



Anglican Parish of
Cabersham Saint Peter,
Dunedin, New Zealand

THE ROCK

November 2020—Advent



The Advent signal

By Kit Bunker, Assistant Priest



One of the large London railway stations has a small number of very large loudspeakers for the

announcements. Or it had when I was last in London.

Being a public address system, it was not making a noise all the time, only when an announcement was being made. These always began with the words 'The train now standing at platform....', which you heard clearly, because the sound from the speakers further away had not reached you...yet.

But then you began to hear the meat of the announcement from the nearest speaker at the same time as you heard very loudly the words 'The train standing at platform...' from loudspeakers a little further away, a process which repeated itself as you heard progressively more distant speakers.

With the result that after the words 'the train standing at platform...' the announcement became entirely unintelligible.

If you wanted to find out what was happening at which platform, you had to look at a large annunciator board. Engineers see this kind of situation as a classic 'signal-to-noise ratio' problem. Too much noise and the signal cannot get through... no matter how loud it all gets. What you want is more signal, less noise.

The Advent message is one of the most important anyone will ever hear; it is about your destination. It always did arrive by way of noisy communication channels, as Jesus pointed out in the parable of the



"The Advent message is one of the most important anyone will ever hear".

PHOTO: WWW.STOCKFREEIMAGES.COM.

wheat and the tares. Our current situation is no different from the past, with both signal—God loves each one of us—and noise around us.

The human brain is adept at picking the signal from the noise. It is a matter of where you concentrate, to what you pay attention. Gossip and trivia and titillation and greed and power all seek your attention, strive to be 'signal'. All look glossy and new and attractive, but are really just noise; drowning out the Love of God and the fellowship of the

Holy Spirit.

These days new people walk into churches for weddings and funerals. There they sit for a good part of an hour. There they are and they listen and pay attention and most are open to thinking about God. They need good liturgy and music and preaching. And lashings of love and compassion and care. All of these are extensions of the idea of having a good sound system. All give a better signal-to-noise ratio than you'll find in other buildings. 📺

Festival Of Brass and Carols

A carol Service for Christmas



with the ensemble of
the St Kilda Brass Band

In Saint Peter's, Hillside Road

10.30am

Sunday 20 December, 2020

www.stpeterscaversham.org.nz



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Dot Saville R.I.P.

By David Hoskins

A fondly remembered member of the Saint Peter's congregation, Dr Dorothy Saville, passed away in Sydney, Australia in early September. Known to us as Dot or Dottie, she was an integral part of church life over many years. She came to us during the days of the Taize services which were held monthly. After they ended, Dot continued her involvement in church life with a remarkable ministry of hospitality after services—particularly the 10.30 am Service on Sundays.

Dot had cupboards in the hall packed with various tinned and packaged foods ready, at the drop of a hat, to provide for extras at pot luck lunches and regularly supplied baking for morning teas. At working bees, Dot would arrive and preside over morning tea in the Parish Lounge.

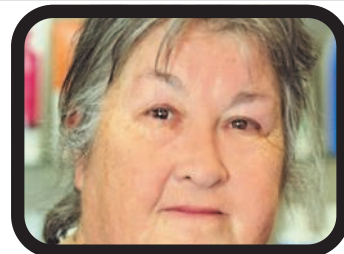
She also rescued a beautiful heritage child's christening gown for use, as she said, 'for the little ones who may not have access to something like this'. The gown has become, in its way, an ongoing 'quiet' ministry at Saint Peter's, often being lent out and always returned in perfect condition—as Dot would expect.

All of this, perhaps, overshadowed for us here at Saint Peter's her distinguished academic and research career over many years in her chosen field of Pharmacology. Dot was born in Sydney, NSW, into a household where financial constraints worked against any form of career. However, she was awarded a major scholarship at the University of NSW resulting in Dot being awarded her PhD. After teaching and research work in

Australia, she moved to Wellington to take up a position at what was then the Central Institute of Technology from 1970 until 1990. In 1994 she began her association with the University of Otago as Senior Lecturer at the School of Pharmacy. It was here that she became the much-loved mentor and guide to generations of pharmacy students from all around the globe. She retired in 2017 a greatly admired teacher and researcher.

