo ō mahi manaaki i a mātou tautoko i te kaupapa Cursillo.

*Thank you both for your love and care of our Cursillo movement.*

So who am I?

Born in Dargaville, our family moved to Auckland to be close to grand-parents following the polio-induced death of my father, my mother with three young daughters to raise. A middle child I completed my primary education in Mt Eden, then attended Auckland Girls' Grammar School where, mentored by capable and determined women, I fell in love with and excelled in languages, which became a career choice. I studied and trained in Auckland, then worked as a teacher in Wellington before moving to Hawkes Bay where I now live.

My one-month exchange experience as a 16-year-old living with a French family in New Caledonia sparked a life-long interest in cross-cultural exchanges, visits and scholarships, and I went on to learn more languages and build links and friendships all over the world, for teachers, for students and for our family. I've enjoyed roles as school department head, adviser to schools, president of national associations, teacher educator and adviser to Government, roles requiring oversight and support of fourteen languages, with community, national and international liaison.

Personally, the love of my life is Richard, who trained as a Maths & Physics

teacher, but whose passion with computers led him to become an IT & Management specialist. We were blessed with three sons, taking them overseas on Richard's sabbatical leave from Massey University. Half a year in the USA and half a year in France for our primary-aged children "dumped" into local schools woke them up to a world of difference.

Big changes were to come. We worshipped and served regularly wherever we found ourselves in the world. Our home church is All Saints in Taradale, Napier. There Richard experienced his calling and was priested in 1995, serving as a priest in secular employment. Leaving full-time work, Richard and I ran a consultancy. We experienced Cursillo in the Wellington Diocese, Richard first, me four years later with Women's 33, St Anne's Table. The Cursillo experience in 2010 changed my life. I was in awe of those laypersons, ordinary people like me, who spoke with such sincerity of how God was working in their lives. I felt the shift inside myself. I became more open to God, and with God. I prayed more. I studied more. I worshipped more. I was more honest with myself – and with others.

Clergy and lay we were, husband and wife, different status, different professions. God had more in mind for us, the roles of Diocesan Lay Director and Diocesan Spiritual Adviser in Waiapu following the gifting of Cursillo to our Diocese in 2011. The conversations around the dining table took a new turn as we undertook an incredible partnership to help Cursillo grow and flourish, travelling the length and the breadth of the Diocese.

Sadly, as many will know, my partnership with Richard came to an end. Diagnosed with terminal cancer, after 50 years of marriage he faded away in September 2016, an end to his suffering, and the beginning of mine. My grief was intense. My faith wavered. God seemed distant. I believe my worship, too, was distant. Family, friends, groups I belonged to – they were helpful, supportive. I struggled to know myself, let alone know God. Others thought I was doing OK. I knew I was not.

I came to a stage where my soul longed for more. In 2018 I courageously signed up for pilgrimage, a means to depart from ordinary daily life, to be engaged in sacred spaces and landscapes, to push myself physically, to renew myself spiritually, longing for God's healing. My pilgrimage in 2019 involved two significant strands: first, a three-week 25-person pilgrimage in Italy in the footsteps of St Francis of Assisi and St Clare; second, my solo visit to Israel to stay with a Jewish family who had met Richard, but not me,

and who had invited me to stay for no less than two weeks. When asked what I hoped to gain from the pilgrimage, I breathed deeply and asked God: What would you have me say? From my mouth came these words: “To experience moments of joy”. It was true. Joy had been missing from my life.

On pilgrimage in Italy I marvelled that St Francis did not work to bring God to others. Rather he saw the God in them, the poor, the sick, the oppressed, his brothers and sisters in Christ. One day I fell when hurrying off the bus. This was in Assisi, the place they call the holy city of peace. With my glasses broken, my head bruised, my knee badly grazed, and my left hand, crushed by the fall, increasingly painful, I was taken to emergency in two places. There began an astonishing 8-hour treatment bathed in love and compassion. That night, in these hospital locations, I encountered time and time again the face of Jesus and felt exquisite moments of pure joy – and peace. I, too, saw God in others.

My pilgrimage to Israel was a different experience, right out of my comfort zone. Warmly welcomed by the Jewish family I had never met, my Jewish host took me on a walking tour of old Jerusalem, ending up at the wailing wall, a place of prayer and pilgrimage sacred to the Jewish people. My host led me gently to the entry point for women, pointed out where we would meet again, then disappeared with the men. When we re-united he said simply: “I believe we share the same God. I prayed for you.” I was embraced by that family with their kosher kitchen and weekly rhythm where Shabat – the Sabbath – is a holy day and all work stops. Respectfully I too refrained from turning on electric lights, or using my cell-phone, or doing anything considered to be work. This cross-cultural cross-religion friendship in a land of political instability; where there are walls to divide people; security gates to pass through; enduring religious conflict over holy sites; armed military everywhere; frequent terrorist attacks; and suspicious airport officials with their questioning and meticulous search of every item in my luggage on entry and leaving the country, this friendship, open and honest, with respect for difference, this hospitality, is a God-given treasure.

