



The ANGLICAN PACIFIST of Aotearoa/New Zealand

Newsletter of the New Zealand Branch of the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship

Chairman's Letter

Easter 2016

A LIFE LIVED AT THE MARGINS.

With a conception and birth so carefully planned that angels were involved, there could be nothing unintended in the outcome. Maternal age, social status and parity ensured the 'high risk pregnancy' experienced by so many of the world's poor. An exhausting journey followed by an unhygienic birthplace compounded the dangers and difficulties of the Holy Family. Later, an emergency escape from a Middle East tyrant made them refugees in a foreign land and completed the pattern of deprivation and difficulty begun at conception. As if to become human were not enough, God chose to identify with the least privileged of our race.

Thirty years later at the beginning of his ministry Jesus confirmed the bias of his nativity. In the wilderness he continued to reject supernatural and earthly privilege. In considering Psalm 91, "For he will command his angels to guard you in all your ways", he declined the offer. He went on to display exceptional power in healing others, but not for his own safety or prestige. His path was to be one of humility and service, an equalising with humanity, an at-one-ness with people. There would be no place for coercion or methods that would force people to believe in him. As God gave up his freedom in becoming human he gave freedom for people to choose to join his Kingdom or not.

At his last supper Jesus washed his disciples' feet showing them a model for their future lives. In this model there was no place for aggression, for humility and service is the way of peace, whilst violence is nourished by, and produces, inequality. Jesus, by emptying himself of power, became as limited as a human being, seeking to be equal with humankind.

Soon after, in the humiliation of crucifixion, Jesus emptied himself of all inherent power. He

continued to reject the 'advantage' of the psalm's angelic promise and so God identified completely with the human condition. As the end drew near, he, who had been so close to his Heavenly Father, lost that link also. 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?' he cried as his life ebbed away. A man seemingly alone in this world. It is the final existential horror, the final levelling of God with those most in need. Jesus experienced the death of God, the loss of all hope.

The identification of Jesus with the



most vulnerable people of our world begun at conception finds its completion as his earthly life closes on the cross.

The cross, so carefully crafted to brutalise its victims, had become, on that occasion the final equaliser of God and man. God had identified with, and personally experienced, all of the 'human condition'.

'Who though in God's form, did not regard his equality with God as something he ought to exploit. Instead he emptied himself and

received the form of a slave and humbled himself even to a death on the cross'. Phil.2.6,7.

Jesus' resurrection life brings hope to all people. He assures us that the world we pray for in his prayer can happen, and although we may feel abandoned and alone, we are not. He who has lived as the humblest and most worthless of slaves will be forever at our side, both in this world and the next.

Blessings,
Jonathan.

LECTURE AND STUDY DAY

November 6 and 7, 2015

"War Remembrance And Reconciliation" Auckland War Memorial Museum

As promised, here are the notes from the first lecture (two speakers). Further lecture notes will be published in subsequent issues this year.

THERE IS DEATH IN LIFE AND LIFE IN DEATH!

Bernard Makoare



The carved Maori meeting house is the meeting place of three worlds. The world of the senses – our mortal world; the world of symbols – our reconciliation and creative interpretations of the natural and built world that surrounds us; and the world of the spirits – our ancestors and our recollections of them, their relationships, their places, their deeds and their characters.

This is according to my uncle, the late Reverend Maori Marsden. He's not my close blood kin, not my mother's brother nor my father's brother. Not even their cousin and therefore my description of him as uncle is out of my love for him and my respect for the memory of his life.

Maori Marsden's ancient ancestors are also mine and I am recalling his name as an elder, a healer, one of the last Ngapuhi tohunga from the ancient teachings, a returned soldier of the 28th Maori battalion, an Anglican priest, the first Maori New Zealand Navy chaplain after WW ii, an academic and respected theologian.

He told me and my relatives in times of private learning that the ancient lores pertaining to the carved meeting house began well before a tree was felled and carvings were thought of. He recalled the process of three

sacred "umu" or ovens. Not the type used for everyday cooking but set aside, elevated from daily cooking fires and used to cook special, extraordinary food - TAPU.

The first oven was "te umu tutu i te puehu" - the dust raising situated at the gate entrance. A metaphor for the questions and debates that are required for such an undertaking as the presentation of a community's identity in the form of a carved meeting house. The debates as to whether or not there is substance enough to carry this idea through – people, unity, history and capacity.