She chatted to me one day over a cup of tea (accompanied by the inevitable and tasty scones!) about slow-release coatings on pharmaceuticals. It was done in a way I was able to understand and I appreciated her wise counsel. I decided to 'look her up' and a Google search soon showed a distinguished career with over 32 academic publications alongside her remarkable contribution to teaching.

Dot loved music and was a member of choirs in both Australia and New Zealand. She sang with the Orpheus Choir in Wellington and, later, City Choir Dunedin. A life-long Christian, she was nurtured in that particular brand of Sydney Low Church Anglicanism that saw her take part in the large beach and holiday missions in and around Sydney which were so much part of her youth. She was involved with the Sunday School movement and for some years she facilitated an excellent young people's programme at Saint Peter's. How she found the more 'exotic' liturgies of Saint Peter's was never revealed—though she loved the Book of Common Prayer 8am Holy Communion and attended



Evensong on a regular basis. I was always informed after Evensong as to whether the organ music was too loud—she had a love/hate relationship with the new instrument installed in 2005.

At the School of Pharmacy, she made it a policy to 'preside' in the tearoom and it is good to read, on their Facebook pages, that a fund has been established to buy a good coffee machine in her memory. A fitting tribute, indeed!

In her obituary in *Pharmacy Today*, Dot was described as 'kind and compassionate'. That says it all really. 📧

The Frolicsome Friar



"I guess it's not always a good idea to ask for customer feedback."

SOURCE: WWW.HOWTOGEEK.COM.

Letters

The Rock welcomes letters to the Editor. Letters are subject to selection and, if selected, to editing for length and house style. Letters may be :

Posted to : The Editor of The Rock,
c/- The Vicarage, 57 Baker Street,
Caversham,
Dunedin, N.Z. 9012

Emailed to : TheRockEditor@stpeterscaversham.org.nz

REFERENCES:

'YOUNUS MOHAMMED HAS CREATED A GO FUND ME PAGE FOR FUNDING A COFFEE MACHINE IN MEMORY OF DOT.' UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO SCHOOL OF PHARMACY FACEBOOK PAGE (ACCESSED 21/11/2020)
JONATHAN CHILTON TOWLE. 'KIND AND COMPASSIONATE' OTAGO PHARMACY LECTURER REMEMBERED. (WWW.PHARMACYTODAY.CO.NZ) (ACCESSED 19/11/2020)

David Stocks R. I. P.

By The Vicar

David Stocks worked for British Rail as a waiter back in the days when some of the premier routes had dining cars. He was much involved in the life of the central London Anglo-Catholic shrine of St Albans, Holborn as a server and thurifer. Here he met Wendy and they were married in an elaborate liturgy with a nuptial Mass requiring several pages of servers' notes and ritual directions. These were proudly retained in their home and shown to interested guests.

Acting on Wendy's strong suggestion they returned to her native New Zealand because here they could buy a house, something that would be hard to afford in London. So it was that they came to live in Timaru.

They were members of Forward in Faith, the conservative Anglo-Catholic grouping in the Church of England that is opposed to the ordination of women. For this reason they became long distance parishioners of Saint Peter's, Caversham coming to us for Holy Week and on high days and holy days. I suggested that they come more often on a once a month basis and offered Saturday night accommodation in the Vicarage to make that possible. Having settled into this more regular routine I could see that David was straining at the bit to get into our sanctuary and start throwing smoke around. Soon he became one of our premier thurifers. His lace cotta has pride of place in our Sacristy.