Balancing the desire to spend time more deeply in God’s presence against the concept of ‘time wasted doing nothing’ is something I’ve struggled with over the years. Returning from pilgrimage I’m more skilled at what I call “conscious contemplation”, being fully present in the moment, just sitting, or walking, or when I’m waiting. Believing that God is in everything and everyone around me

as part of God's creation, I notice more. The bright colours of the butterfly; the movement of the fish in the pond; the unfurling leaf; the glistening raindrops; the busy ants; and I marvel at the beauty of the world. Through feeling the light and warmth of the sun, I feel the warmth and light of God. And there are times when I feel "it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me", (Galatians, 2:20) the sense that I, too, am part of this wondrous creation that is imbued with holiness. Through daily prayer woven into my day, through my conversations with God as a friend and sustainer, a forgiver and believer in me, from whom I receive an abundance of love, and direction, everything I do becomes a sacred act - doing dishes, making the bed, talking to the neighbours.....

Now restored through being open to God's patience and healing, I find that God has more plans for me, so here I am serving the Cursillo Movement for the next three years as your National Lay Director. Cursillistas, Anglicans, as I pray for and support you and your leaders in Aotearoa New Zealand amidst our country's precautions during the Covid-19 pandemic to keep us all safe, may we all rejoice in the love of Christ as we accept the challenge to respond to God's call on our lives and service.

My life is complete when I have the joy of sharing it with others because you are my brothers and sisters, and I want for you the best that we can have – a deep and rewarding personal relationship with God, with Christ. I close with a simple expression of what matters most summed up in this blessing from St Clare of Assisi:

"May the Lord be with you always,  
and may you be with the Lord,  
always,  
and in every place."      AMEN

Kia tau te rangimārie ki a tātou katoa. May peace be with us all.

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***'When we worry about tomorrow,'  
writes Joyce Meyer, 'we waste today!'***

# NATIONAL SPIRITUAL ADVISOR

## De Colores!

During lockdown I was definitely guilty of spending a lot of time in my recliner enjoying YouTube videos, and one of my special pleasures is a playlist of videos of people trying on special glasses that enable some colour blind people to see in colour for the first time. Just imagine it! Often times the response is one of being overwhelmed, of tears, of laughter, of bewilderment.



It is no coincidence that “De Colores!” (in colour) is a catchphrase amongst Cursillistas (and it’s not just about the chicken song which goes back to a sixteenth century Mexican folk song and has been part of Cursillo weekends since the 1940s... pio pio pio). To say “de colores” is to join my YouTube guilty pleasure in celebrating the colours of life in all their vibrance and celebration.

Hopefully for you the Cursillo experience itself was one where, in an environment of love, faith and prayer, you were able to see the world and your faith in full colour, where you emerged inspired by the fullness of the life of God.

In Acts 19 the Apostle Paul travels to Corinth (a beautiful seaside spot in Greece) and finds a Christian community there. Unfortunately, while they are committed to following Jesus, they have never heard of the Holy Spirit (v2) and so were effectively living what I can only imagine was a colourless Christian experience. Of course, Paul prays for them (v6) and they were filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues and prophesied. (De colores!)

As I write this we are in what I call the grey side of winter. Yes, spring is coming but for now the gardens are lacking a lot of their usual colour. In my own life it can be a season when I am more inclined to struggle with depression and feel flat (and I know I’m not alone in this.) In this season we anticipate the colours, we offer the gift of the colours we have discovered to others and we hold on.

*“Arise, shine, for your light has come, and the glory of the LORD rises upon you... Nations will come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your dawn... Then you will look and be radiant, your heart will throb and swell with joy.” Isaiah 60:1,3,5*

De colores!

Rev Chris - NSA

## FAREWELL – BUT NOT GOODBYE

This is our final article for Kiwi Cursillo, as we are no longer National Lay Co-Directors for the Cursillo movement in New Zealand. At the beginning of May, in the midst of Lockdown, we handed over the baton to Gail Spence.