The second oven was "te umu kotinga korero" – the cessation of debate, situated at the entrance to the proposed house. This is a metaphor for the answers having been demonstrated to the acceptance of those authorities who have heard the 'talk' and

witnessed the mettle of those embroiled in the thick of the debates. So this is the acceptance and the agreement for efforts to proceed.

The final oven was “te umu whakairinga korero ki nga patu pakitara o te whare” – the adornment of the walls of the house with the generations of stories which emanate from the heritage of the people who have chosen to declare their identity in this profound way.

The metaphor for the scene in which the worlds of the senses, the symbols and the spirits coincide.

The symbolism of the ovens; the appreciation of the natural and emotional and spiritual processes we as humans require to attempt something profound and meaningful; the touch of generations upon thoughts, words, actions and people – “heritage”. Checks and balances. All profound but except for the outcomes, more or less unseen by those observing and perceiving from the outside. Of course these sacred ovens are applicable to life and not only the carved meeting house. This is the complexity of traditional Maori thinking.

There is death in life and life in death!

The three Deaths of a human. I’d like to paraphrase a Mexican cultural belief, in the following way;

As humans we suffer three deaths! The first is when our body dies and we cease to be alive. The second is when our mortal remains are consigned to the grave or when they are lost from sight. The third and final death is when our name is spoken for the very last time, never to be spoken ever again and our loved ones forget us.

There is death in life and life in death!

Rangatira, taumata, whai korero, tapu – elevation

Nowadays, Maori things and people are considered in one size fits all homogeneous way – all the same. For instance let’s look at the term, “tapu”, which has found its way into common parlance, is commonly understood to mean, scared or holy. And that’s right, as far as how this meaning directs our actions. And if I think as my uncle Maori helped me, tapu actually means restricted and removed

or elevated out of the everyday routine of daily life. So in this understanding tapu means to be removed from or elevated out of the mundane of the everyday – to make sacred or holy. Ironically Maori traditionally means ordinary or mundane, but that’s another talk!

In this stream of thought - this sort of mahara – the kind of things related to Rangatira or chiefs are those which are required to be elevated out of the ordinary. Language, objects, heritage knowledge, ceremonies, rituals and decisions.

This is where I introduce another uncle, the late Sir Hugh Kawharu. My last Chief and for whom my love is immense and my respect undying. It is my privilege to ensure that I contribute to ensuring that his memory lives.

Sir Hugh interpreted the word “rangatira”, another word in common use now, as the compound of two words; Raranga - to weave, and Tira- a group of travelers or those of single-minded purpose. Rangatira therefore are those with the abilities and tools to weave disparate groups of people together.

There is death in life and life in death!

If you like leaders were required to elevate thinking above the natural or human instincts to react emotionally and selfishly, because their thoughts were for whom they served, and not themselves.

The term “taumata” has come to mean the epitome of oratory or “whai korero” and its personifications. “Whai korero” or substantial talk is talk which is elevated out of common conversation. Therefore by definition oratory in the Maori paradigm is not undertaken by ordinary people. The term “taumata” literally means “...where the eyes come to rest” and this relates to those listening to whai korero when an issue of question or challenge is posed publicly and the people search silently for who might rise to meet the challenge or provide some clarity and leadership. The eyes seek someone to step into the breach and once one is found the eyes come to rest upon them and anticipation takes over until an answer is delivered or the challenge is met. This is the cut and thrust of formal assemblies of leaders – the stuff of rangatira where taumata principles are paramount and whai korero

substantial talk, is conducted by respected orators, at locations elevated out of daily routine, because “there is death in life and life in death!”

The marae and meeting house such as I’ve described with the aid of the Reverend Maori Marsden – three ovens of debates, conclusions and tribal stories; and the actions of rangatira -whai korero and taumata, with the aid of Sir High Kawharu; serve to give gravitas to the place of Pukekawa for the purpose of this talk; ...the sorts of discussions that took place there and the types of people who conducted themselves there.

There is death in life and life in death!

Whakaminenga

Whakaminenga or assemblies of rangatira to discuss aspects of life and death for their people were conducted at crucial watershed times across the country. Perhaps the most famous were the assemblies at Waitangi in 1835 that led to “He waka putanga o te rangatiratanga o Nu Tirenī” the Declaration of Independence, and in 1840 which culminated in the treaty of Waitangi.