After Wendy's death in January David became rather bereft and lonely. They had lived in each other's pockets and he had relied on her to manage their relationship with the outside world. He did the cooking and most of the housework while she sewed, did the emails and communicated with the outside world. Although something of a loner and a hermit he now had too much

solitude for comfort and developing heart troubles complicated his life.

Several of us encouraged him, as we had attempted to encourage them as a couple, to sell up and move to South Dunedin since in many ways the parish had become their family. However, David was cautious to the point of timidity and could not nerve himself to take such a decisive step. I recall that on one Christmas Day, while driving home from the Vicarage, they were stopped by a policewoman for driving too slowly. This became a major source of anxiety in the weeks that followed and made them wonder if they could continue their regular commutes to Saint Peter's, which thank goodness did soon resume.

David collapsed and died in a main street of Dunedin, having caught the bus down to attend our All Souls Mass so he could pray for the repose of Wendy's soul. Ironically, the policeman who drove me down to the hospital morgue was the son of an Anglican priest. Having identified the body I said some prayers for the repose of David's soul. He looked very much at peace and that will be my enduring memory of him. 🕊️



Caption competitions



Eileen Pratt's 100th birthday

PHOTO: ALEX CHISHOLM.

At recent parish celebrations our photographers have snapped some moments worthy of literary adornment.

Send your ideas for captions to these photo's to The Editor (contact details on page 7) or hand them to The Vicar. 🕊️



David Horne's 80th birthday

PHOTO: JENNY MAFFEY.



Nutritious

Of feasting and fasting

By Alex Chisholm



St Martin's Day (*Martinstag*) on 11 November is a religious observance in Germany which is particularly popular with children. It is dedicated to St Martin of Tours (316 - 397 AD) who converted early in life to Christianity against the wishes of his parents and after military service became a monk, being later appointed the third Bishop of Tours. According to lore, he was a modest and altruistic man.

As the holiday was traditionally followed by a fast which lasted until Christmas, many traditions on St Martin's Day centre on food. From the late 4th century to the late Middle Ages much of Western Europe, including Great Britain, engaged in a period of fasting beginning on the day after the feast day of St Martin. This period lasted 40 days and was as strictly observed as Lent. Later the period of fasting was shortened and called Advent by the Church, to reflect a season of anticipation and hope. In the Anglican and Lutheran churches the fasting rule was later relaxed, with the Roman Catholic Church doing likewise but still keeping Advent as a season of penitence.

Martin's Eve was a time of frivolity as people ate and drank heartily for the last time before they started to fast. The symbol of St Martin's day is the goose and many Germans celebrate with a festive meal where roasted goose or duck (*Martinsgans*) is traditionally served as the main course.

One legend has it that geese betrayed St Martin with their gabbling when he tried to hide in a stall so as not to be appointed bishop; so it

came about that the birds were "sacrificed" on this day. However, this just happens to be the time they are in peak condition and importantly in those days the goose was not only a desirable food source. Feathers were used for pillows and featherbeds, quills for writing, the eggs in baking, the fat was useful for baking and could be eaten on bread, the bird is tasty roasted and even the wings could be used for dusting!

In addition, St Martin's day celebrates the end of the agrarian year and was

associated with the harvest. The eleventh of November was payday in the medieval tax system and often the tax debt was paid with a

