



St Ronan's Presbyterian Church
Eastbourne

Record

MAY 2026

3 May	Shared service with the Anglicans (at San Antonio)	9:30am
10 May	Informal worship (WTW ¹)	9:30am
17 May	Formal service led by John Harris	9:30am
24 May	Informal worship (BYO ²)	9:30am
31 May	Fellowship lunch at St Ronan's	12:00pm
7 June	Shared service with the Anglicans (at St Ronan's)	9:30am

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Power Hour – Sundays 9:30am
Mainly Music – Thursdays 9:15-11:15am

**For pastoral care needs, please contact one of the Local Shared Ministry Team
Reg Weeks 027 491 5947, Simon Shaw 562 8772, Colin Dalziel 562 7238, Sandy Lang 562 8753**

¹ What's The Word. We are given a bible passage to read, and we discover what this has to say to us.

² Bring Your Own. We each bring to share a song, a reading, a poem, a prayer etc. Or just come and discover what others may bring.

Shrapnel Charlie...

Each ANZC day I recall the story of the kindness and generosity of Ivan Sinnaeve, of Flanders.

It was first shared with me by a minister friend, Niki Francis, who lived for a while in Belgium with her husband. There they met Ivan and his wife Marie Claire.

Ivan's family had lived in Flanders for many years. His great-grandparents had left the town during World War I. After the war, the family came back to find the town and their home destroyed. Almost nothing was left except mud and rubble. They rebuilt their house, the family grew, and Ivan was born in 1953. He grew up with stories of the war and surrounded by the seemingly endless graveyards in that part of Flanders.

From the time he was a child, Ivan had collected the small balls of lead called shrapnel that came from exploding bombs. He found them in his garden and the surrounding fields of Flanders, left behind from the war.

Ivan became a builder, married Marie Claire, but in 1991 an accident at work damaged his back, causing ongoing pain and confining him to a wheelchair.

One year, Ivan, Marie Claire and their family made a daytrip to the seaside. There, Ivan spotted toy soldiers in a shop window. He bought a mould and so it began – the work of his lifetime: making tiny soldiers and nurses from the old lead shrapnel.



He made soldiers of every nation and regiment – all who had been through the mud and the slaughter in Flanders: from New Zealand, Ireland, England, France, Scotland, Wales, India, Australia, America, Canada, South Africa – even Belgium.

He made them very carefully and painted the uniforms. Pictured here, Ivan is working on a Scottish soldier. He set out to make a soldier for every one of the 55,000 soldiers who died in that area and who do not have a grave – they are all named on the Menin Gate close to the Flanders Fields Museum. He also made German soldiers. 'Tears have no nationality,' Ivan said.

He wanted each of the soldiers returned to their homes, including the German soldiers. He made a nurse model to go with every soldier or group of soldiers,

to care for them on their journey. 'The lead that once killed soldiers is now moulded into new soldiers who can travel back to their home countries to tell people never to forget what happened here and bring a message of peace,' he said.

Visitors came from all over the world to see Ivan's work and to take soldiers and nurses home. A Canadian visitor, who had trouble pronouncing Ivan's name, nicknamed him 'Shrapnel Charlie' and the name stuck.

Ivan never sold his soldiers - he gifted them and sometimes people would contribute money to buy paints or other materials. He continued making his soldiers for many years until his death in 2012.

Both the Hebrew prophets, Isaiah and Micah, record these familiar words: *They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war anymore.*

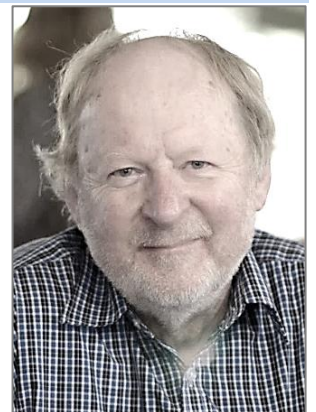
Their words live on as both a prophetic challenge and a promise – Ivan found a creative way to convey their meaning.

Reg Weeks

Clerk's corner...

A few trivia this month...!

Buildings usage: Our spaces are used extensively by the community. We have regular bookings for about 40 hours per week, plus occasional bookings which average about 3 hours per week (preschooler birthday parties, various meetings, BCTT rehearsals) Almost all these are during school term times, few during school holidays. Most users are young – pre-schoolers (Mainly Music, Pop-in-and-Play) and primary, intermediate and secondary schoolers (Legacy Dance).



Most usage is during the 5-day period, midday Monday through midday Saturday. There's little usage during the 2-day period, midday Saturday through midday Monday. So, unless you visit St Ronan's during the week, you won't see much evidence of all this busyness. Unless you are the cleaner...! There's special cleaning pressure on the Hall (most popular) and on the toilets (popular with everyone).

