



Stories of HOPE

March 2016

News from Our Lady of Hope Catholic Parish in Titahi Bay and Tawa



*At this joyful Easter time, as we remember the
Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus, we feature:*

'Resurrection' of the Cardinal's Chair (P.6)

Restoration to Health (P4)

Renewal of Marriage Vows (P 8)

New Beginnings with Life Transitions (P.14)

And much more besides

Notice to contributors

Deadline date for contributions for our next issue of *Stories of Hope* will be Friday 22nd July 2016. We always like to hear about your group or parish organization. We generally prefer content relating to specific events and persons - as a guideline, 500 words will fill one page of this magazine. Short newsy articles, anecdotes, reflections, poems, family events and page fillers are also welcome.

E-copy is preferred but hard copy can be submitted. Photos enhance all content - high resolution please.

Send to the editor or leave hard copy for collection at the parish office.

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Disclaimer

Any views or opinions expressed in this publication are solely those of the author, and do not necessarily represent those of the Editorial Committee or the administrators of Our Lady of Hope parish. The editor exercises sole discretion as to the acceptance of items for publication, insofar as they reflect Catholic life in the parish and do not tend to give offence. All items submitted may be subject to editorial amendment, revision or rejection and all items published are without prejudice.

Stories of Hope - Mission Statement

Our mission - To promote a sense of community in the Catholic parish of Our Lady of Hope, Tawa & Titahi Bay, by publishing the full variety of Catholic life in our parish.

Principal source of written contributions is the people in our parish.

Our objective: Every edition to every Catholic home in the parish.

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With Thanks to:

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Contents for March Issue 2016

Magazine Policy Statements	2
Editorial column	4
The Cardinal’s Chair	6
Journey to the Holy Land—part 2	8
A Younger Brother	11
Diamond Jubilee Fr Heijnen	12
Life Transitions	14
Why Are You Here?	18
My Garden	20
Lunch and Laughter	20
St Pius X School Report	22
Young Catholic Leaders’ Camp	24
A Family Holiday	25
Weddings & Obituaries	26
Parish records: Baptisms, Deaths, Marriages	29
Notices, Coming Events	30
Message from Ninness	31

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Letter from the Editor

by Michelle Anthony



“Some people think that having ash on your forehead is ridiculous. But I am neither ashamed nor afraid because the ashes remind me that I have to someday pass away and reunite with my creator”.

Walter Buns

Easter is an important part of the Christian calendar. We are reminded of the end sacrifice that caused the joyous beginning. The end of His mortal existence and the beginning of our eternal life.

For that sacrifice, may we ever be thankful. On that note, I am sure that we, as parish, are thankful that Father Paul has made a miraculous recovery and that St Peter was not ready to open the pearly gates for him. St Peter perhaps knew Tawa needed him, and perhaps he needed Tawa. We have a lot more to be thankful for.

For Father John who tirelessly shepherds his flock. It is no easy feat to do so in his golden years. We are thankful for his helpers, all those who work quietly behind the scenes in various ministries, the altar servers and the choirs & youth group leaders.

The editorial team wish you all a happy and joyful Easter. May the Risen Lord be ever present in your lives, and may the Holy Spirit be your guide.

... always and everywhere to give you thanks ...

by Fr Paul O'Connor

I don't remember New Year's Day and I have a plausible excuse: I was comatose in the Intensive Care Unit of Wellington Hospital. And, after a month's hospitalisation, I am both relieved and grateful in equal measure.

I am relieved that the avenging angel – to put this metaphorically rather than medically – gave me a taste of ‘passover’. And I am grateful. I am grateful to the doctors. Through long professional training they have the skills to observe, to diagnose and to chart the necessary treatment. Once I was conscious I discovered that doctors make their rounds in the morning and in the evening. Working with the doctors are the nursing staff. In ICU the nursing staff are young (though this may reflect my age), superbly qualified and wonderfully personable.

There was the physiotherapist who told me, “You talk too much: just shut up and do it!” There was Otto, the cheerful orderly, who delivered my meals. (I discovered that, contrary to what I had heard, hospital food is tasty and well-presented.) Then there are those whom it is easy to over-look: the cleaners and the orderlies.



I am grateful to those who prayed for me. During the first days of conscious recovery I tasted the truth of what I had been taught: when you are critically ill you can't pray. This is not because of unwillingness: it is because of inability. I just couldn't concentrate. Sure, I could thank God for those who were caring for me on a daily basis. One of the

Catholic chaplains gave me rosary beads. Initially a decade was simply beyond my ability to focus. And so, in retrospect, I appreciate all those who were praying with me and for me. Thank you.

I am grateful to Father John and to my siblings. Immediately after Christmas, when priests and ministers are winding down, John cared for me with his customary under-stated kindness. My sudden and somewhat critical hospitalisation gathered my siblings from both sides of the Tasman. I rediscovered that the earliest of ties are the most important.

