



The ANGLICAN PACIFIST of Aotearoa/New Zealand

Newsletter of the New Zealand Branch of the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship

The First Day of the Week

We went, early
through the dew-drenched garden
before the sun was up
needing to be there.
A dazzle of light – surely the sunrise –
but an angelic voice spoke gently,
“Do not be afraid,
Go tell the others
The Son has risen from the dead!”
Stunned
incredulous
I turned away – heart-broken
Who could have stolen my Lord away?
Then another voice, (surely the gardener)
“Why do you weep?”
anguish dulled my ears
then his voice, His loving voice –



“MARY”
as only He spoke it
struggling in incredulous joy
I turned, whispered “RABBONI”
and believed
“He is risen!” as the angel had said
and all the birds sang.

Meg Hartfield

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Wilderness.



In March school children stayed at home and shops closed their doors as the entire country drew into a Lenten wilderness.

Some people were used to giving up small luxuries for Lent but this year it coincided with major changes in our lives which will have extended beyond Lent's 40 days. We haven't chosen to enter this wilderness but we have been driven there by a minute speck of protein that chooses to destroy its host rather than live amicably with it .

Wildernesses are both geographical locations as well as life experiences. They are dangerous places where we become aware of our own vulnerability. They are places where we are often alone and desolate. However, these very attitudes can help us to sharpen our appreciation of other people and other places, as well as confirming our total dependence upon God. Therefore,

it is hardly surprising that wilderness' stories occur so often in our Bibles.

The first of these is about Hagar and her son Ismael who are driven into the desert by Sarah, Hagar's snobbish and vindictive mistress. It begins as a story of anguish, danger and grief, but ends with God seeing their plight and Hagar accepting and benefiting from His guidance. Both she and her son adapted to the wilderness and successfully made it their home. They did not return to Abraham's household. Genesis 16: 6–11 and 21: 9–21.

The big wilderness story is the Israelites 40-year wander, where they do not acquit themselves all that well. They grumble, refuse to adapt to their new circumstances, and lack trust in God and His appointed leader. However, they do eventually reach the promised land.

It is no surprise that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness and Jesus was led there by the Spirit after his baptism. Matthew 4:1. The wilderness is a place for reflection and change, terror and triumph, and it proved to be the place where Jesus confirmed who He was, as well as laying down the principles of his ministry .

So here we are as a nation in a wilderness time which will test our way of life and reveal what is of real importance to us.

Although the Share Markets collapsed at the first whiff of the desert breeze, our Churches began to develop plans for sustaining and caring for their communities. The consumer ethic that is destroying so much of our planet is in abeyance, and although our supermarket behaviour is revealing the selfish individualism of some people, we are spending up on toilet rolls and rice, and presumably spending less on Lotto, alcohol and other non-essentials.

Governments are also spending differently and more positively, and much more is being spent on the population as a whole. Jacinda Ardern

and her team are leading with efficiency, clarity and kindness.

It is noticeable that armaments are of no use in the present situation. The civilian skills of our armed forces may prove very useful over the next few months, but their weapons are of no help at all. The crumbling National Health Service in Britain has lost out on the trillions spent on renewing the Trident submarine whose expensive world cruises will not help a single Covid-19 sufferer in the UK nor anywhere else in the world.

In the international fight against this dangerous virus, military weapons have become redundant, and the more belligerent and nationalistic presidents are misleading their nations towards disaster.

So this virus has driven us into a wilderness experience which we did not want. An experience that will change and test us all. We may find it a difficult and frightening journey as we discover how we adapt to it, and how we relate to other people in these difficult circumstances, and how we manage the grief it may bring to us. The desert is a place where our priorities in life are tested, so it is also a place of growth and learning. God would have us meet Him there.

'The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom; Say to those of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God.' Isaiah 35: 1.4.

Shalom
Jonathan.



In Memoriam: Elsie Hinkes



Mission to New Zealand in 1991, he was insistent that Elsie should accompany him. When they came, we understood why. They had been friends from childhood in the East End and fellow child evacuees during the war. During the Mission they were a perfect team. Sidney was big and physically imposing and spoke out boldly, while Elsie was a small bundle of warmth and vivacity who quickly got alongside everyone they met. He worked with a big brush but she was meticulous in detail, keeping records of everything that happened and even keeping a record of

Pat and I have wonderful memories of Elsie and Sidney on their Mission to New Zealand in 1991. Later, we would call in to see them every time we were in England, first when they were at The Bungalow at Malmesbury and after Sidney's death to see Elsie at Field House in Oxford. Elsie was a marvellous host and would put on a roast dinner for us at lunch at Malmesbury and a sumptuous afternoon tea at Field House.

When the NZ APF asked Sidney to take the Pacifist

pamphlets sold, to make sure the Mission was financially sound. Even when she sat down to talk her hands were busy knitting – anything from mittens to double-bed blankets.

She appealed to people in New Zealand because she had no pretence or side. She was genuine, down-to-earth but always kind, having a good word for everyone, even the most trying.

We will miss her, but a what a wonderful witness to Christ!

May she now enjoy the peace which she and Sidney so faithfully and courageously sought.

Chris Barfoot

A Message from Sue Claydon, APF UK Chairperson

Dear All

Firstly please know that you, your families and communities are in my daily prayers as we all struggle in different and yet similar ways around the whole Anglican Communion with this pandemic.

