

# 100+ OPŌHO

## **Final Words from the Centennial Committee**

We held our first Centenary committee a full 16 months before our celebrations. It was a time to begin to spread the word about registrations and bounce a few ideas around. Meetings, at Norman and Vetia Sheat's place, were then many months apart. By late September and into October this year they were weekly.

While I set out with some trepidation and considerable caution, having little idea of how it would all go, I can now report that we are all thrilled with the weekend, with its spirit and the fun and fellowship had by all. Not only were the two large centre pieces, the dinner and the service, as successful as we could have dreamed, but each other aspect seemed to be just right.

I was new to anything like this and knew it would be a lot of work. I had not realised, however, that it would require so much from so many. I thank all the various people who did their substantial bit to make Opoho Church's 100th a weekend to treasure.

Visitors were enthusiastic in their praise, including the large contingent of descendents of Mr Opoho, George Morrison. George's son-in-law, Lester Burt, has written to me to let me know "how much" they all enjoyed the celebrations. *"Everyone treated us as one of the family and made us most welcome,"* he said. *"I know the younger members will retain the memory of the weekend as they grown older and their links with the Opoho Church."* Ross Clapp (who someone named the "character of the weekend") emailed: *"It was a grand event. One which grows stronger in the mind's eye with every passing day. I drove away from Dunedin with such wonderful, warm fuzzy memories of a great weekend"*.

The church in Opoho clearly has a special place in the hearts and souls of many people over the past 100 years. May it retain that power and purpose for all of us as we forge into the future.

**Philip Somerville** Centennial convener

## An Ideal Parish

Lloyd Geering (abridged from *Wrestling with God. The Story of My Life* Pub by Bridget Williams Books in association with Craig Potton Publishing, 2006.

Opoho must be one of the most compact parishes in New Zealand, and this was one of its attractions for me after attempting to minister to the widely scattered parishioners of Kurow. Located on the side of Signal Hill, overlooking Dunedin, Opoho has natural boundaries that limit it to three longish streets and a few short cross-streets. Since most people met regularly on the tram that served the suburb in those days, a strong community spirit existed; and as the only house of worship in the area, the Presbyterian church had become the community's spiritual centre.

Accordingly, I started by trying to learn who lived in every house, regardless of whether they were Presbyterian or not. In this task I was greatly indebted to the Morrison family. George Morrison is one of those rare men for whom the church was his life; and being the Sunday School superintendent, a long-time elder and past Session clerk, and a man highly respected in the community, he was a key figure. His wife Elsie, a long-time resident, was a wonderfully down-to-earth person with a great sense of humour. She also served the church devotedly as organist and in many other ways. George and Elsie were so welcoming to Nancy and me that we soon felt as part of their family, almost as their offspring Trevor, Gwen, Ngaire and Roy. I remained in personal contact with each of them until the end of their lives.

The Morrisons were among the many families in the church that we came to know intimately, for the congregation included such friends from student days as Dick and Barbara Calvert, and Ron and Lynda McNeur. Because Knox College was within the parish boundaries, the congregation included a number of students and some of the Hall staff, among them John Henderson, Helmut Rex and Hubert Ryburn. Although Opoho was then considered a small suburban parish, this congregation was full of vitality; about sixty lively teenagers filled its Bible Classes, and a group of the officers took their civic responsibilities so seriously that they had put up an independent candidate at the previous parliamentary elections.

The manse was then at 60 Signal Hill Road, a few doors from the church. It was a very comfortable two-storied house, which Nancy and I tried to furnish (and even redecorate) within our means. The war had caused many commodities to be in short supply, even buying carpet for the stairs became a major project. What a delight it was to procure at last a second-hand wringer for the tubs in the wash-house! Most people was still boiling the clothes every Monday, and we felt grateful to have a gas copper; owning a fridge was still far beyond us.

Settling into a new and interesting parish filled our time as I adapted to the task of preparing two sermons a week, attended to pastoral calls and hospital visiting, and also tried to keep up my preparation for the BD Honours examinations for which I had enrolled. On 2 January Nancy gave birth to our second son. It was again a forceps delivery, which left Jonathan with a damaged eyelid. We soon came to know him as 'Johnny'.