Ordinarily, I should now be back in Auckland, teaching Theology at Good Shepherd College. I have learned a somewhat hard but absolutely necessary lesson: I am replaceable – and at very short notice! And this epitomizes what I have learned and what I am still learning. Despite what I want to believe – both in word and action – I am not in ultimate control of my life. Yes, there are choices and changes that I am trying to make. And in the process – since December 28th – I have learned just how dependent I am upon the professional skill, the daily care and the prayers of others. Which is why, whether it be a sunny or a cloudy day in Tawa,

I am learning that ***it is truly right and just, our duty and our salvation, always and everywhere to give you thanks.***

The Mystery of the Cardinal's Chair

A resurrection story

by Bernie Griffin



Its original splendour lay hidden under a thick cloak of dust, debris and dirt.

It appeared unwanted, shoved in a corner, apparently forgotten, seemingly unloved and likely to be discarded.

But not if Tineke Timmermans was to have her way.

The chair was beautiful. She could see that immediately, despite its plain construction. She could see past the scratches on its skilfully-carved woodwork and see the potential for restoration beyond its grimy and ripped fabric.

What she didn't know was the chair's history. Its background. She was facing a mystery.

"I could only wonder where the chair came from and how it got there," Tineke says. "It was pushed in amongst all the rubbishy bits and pieces left over from all the building work and renovations going on for months, dumped with other forgotten materials not needed for the moment or not needed at all. "



Tineke with the chair as first discovered

Tineke is talking about the storage area behind the end wall at the back of the altar in Our Lady of Fatima church in Tawa. Not many parishioners know the storage area and not many have seen the stuff put there. Why should they?

"I went there to tidy up a bit and saw the chair. The chair was a mess -- totally covered in grey concrete dust, the seat was torn, the wood had water damage. The chair was not in a great state at all. I found it in the farthest corner but I could see straight away that it was really a quality piece of furniture. And I knew it couldn't be left there and out of sight."

Tineke says it was important that the chair was restored to its former glory with proper cloth and colour and by restoring the woodwork.

"Eileen Mackey came with me and together we found the perfect material. Her advice on which material would suit the chair was invaluable. The chair was too heavy to remove from the church so the renovations were done there in the storage area; then we placed the chair in its present position."

But where did it come from in the first place? Fr. John has the possible answer: "The story is it once belonged to Cardinal McKeefry, who donated it to the Tawa Parish. Other than that, I don't know. But Fr. Chris Penders would have known all about it ... "

So, mystery solved -- perhaps.

Cardinal McKeefry's chair -- maybe.

A good story? Definitely.

Peter McKeefry was proclaimed a Cardinal in 1969 by Pope Paul VI - New Zealand's first cardinal. He died on 18 November 1973, while making arrangements by telephone for the accommodation of a convalescent priest whom he had just visited.



"I could see straight away that it was really a quality piece of furniture. I knew it couldn't be left there out of sight."

'His chair', as it is now being called, is prominently placed on the altar of the Tawa church where its regal colour and dominant design enhance the surrounds; a reminder of a priest who came from humble beginnings and went on to become a scholar, historian, journalist and prince of the church.

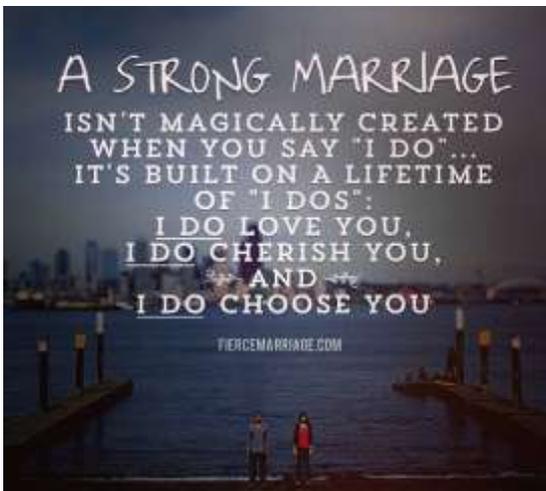
People are already saying adamantly that the chair must stay. The mystery has not yet been fully solved or resolved. But it doesn't matter

The Cardinal's chair is a second-time gift, thanks to the perseverance of a parishioner and her creative skills who recognised something special, in strange circumstances and in a most unlikely place.

[Back](#)



Pat and Melva Waite with their Cana Certificate



Pilgrimage to the Holy Land – continuation of our story

Renewal of marriage vows at Cana

by Pat and Melva Waite

We will celebrate 50 years of marriage in 2018, having married at Sacred Heart Church in Inglewood, Taranaki on April 15 1968 by Fr. Martin Bradford.

From time to time we had thought about renewing our marriage vows but, for whatever reason, we never seemed to get around to it. This changed during our Pilgrimage to the Holy Land when we visited Cana of Galilee, near Nazareth. There are two churches in Cana, one Greek Orthodox and the other Franciscan, built in 1879 on the remains of a sixth century sanctuary. This is the site of the village synagogue where the wedding attended by Jesus is believed to have taken place. We have listened to the Gospel reading of the wedding feast and the first known miracle of Christ. – (John 2:1-11). Wedding celebrations now, as then, usually last a week, which could explain why they needed so much water turned miraculously into wine.