Pukekawa was another, and the discussions and agreements reached there brought about the establishment of Auckland. These assemblies were conducted regularly for the benefit of the people at large – the community. But the memories of these places and assemblies, let alone how they were conducted, are now more or less forgotten by the wider community of our modern society, save the end results. This is commensurate with the penchant of societies to focus solely on who fought what war, when, and ultimately who was left as victor and vanquished respectively.

Often the “putake” or root purpose of these assemblies was to determine how immediate decisions should be approached for the coming seasons or periods – to ensure the prosperity for the people – following war or in anticipation of the approaching seasons. The issues of life and death and the stuff of community survival – culturally, socially, geographically, physically, emotionally and spiritually.

The assessments of the natural world by

people of elevated learning and experience, during the time of “Matariki”, although nowadays is a time of universal celebrations, was then, the time when elevated and learned people assessed the celestial bodies and made calculations for the coming planting and growing and harvesting periods. These assemblies were maintained in my wife’s home area into the 1950’s, despite pressures from outside quarters and the pervasive encroachment of modernity which frowned upon such “superstitions”. This period is the backdrop for the young Maori Marsden and Hugh Kawharu. They were both, in their respective communities, the bridges between the ancient and traditional and the modern – the embodiment of “tumanako” or hope of the people they sought to serve.

There is death in life and life in death!

Tamaki Paenga Hira

Sometimes during times of whakaminenga assemblies objects were presented or exchanged as symbols of aspiration and relationships. These objects were variously known as Ngakau or Taonga or Mana Tūnga. However they were described, these objects were unanimously regarded as being of the most magnificent quality and therefore symbolic of the most honourable and chiefly considerations.

Emphasis is easily given to these objects because of the quality of their creation, the remarkable materials they made of, or the heritage they comprise. From a Maori paradigm however the “what” of them pales in the appreciation of the “how” they were to perform within the action of “tuku”. Tuku means to give, or to present, and as an action demands a reciprocal, response. When this sort of tuku is given in the elevated assembly of whakaminenga everything is consequently raised in significance and symbolism.

Objects, marriages and lands when offered in these situations would have been hugely significant and often would have seemed, I think, to teeter on the balance between life and death in terms of the vitality of crucial relationships.

Inside this paradigm the objects, the lands, the marriages and their respective progeny,

are considered to be exceptional and the relationships they are associated with are honoured and honourable – of the highest degree. Outside this paradigm however, they begin to wane in appreciation. Often they are reduced and isolated from their people, to be considered as isolated objects, real estate and family histories. The stuff of curio collections, land transactions and social statistics.

Sir Hugh Kawharu, when consulted about improved Maori perspectives within the Auckland War Memorial Museum, offered the concept of a traditional Maori whakaminenga for the isthmus in the elevated assembly between, Ngati Whatua, Ngati Paoa and the Tainui confederation. Furthermore he offered the term “Taumata” as the way to describe how this body should conduct themselves.

Near the end of his life, Sir Hugh took these concepts a step further in an invitation by the institution to review how the Museum should describe itself, in the Maori language and paradigm. Tamaki Paenga Hira was the result.

This is an elevated description that reflects an elevated purpose. “Tamaki” is a locator for the Institution within the isthmus in the Maori paradigm. “Paenga” means both the boundary marker for designated lands, and a poetical phrase to describe the site of the death of a revered chief on the battle field as a metaphorical pile of superior woven cloaks, a potent symbol of chieftainship, leadership and lament. “Hira” means the excellence of thought that is elevated out of everyday tedium.

There is death in life and life in death!

Conclusion

“Ehara I te mea no naianei te aroha, no nga tupuna, tuku iho, tuku iho”. Love is not a thing of now times but is handed down through time immemorial. Love is elevated and extraordinary, sacred and holy.

PUKEKAWA¹ is not the site of battles, it's far more significant than that as far as peacemaking is concerned. It was a “taumata”

the site of assemblies or “whakaminenga” and therefore it is more like a time machine where past events and people were invoked in elevated korero of the most refined quality by the highest ranking leaders seeking prosperity for their people and honour for their heritage.