It was now time to give my full attention to the affairs of the parish; 1946-1947 were to be my only two years of enjoying normal family life and a parish ministry. The young people were a delight to me, and I still meet them all around New Zealand. We put on concerts, went on hikes and played games. The young people were responsible for the post-war revival of the Opoho Tennis Club, and I found myself playing third-grade tennis.

General Assembly set up a Church Union Committee and I was appointed convener. This enterprise took up an increasing amount of my time and interest.

The Old Testament Chair became vacant in 1947 with the retirement of my former teacher, Dr Hunter. After his arrival from Scotland to fill the Chair, George Knight also offered great encouragement, especially during the first few months, when he and his family lived in Opoho.

In January 1948 Nancy and I visited her parents' home in Timaru for a summer holiday. Nancy was again pregnant. Two months later, during a routine prenatal check, Nancy was found to have an advanced case of pulmonary tuberculosis. She had evidently been suffering from it for two to three years without our realising it. Her immediate admission to the Wakari sanatorium entailed drastic changes for us. My parents offered to come and join me in the manse and assist with the care of Johnny.

A parishioner came into my garden one morning. Despite having long yearned for the joys of motherhood, Betty Brown could have no children of her own, and had come to ask whether I would entrust to her the care of our baby, then soon to be born. I took her up to see Nancy and together we accepted her offer.

Nancy was transferred to Dunedin Hospital for the birth. It was the easiest delivery she had yet experienced. Betty took charge of little Judith, and after a week's apprenticeship at the Karitane Hospital took the baby to her own home in Opoho, where she remained for eighteen months. I did my best to bond with Judy (as we soon came to call her) by looking after her every Friday evening to allow Betty and her husband Alan to go out on their own.

This commitment, along with my parish duties, and visiting Nancy, now imposed on my life a full and regular routine. My parents told me they could not continue our domestic arrangement for a second year. I invited a newly married couple of the congregation, John and Agnes Mayer, to share the manse with me. John was a student and Agnes had a secretarial post at Teacher's College. By the end of March (1948) Nancy was invalided home. For the next six months we four adults had a happy time together.

Although Nancy had to rest a good deal, she was always cheerful and able to go out a little, including to attend church. Once a fortnight I took her to the hospital clinic to receive her treatment. Early in October I slipped out of the Presbytery meeting to collect her from the clinic. She had suffered a black-out during treatment. It was thought advisable for her to remain in hospital. A call informed me that Nancy was dangerously ill and I should come immediately. Arriving at the ward, she died a few minutes later.

After the funeral, which was conducted by my friend Bob Sprackett, the parish insisted that I have a break for ten days. On returning to Opoho, I tried to carry on where I had left off. I went to hear an address by Martin Niemöller, then touring New Zealand. On hearing his faith experiences in a Nazi prison, I was strengthened to resume my regular activities and responsibilities.

I resumed my normal schedule. On my return from our summer holiday, I needed to reorganise the running of the household. Judy was now eighteen months old. It was time for me to assume full responsibility for her so the two children could be brought up together. I ate with them, took Johnny to kindergarten, and most afternoons left them with helpful parishioners while I attended to pastoral visiting. In my last sermon to the Opoho congregation, I chose to depict life as a pilgrimage. The task of picking up furniture and goods prior to departure had impressed on me the idea that life is an ongoing journey through changing circumstances.

Opoho was my ideal parish - compact, lively, thriving. There I had many friends and a great deal of personal support when I really needed it. It had been attractive because of its association with the Theological Hall and I had arrived there keen to further my theological qualifications. It was exactly five years since Nancy and I arrived in Opoho, and as I remember saying at my official farewell, they had indeed been eventful years for me.



## Opoho Centennial After Dinner Speech

When Philip asked me to speak tonight, I was quite surprised. I would seem an unlikely choice. After all, I am a university professor, and we all know that when a professor stands up to speak, they are on for an hour, even if it is a university hour of just 50 minutes. Have no fear, though; I won't be talking for that long.

Perhaps more surprising, I am a professional evolutionary biologist, and in the eyes of many Christians and, indeed, many scientists, Christian belief and the scientific method do not mix. Philip's request came via email, when I was at a scientific meeting in Berlin. Also at this meeting was the world's foremost philosopher of evolutionary biology, Michael Ruse. His personal religious views can be described as agnostic, but he has been at the forefront of dialogue between people of faith and scientists, who are often, the same people. For this effort, he has been likened by the Oxford popularizer of science and aggressive atheist, Richard Dawkins, to Neville Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister who will be forever remembered for his appeasement of Hitler before World War 2.