The beautiful church which is named ‘Church of the Miracle’ is Spanish style, with two towers, one each for the bride and groom. On the altar are six large jars representing the jars of water that were turned into wine. As we walked from the bus to the church we passed numerous shops selling ‘Wedding Wine from Cana’. Along with others we purchased a number of small bottles – two for our niece who was soon to be married and two bottles for ourselves, for our 50th wedding anniversary.

It was in this environment that we celebrated mass with our fellow pilgrims and Fr. Bernie standing around the altar. (Franciscan Fr Bernie Thomas, parish priest from Waiheke Island and a Chaplain at Auckland University.)

At the end of mass each married couple was invited to come forward to renew their marriage vows. Following this we received the holy oils from Nazareth, which Fr. Bernie invited us to share with each other.

Each couple was then presented with a single rose and a certificate to record the occasion, which we treasure.



We left Cana knowing that something significant had happened to us.

We were both 21 years of age when we married and the experience and occasion was profound. But it all seemed to happen so quickly that it is a challenge to recall all the details. In Cana, it was vastly different.

The contrast was stark and we were well-prepared. Our fellow-pilgrims had prayed for us and on the day were our witnesses to a very personal and significant event in our lives. Far in excess of anything that we had expected. We left Cana knowing that something significant had happened to us.



These are the words that Fr. Bernie used in our ceremony:

My friends, today you come before us, your fellow pilgrims, to renew once again the promises that you made to each other when you were married. So let us pray:

God of Love, who gives us the longing for, and capability of loving, we give you thanks for couples gathered before your altar today, We thank you for their open hearts and willing spirits, and for the example of love that they embody here in our presence. Be with them on this joyous occasion of renewing their commitment to one another. And so, trusting in God's companionship, I invite you now to join your right hands and renew you love for one another.

I, N, renew my promise of marriage to you N. I promise to continue to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honour you all the days of my life.

You have declared your consent before the Church. May the Lord in his goodness strengthen your consent and fill you both with his blessings. What God has joined, we must not divide. Amen.

A Younger Brother

by Patrick J. Horan



*My mother had a son
that she never knew.
Only Dad briefly saw him
when he and the hastily-summoned priest
quickly baptised him
shortly after his still-born birth.
They baptised him John,
the only name my father could think of when put under such pressure.*

*The doctors wouldn't let Mum see her son.
Instead,
they gave her something to blot out her physical pain
and to put her to sleep;
in those days
they thought that that was best for her,
would help her to forget.*

*But she never forgot;
daily she prayed
for the welfare of all her living children
and for the repose of John's soul.
And she always celebrated John's birth date.*

*On one such occasion,
I remember Mum asking Dad to describe her son,
and he, in his Irish way, described a perfection,
which even I as a child,
from past experience of my father's tales,
recognised as being more than a slight exaggeration
but which, strangely,
my mother accepted as the gospel truth.*

*But then, what else could she do?
After all, my mother had a son that she never saw,
never held
or ever kissed.*



[Back](#)

Homily for the Diamond Jubilee of Fr Jan Heijnen by Fr John van der Kaa



Fr Jan Heijnen AA

I guess it is the privilege of the youngest Dutch Assumptionist to pay tribute to his older jubilarians. I said a few words in Auckland for Fr Kropman for his golden Jubilee, and for Fr Penders when he was 50 years a priest. Today we remember how Fr John Heijnen was ordained a priest in Bergeyk, in the chapel of our Study House, on Wednesday 21st December 1955.

The day of ordination was, for most of us, not just the beginning of a whole new life, it was also the completion of 14 years of preparation. I can assure you that those years to most of us felt much longer than their physical dura-

tion. You get that feeling of: *finally, we are there!* The smart looking young man started with the Mill Hill Fathers in Tilburg in 1941, but then for his last year in secondary school he changed course to the Assumptionists, entered the Novitiate in 1948 and made his first vows in October 1949. The next 7 years were devoted to what we called philosophy and theology. A whole week was set aside for a final retreat just before Ordination and then, it happened. Parents, brothers and sisters with their partners were invited and were given hospitality in the village. I could not find out which Bishop came to administer the sacrament of ordination [for Fr Heijnen]. The day after ordination the newly ordained priest would say his first holy Mass with his family. They were unforgettable days. Soon after, and before their first Mass in the parish of their parents, the novices had to sit their final exams which more or less qualified them to enter the big wide world as missionaries. The first Mass in the home parish was another reason for large scale celebrations, involving just about the whole parish.

When the smoke of incense had gone Fr John and Fr Luke were both sent to England to prepare for their appointment to New Zealand. Fr John ended up in Hitchin where he was asked to supervise the boarders at St Michael's College. Not a pleasant task. He had very little time to study English. You might wonder why these talented young priests were first sent to England, whereas all their predecessors went directly to New Zealand. The reason was simple. Up till now all the Dutch priests arriving in Aotearoa NZ became chaplains to the Dutch immigrants. Fr John and Fr Luke were the first selected to become teachers at Viard Boys College, a college

which had not been built yet and which actually opened its doors in 1968, ten years after their arrival. So, they had to be well versed in English to allow them to go to University after their arrival in NZ.