Since then, we have spent some time reflecting on the last 3 years. There have certainly been some memorable highlights for us:

- meeting so many people who are enthusiastic and intentional in their faith and witness
- seeing how the Cursillo perspective can transform people’s Christian journey
- many opportunities for mutual encouragement and affirmation
- sharing all flavours of worship and fellowship
- having a good ‘excuse’ to explore some of the lesser-travelled byways in New Zealand (Brendan now has a ‘passport’ from Whangamomona!)
- visiting the regions and finding Cursillo not only alive but thriving.



Brendan (our trusty home-away-from-home) has travelled more than 11,000km on Cursillo ‘business’ from Southland to the Waikato, from Taranaki to Hawke’s Bay. He has parked-up with chickens and cows, in a retirement village, on the forecourts of Cursillista’s homes, and in churchyards; and he’s enjoyed some of the most stunning views of New Zealand.

When we set out 3 years ago, we had the intention of meeting as many of you as possible during our term of office. We have to say it’s been a blast!

Each meeting – whether with the National leadership team, Diocesan Secretariats, Fourth Day Reunion Groups, at Ultreyas, Weekends, or with individual Cursillistas – has refreshed and energised us. Your enthusiasm for Cursillo is infectious, and some of the Apostolic Action we have witnessed has been mind-blowing.

Nevertheless, the time was right for us to step aside and let someone else share those opportunities for encouragement and ministry. We were delighted when Gail accepted +Peter’s invitation to be the next National Lay Director. We wish her as much pleasure and fulfilment in the role as we have enjoyed.



‘Voyages’ in Brendan will now be mostly for pleasure, but we remain committed to, praying for, and involved in, Cursillo – so you never know, if the timing is right, you might someday bump into us ‘incognito’ at an event near you!

Until then – God bless, and  
Ultreya!  
Glenda & David Prosser

*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*

## Food for Thought



Matthew 14: 15-21 tells the story of Jesus feeding five loaves and two fish to the multitudes, illustrating his ability to work miracles as well as showing his concern with our pressing human needs. It is interesting to note that Jesus didn't do anything himself: he used his disciples to help meet the peoples' needs. "They all ate and were satisfied, and all the disciples picked up twelve baskets of broken pieces that were left over. The number of those who ate was about five thousand men, besides women and children." (Matthew 14, 20 - 21).

The Holy Spirit moved within each of the Gospel writers—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—to tell this story, each in his own way. They record different elements and details, yet they all report that the same basic events happened. It cannot be seen as a mere 'parable'. It is reported to us as a historic event. Jesus truly did feed the multitude of people with a few loaves of bread and a few small fish.

We can be sure that Jesus knew the impossibility of the situation but he wasn't caught off-guard. He didn't despair over what they didn't have. Rather, they all despaired over what they *did* have – Five loaves and two fish! All the gospel writers except John tell of the disciples saying basically the same thing, "This is a deserted place, and the hour is already late. Send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves food" (Matt. 14:15).

There are some days post-Covid when I feel I face a challenge that is bigger than both my physical and spiritual resources can achieve. At these times we must not forget that Jesus has sovereignly permitted these challenges to fall upon us, and He already knows what *He* is going to do. Let us be assured that He is simply testing us to see whether or not we will trust Him.

Another message from this passage is that we need to make sure we are concerned with Jesus' concerns. This isn't something that we automatically think about when we face challenges. But it's one of the

most important things that this passage can teach us. As hard as it is to do, we must learn to stop and seek what it is that Jesus is concerned about in our seemingly impossible situation. He isn't concerned about the impossibilities that we're concerned about. He is always concerned about something else—something greater and far more worthy of our attention.

God, the teacher, feeds our minds. For God to feed the crowd spiritually He needed to feed them physically, for without the resource called physical food, the people could not receive the spiritual food.

God accepts us for who we are, and in doing so accepts whatever we offer to Him in faith and thanksgiving. Our offering can be big or small. God doesn't care how much we offer, because He uses whatever we offer to do His work in our world and in our daily lives.

God is all-seeing, all knowing, and His love knows no limits. He shows his love by offering spiritual nourishment to His people. The spiritual nourishment is so vast that we can't absorb it all at once. There are always leftovers, just like there were leftovers for those who gathered to enjoy the loaves and fish. Our human inability to absorb every single thing we are taught forces God to keep reminding us about His love and power, just as our human ability to ignore what He has to teach us forces Him to keep reminding us.

God doesn't offer spiritual food without requiring something from us in return. When He feeds us, He also asks us to nourish, teach and lead others. He asks us to feed the multitudes by offering what we can. As we distribute the spiritual food, it increases and fills the soul. Jesus cared for the people like the good servant leader he is – healing, teaching, feeding the power of God. As we slowly return to our post-Covid routine may we also be God's servant leaders as we prepare for our Ultreyas, Three-Day Cursillos, Fourth Day Group Reunions, Spiritual Direction as well as working with and through our Church. May we all be nourished by the loaves and fishes expressed through God's love for us all.