What seems to me to be crucial in all of this is the need to look beyond labels to the things that really matter. Of course, doing so is difficult.

One of my favourite books is Graham Greene's *Monsignor Quixote*. The novel begins with the story of how an insignificant village priest, Father Quixote, becomes, on orders directly from Rome, a monsignor. It is, in my opinion, an extremely funny story, ending with a vicious letter to Monsignor Quixote from his bishop, expressing outrage at the promotion and grave concern at the effect his new title will have. The monsignor will have to be much more careful; most especially he will have to stop hobnobbing with his old friend, the closet-communist ex-mayor of the town, a character modeled on Greene himself. What I think is interesting about this story is that the monsignor is the same man as the ordinary village priest. But the change in title means everything to his bishop: the indiscretions that Father Quixote could commit and have ignored, including his ridiculous claim to be descended from the fictional Don Quixote, will be unforgivable if committed by Monsignor Quixote.

Labels mean a lot. In today's busy and complicated society, we rely on labels and titles to make snap judgments. So I may be a professor of evolutionary biology, but I am also a Presbyterian Christian, who attends church regularly. But I like to think that such a description barely scratches the surface of who I really am. It does not even hint that I am a keen birdwatcher or a devotee of wines of the southern Rhône. Indeed, the latter could be seen as the very antithesis of Presbyterianism.

Similarly, Opoho has often been described as liberal in its theology, but there is very much more to Opoho than its liberal theology. Most of you have not come here this evening just because of that. Indeed, in some ways, it is a little surprising that anyone is here at all: not everyone was in favour of establishing a new light on the hill. In the *Otago Witness* of 2 June 1909, we read:

*"I notice," said Professor Salmond in the course of an address to the North-East Valley Presbyterian congregation ..., "that you have been buying a new Presbyterian Church up in Opoho. Are you going to have a new church there? If you are, all I can say is, you're a lazy lot." He saw no reason, he continued, why the Opoho people should not come down to the valley, and pointed out that a church had recently been erected at St. Clair, when the people might easily have gone to Caversham. His grandfather used to walk five miles to church, but now everyone wanted a church next door to him. He humorously suggested that we would soon be getting telephonic apparatus fitted in our bedrooms so that the sermon might be listened to there. "That would have this great advantage," he remarked, "that if the minister was not acceptable he could be switched off."*

What is it that they say about many a true word spoken in jest?

Once established, things did not always run smoothly at Opoho either, unexpected problems arose. One story I was told concerns the Saturday night study groups held during the 1940s at Lloyd Geering's manse. On one occasion they had become being so lively that a neighbour complained about the noise!

We are here celebrating our history, of course. But it is also worth looking forward. What is in store for Opoho Presbyterian Church in the next 100 years? The funny thing is that Opoho Presbyterian Church is a label too and, moreover, a label that only scratches the surface. For a start, a significant proportion of our current congregation does not live in Opoho: we are a gathered church, drawn from all over Dunedin, even as far out as Andersons Bay and Mosgiel. We have no standards! And, while we are unambiguously part of the PCANZ, one of the things that always makes me sit up during communion is the invitation, during which the minister points out that the table is not a Presbyterian one (or, for that matter, an Opoho one). We are so much more than a church, at least as the word "church" is seen in our secularist society. Last month, for instance, the church was full for an art show, with exhibits by North East Valley and Opoho primary school children, opened by the leader of a national political party, and other associated community events.

I do not know, of course, just what the future will bring. I fully expect it will be a challenge, though. Much of New Zealand society sees the church as an

anachronism, even though they often turn to it at times of crisis. But we are off to a good start. Tomorrow, the first step along the way, we will meet for a celebratory church service. I am sure it will be fun: one of the unarguable aspects of worship at Opoho is that it is often great fun. And I do not just mean the stories interwoven into sermons or the responses some young boys give to questions during children's talks, naming no names. Before nearly every service, there is a great excited chatter, as people greet each other and exchange news. There is also much laughter, sometimes over small private jokes.