“he has grown into a people-person, with a ready smile, talent for improvisation and a skillful hand with the soft pencil and paint-brush. ‘

For some odd reason both priests were asked to help out in Upper Hutt at a primary school, where they taught boys in forms 1 and 2, now called years 7 and 8. After two years at Upper Hutt, Fr John began his studies at Victoria University. Four years of hard work got him 6 units. Then followed his first holiday in Holland. After his return he went back to University and obtained Pure Maths III. This was followed by two years of teaching at St Patrick’s College, Wellington. In 1968 Fr John joins his fellow Assumptionists at Viard College, he teaches Maths and Chemistry and completes his degree with a unit in cartography. When Fr John Schokker returned to the Netherlands with a new pace-maker and never came back, Fr Heijnen took over the role as Principal of Viard Boys College. Three years later he resigned as Principal and returned to teaching Maths and Religion. In the years that followed he became involved in the Charismatic Movement, immediately followed with the Antioch youth groups. In 1985 he started the Galilea Community together with Fr Luke, hoping that it could become a source of vocations for the Assumption. At this stage Fr John was still teaching, but in 1986 he became Chaplain at Viard, and a year later he becomes Parish Priest of St Mary’s Parish (Elsdon) with the two churches, Sacred Heart (Kenepuru; now moved to BVC grounds as Te Nakau Tapu Maori parish) and St Mary’s, combined with the Porirua Hospital Chaplaincy. This lasted 7 years till his retirement in 1994. At that stage he was living at 10 Kenepuru Drive, the old house with the hanging toilet. As if Parish work wasn’t enough John has also been involved in Faith and Light, Retrouvaille, Engaged Encounter, Meditation groups, and assistance in neighboring parishes.

I have given you a long list of Fr John’s activities over the years. You might get the idea that he has been hyper-active. I am sorry, that’s not him. Over the years he has grown into a people-person, with a ready smile, talent for improvisation and a skillful hand with the soft pencil and paint-brush.

Seeing so many of your friends here, I feel as if I have been involved in a telecast of “*This is Your Life*”. They themselves will bring back memories later during lunch.

I have to finish on a more liturgical note, because we are here today to say *Thank-you* to God for 60 years of service to the Church. We also thank the Clergy Trust for providing Fr Heijnen with the accommodation here at Summerset, which he so visibly enjoys. ***Fr John, congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee.***

[Back](#)



In January, the *Women of Faith* group had an afternoon tea get-together, for those members who could attend, as there is no regular meeting at that time.

Catharine Gallen (group leader) is at front right.

See article on following page

Coming soon

Grow your faith

Start a faith journey - parish programme starting July



Transitions ... family life ... working life ... ?

by *Catharine Gallen*

Before having children I was in the 'normal' workforce for 12 years. This was a time when my faith life waned – it wasn't that I 'lost the faith' but there was no direction or nurturing of faith and so it became unimportant and smothered by the world around me. I was finding my way in the world and I was busy growing and maturing as a young person and getting married.

there was no direction or nurturing of faith so it became unimportant and smothered by the world around me.

On having our first child, I had the beginnings of maturing faith as I took on the challenges of motherhood (and developing a faith life through the church community). The experiences at this stage of my life had a great impact on both my understanding of God and faith, and **awe** at the new life we had been blessed with. So my faith renewed and blossomed during this period and I definitely think committing ourselves to baptism for our children contributed to this growth in us.

We continued to have two more children and I felt extremely blessed to be home with our three boys in my role as wife and mother, nurturer and homemaker. I discovered it was very important to nurture our children in faith and I hope continually that they will also come to know Jesus and recognise Him in their lives.

We always pray that they may seek God with a sincere heart on their continuing journey of life. Being surrounded by other mothers, particularly through **Marian Mothers groups**, provided ongoing faith nurture and support. Being a stay-at-home mum also gave me the opportunity and time to become involved in various voluntary roles which provided challenge and interest and self-fulfilment. These years were undoubtedly the best years and the most fulfilling job even though it was downgraded in societal terms – I always knew the worth of the role of motherhood, and I chose to stay at home for 14 years. However, your self-confidence takes a hit once out of what others consider the 'norm', so returning to the workforce did improve my confidence.

I definitely think committing ourselves to baptism for our children contributed to this (faith) growth in us.

The next transition to ‘working life’ - So the children were growing and so were the financial demands so I took to the paid workforce once again for the next 21 years, the majority of that time at Bishop Viard College. I enjoyed being challenged and giving my talents to the needs of the job. Working at a Catholic College was also fulfilling and I had many happy years. The transition back into ‘working’ did have its challenges balancing both family life and faith life.

Life gets so busy in every sense of the word when you are in your own mid-life, your children are teenagers and you have aged parents – they can be very trying times and strength of faith helps you through. Fortunately some members of my Marian Mother’s group were also in daytime work so we were able to form a group that met on an evening – this group became known as “*Women of Faith*”. Through this group we had ongoing faith support and friendship. And 21 years later this group is still going.

At this stage of life, we felt that time together was more valuable than anything else

Recently, I have made another transition to ‘retired’ life. My husband had retired a year earlier and although I had intended to continue working for a few more years, we had always hoped to have the opportunity to share this time together and we feel extremely blessed to be able to do so. At this stage of life, we felt that time together was more valuable than anything else, our family has grown with gaining dearly loved daughters-in-law and two dear grandsons. We enjoy so much being part of their lives. Seeing your children grow into adults and then to experience the joy of grandchildren is worth growing older for !