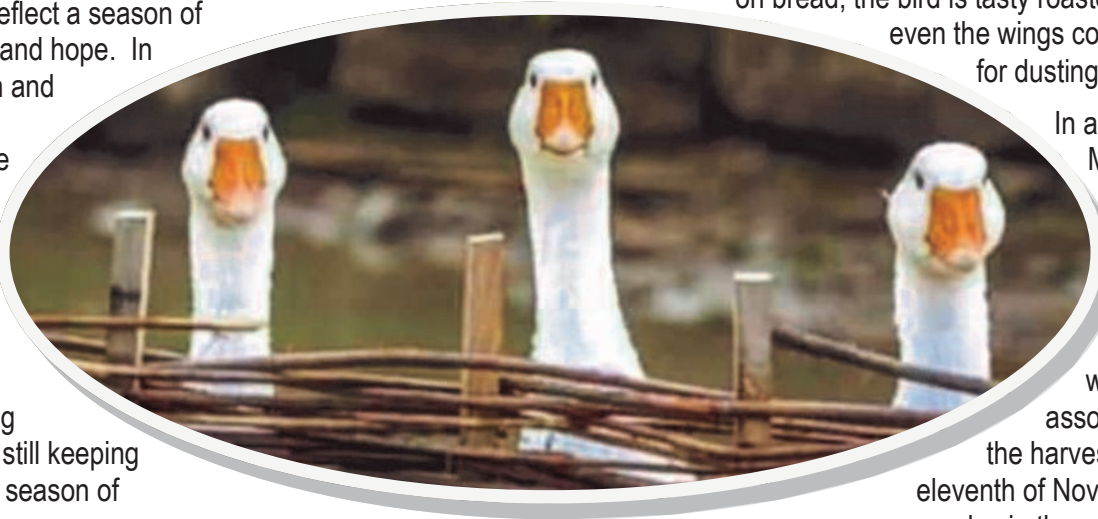
goose.

St Martin's Day is not a public holiday in Germany, but there are lantern processions in the evening in most towns and cities where children carry lanterns and sing special songs. At the end of the procession people may gather

(Continued on page 7)



Order on-line @ www.unclejoes.co.nz



"The symbol of St Martin's Day is the goose..."

PHOTO'S: SUPPLIED.

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Eileen 100 years

By Eileen Pratt



Well it's hard to believe that I am here
That I have reached my hundredth year
And what is the secret people will say
For you reaching this special day
And I say surely it's plain to see
That I've always been as naughty as I could be

My life has been busy and right from the start
I had to learn to follow my heart
There was just Mum and Dad, Sandy and me
A small but happy family
But at four years old my Mum was gone
Dad tried his best to struggle on

He was strict and hard but he loved us too
And a kindly neighbour helped us through
We could be little sods but what the heck
And soon it was off to school and then to tech
At Browns College I did shorthand typing
No computers then and lots of writing

At Whitcomb and Tombs I learned to drive a truck
And I met Len through Mavis which was my luck
Soon we were married and started a family
Graham and Margaret and Catherine made three
Then back to work to help make ends meet
With family fun and activities life was complete

But there were lots of things to fill my time
And marching was a special interest of mine
While helping at the Sallies and food bank too
Were some of the things that I liked to do
And for sport I played indoor bowls
And these were just some of my roles

Today I'm still as busy as I can be
I have friends and family supporting me
And the Taxi drivers know me well
To them my address I don't have to tell
And when into Mosgiel I decide to roam
The bus drivers stop outside my home

The people at Aurora and the paediatric too
And friends from church all help me through
My special carers who come in every day
You can't leave without a hug I always say
And my good friend Joan who lives next door
My life is full I can't ask for more.

EILEEN PRATT, 2020

By Di Bunker,
People's Warden

CHURCHWARDEN CORNER

This is the wooden Roman Catholic Basilica of St Anthony of Padua in Nuku'alofa, Tonga. Pope John Paul 2 awarded the title of Basilica on completion.



PHOTO: WIKIPEDIA

Built by voluntary labour with assistance from New Zealand, building commenced in 1977 and the Basilica was completed in 1980 according to Wikipedia.

It is built in the round with a balcony circling the outside and the doors are open during services so a welcome breeze gets in.

I used to attend this church when in Tonga. It seats about 400 and is full every Sunday. All small girls wear long white dresses and boys white shirts and dark trousers. Adults dress in their best.