One such joke I often shared with the late Beth and Frank Nichol, whom almost everyone here must have known. The Nichols were one of the reasons we first came to Opoho; I had known them since I was a teenager when they came to stay with my family in Auckland. I remember an hilarious dinner during which Frank turned some wine into water! My father had been friends with Frank ever since they had been students together at Knox College in the 1950s. Because of the wheel chair that Frank needed for his last years, he and Beth were always in the back row at church. I also like to sit in the back pew, and cheekily christened it the "Sinners' Pew", which always brought a wicked smile to Frank's face and, perhaps, a slightly shocked one to Beth's.

Recently, the Sinners' Pew has been unavailable: it had been blocked off by another pew. Maybe that was a divine signal that all of our sins had been forgiven. Tomorrow, however, it will be available again and I look forward to it being full to the brim, especially given the behaviour witnessed during the quiz!

***Hamish Spencer***

### **Photographs**

Photographs taken by local photographers (Kirk Hamilton, Philip Somerville and possibly others) are available by downloading them from the net.

Go to picasa web albums:

<http://picasaweb.google.com>

Email: [opohopresbyterian@yahoo.com](mailto:opohopresbyterian@yahoo.com)

Password: centenary2009

Other photographers are encouraged to upload their photos onto this site for others to benefit from. If you have any problems with this, please contact Judy Rodda at phone 454 3164; email: [hamrodda@yahoo.com](mailto:hamrodda@yahoo.com)

If you would still like to order a copy of either the official group photograph or that of Susan and the 6 former Opoho ministers, these are available from Kelk Photography in Great King St at \$15 each or \$20 if posted.

## Opoho Presbyterian Church Centenary Quiz

1. The first church on this site was established in the 1890s by members of which denomination?  
a) Methodists; b) Anglicans; c) Baptists; d) Destiny Church
2. Put these Opoho ministers in order, from the earliest serving to the latest serving. a) Harold Turner; b) Dana Livesay; c) Rod Madill; d) Lloyd Geering
3. What was the first name of Mrs George Morrison?  
a) Elspeth; b) Elsie; c) Alva; d) Eliza
4. In what year was the present church building opened?  
a) 1917; b) 1927; c) 1937; d) 1947
5. Where in the Bible would you find this verse: 'But do not forget this one thing, dear friends: With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day' OR IN THE AUTHORISED VERSION: 'But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day'.  
a) 1 Kings 23: 1; b) 2 Peter 3: 8; c) John 15: 5; d) Revelation 4: 6
6. Who was still editing the Opoho Church Newsletter in 1999 at the age of 90?  
a) Jean Vivian; b) Margaret Inglis; c) Erna Malcolm; d) Jessie Manson
7. What is the Latin phrase on the stained glass window in the church? a) Adeste fidelis; b) Carpe diem; c) Pro bono perambulator; d) nec tamen consumebatur
8. The Lim family arrived in Opoho in 1981. They were refugees from which country: a) Lebanon; b) Cambodia; c) Somalia; d) Switzerland
9. What opened on 6 September 1924? a) Opoho School; b) The old church hall; c) The SPCA kennels; d) The Opoho tram service
10. Which Opoho Minister wrote *The Teeth of the Dragon*?  
a) Roy Belmer; b) Peter Gardner; c) Sa Siitia-'Asi; d) Harold Turner
11. The first woman Session Elder at Opoho was appointed in what year?  
a) 1958; b) 1968; c) 1978; d) 1988
12. Who led Opoho's Adult Study Group over a period of 40 years?  
a) Frank Nichol; b) Maurice Andrew; c) John Allen; d) Albert Moore
13. How much money was raised at the last church fair?  
a) \$1,400; b) \$2,100; c) \$2,900 d) 23 pounds 2 shillings and sixpence
14. Which of these famous New Zealanders would have turned 100 last month, had they still been living? Sir Edmund Hillary; b) Ngaio Marsh; c) Jean Batten; d) James K Baxter

15. How many light bulbs are there in the church (not counting the vestry and foyer)? a) 9; b) 13; c) 17; d) 21

16. Which Opoho minister had an All Black son? Name that All Black.

**David Murray** October 2009 (Answers are elsewhere in the Centennial insert)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ **Centennial Facts and Figures** ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**Centennial Weekend Facts**