Cleaning: Recently I've agreed with our cleaner, Kylie, that cleaning will be done on Wednesday mornings (previously on Friday evenings). This means our preschoolers come in soon after a clean, rather than just before a clean. An obvious gain for these vulnerable little ones who put everything in their mouths...!

Wear & tear: With so many excited young people, it's inevitable minor damage will occur. Our gardener, Robyn, graciously accepts that a garden used by children will suffer damage – she replants and patches. Likewise, Simon and I, who share the business of fixing the results of heavy usage on our buildings. Occasionally Simon will call in professional help (e.g. for a new light fitting or wired in heater) but mostly it's a lost screw that must be replaced, or a lightbulb, or a slide reattached to the fort.

Musty: Some months ago, we had a flood - a child put a plug in a washbasin and left the tap running – overnight...! Since then, there's been a musty smell in the entrance lobby/Fellowship room area. We are in process of increasing the natural ventilation in this area (when the place is locked up and all internal doors shut, there's none). We will be keeping a window ajar in the Fellowship room (sheltered from the north wind by the neighbour's house) and another in the entrance lobby (opening to the covered walkway). I'm confident this will fix the problem.

Security: Our buildings have three double doors: •the main church door, •the main Ed block door (by the toilets) and •the main Hall door. These double doors are often both opened for better access (wheelchairs, strollers, large Toy library items, more ventilation for hot dancers in hot weather). When locking up, it's important the 'fixed' door is bolted top and bottom. Else it's possible to force a door open. I'm forever finding one of these bolts (usually the top one) left undone.

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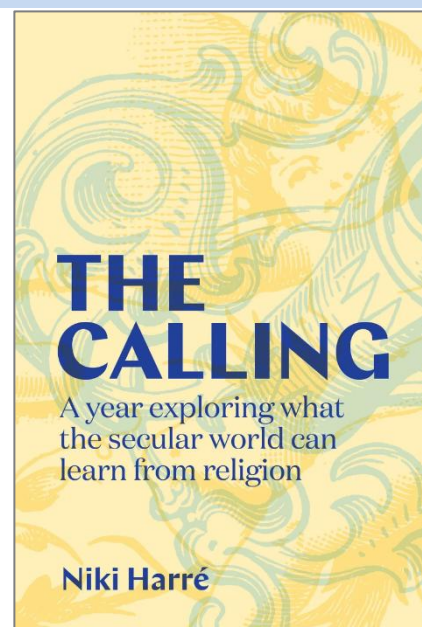
Sandy Lang

The value of pausing...

I knew a lady who was a café creature. She enjoyed the walk to and from, the ambience there, the smells, and watching the rhythm of human interactions all around. We would smile and nod to each other as we passed on the street, and occasionally chat. She also was a novelist. And at cafés she wrote four books.

I can understand the allure of leaving phones, laptops, and other means through which demands and busyness arrive, and stepping out, old-school-style with a pen and notebook, into a different physical and mental space. There to ponder and create. I've done it myself, quite often. Cafés can offer a place to pause.

I've been reading the psychologist and lecturer Niki Harré's³ new book *The Calling: A year exploring what the secular world can*



³ Professor Niki Harré is a community psychologist and head of the School of Psychology at the University of Auckland, Waipapa Taumata Rau.

learn from religion. As an atheist she spent a year exploring church and what it might offer. One conclusion was the value of pausing. She writes:

I'm convinced that pausing – taking time to be in silence or with aids that assist reflection – nurtures a gap between our personal concerns and the world at large: whatever I am caught up in right now is not all that is. And that gap can help us care for nature, listen to others, and encourage constraint in pushing forward our own interests.

Some days I simply call such pausing 'listening'. Listening to all that is happening around in the moment. Listening to the birds or cicadas. Listening to memories, echoes of previous conversations and events. Listening to feelings in others and in me. Listening for the quiet voices when the traffic of demand and conformity are strong. And on other days I call such pausing 'prayer'.

Harré understands, though, the importance of communal or community pausing. She writes: *Personal pause practices fall short of the full package religions offer.*

There is a potency in gathering with others, of being in quiet together, to hear or offer words to nurture us across (or in) that gap. The gap between me and we, us and them, between what is and what could be.

Such pausing also aligns with another learning of Harré's. Namely that we who gather are simply people trying to do our best. Trying to be and help. We're not superstars, experts, or 'movers and shakers'. We are simply here, together, grateful. We are all aging, none of us lasts forever. Nor are we remembered forever. So, we don't need to try to stand out or compete for status. Harré calls this 'humility'.