So now is the time to reflect on our future life and where the journey is taking us – that is still ongoing – it takes time to discern where your energies and endeavours should go – there is a lot of re-evaluation and refocussing that takes place at this time. Being able to take the time to relax, rewind, unwind and renew is another blessing that I am savouring. I am sure we will have challenges ahead but by not losing sight of the light of faith, we trust in God’s goodness to lead us.

My grace is sufficient for you; for My strength is made perfect
in weakness. 2 Corinthians 12:9

Marian Mothers - Calling all Mums!



Do you ever feel like there are so many fun groups available for your child(ren) – music groups, playgroups, story times etc. – but that **there's nothing catered specifically for you and your needs?**

Would you like to meet other mothers and have an opportunity to grow your faith and make lasting friendships?

Marian Mothers could be just what you're looking for!

We are a group of mums who meet monthly at each other's homes.

At our meetings we listen to a talk on an aspect of faith and motherhood. We listen, share and pray.

Our meetings are also a great chance to catch up, encourage and support each other and for our children to play together.

We welcome all mums.

For more information about our local group please contact Amie: amiefouhy@gmail.com Phone: 021 184 1870.

For more information on Marian Mothers: maristlaitynz.org

Our parish also has a group for women who prefer to meet in the evenings and/or are working in the daytime.

Women of Faith meet on the second Tuesday of each month **in each other's homes. See weekly newsletter for details or phone Catharine 232 2990**

[Back](#)

Why Are You Here?

by Tom Caballes

Have you ever thought what life is all about?

What is life's purpose?

Why you were created?

Surely you were not just a biological accident born into this world. Many people think and say: *"My life's purpose is to be happy. I want to enjoy life – I will only live once. I want to reach my highest potential. I want to be fulfilled."*

These things are good in themselves. But sadly, these goals and aspirations fall short in helping us reach true happiness. Why? They centre about one's own purpose

or goal in life – not the one who created you. If we really want to know what life is really about, we need to look beyond ourselves – we need to look at God's plan and purpose for us. So, why did God create us? In the first place, God did not have to create us. He would have been perfectly happy with all His heavenly beings had He not created us. But at a certain point God did this:

Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over the livestock and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth." So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them. [Genesis 1:26-27 ESV]

If we really want to know what life is really about, we need to look beyond ourselves – we need to look at God's plan and purpose for us.

Out of God's wisdom and goodness, He decided to create special beings which no other part of creation has – free will. This means human beings are free to choose to obey His commands or not. Because of free will, we are the only creation who can give God tremendous pleasure and joy when we follow him – or terrible pain



and sorrow when we do not. God took a 'risk' when He created us – we can make Him extremely happy or terribly sad. And this is why He created us - simply put, God's purpose for creating us is to glorify Him – to give God exceeding joy and pleasure. We are here to love God and please God. God's plan was for us to enjoy a full and abundant life with Him. We exist only because God wants us to exist; we were made by God and for God. St. Augustine once said, *"For You have formed us for Yourself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in You."* Our lives will never find true joy and peace until we live with God and for God – no temporary pleasure, great amount of worldly wealth, and no power or honour can ever replace God. There is no substitute for Him. It's as if God created a hole in our hearts and only God can fill that hole to make us happy.

God's plan was for us to enjoy a full and abundant life with Him.

Have a long think about this. Meditate on this. Is your life really fulfilling the purpose of your creation? Is everything you do pleasing to God, or to you, or to someone else? What things are you using to fill that void in your heart that only God can fill – gadgets, money, honour, power and pleasure? If there are things in your life which are not pleasing to God, this is the perfect time to examine our lives and start changing.

What does the 'Year of Mercy' mean for Children?

Great Resources for Families or Youth Groups to use for Year of Mercy and other Feasts or Celebrations in the Church Calendar

looktohimandberadiant.blogspot.com

Check it out Today!



[Back](#)

My Garden

An original poem by Betty Durr

Welcome to my garden, won't you step on through the gate,
Ah! Mind that rustic handle, it might disintegrate,
Come stroll on down my flagstone path, admire the lovely view,
Just watch these few uneven stones, oh dear your gorgeous shoes,
Now here I have my goldfish pond, alas the fish have gone.
The neighbour's cat roams wild and free, the fish got pounced upon.
The lawn is looking patchy, they say the grass grub's bad this year.
I've sprinkled pellets near and far, but the bird life's gone I fear.
Behold my rampant daisy bower decked out in glorious hue,
My husband sadly flattened on his bicycle meant for two.
This bed is just for roses, my favourite's Dublin Bay,
But you can't view the velvet petals as the aphids bar the way.
Let's wander to my rippling stream, let's cross the trickling water,
Now do take care upon the bridge those railings give no quarter.
Oh dear, you're wet and shivering, come shelter in the shed,
The doorways low, mind how you go, too late - oh your poor head!
You want to go, you've had enough, but there's much more to see
My dahlias with the earwigs, my ancient apple tree.
Ah well, they say that beauty's in the eye of the beholder
And woe is me, I'm getting used to getting the cold shoulder.