- ❖ 137 registrants
- ❖ 110 at the Saturday evening dinner
- ❖ 147 at Sunday worship
- ❖ 324 pieces of scones with jam served
- ❖ 21 toured Knox College and the Archives on Sunday
- ❖ Longest attender at Opoho Church: Margaret McGuire – 77 years
- ❖ Who came the furthest: John and Jean Evans from Melbourne and Sister Diadema (Jennifer Morrison) from Sydney
- ❖ Who came the least: Simon and Marion Rae (from over the road at no XX) with Juene Volweiller and George and Catherine Goodyear not far behind
- ❖ Bellringers for the 10 times at 3.50 pm on the Saturday: Great grandchildren of George Morrison
- ❖ Weather: warm, still and sunny with 17.1 on Saturday and 17.9 on Sunday in Central Dunedin.
- ❖ Number of photographs in the Otago Daily Times: 6 (1 on 26.10.2009 and 5 on 27.10 2009)
- ❖ Number of photographs taken of the Centennial celebrations: your guess is as good as mine!
- ❖ Highlight of the weekend: the people, the people, the people!!!

Ministries during the last hundred years: 12 since Opoho began employing ministers in 1930. The 6 living former ministers (in italics below) all attended.

Charles Wilcox 1930-1935 (d. 1950)

Henry Hogg 1936-1940 (d. 1967)

J Gilman Dunn 1940-1945 (d. 1979)

*Lloyd Geering 1945-1950*

Harold Turner 1951-1954 (d. 2002)

Roy Belmer 1955-1961 (d. 1992)

*Rod Madill 1962-1973*

*Paul Ranby (supply) 6/12 of 1974*

*Peter Gardner 1975-1987*

*Dana Livesay 1988-1995*

*Sa Si'itia-'Asi 1995-2003*

*Susan Jones 2005-*

**Centennial Committee:** Philip Somerville, Norma Sheat, Vetia Sheat, David Murray, Andrew Smith, Kate Cunningham, Alison Mulder, Gaynor Haig and Susan Jones

## **The Nancy Geering Memorial Doors**

We have a lasting physical reminder of the Centennial weekend in the lovely new French doors from the Morrison Lounge going out to the courtyard. Lloyd Geering had contacted the parish about gifting some money towards a suitable project in memory of his wife, Nancy, who died 60 years ago, while they lived in Opoho. As the idea of such doors had been mooted for some time, it soon became the project of choice. Michael Ovens, called the project 'controlled chaos' as eg no-one was exactly sure what was in the wall (and so what would need to be done). A week before the Centennial weekend the doors had not got beyond the planning stage. It is amazing what can happen in a week! Lloyd Geering cut the ribbon and spoke at the opening of the doors and there is now a plaque commemorating Nancy in the Morrison Lounge. It was a perfect weekend to officially open the doors as it was so warm and still outside. Thank you to Lloyd and Shirley Geering and their family, an anonymous donor, and those who brought the Nancy Geering Memorial Doors to fruition, especially Michael Ovens, Allan Cloughley, Susan Jones, Philip Somerville, Roger Jones and Brian Cunningham.

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### **Centennial Quiz Answers**

**1.** C Baptists. **2.** DACB. Lloyd Geering (1945-1950), Harold Turner (1951-1954), Rod Madill (1962-1973), Dana Livesay (1988-1995) **3.** B Elsie (Eliza was her middle name). **4.** Answer: C. The church building was opened on 19 December 1937. The builder was George Collier, a member of the congregation. **5.** B. Peter 3:8. **6.** A. Jean Vivian. **7.** D. Nec Tamen Cosumebatur - 'Yet it was not consumed', an allusion to Exodus 3:2 and the Burning Bush. It is the motto of the Church of Scotland. **8.** Cambodia. **9.** D. The Opoho tram service. The last tram on the Opoho line ran on 3 September 1950. **10.** A. Roy Belmer. This book was a biography of Annie James, a Presbyterian missionary in China. **11.** A. 1958, Doris Strang. **12.** Dr Albert Moore. He established the group in 1967. **13.** C. \$2,900. **14.** C. Jean Batten – the aviator. She was born 15 September 1909 and died in 1982. **15.** D. 21 (Includes 8 large hanging lights, 3 lights over the pulpit and stage, the pianist's light, and 9 spots for artwork. The bulb in the projector was not counted!) **16.** Paul Ranby. Mark Ranby.