De Colores

*Tax*

Jan Lockett-Kay, Lay Director, Waikato Taranaki Diocese



## Waikato Taranaki Combined Cursillo Upcoming Ultreyas

Please note your calendars for two separate Ultreyas, as follows:

### **Taranaki**

Saturday, 29 August, 1:30 to 3:00pm  
St John the Baptist, 41 Domett Street, Waitara

### **Waikato**

Saturday, 19 September, 1:30 to 3:00pm - **revised date**  
(originally scheduled for 12 September)  
St Matthews, 269 Thames Street, Morrinsville

On Saturday 11 July, 20+ Waikato and Taranaki Cursillistas gathered for a Combined Ultreya at St Bride's Anglican Church in Otorohanga. The Secretariat met in the morning, followed by a BYO lunch for anyone who wanted to join in, and the Ultreya commenced at 1:00pm. Amidst the normal rousing singing of lovely songs, beautifully accompanied by Beth Kay, Lorraine Bregmen delivered a most interesting witness talk to which The Rev. Wendy Tyrrell responded. The afternoon wrapped just after 3:00pm for travellers to start heading home.

De Colores,  
Jasmine, Secretary/Registrar  
Waikato Taranaki Combined Cursillo  
[jasminebeller412@hotmail.com](mailto:jasminebeller412@hotmail.com)

## OUR ANYWHERE, ANYTIME GOD

God speaks to us in a number of different ways. I hear God's voice when I reflect on scripture, when words of a worship song rise spontaneously within me, when I read or hear someone's thoughts expressed and in all manner of objects as well as creation.

What does a person of faith do when their lives get turned upside down and nothing is as it used to be? Where is God when life does not make sense? It is easy to fall into negative thinking that can put one into the deep dark pit of depression. So far this has not happened to me. Brené Brown has a wonderful cartoon on empathy at <https://youtu.be/1Ewvngu369Jw> which shows what it is like to be in a dark hole as well as showing us how to be with others in a dark hole.

Recently when visiting someone I had reason to bring this image to mind. Then later as I was driving past a river swollen by rain the thought came that water always flows down to the lowest point. Water flows to the lowest point. Who is the living water? When we are at our lowest because life no longer makes sense then Jesus our living water is with us. Jesus our living water may actually be carrying us along. You may know how this is expressed in the poem Footprints.

Next I thought about the darkness of depression. Light is made up of photons which are a form of energy. Apparently, photons can be found in what we call darkness. We refer to Jesus as the light of the world. He is there with us even in our darkest times.

I have found that it is in the most challenging of times that we can experience God in a deeper way. Life is not always as straightforward as we would like it to be. I like to remind myself that my God is my anywhere, anytime God who can carry me and be with me no matter what life throws at me.



Christine Hunn - co-DSA Waikato/Taranaki

# WAIAPU DIOCESE

Kia ora Cursillistas

I am Jennifer Whyman and have almost taken on the role of Diocesan Lay Director for the Waiapu Diocese, next week is the commissioning service. I am very thankful to Hanlie for leaving the Waiapu Cursillo in such happy heart and wish her a restful and peace-filled time out. I look forward to working with the Secretariat, after I get my head around the different things I now have to do.

A little introduction - I live with my husband Robin and two teenage children, Hamish and Amy who are both in their last year at high school. We have lived in Napier for seven years and love it in Napier. We worship at All Saints in Taradale where I take the youth group, Revive, on Friday nights. My first Cursillo was W33 in Wellington, then W35 before moving to Napier. I have also attended W3, C2, C3 in Waiapu, mainly as the caterer. I am a primary school teacher, secretary for Waiapu Cathedral Fellowship AAW, and Vice President of the Hawkes Bay Zonta. In thinking about all the things I am involved in, I believe there is a common thread-their theme is for the empowerment and betterment of humankind. I firmly believe in the power of great relationships, with people, with our community and our God.

We are relatively quiet in Waiapu at the moment, no three day Cursillo in 2020 is planned so we are looking to strengthen for the future.

I look forward to working with you all in the years ahead.

Kind Regards and Blessings, Jennifer



## **INTRODUCING SYBIL IN WAIAPU**

Hello everyone, I'm Sybil and soon to take on the role of Diocesan Spiritual Advisor for Waiapu Anglican Cursillo from Mary Rowlands, who has done a wonderful job of gently shepherding Cursillo in Waiapu during her term.