A common phrase espoused often in oratory and song, upon the marae at times of life celebrations and challenges, and also at times of grief and mourning, is

e toru nga mea; te tumanako, te whakaponu, ko te mea nui, ko te aroha tetahi ki tetahi...and now abideth faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love!

It is of no surprise to me that these are the words of the Apostle, Paul of Tarsus, a Jewish leader, in his epistle and appeal to the Corinthians. Despite his reputation of severe persecution of the followers of Jesus, he became an ardent and enthusiastic advocate for Jesus' beliefs and ultimate message of love. I think the history behind these words resonated with my ancestors and that becoming Christian for them was less about following a new path than to illuminate the best of an elevated and chiefly path they were already familiar with.

Despite the brutality of war, perhaps even because of it, love should be a constant motivation in elevated situations and elevated assemblies of leaders. Of course there is the prospect of death in our lives and this of itself could be the cause of despair, until we allow ourselves, because of love, to hope for better. Elevated chiefs have always grappled with the challenges of confronting the threat of death in the lives of their people. But their task, because they are elevated leaders who serve their people, is to reveal the hope of life at these times when death challenges seem overwhelming. Always have and always will.

Yes, there is death in life and as faithful, hopeful, loving people we are obliged to strive for the restoration and maintenance of life, should death threaten!

Kaihu Valley, Koanga 2015

¹ PUKEKAWA, “The Hill of Bitter Memories”, is the site of the peace treaty between Waikato (Tainui) and Ngapuhi during the Musket Wars. It is also the site of the Museum.

WIREMU PAORA, COLLECTOR OF NAMES

Margaret Kawharu MNZM

While Bernard has managed to provide an understanding of the richness and depth of Maori thinking about life and death, I'd like to follow by giving a personal account of an individual who lived life and death during WW1 and in its aftermath, my grandfather, Wiremu Hauraki Paora Kawharu.



This War and Remembrance Study Day is an appropriate opportunity to tell an untold story because we are in Tamaki Paenga Hira – the Auckland War Memorial Museum – the site of battle and of memories, surrounded by symbols of chieftainship, leadership, lament and not least, survival and service to other people.

There is no doubt that it takes many people to make a Museum. The Auckland War Memorial Museum is no exception. I am here today to acknowledge one person who made an enormous personal contribution to the Hall of Memories, lest we forget.

Wiremu Paora was born in 1892 at Reweti, north of Auckland, to Rev Hauraki Paora, a Wesleyan minister, one of the first Maori to be trained by the missionary Rev William Gittos, and Hemaima Paora, otherwise known as Te Mihinga Te Kawau nee Cassidy from Waima in the Hokianga.

His parents were firm believers in education, and after primary school at Woodhill, Wiremu went to Auckland Grammar from 1906 to 1910. His sisters went to Auckland Girls Grammar and Queen Victoria schools. They travelled from Reweti by train.

Today we would call Wiremu an over achiever! During his high school career he was in the first fifteen for three years in a row. He was a captain in the school cadet battalion and he won the shooting cup. He was not only a sportsman though, and in 1913, after school he qualified as a surveyor. As part of his training he also passed the computer examinations which were known to be extremely challenging, academically.

Wiremu's first job out of school was to work as a surveyor for the Lands and Survey Department. This promising career was cut short by the war.

On January 24, 1916, Wiremu signed up with the 4th reinforcements - Māori Contingent which was part of the NZ Expeditionary Force.

There is a lot of information about Wiremu in his military record. His rank was Private and his service number was 16/1401. Wiremu was only 23 years old. He was five foot ten, had brown eyes, dark hair, weighed 150 pounds, and measured 37 inches across his chest. Wiremu listed his religion as Wesleyan and his occupation as surveyor. When he enlisted he was in excellent health with only a small scar on his right wrist.

These are the very mundane, but immensely human details that will live on in paperwork for all of us, long after we have died. But in this case they tell nothing of the man Wiremu was. I hope I can convey a little of his remarkable story today.

At the beginning of 1916 Wiremu was promoted to Lance Corporal and in February he began training at Narrow Neck camp in Devonport. In May 1916 he departed from Wellington on board either the Mokoia or the Navua with the NZ Expeditionary Force. Three ships left at the same time carrying 2557 men.