Lunch and Laughter-Tuesday Luncheon Club *by Betty Durr*

The Tuesday luncheon club for Tawa parishioners over 60 is now into its 14th year. This initiative has been extremely popular and came about through the organisational and creative skills of a group of dedicated ladies who perceived a need for such an event and combined to serve a lunch equal, if not superior, to any food in a café. Sandwiches, savouries, cakes and other tasty morsels accompanied by tea or coffee, with hot soup in winter are on the menu. All delicately sized and beautifully



presented. Where else would you get all these, entertainment and good company for just \$4.50 - the price of a single cup of coffee elsewhere?

Many of the original diners still come along to meet up with friends, enjoy the food and the warm, friendly atmosphere. After an extra-special Christmas function, there is a break in January and high tea in February. Beautiful tablecloths, china cups and a tiny Baileys start the year off with a bang. Such was the case on Tuesday 2nd February. Bernie Griffin was present to photograph the proceedings and manage a taste or two. Trish and Betty ring each diner up every month to ascertain numbers attending so that Tineke and her team can ensure there is sufficient food, with minimal wastage. Bookings to Betty 232 8131 or Trish are important. Cancellations can be made on the Sunday prior to the Tuesday luncheon by phoning Jane Lee at the parish office on 232 5611.. [Back](#)

St Pius X School - 'Strong and Gentle

by Jane Reddish



Term 1 News

St Pius X students have been eager from day one this term to make the most of their being back at school.

The long hot summer days have meant we have been able to get our full quota of fitness and sports days – not always possible in Wellington!! The Junior Swimming Programme at Cannons Creek Pool has been particularly welcome this year.



Pancake Tuesday was celebrated in all the classes – an event we look forward to each year before Lent begins.

A special **Ash Wednesday Liturgy** was celebrated by Fr van der Kaa for the school community. The students have been taking their Lenten vows very seriously ever since.

The **Kowaiiau Group** from the **Porirua Whanau Centre** began teaching all our Year 3-6 students this term.

TJ, Bex and John have been enthusiastically leading the students in Cultural (Maori & Samoan) activities, Physical sessions including Maori games, workouts & cross fitness and Social Programme – developing social skills, self-confidence, self-respect etc.



The highlight so far this term would have been the **Beach Day** spent at Titahi Bay beach where the students received instruction about water safety from Surf Life Saving NZ.

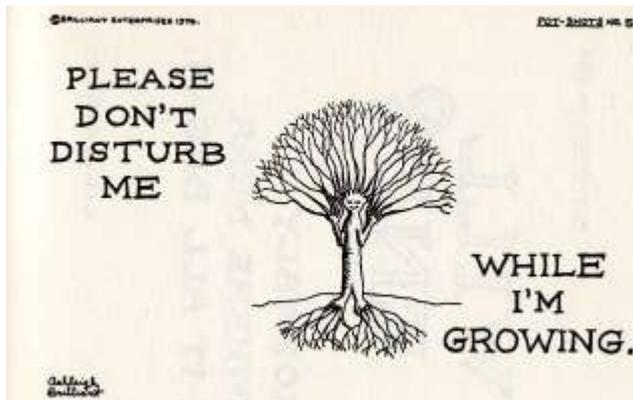


We have a busy calendar for the rest of the term with our

- Annual Marae sleepover
- Easter Liturgies
- Twilight Gala
- Life Education van
- Baptisms
- Welcome Powhiri to all new students & their Whanau

School is an exciting and fun filled adventure on the way to learning.

[Back](#)



Young Catholic Leaders Camp

by *Teresa Rayner*

In mid December last year, twelve of our newly-appointed student leaders and year 13s had the opportunity to go on the Young Catholic Leaders (YCL) camp at Forest Lakes in Otaki, for a 5 day leadership formation programme including talks, fellowship, games, daily Mass and discussions. We learnt about belonging, servant leadership, the Mass, teamwork, perseverance, failure, communication, and many more things that contribute to being a good Catholic leader.

For me, one of the best parts of camp was getting to know other young Catholics in the diocese, and their roles at College for 2016. Throughout the camp we were split into different groups - like our service teams that we did chores and some activities with, and our cabin groups that we also did activities with, so we got to meet many new people. We also got the chance to get to know those from our own colleges even better, as we brainstormed ideas for the year ahead as a leadership team.



Another thing I liked about camp was that although we were all from different colleges, with different roles and backgrounds; everyone was equal and accepted because we were linked by our faith and the reason we were all at camp - to learn how to be better Catholic leaders for 2016.

On behalf of all of us who attended YCL, I wish to thank the Archdiocese of Wellington and Young Church Ministries for organising and running YCL; and also thank you to St Theresa's and Our Lady of Hope Parishes, who donated money to ensure that our students were able to attend the camp, and without whom we would never have been able to attend.

A Family Holiday in Central Otago (December 2015)

by Gabrielle Mears

We have four children, three of whom now live in Australia. Getting together is a challenge, but especially important as the grandchildren grow. Our children and grandchildren love the outdoors and enjoy sport and physical activity.