I was born in Napier and I love the coast and ranges of Hawkes Bay. I'm married to Jim, who is from the Waikato, and we are blessed by our family.

Jim and I both made our Cursillo pilgrimages in 2004 in Melbourne and went on to be involved in the Cursillo movement there, serving a number of times on team and on Secretariat. I also served a term as Diocesan Lay Director for Melbourne Diocese just before we came home to NZ in 2012.

We were so excited to find that Cursillo had come to Waiapu just before we returned and continuing our participation in Cursillo in NZ has been a real blessing to us.

I am an Anglican Deacon and a Benedictine Oblate. We currently live and work in full time voluntary ministry at Kopua Monastery (Southern Star Abbey) near Takapau in Central Hawkes Bay, where we co-ordinate the hospitality ministry on behalf of the Monks. We love our life with the Kopua community and give thanks to God for bringing us here.

I am very much looking forward to serving in partnership with Jennifer as Waiapu DLD and with all Cursillistas in Waiapu as we seek to grow closer to God and live out our lives as disciples of Christ.

Thank you for your prayers; you are in my prayers.

Grace and peace to you and your families

Sybil – DSA Waiapu

# **An Easter at Kopua Monastery 2020**

## **Maundy Thursday 8.30pm**

Easter is usually one of our busiest times at Kopua, with many Guests arriving on Maundy Thursday to share the Holy Days with the Community. Every Guest room is full and the Guesthouse has mattresses on the floor to host those Guests who just wanted to be here no matter where they slept. Some Guests will have booked two years in advance to be here this Easter.

Not tonight. This year the car park is empty, the Guesthouse is dark and locked up, the extra wing is not needed and the Hermitage has no one living in blissful solitude. The Community, like everyone else, is in their bubble, staying at home, doing their bit to stamp out Covid19.

Our bubble are blessed to be able to worship together in our church, which is within our home; when we are in the church we are inside our bubble.

The church on Maundy Thursday evening is usually full of people – some tired from travelling a long way, some quietly excited to be here and happy to see old friends, and all aware of the importance and solemnity of this night as we gather at the Lord's Table.

Those of us lay-people (Cistercian Companions) who live in the Kopua Community bubble with the Monks would not normally fill half a pew, but tonight we each have a pew all to ourselves as we keep our social isolation at the back of the church.

As we sing the Gloria the Monastery church bell ("Vincent") is rung for the entire time, and for the last time until after the Resurrection.

In the homily we hear "A life is not lived unless it is lived to serve others."

As we worship together there is a strong feeling of not being alone; the presence of all the people who have been here before us and those who are praying with and for us at this time is obvious.

We remember and pray for all those who, like you, are worshipping at home, perhaps with family, or joining broadcast services, or quietly and peacefully praying in their own bubble.

We leave the church in silence to walk home through the garden. It is a surprise to find it is winter dark, but the almost full moon is beautiful and there are many stars. It's quite cold and we wonder when the first frost will come.

The Monastery enters the Great Silence at 8.30pm as it does every night, and except for the Stag on the neighbouring farm, who in the Roar doesn't seem to know about the Great Silence and continues his moaning, all else is still and quiet.

## **Holy Friday morning.**

The Monk's day begins like all others with the prayers of Vigils at 4am, followed by

Lauds at 6am. Then today is different. There is no Mass at 8am, and instead we walk in our bubble down the track towards the Hermitage to gather at the start of the Stations of the Cross.

Late yesterday a large wooden cross was placed at the foot of the first Station, and when we are all assembled, carefully distanced, Fr Nicho leads us in prayer, and we begin the journey of the Stations, walking with Jesus. The Community take turns carrying the Cross between Stations. At each of the 14 Stations we stop, listen to a reading, pray together, and then sing as we walk up the hill to the next Station, and the Stag across the road roars continuously, out of time and not quite in harmony. We are following a guide for the Stations based on the writings of Oscar Romero, Archbishop of San Salvador, who was assassinated as he said Mass in a small hospital chapel in 1980.

There are prayers for each Station:

**Station 1: Jesus is condemned to death.**

**Station 2: Jesus takes up his Cross.**

**Station 3: Jesus falls for the first time.**

**Station 4: Jesus meets his mother.**

**Station 5: Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus.**

**Station 6: Veronica wipes Jesus' face.**

**Station 7: Jesus falls a second time.**

**Station 8: Jesus speaks to the women of Jerusalem.**

**Station 9: Jesus falls a third time.**

**Station 10: Jesus is stripped of his garments.**

**Station 11: Jesus is nailed to the cross.**

**Station 12: Jesus dies on the cross.**

**Station 13: Jesus is taken down from the cross.**

**Station 14; Jesus is buried.**

And the stag is suddenly silent. Perhaps he knows more than we give him credit for.