Glynn taking time out with Finn

Humility is a tricky word. In the ancient world it wasn't a compliment. The Jesus movements positively repurposed it. But it then evolved to mean submission and obedience in a patriarchal and powerful church. So, for example, questioning authority was seen to be the opposite of humility, questioning was the 'sin' of pride.

But maybe the word needs to keep evolving to be a pointer to our connection with all life on the planet (humus meaning 'of the earth'), our need for connection with one another as humans, and the attitude and skills needed to

build and sustain such connection. Humility, then becomes more about community, and all the little somethings that make it good and keep it so.

Glynn Cardy⁴

This reflection was published on Glynn's Facebook page in March 2026

Contributed by Anne Manchester

Rood Screen - The Meeting on the Turret Stairs...

Hellelil and Hildebrand are the main characters in a mediaeval Danish ballad. Hellelil was a princess and Hildebrand was a knight assigned to guard her.



The ballad is quite long, but the gist is that Hellelil and Hildebrand fell in love. Hellelil's

father was not at all happy about this – let's just say the story didn't end 'happily ever after'. The lovers' final tryst took place on the turret stairs, before Hildebrand was dragged away to meet his painful death.

In 1864, the artist Frederic William Burton captured their last moment together in a watercolour called *The Meeting on the Turret Stairs*.

Since its debut, this painting has moved audiences with its unabashed depiction of love. From Hildebrand's tender embrace to the sensuality of their body language to Burton's vivid colour choice, there are many reasons why this painting has captivated many over the years.

George Eliot, famed novelist and friend of Burton's at the time, commented on the painting, saying: '*It might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world, but the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion.*' He went on to say that Hildebrand's expression in the painting depicted the prince as 'a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament'.

Hildebrand was moments away from death, but in that moment, he was forever hers, and she his. In both form and essence, *The Meeting on the Turret Stairs* encapsulates the power of love. Even if viewers are not aware of the story behind the painting, the strong emotions in both of their faces leaves you wondering what is going on.

⁴ Minister of the Community of St Luke, Remuera.

Two millennia ago, Jesus was Hildebrand being dragged off to face a cruel death. He had no illusions about what was going to happen to Him. And yet, despite this, His words and his actions shouted His love for His people.

Two millennia ago, Jesus' followers were Hellelil, looking helplessly on while Jesus was being dragged away. They had no idea then that Jesus would rise again so, for them, this was the end. But despite that, it was their love for Him that kickstarted what we call Christianity.

I am reminded of Colin Gibson's beautiful hymn 'He Came Singing Love'.

For the love to go on we must make it our song; you and I be the singers.

Love is a very pretty powerful thing...

John Harris

PS Burton used a type of water-soluble paint called gouache to create this piece. That is what gives the painting the vivid colours it is so well known for. Gouache is also light-sensitive and prone to fading if exposed to direct sunlight or high UV light. Due to the sensitivity of the painting, the curators at the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin take several protective measures to preserve the quality of the work. First, the gallery allows viewers to see the painting for only two hours per week. Second, the light level is dimmed low so the work isn't overexposed. Last, a staff member returns the painting to a specially designed cabinet once viewing hours are over.



War starts in one human heart that rejects God and diminishes human worth to nothing. War spreads when influencers with peace in their hearts remain silent in the face of the powerful. War exists when the voice of wrong power proclaims

invincibility and the right to wage war. Lord, this ANZAC Day, help us to honour the fallen as we recognise the evil of war and the pain and damage of its aftermath.

Right Rev Peter Dunn

*Moderator Presbyterian Church of Aotearoa New Zealand
(An extract from his Anzac Day message)*

Phil's photo – Remembering the fallen...



Acting Governor-General, Dame Helen Winkelman, and Governor-General, Joe Harawira, lead the official party at the start of the 11am Anzac service at Pukeahu National War Memorial Park in Wellington.

For the Fallen

*With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.*

*Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.*

*They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.*

*But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;*

*As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.*

Laurence Binyon composed his best-known poem while looking out to sea from the Cornish coastline. It was written in mid-September 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of the First World War. Stanza four is known as the *Ode of Remembrance*.

Binyon was too old to enlist in the military, but he went to work for the Red Cross as a medical orderly in 1916. He lost several close friends and his brother-in-law in the war.

Anne Manchester

Power Hour: A Palm Sunday to remember...

'Wow! Look! Jesus is coming! There he is! Hosanna!' For the Passover holiday crowds, it was a special chance to see and celebrate the famous teacher and miracle worker, Jesus.