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### **Reflections of a Slightly Reluctant, Novice Centennial Attendee**

This was my first experience of a centennial and I had no idea what to expect. Beforehand I kept thinking what a pity it was that my parents weren't still alive as they would have enjoyed it. I did not realise until it began how much I would enjoy it and what fun it would be. There were so many people to catch up with and interesting new people to meet – different ways of living their faith and different ways of being church.

Many diverse and fascinating people have shared our pews and pulpit over the last 100 years and fortunately some of their thoughts, passions and stories have been recorded. After reading the piece on “An Ideal Parish” I can’t wait to read Lloyd Geering’s book from which it comes (fortunately “*Wrestling with God*” is readily available at the Dunedin Public and University Libraries). Nick Thomson (at Opoho from 1941-1960) left us a copy of his 2003 book “*A World Awakens. Te Puawai o te Ao*”. It’s karakia relate some Maori myths of creation and are accompanied by beautiful images by his daughter Heather Thomson. The book is on the shelves in the Morrison Lounge if you would like to look at it.

The walking tours of Opoho, lead by David and Philip, were fascinating with lots of stories emerging as they went. There were two stories that seemed to particularly catch people’s attention that came up again and again over the weekend – that of the tragic tram accident in which a runaway tram jumped the track and killed a pedestrian as he was walking to the tram-stop opposite the church;<sup>1</sup> and that of the lady (who deserves to remain nameless!) whose dentures flew out of her mouth while she performed an item at a church concert!

Didn’t the hall look festive – with the colourful bunting overhead, and filled with people, and especially for the Saturday evening dinner? Music through the decades since 1909 with Mark Bevin, Kirsten Bevin and David Murray helped set the lovely scene. It was particularly lovely to hear Win Livesay singing again with Mark and Kirsten in “Cross the Wide Missouri” in the musical interlude during dinner. The quiz added a lot of fun but, despite trying to eavesdrop on the noisy group at the end of our table, my team didn’t win.

The church was packed for the Sunday service and the singing was wonderful. Susan’s sermon highlighted societal changes over the past 100 years and reflected on their possible affects. Is it that our world now is almost alien to Christian principles or maybe we are aliens living in a society which is increasingly foreign to a Christian lifestyle? Her image of the minister and parishioners being the weft and warp threads of a pattern of a picture of the kingdom of God, struck me, especially when she said “... we weave ancient truths and stories from generation to generation and yet we must weave a cloth which is contemporary enough to be suitable for life right her and now”. Copies of Susan’s centennial sermon are available from Susan at phone 477 1412 or email: [jones.rs@xtra.co.nz](mailto:jones.rs@xtra.co.nz)

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<sup>1</sup> John Kenny, of 55 Signal Hill Road was killed on 15 April 1937 by the tram; see Blair and Kerse “*On the Slopes of Signal Hill*” Otago Heritage Books, 1988.

About 20 or so enjoyed the Sunday afternoon tour of Knox College and PCANZ Archives with Simon Rae and Andrew Smith. The names that kept coming up such as Beth Nichol being librarian, and many former principals of the College are intimately linked with our own history that got Opoho Church to where it is today. As we move into our second century, this connection will be very different.

The Sunday evening tea at Filadelfios was a great way to conclude the weekend and wind down and more than one person was heard to say, “we should do this more often”.

One hundred years sounds a really long time, but as Mark and I have now been married 33 years it is only three times as long as our marriage; or it is only twice as long as Gisela Andrew has been married to Maurice and since she came to New Zealand. Viewed like that we are readily reminded that (as in a recent call to worship printed next) we are one paragraph of worship and witness. One paragraph, but part of the neverending story that continues on and on, in Opoho and all over the world.

A huge thanks goes to the Centennial Committee and their large team of helpers for their dedicated work over the last year or so to ensure we had a most enjoyable and memorable experience. This weekend sets Opoho Church up well for the next 100 years. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Now that I know what church centenaries are about, I am just sorry I won't be around to enjoy the next one.

### ***Tui Bevin***

Come, take your part in the story of God  
Can we write our own part in it?  
Can we choose which way our story goes?  
Come and seek your part in the story of God  
The never ending story  
the ever loving story  
the story that includes giant killers!  
the story that includes us killing our own saviour,  
the story where Jesus welcomes children  
The story where Jesus welcomes us all  
Add your paragraph of worship to the story of the ages  
as we, in turn, worship God today.

***Susan Jones***