The booking office for the Milford Track opens in March. Josette in Sydney was the first cab off the rank as she needed to make advance bookings. Two daughters (Bernadette and Josette), a son-in-law (John) and five teenage grandchildren from Tawa and Sydney respectively flew in to Queenstown on 11 December where we picked up our three rental cars.

First up, three grandsons from Tawa and two granddaughters from Sydney, together with their parents and two other relatives, walked the Milford Track carrying their packs for four days. Paul and I stayed in Te Anau at (what we described as) 'base camp'; taking the chance to revisit Doubtful Sound and explore the area.

The two families, together with Gabrielle and Paul, then drove in tandem to Cromwell. The younger clan then cycled a rail trail, walked into Skippers' Canyon and swam at Queenstown and Wanaka. Being driven round a 22,000 acre station owned by John's uncle and aunt was an adventure not hitherto experienced by the grandchildren.

We treasured being together with our loved ones, especially seeing the teenagers happy and achieving.



Reverence for
the Lord gives confi-
dence and security to
a man and his family.
Proverbs 14:26

Obituary - Franciscus Canisius Gerardus Knipping

2 June 1927 – 4 December 2015 **May he rest in peace** *by David Belz*



Frans Knipping, grew up in the ancient Dutch city of Nijmegen, fifth in a family of ten children. His brother Fons recalls that in 1944 **Frans at age 17 was deemed old enough to join his older brothers in the Dutch Resistance against the German occupation**, supporting the allied advance in the battle to secure the bridge over the River Waal. The city and its people suffered terribly in these final years of the conflict, with destruction, brutality, and loss of freedom, all having a profound effect on a young man who found the resolution to rise above all of this horrible turmoil. In the aftermath of war, a childhood hobby in model aircraft had ripened into Frans becoming a full-

fledged pilot. **An air-accident from which he had survived left him with a lifetime of pain and discomfort, but failed to suppress his desire to achieve and always to do his best for others.** Following his brother Fons' earlier migration to New Zealand, Frans arrived in Auckland on 24 February 1953. His particular skills and aptitudes secured him a position with Wellington Hospital maintaining and repairing surgical instruments, and with a resourceful and inventive turn of mind occasionally developing new instruments for the surgeons. Even in his later retirement years, this interest would be resumed with his maintenance and repair of surgical instruments at a local medical centre. Enticed into other employment opportunities, he pioneered new developments in the safety of electric blankets, and in fluorescent lighting technology, which subsequently became industry standards.

Having met his Liverpool bride-to-be soon after his arrival here, Frank as he was now locally known, married Dorothy in 1956, settling in Tawa, where they both became active parishioners, and raised four children – Teresa, Peter, Steven and Paul. **He was a man of remarkable technical talents, and was spoken of as an inventor, industrial designer, instrument maker, optician, carpenter, electrician, fitter, turner, entrepreneur, factory manager, and even a fixer of the many clocks that people would bring to him.** However, it was not just these talents that defined the man. **It was more his love of family, and his giving of enormous amounts of time and energy to others that will endure longest.** He provided wonderful support to his elderly neighbours in Nathan Street, and one summer coordinated the street's

men-folk to paint their house. He was also a great friend to the Dutch priests who came to New Zealand during the 1950s, who started Bishop Viard College and ministered in this parish.

Always fond of music, Frank joined the small choir here that had started in 1958. In 1960, Fr Leo Connor asked Frank if he could recruit some fellow Dutchmen and others so they could sing at Christmas and Easter as well. As a result, a much enlarged and full four-voiced choir held its first practice on the first Monday evening of October 1960, in the old wooden church in Rewa Terrace, near the present Medical Centre. Following the move to the present church on the corner of Lyndhurst Road, **Frank designed and built the tabernacle, and the Nativity crib, which is on display each Christmas.** Several years later when the tabernacle was being renovated for its new location, Frank had mentioned discovering a note his seamstress mother had left there, when during a family visit she had made and sewn its lining. More recently, he had refurbished the Stations of the Cross plaques and other statuary around the church. **His compassion for people led him to offer help and resources throughout his life. With his love for people was his love of company. He was a master of making people feel welcome.** He would fill any lull in conversation with his own conversation. One was never left with an uncomfortable silence in his presence, a great talker and a great listener.

The arrival of Paul* into the Knipping family was seen as a special gift, and the catalyst for Frank's work in helping to form and develop the Kapi-Mana Branch of the IHC. Ignoring doctors' advice to give Paul up to institutional care, Frank led the efforts to raise the \$110,000 for the building of Campbell House on Kenepuru Drive, creating wonderful opportunities so that Paul and others like him could experience a normal life. In later years, he found another passion among the Cambodian refugees, by becoming connected to the Cambodian community through his work at GEC, helping them to find their way in their new life in New Zealand. There was an affinity with his own life experience 30 years previously – a devastated homeland, no money, little understanding of the language and of the country they found themselves in. He formed many deep and lasting friendships with them and their offspring. To his family, Frank's life was about working hard, making use of his incredible talents, so often for the benefit of others, and his love and concern for them and for his family. He remained strongly connected to his extended family in the Netherlands, and this bond has ripened with later generations. He took enormous interest and pride in the growth and achievements of his seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

A long life lived to its fullest! **When we are challenged to rise above our difficulties, and choose to live lives of self-sacrifice, we may find the greatest purpose and meaning in our lives. Such a life was that of Frans Knipping, a life lived with conviction and a sense of purpose.**

* Paul Knipping died in January 2022, aged 56



Gabriella Conijn (daughter of Graeme and Carmen Conijn) and **Namal Coorey** (son of Antony and Shamani Coorey), both from Our Lady of Hope parish, were married on 28 December 2015 in Our Lady of Fatima church.