The latest story going round was that Jesus had actually raised to life a man who had been dead and buried for four days - Lazarus! Momentous news! Then, there he was riding on a donkey colt, as he entered Jerusalem through the East Gate. Like a king entering his capital in peace. For makeshift flags, nearby palm leaves, scarves and anything else handy, served to enhance the cheering. Some threw down their cloaks to make a royal road for Jesus. What a procession! There he was in person! Marvellous!

Other cheers expressed the long-held hopes prophesied by Zachariah, 'Save us now, God! The long-promised King has come! God bless the one who comes in the name of the Lord!'

There was both inner and outer relief that Jesus had at last come to restore peace in their Roman-conquered land. He wanted peace for everyone and a new covenant with God to love all and forgive. It is rightly called Palm Sunday.

During term one, Power Hour had been building towards Palm Sunday - our finale. We explored some of Jesus' teachings and gradually built a picture of the Good News of Jesus, the masterful healing teacher. Each week we crafted foot shapes (our own) and wrote the golden nuggets gleaned from the lessons.

Palm Sunday became the opportunity to celebrate Jesus whom, over time, we had come to know more intimately. Like a caring friend in our lives. Similarly, we all celebrate the birthdays of our close friends and family?



I can still feel the electric buzz of the Power Hour children and their families as we went about organising and implementing the celebration of Jesus. We set up our Palm Sunday celebration like a surprise party for the Fellowship Lunch to be held that day. Palm fronds arched over the entrance doors. Colourful footsteps marked the pathway from outside to inside, and to the table spread with food. We were able to pause and read notations on the feet e.g. *share with all, care for everyone, be kind and gentle, be humble, God is number one, Jesus is our bread for life/living, love others*. Flags, made of large cloth squares tied to bamboo sticks, were put in vases alongside mixed greenery. Speech bubbles of the cheering Passover holiday folk were displayed on the entrance walls. A diorama of Jesus with his donkey was arranged on a table, with the cheering and welcoming crowd waving leaf flags (pictured above). Even cloaks were thrown down on the welcoming pathway. We were following in Jesus' footsteps. This was a Palm Sunday to remember!

Term 2: 26 April to 28 June 2026

Susan Connell

Whakataukī o te marama...

*Kia whakatōmuri
Te haere whakamua*

*I will walk backwards into the future
with my eyes fixed on my past*

This whakataukī, or proverb, speaks to Māori perspectives of time, where the past, the present and the future are viewed as intertwined, and life as a continuous cosmic process. Within this continuous cosmic movement, time has no restrictions – it is both past and present. The past is central to, and shapes both present and future identity.

From this perspective, the individual carries their past into the future. The strength of carrying one's past into the future is that ancestors are ever



Sandy and our relative Kuljit outside the gallery's golden dome

present, existing both within the spiritual realm and in the physical, alongside the living as well as within the living. While Sandy and I were in Whangārei late last month, we visited the wonderful Hundertwasser Art Centre with Wairau Māori Art Gallery. I have been longing to visit it, ever since it opened in 2022.

There I discovered several philosophical sayings by Friedensreich Hundertwasser. One seems closely aligned in meaning to the whakataukī above.

If we do not honour our past, we lose our future.

If we destroy our roots, we cannot grow.

How lucky New Zealand was that Hundertwasser, the great Austrian artist, environmentalist and architect, chose to live the last 30 years of his life in Northland. He contributed so much to the community, including the wonderful Hundertwasser Toilets near Kawakawa, completed in

1999. This is one of the few toilet blocks worldwide that is both an international artwork and a tourist attraction. It was the last project completed within the artist's lifetime.

The Hundertwasser Art Centre, however, has quite a chequered history. The artist first sketched out his ideas for an art gallery in Whangārei in 1993, having been invited to submit a design. It was to be built on the site of the old Harbour Board building at the marina. However, following Hundertwasser's death in 2000, district council support for the project lapsed. Following a vigorous community campaign, a binding referendum was launched in 2014. More than 50 percent of votes supported the establishment of the gallery on the Harbour Board site. Oversight for the project was provided by the Hundertwasser Foundation in Vienna, with financial support largely from the community itself.

Anne Manchester

More about the building & Hundertwasser? www.hundertwasserartcentre.co.nz



Our God calls us to worship and grow together and to show the love of Christ through serving our community.

Directory

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For...

- Hall bookings
- Information & general correspondence
- The Record
 - Contributions to the Record are welcome
 - Request monthly delivery of the Record to your mailbox
 - Note: *The views expressed in the Record are those of the authors they don't necessarily represent those of St Ronan's Church*

Deadline for the April Record is Sunday 24 May 2026