First stop Suez, Egypt. Then they all travelled to Alexandria, where they trained and then boarded more troop ships to Southampton, England. On 28 August 1916 Wiremu left for France.

In September 1916 Wiremu joined the Māori Battalion in the field, but here his military records indicate he had a new rank, a demotion to private. This was not because he had done anything wrong; demotion was common for Māori soldiers who joined the Pioneer Battalion.

The newly formed battalion arrived in France and became the first NZ unit on the

battlefield. The Pioneers worked on an 8km communications trench called 'Turk lane'. As they worked they were under heavy artillery fire and they built the trench with pick and spade.

At the Somme

The New Zealand division went over the top at 6.20am on 15 September. About 6000 soldiers saw action that day, and although nothing quite went to plan, by nightfall the division had secured its immediate objectives and helped to take the village of Flers.

It was an expensive victory. 1200 men of the NZ division were wounded or missing, and about 600 were dead.

Among the casualties were 52 members of the Pioneer Battalion. At the time, it was the single worst day in New Zealand's military history in terms of loss of life. At the Somme there were 8000 New Zealand casualties and 2000 killed, but in the following year it would be surpassed by the horrors of Passchendaele.

After that first day, Wiremu was believed dead – killed in action on 15 September 1916, the first day of attack on the Somme. That is marked on his military record and one can only assume the dreaded telegram was sent to his mother and reported in the paper¹. I have cards of sympathy sent to Mrs Paora as a result.

In actual fact, Wiremu was admitted to a military hospital on the 18th of September 1916. Later, another telegram was sent to Wiremu's mother, marked urgent. The word "killed" has been replaced by the word "wounded". Wiremu was severely injured by an exploding shell.

In May 1917 Wiremu was transferred to NZ general hospital Brockenhurst. His medical report stated:

- Right eyeball damaged requiring enucleation [removal].
- Fragments entered front of left thigh on lower third, requiring free incisions for drainage etc. knee and ankle still have cutaneous palsy of musculo-cutaneous nerve. No exterior palsy.

¹ NZ Herald 28 September 1916 ROLL OF HONOUR.
...KILLED IN ACTION, ...Wiremu Paora (Lance-Corporal)—Mrs. H. I Paora. Rewiti, Waitemata (mother)...

- Emaciated and sallow.
- X-ray shows no bone lesions.

Then for Wiremu there is a series of transfers from hospital to hospital

- 12 May 1917 – new medical report – very emaciated and sallow
- 30 May 1917 – Wiremu Paora classified unfit for service by the medical board
- 31 July 1917 transferred from Brockenhurst to Walton
- 26 August 1917 – transferred from Walton back to Brockenhurst.

In February 1918 Wiremu made the long sea journey home and his first stop was a convalescent hospital in Rotorua.

On May 29, 1918 Wiremu received his final discharge from the army. He had served for a total of 2 years and 126 days — and his life was irrevocably changed.

Now, leap forward to the Auckland War Memorial Museum.

In 1874 Thomas Cheeseman began his museum career and made it his goal to see a new museum built for Auckland. He died in 1923, six years before the new Auckland War Memorial Museum opened.

Cheeseman was politically astute and talked both the government and the people of the Auckland region into supporting his endeavour – a museum to remember those who had died in World War One (also a large building to house his burgeoning collection).

Today Cheeseman's methods would be described as far from ethical. He was a determined collector who, for instance, sought the bodies and burial goods of Māori people so he could exchange them on the international market.

Cheeseman aside, the museum went ahead. The architectural firm Grierson, Aimer and Draffin won the competition to build the museum in 1922

In November the architects wrote to the Mayor of Auckland stating:

"The walls of the Hall of Memory will be marble slabs containing the roll of honour, and it will be necessary to know approx. the number of names for which space is to be

provided.”

The museum opened November 1929 – but the roll of honour for the marble walls was a long way off completion.

Over a year later the RSA wrote to the council asking for appointments to a committee to consider the erection of a roll of honour. A committee was appointed consisting of the RSA president Mr Lunn and the director of the museum, Gilbert Archie; Wiremu Paora is referred to as secretary of this committee.

However there was a problem with the list of Māori servicemen whose names were to be engraved on the marble walls.