We carry the cross to the front of the monastery and there it is set on the garden wall standing high and strong, draped in red, a silent memorial.

### **Holy Friday 3pm.**

We gather in the church, correctly distanced, for the reading of the Passion of our Lord. After each of three sections of the Passion, we sit silently for reflection, then chant a psalm.

In the homily we hear "It was Jesus' love that saved us, not his suffering or agony, but his love, his real and eternal love.....real love is costly."

In our intercessions we pray for all those who have asked for our prayers and for all those suffering from or because of the pandemic, and all those working hard and living obediently to keep other people safe.

We venerate the Cross, and receive the reserved sacrament.

We leave in silence and as we walk home the late afternoon light is beautiful, and the Stag cries out.

### **Holy Friday 7pm.**

We gather in the church for Compline, the goodnight prayer of the church; tonight the office is particularly solemn. The large crucifix that has been hung over the covered tabernacle reminds us why we are here.

Afterwards all is very quiet, even the Stag is quiet, and the night is clear and crisp with many stars out.

### **Holy Saturday:**

The Monk's day begins like all others with the prayers of Vigils at 4am, followed by Lauds at 6am.

Then today is different. There is no Mass at 8am, and instead we pray the Office of Terce, a shorter, simpler service of prayers and chanting of Psalms.

It is a clear, sunny blue-sky day with a heavy dew, everything sparkles and there is a promise of new life coming.

We pray the offices at 11.30am and 2pm as usual.

Not a word from the Stag all day.

In the evening we gather outside the church for the Easter Vigil, the service of first light. We stand in the dark in silence, isolated, and wait to begin.

The service is in three parts – the preparation and procession of the Paschal candle, the liturgy of the word, and the renewal of our baptismal promises followed by Communion.

The Paschal candle is inscribed – Christ, yesterday and today, Alpha, Omega, all time belongs to Him, and all the ages. To Him be glory and power. The 5 grains of incense are inserted. The candle is lit and we all receive a candle lit from the Paschal candle, and process into the dark church singing “Christ our Light.”

This service traces the history of our faith through the Scriptures and we immerse ourselves in the rhythm, contrasting light and dark, death and life, leading us to our own re-commitment, and Communion.

As we sing the Gloria, the bell (Vincent), rings out at double speed and full volume, and because it is such a still, clear night we hope that the people of Takapau, Ormondville and Norsewood can hear him proclaiming that Christ is risen.

In the homily we hear “It is our job to bring the resurrection to the people we meet,

we are Christ's agents of His resurrection. Christ is risen, we don't have to look for Him, he is all around us. Our job is to take Christ's love and joy to others through the way we live."

We sing the first Alleluia's of Easter and joyfully celebrate Christ's resurrection in Holy Communion.

As we walk home very late at night after a long service that has passed quickly, the Stag sings "Alleluia!"

## **Easter Sunday**

A beautiful clear sunny, classic Central Hawke's Bay day dawns as if nature knows that this day is special.

The hills and paddocks around us are starting to green after much longed-for rain last week, thanks be to God, and there is just the slightest of breezes, and all the earth in our little thin place pays homage to God the Creator.

Overnight the red drapery of the Friday Cross has been exchanged for a white garland of resurrection.

Today the flowers are back in the church, faithful dahlias that are almost the only survivors of the drought, and the sun pours in.

All our psalms, antiphons and anthems are full of Alleluias – praise be to God!

Our service is filled with the light, joy and hope of the risen Christ.

In the homily we hear "Jesus of Nazareth is not in lockdown! Jesus is living, moving, is with us, around us and within us wherever we are, and we, as St Augustine of Hippo said, are an 'Easter people' and our song is Alleluia – praise be to God! Our job is to live that love, praise and joy."

In our intercessions we pray for all those who are sick, grieving, lonely and fearful; and all those who have asked for our prayers, or who need our prayers but don't know how to ask - that Christ's love will work through the people around them to bring them comfort, support and encouragement.

We pray for all those who have walked this Easter journey with us in prayer and who will continue to walk with us in Christ's love as God's family.

We sing:

Alleluia – praise be to God!  
Christ is risen,  
He is risen indeed.  
Alleluia – praise be to God!

And the Stag sings, "Alleluia, Alleluia!"

# CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESE

## Introducing Christchurch's New Diocesan Lay Director

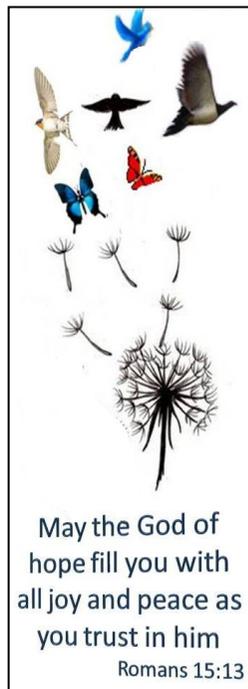
I have had a rude awakening. I find that the task of Christchurch Diocesan Lay Director requires more than a meeting or two. As I searched my mind what to talk about, for some reason I found myself thinking about Alice, the Looking Glass and this stanza

The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things:  
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —  
Of cabbages — and kings —  
And why the sea is boiling hot —  
And whether pigs have wings.'

What I like about this verse is the unreality that the verse comes from but the reality of some of the topics that the Walrus says we can talk about. For example. Shoes. Very important if you are going on a journey. Shoes that I have to step into. Shoes that I need to put on and keep myself grounded in.

I haven't formally taken over from Stephanie Johnstone. I have had a zoom meeting where I took the chair. On that agenda was the discussion about our next Cursillo weekend (C23). We have moved the original timing in September to early November (Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> to Sunday 8<sup>th</sup>). The planning assumes that we will remain Covid-19 free and at alert level 1. The planning also assumes that our team is able to get going shortly for their training sessions. John Preece is the incoming lay director and is assembling a team now.

Another item on the agenda was the timing for an Ultreya in early September (Saturday September 5<sup>th</sup>). I am under the impression I might even find myself formally inducted as Diocesan Lay Director at this Ultreya. I am hopeful that the last line in the poem verse above doesn't apply to this particular event happening.



In the last few weeks I have found myself meditating again about HOPE. I notice that in the previous issue of Kiwi Cursillo that Revd. Hennie Nothnagel - Wellington DSA spoke to us about hope. Easter is a time for hope and so that was a reason for Revd Hennie to talk about hope. I recall that my own personal Cursillo (C9) brought into my consciousness a wonderful sense of hope. Other pilgrims will find their own connections with God through Cursillo but for me it was a sense of hope. Hope in God. Hope through the resurrection of Christ. The fellowship that I find in the Cursillo movement also reminds me that God extends his hope to all believers.

I want to finish with the verse from Romans 15:13. It is what I want to use as my inspiration to be the Christchurch Diocesan Lay Director.

May the God of hope fill you  
with all joy and peace as you trust in him,  
so that you may overflow with hope  
by the power of the Holy Spirit.  
Romans 15:13 | NIV

PS. I guess I ought to give a short introduction to myself. I was born in Bristol, in the UK. My upbringing included Sundays at church, being an altar server and being a chorister. It was very “high” church Anglican. I went to London University to study Horticulture and with a background in volunteer work ended up as an overseas volunteer in Swaziland (now called Eswatini). My assignment was to be a demonstrator at the agriculture college and that set me on a path to becoming an academic. I met my wife, Rita, in Swaziland. There came a time when I needed to move from Southern Africa. Rita, our first child Arthur and I took up the invitation to come to New Zealand and Lincoln College as it was then. We have been in the Christchurch vicinity ever since. We have three children and seven grandchildren, and I am now retired (now that is a unreality) from Lincoln University in 2016. I worship in the Parish of Ellesmere.



Mike Morley-Bunker—Christchurch DLD

## Transforming Action

When we meet in our Fourth day Groups we are asked to share our experiences of Transforming Action.

I am convinced that we cannot begin to take part in transformative action without the power and discipline of prayer. We need to pray as if everything depends on God, and then live as if God has no other plan but the Church. We are the ones God is waiting on. When we shake our fists at God and inquire (often not very politely) “Why do you allow this injustice? or tragedy” we have to be ready for God to throw the question right back at us.

I am quite sure that most of you will say it is arrogant and stupid to suggest that we are the answer to our prayers when we know perfectly well that God is the only answer to prayer. *And so here is a mystery – we have, in fact we worship –*

*A God who chooses to need us.*

*A God who doesn't want to change the world without us.*

*A God who longs to co-operate with us.*

*A God who allows us to fail, and flounder, who promises to make up for our shortcomings BUT still wants **us**.*

In fact we make the startling discovery that nothing at all hinges on our ability, ingenuity or even our strength – actually God works through our weakness.