I could follow the liturgy (though in Tongan) but not the sermon! Instruments were scattered throughout the church and accompanied the hymns, the singing of course was marvellous. Lots of servers, intercessions taken by a group of people. The Peace shared by all. It was good to be in a full church. 🇹🇴



PHOTO: SCREEN GRAB FROM VIDEO BY #VicSTEFANU (LINK BELOW).



More online:

View a video tour of the church at

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EBZQ3Ovo10o>



Saint Peter's People

(Continued from page 8)

Dunedin in December of 2001.

Shortly after we arrived in Whangarei I was invited to become a Charter member of the Rotary Club of Whangarei South, which was then starting up. I later became the Club's President, served as Chairman of the District Conference in Norfolk Island and was honoured by my Club and Rotary International with the award of a Paul Harris Fellowship. Again, I have made many life-long friends through this organisation.

October 2021 will mark 50 years since I and nine other overseas-trained New Zealand members of the British Institute met in Wellington to form the New Zealand Embalmers Association, which has now—with some 230 members—become a vital part of funeral service in this country, with its close links with training organisations, its conduct of examinations and its Disaster Response Team, amongst other facets of its work. I was the Association's Practical Examiner for some twenty years and its President from 1986 until 1988, being honoured with Life Membership in 1995. The British Institute had conferred on me the Degree of Fellowship in 1991 and I was also honoured by the Funeral Directors Association of New Zealand with Life Representative status on my retirement.

I was a member of a small team of



The King's Head, formerly Shelley's of Albemarle St, where Eric met Jenny.

embalmers involved in the aftermath of the Air New Zealand disaster at Mt Erebus in November, 1979. Working for some six weeks in the then newly-opened Auckland mortuary complex, our expertise, particularly in the task of identification and preparation for repatriation, was greatly appreciated by the authorities. We, and all the other members of the recovery teams, the pathology teams and the police teams, were each recognised with the New Zealand Special Service Medal Erebus.

For 30 years, my main interest outside of funeral service has been Freemasonry, in which organisation I have accepted

major responsibilities, both locally and nationally. My particular field of interest is in Masonic and historical research.

Jenny made mention of our dogs in the previous issue of

The Rock. Over the years we have had a number of feline and canine companions, starting with three much loved (and spoiled) Siamese Seal Point cats, through three much loved (and spoiled) Cavalier King Charles spaniels and now our much loved (and spoiled) Foxy and Maltese. Situation probably summed up when one of our nieces presented us with a sign for my study: "We don't have children, because our pets are allergic to them." 🐾



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FUNERAL SERVICES



Regular Services

(for variations consult *The Pebble* or our website)
All services are held in Saint Peter's unless noted otherwise

SUNDAY:

8am: Holy Communion according to the Book of Common Prayer
10.30am: Solemn Sung Eucharist
5pm: 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month: Evensong and Benediction

THURSDAY:

10am: Eucharist

FIRST THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH:

11am: Eucharist in the lounge of Frances Hodgkins Retirement Village, Fenton Crescent

Special Services

Contact The Vicar to arrange baptisms, weddings, house blessings, burials, confessions and other special services.

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Nutritious

Of feasting and fasting

(Continued from page 4)

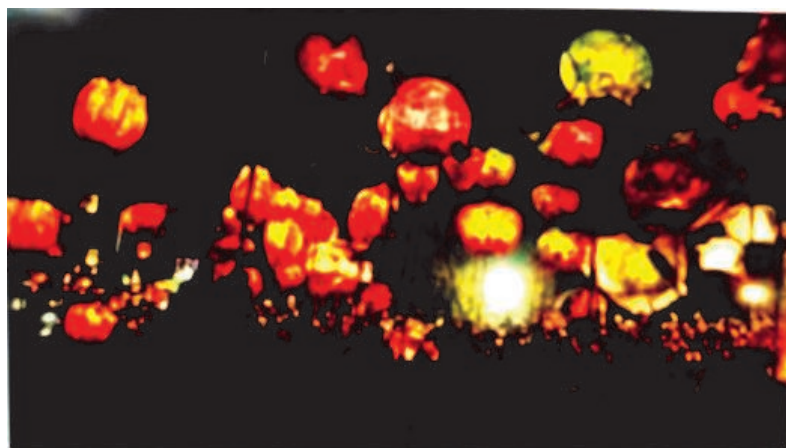
around a large bonfire to sing and enjoy sweet treats. Although 'Martinstag' is an originally Catholic observance,