Pictured here are the new Mr and Mrs Coorey dancing down the aisle, just married, with Fr Matthew Crawford SM in the background.

Members of Namal's family came from Sri Lanka and Australia to attend the ceremony. The reception was held at the Silverstream Retreat Centre.



Parish Notices

Marriages

Gabriella Carmen Conijn married Namal Vikum Carlo Coorey on 28 December 2015

Deaths

Franciscus Canisius Gerardus Knipping	4 December 2015
Susan Mary Newland	16 December 2015
John Richard Tiller	16 January 2016
Stephanie Mary Jago	19 January 2016
Fa'asalele Va'alepu-Utupo	28 January 2016
Christopher Patrick Kenny	2 February 2016
Sheryl Mary Huggins	29 February 2016

Baptisms

Name of child	Date	Parents
Leo Cabrera Shehmar	3 January 2016	son of Davinder & Jennifer Shehmar
Zachary Brian Tohill	9 January 2016	son of Liam Tohill & Kirsty Green
Mike Zacchary C Boytrago	14 February 2016	son of Mikco & Steffanie Boytrago
Cassie Dane Ocampo Bermillo	5 March 2016	daughter of Dennis & Anabel Bermillo
Benjamin Michael Hughes	13 March 2016	son of Daniel Hughes & Rachel Shore
Georgia Bernadette Schmidt	13 March 2016	daughter of Matthew & Bernadette Schmidt

[Back](#)

New Parishioners

If you are new to the parish, Welcome!

Please introduce yourself to the celebrant, another parishioner,

or call the parish office 9am-12noon weekdays . 04 232 5611

Current Parish Pastoral Council Members

Fr John van der Kaa - parish priest Andrew Oliver - chair

Kamelai Aiono, Telesia Alaimoana, Lagi Anamani, Chantelle Anthony,

Gerard Bone, Denise Dorman, Ted Gallen, John Lafaele,

Ray Lindsay, Hannah McCardle, Paul McCardle, Rupi Mapusua,

Litia Meli, Joseph Mijares, Marie Prescott, Rebekah Siave.

Regular events

- * Dove Catholic Fellowship for Women, Third Sat. 1:30 pm, at Connolly Hall, Next to Cathedral, Wellington.
- * Monthly luncheons in Tawa church foyer, First Tuesday of each month.
- * Time together, weekly games, Tawa church meeting room, Thurs 1:30 pm,
- * Marian Mothers - 2nd Monday am each month - see weekly newsletter
- * Women of Faith - 2nd Tuesday each month pm - see weekly newsletter
- * Youth Group, College Years 9 to 13, Fridays, 8:00 - 9:30pm
Leo Connor Hall, **during school term;**
- * Girls' Group Year 3 - 9 students, Fridays, 4:30 - 5:30 pm,
Tawa church meeting room **during term time.**
- * Other events, check website calendar: www.tawacatholic.org.nz

**We hope you enjoyed reading this issue of *Stories of Hope* .
When you've finished reading it, why not pass it on to a friend?
We need your input. Keep those contributions coming!!**

**This edition of *Stories of Hope* is sponsored by
Ninness Funeral Home**

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email: info@ninness.co.nz

Holy Week and Easter

In a book called 'Step Gently in the World' the following introduction was given:

"Holy Week: the space to consider where the journey with Jesus might lead us ...

However, too often we yield to the temptation of waving our palm branches in the air one Sunday, eating Easter eggs down the hill the next, smiling 'He is risen' at each other, while not allowing ourselves to enter the story.

The story is ours and we are called to walk the way with Jesus, learning the lessons of Holy Week again and rediscovering the daunting freedom of resurrection."

As the celebration of the Triduum draws near and a lot earlier too, it can be difficult to make the transition from all that has happened in the last number of weeks as we have farewelled 2015, started 2016, commenced the new school year and so on. It can all be a bit of a blur.

From Holy Thursday to Easter Sunday, you, as a faith community will consider where the journey of Jesus might lead you.

We, at Ninness Funeral Home, are aware that this may well have been the question as you have farewelled a member of your family. Where has that journey taken you in the story that is uniquely yours? May your Holy Week and the Easter Season enable you, even in the loss of a loved one, to rediscover the daunting freedom of resurrection.

For further helpful information, have a look at the Ninness Funeral Home website: www.ninness.co.nz. Go to 'Community Traditions' and then 'Catholic Community'.

Shuttle Service to Whenua Tapu Cemetery

Ninness Funeral Home provides a complimentary shuttle service for people who either do not have their own transport or where the cemetery is not on a public transport route. The shuttle runs to Whenua Tapu cemetery every month (excluding December) on the last Wednesday.





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