God must have a wonderful sense of humour. A stuttering prophet becomes the voice of God, a barren old lady becomes the mother of a nation, a shepherd boy becomes a king, and a homeless, helpless baby leads us home. God works **not** in spite of but **through** our frailty.

Think about the feeding of the thousands in the Gospel stories. The disciples are worried that the people are hungry and approach Jesus. His response is brilliant in its simplicity: “Well, give them something to eat!” The disciples can't get their heads around the apparent impossibility of this command - it would take several months worth of wages to buy enough –

mutter, mutter. Jesus again stirs the pot, asking “ Well, what do you have?” And of course they confess that all they have is one little kids’ lunch – some fish and chips. Nevertheless this youngster is willing to hand it all over. So Jesus takes it and adds some God stuff.

So that small lunch fed thousands, and there were leftovers!

The obvious lesson is that God will take whatever we have if we offer it with open hands and willing hearts – and furthermore God will use it to work miracles, feed thousands, and change the world.

So when we see large problems like starving masses, is the answer ‘God’ or is it ‘us’. I think Jesus would answer “Yes” the answer is both.

Of course, we must not ever think that we are God! Or even that we are the hope of the world, or the ones who will move history. B UT we do need to remember that God lives in us and through us. In fact Scripture tells us that *“No one has ever seen God; but if we love one another, God lives in us”*. (1 John 4:12) You are in fact the only Jesus some people will ever get to see. We become the body of Christ, to be people who remind the world of Jesus. **We *are*** God’s body.

Remember that even as God lives in us, God is also bigger than us. So when we fail, grow tired, lose hope, are frustrated, God is still there, reviving our broken dreams, healing our broken hearts and restoring the broken world. We must never begin to think that we are the answer ***without*** God.

**So let us pray. And let us become God’s answer to our prayers.**

De Colores  
Ven. Lynnette Lightfoot - DSA Christchurch



# DUNEDIN DIOCESE

Dunedin Cursillo via Zoom

On Saturday 23 May while we were in lockdown we decided to go ahead and hold our Diocesan Ultreya by Zoom.

We followed a basic format with a welcome from our Diocesan Lay Directors, Craig and Margaret McLanachan. Vivienne, our Diocesan Spiritual Advisor, opening with devotions, we shared in prayer and sang using Youtube clips, had Fourth Day Groups using Breakout Rooms and shared experiences of lockdown in various parts of the diocese during the hour we were online. Twenty three people shared in this Ultreya from as far afield as Oamaru, Dunedin, Mosgiel, Millers Flat, Gore, Riversdale, Mossburn, Te Anau, Invercargill and Rotorua. General consensus was that we should use this method again as well as the 'face-to-face' Ultreyas as the Zoom Ultreya gave an alternative for Cursillistas who could no longer travel to attend Ultreyas.

I have attached a screenshot of the attendees at the Zoom Ultreya while Vivienne was leading Devotions.

Warm regards

*Anne*



# Family of God / Followers of Christ

God of love and peace,  
God of justice and fire,  
when the order put in place disorders your grace with bullets and  
bullies, hear those who shout, "I can't breathe."

In the midst of corporate control and the conspiracy of lies,  
we plead, "I can't breathe."

As a virus raids a slum and insidiously tracks a migrant camp,  
have mercy on those caught who cough and struggle, "I can't breathe."

As the cars return and the airlines receive huge government subsidies,  
listen to the earth gasping, "I can't breathe."

The waters rise, God of sea and sky, but dominions do not rest from  
their wrecking power.

Heed the world as it cries, "I can't breathe."

When we continue to inhale and exhale as if the suffocation did not  
matter, as if our breathing were somehow separate from the struggles  
of others for air, align our lives with our prayer.

Forgive us all that does not honour your love,  
all that does not live gratefully from the gift of your grace,  
all that restricts the communion that your Spirit extends far and wide.  
Alongside all those who can't breathe,

we seek the fresh wind over the chaos of our lives, setting us free,  
setting all your people free to breathe, through Jesus Christ.

Amen.

*(Sunday Prayers Service of Evangelical Lutheran Church of Geneva (English),  
Terry MacArthur and team)*

## Keep Cursillo in your prayers . . .



<b>Monday</b>	Waikato/Taranaki Diocese
<b>Tuesday</b>	Wellington Diocese
<b>Wednesday</b>	Christchurch Diocese
<b>Thursday</b>	Dunedin Diocese
<b>Friday</b>	Waiapu Diocese
<b>Saturday</b>	NZ Anglican Cursillo Council
<b>Sunday</b>	Teams training for Cursillos/DDU's

*Be guided in your prayer by items within the pages of this issue...*

## 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>

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