German Protestants in Dresden and most

of Saxony also consider 11 November a special day and celebrate it as the 'Tauftag' (baptismal day) of the Protestant reformer Martin Luther (1483-1546). They also celebrate with lantern processions and traditional baked goods known as 'Reformationsbrot' (Reformation Bread).



"...where children carry lanterns and sing special songs."



For your diary

Tuesday, 1 December : Fellowship Group Christmas lunch and farewell to Joan Dutton at 12 – 12.15pm in Mitchell's Tavern, Caversham. Please advise Raylene phone 455 2389 or Gay Webb 476 1613 if you intend coming

Thursday, 3 December : Parish curry evening

Sunday, 13 December: Deadline for copy for the December edition of *The Rock*

Sunday, 20 December : Christmas Festival of Brass and Carols at 10.30am

Christmas Eve : A Candlelit Service of Carols, Readings and First Mass of the Nativity at 8pm

Christmas Day : Holy Communion with Carols at 9am (Book of Common Prayer 1662)

New Year's Eve : Watchnight Service at 10.30pm

Saint Peter's People

Eric Maffey's story

I was born in Wellington, 77 years ago, the eldest of four children. From my school days I was actively involved in the Scout movement, later holding District appointments, in Wellington and in Whangarei, and have made life-long friends as a result.



PHOTO'S: SUPPLIED.

embalmer for some funeral directors in South London, either at their funeral homes if they had the facilities, or at various hospital mortuaries and even sometimes in private residences.

In early 1969 Jenny and I met in London a very short time before I was due to return to New Zealand, where I had been invited to join the staff of a

On leaving secondary school I took up an apprenticeship in the printing trade, serving my time with a Wellington firm.

In 1966 a good friend and his father invited me to join the staff of their local funeral home and a year later I was asked by the Senior Pathologist at Wellington Hospital to take on the position of mortuary technician, a role in which I was keenly interested as I wanted to continue in the field of mortuary science. The

Pathology Registrars went out of their way to assist me in my endeavours, which culminated in my being accepted at the beginning of 1968 for further study in London, particularly in the specialty of facial restoration, at the prestigious George Lear School of Embalming in Clapham. After successfully completing the various examinations I qualified as a Member of the British Institute of Embalmers and was working as a trade



Eric with his new wife Jenny.

funeral home in Christchurch. There was a great deal of correspondence between Jenny and myself in the intervening two years until she arrived back in Auckland by ship, which I met at the overseas terminal.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, as a result of which I joined the staff of an Auckland funeral home and we were married in Jenny's parish church in Dargaville in 1972. Three years later I was

asked by its owners to manage an old-established (1866) funeral home in Whangarei. This was an ideal situation, as Jenny's parents and her brother with his family were in Dargaville and her sister with her family were in Whangarei. We subsequently bought the business and very much enjoyed our 26 years there, until we sold to a private purchaser and made the decision to retire to

(Continued on page 6)



Justin Welby
The Archbishop of Canterbury

Preaching in Westminster Abbey at a Service to mark the centenary of the burial of the Unknown warrior.



Loss immeasurable is laid here, yet because of the resurrection, hope infallible. None live for themselves. None die unknown. No death is unmarked by God..”



More online :

Read the complete text at:

<https://www.archbishopofcanterbury.org/speaking-writing/sermons/archbishop-justin-welbys-sermon-centenary-burial-unknown-warrior>