In his book *150 Treasures* (2001: 14), Oliver Stead writes that the list of the Māori servicemen had been lost by the Government. One theory is that documents had been destroyed in a fire, but it has been impossible to confirm exactly where this record went.

So, between December 1930 and at least February 1932, Wiremu Paora travelled the Auckland region to reconstitute the list of servicemen who died while serving in the Māori Pioneer Battalion during WW1.

22 February 1932 Harry Delamere Dansey of Dansey & Co. Engineers, Government Contractors, 25 Swanson St, Auckland, wrote a letter to the Rev. P. Kohere, Rangitukia. The letter is an example of one of the many introductions Wiremu must have had as he went to marae and towns all over the North Island.

It is worth stopping at this point to consider the fact that Wiremu had lost an eye and been fitted with a glass eye. There was still shrapnel in his left leg and the pain from this would have been constant. Imagine for a moment the task of travelling around visiting marae and whanau in search of the names of the dead.

This was 14 years after Wiremu’s life was blown apart on the battlefield of the Somme. It cannot have been easy for him to re-live the pain and grief of that war, while trying to collect the names of his comrades so that their names would live on in the public war memorial for all to remember.

On the 24th April 1932, the day before ANZAC Day, the Hall of memories with the engraved marble slabs is finally complete. The families of those whose names are on the wall were invited to a private viewing. The next day, ANZAC day, the slabs are publically unveiled.

In 1951 Wiremu Paora retired from the Lands and Survey Department, and in 1955 he died suddenly at his home in Greenlane, Auckland. He was survived by his wife Janet and his son Ian Hugh Paora Kawharu.

Today the story of the Hall of Memories is on the Museum’s website. Some of it reads like this:

The altar in the Hall of Memories shrine was designed by the architects Grierson, Aimer and Draffin.

A bronze wreath of kawakawa leaves (symbol of mourning), with olive, poppy and rosemary surmounting a bronze tripod, was designed and executed from the architect drawings by the sculptor Richard O. Gross.

The Roll of Honour is engraved in white Sicilian marble slabs on the wall encircling the top floor. The letters have been cut into the face of the marble and inset with bronze leaf.

The Roll of Honour is also kept in book form in the World War 1 sanctuary. It is contained in two large leather-bound volumes on either side of the altar, the pages of which are turned daily.

Major P.B. Greenhough painstakingly handwrote the Roll.

The story of Wiremu Paora - Collector of Names does not appear on the website. I believe he has earned a more prominent place in the history of how the Hall of Memories was made and that his part should be acknowledged.

In conclusion, I’d like to say that I feel sorry for Wiremu’s loss, the pain and suffering he had to undergo, sorry for the situation he found himself in on his return, the task of trying to find the names of those who had died, sorry for the minimal acknowledgement

of them all. As someone who has spent the last twenty years working in the Treaty of Waitangi claim settlement process, this story is situated in a bigger picture of loss and grievance, at the invisibility of Māori and their contribution to New Zealand society.

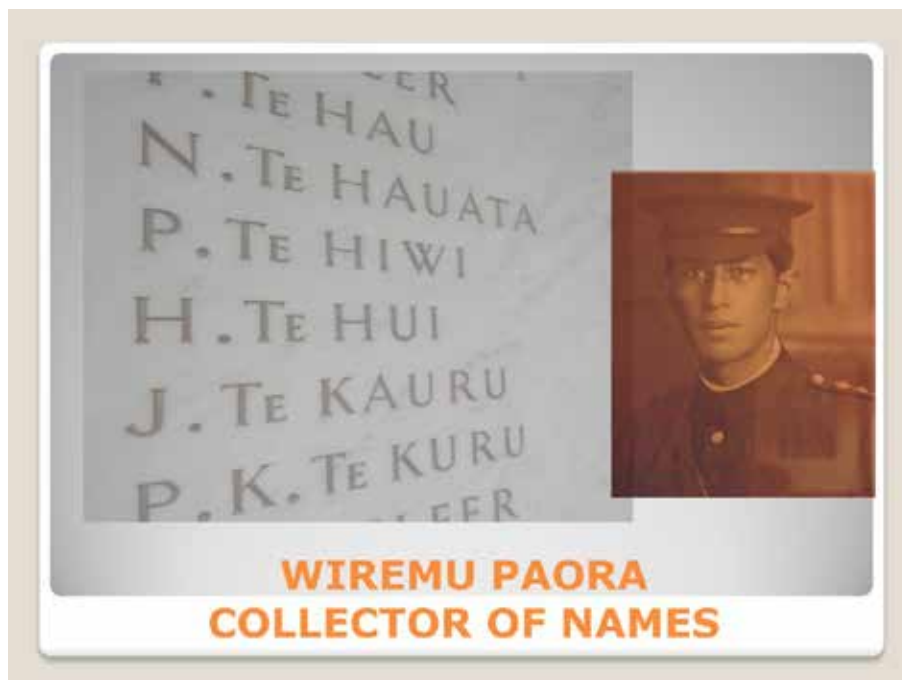
In the home where Wiremu grew up and I now live, there is a veritable treasure trove of historic memories. I found a newspaper clipping from the Poverty Bay Herald called 'The Maori View – Anzac Day Associations', part of which reads:

Your young men left the beautiful land of

their adoption; and the best of our own race left the sacred land of their fathers. This band of noble manhood stood shoulder to shoulder, fought side by side; and many of them fell together, their blood mingling in one noble crimson stream. Is it possible then for any one to nurse the impious thought that this heroic association in the presence of Death of the young manhood of our country can have any other significance but that of brotherhood?

I'll leave it there, and I thank you.

Acknowledgements – Bernard, Chris Barfoot, Adele McNutt, Ngati Whatua.



Peace and Conflict Studies Centre.

Prof. Richard Jackson, Acting Director while Prof. Kevin Clements is on sabbatical in Canterbury, England, reports.

I am travelling to Pakistan to speak to the military there about counterterrorism tomorrow. (written mid February 2016)

I am in continuing dialogue with the Office of Maori Development here to further develop and strengthen our Treaty commitment and the environment for indigenous students. There are some promising developments under way which should greatly assist us in our learning process on this issue.



I am also working with the Pro-Vice Chancellor to articulate a plan for the Centre

to strengthen our funding streams, given that most, if not all, of our staff will soon be transitioned to being fully paid for by the University. More broadly, in the consolidation phase of the Centre which we are now in, we need to perhaps more clearly articulate some long-term goals and plans related to our

identity and primary functions.

The advertisement for Charles Butcher's replacement position is now out, and we are optimistic that we will get a good field of applicants.

We have just had Professor Erica Chenoweth visiting us as a William Evans Fellow. She has been a real inspiration, and it has been a great success. It is also testament to the international reputation of the Centre that she would come, and she mentioned this to me

in person. Following this, Professor Stephen Zunes, another leading international scholar in nonviolent resistance, will be visiting the Centre for a few months, along with several others later in the year.

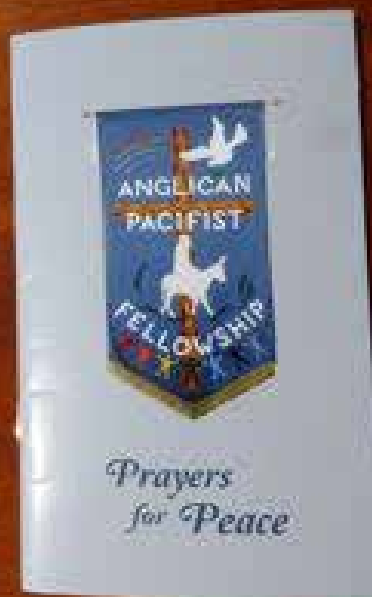
A number of new doctoral and masters students are starting with us this year, and we are expecting a number of PhDs to complete this year. It promises to be another stellar year of academic achievement and activity for our Centre.

PRAYERS-FOR-PEACE BOOKLET

Meg Hartfield has compiled and printed an amazing little collection of peace prayers. They are from many sources, some untraceable, but mostly from her own pen – and heart. Appropriately, she's used the APF banner she made so long ago in her cover design.

This booklet could be used as a prayer calendar for one's private devotions or as a resource for prayers in public worship.

Meg is happy to post complimentary copies to members and others who would like them. (May we suggest sending a stamped, self-addressed DL envelope.) Address: 6 Caversham Rd. Wanganui 4501. <ilesha@xtra.co.nz> .



ANGLICAN PACIFIST FELLOWSHIP NEW ZEALAND BRANCH

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