I wanted to write to all of you now, as it seems that we are even more in need of communication than ever. Many are using the internet in various ways to keep in contact and so I hope you do not mind my doing so as well.

Using words like 'unprecedented' and 'unique' seem now to be a little worn out, but sadly are the most accurate for our world today.

I have no great words of wisdom to share but want you to know that APF will continue to support members.

Tilly is working from home and is

endeavouring to get the April edition of The Anglican Peacemaker out to you all.

For my usual piece for TAP, I wrote a draft in early February that mentioned the new decade we were entering. It asked about what this would mean for peacemaking? In it I wrote:

The start of a new decade should bring with it hopeful anticipation. Sadly, 2020 is opening to a world where 'security' does not mean what it might once have done. The war threats in the Middle East and the news



of arms manufacturers adding huge profits in the wake of it, the environmental crisis, the spending on Trident costing more and more - all do not give much 'hope'.

None of us when I wrote that could imagine the world we are in today. Two weeks ago I wrote in another draft:

Governments will be re-evaluating as well, once the crisis is over. Will the citizens of all countries challenge the way governments spend money and shift to priorities that reflect human need and not greed?

Lucy Barbour has kindly adapted my final piece into a blog which you can read on the link below.

<https://www.anglicanpeacemaker.org.uk/peacemaker-post/covid-19-the-world-is-changing-and-we-can-influence-what-it-changes-into>

Yes, the world has changed forever and we must continue to work to our Gospel directive to be 'peacemakers'.

You will have read that the Secretary-General of the UN, Antonio Guterres, has called for a global ceasefire. The Network of Christian Peace Organisations here in the UK has issued a statement which I signed on behalf of APF. It can be read on the link below. It would be

interesting to know if any of your countries are taking action on this.

<http://ncpo.org.uk/statement-regarding-coronavirus-30th-march-2020?fbclid=IwAR1xjLGg9zwZMkuo5ZlMh-fIP9I4RdDTocCXdBpHhamzs39ENRdDGzHq8DQ>

I think that is probably enough from me at the moment.

For many years I have been trying to get to know APF members more personally. Well, with all our enforced time, I hope you might write back to me so that I can do that. Promise all emails will be answered.

With His peace and love,
Sue

Sue Claydon, Chair APF

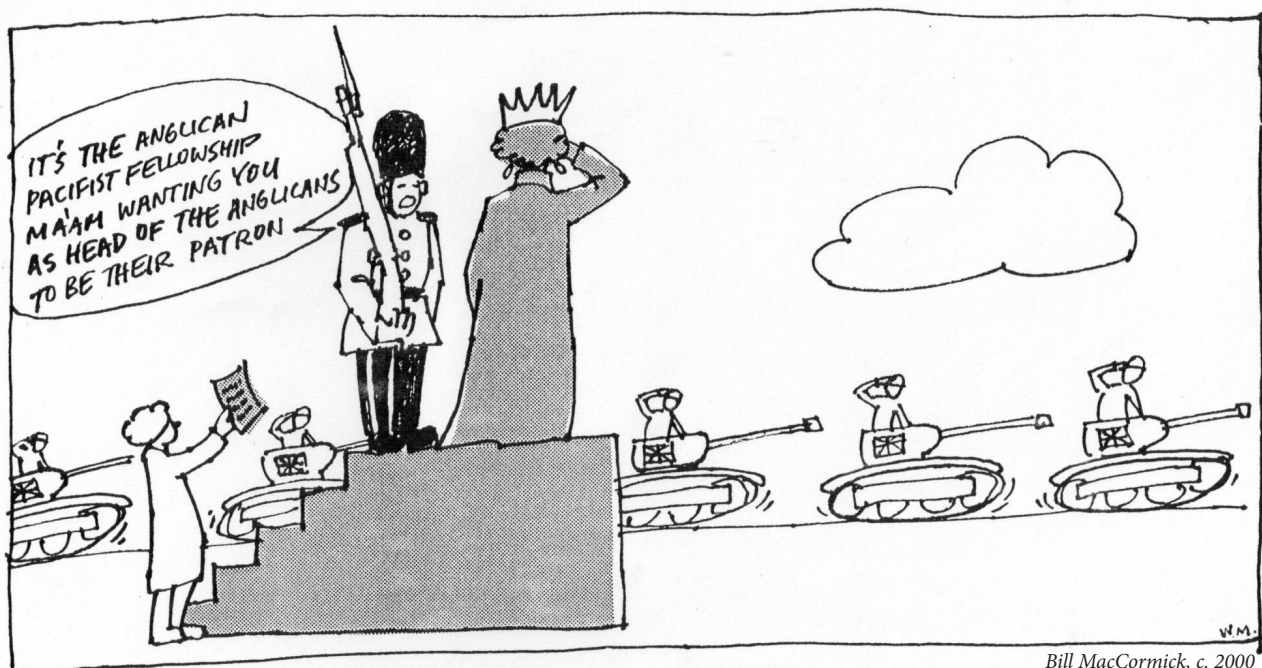
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Bill MacCormick, c. 2000

Anzac Day 2020

Revd Canon Paul Oestricher, at St Peter's, Willis Street, Wellington.

Shirley Murray died earlier this year. “Honor the Dead: A Hymn for Anzac Day”, is one of her finest poems. We shall reflect on the words and then hear the hymn sung.

Honour the dead, our country's fighting
brave,
honour our children left in foreign grave,
where poppies blow and sorrow seeds her
flowers,
honour the crosses marked forever ours.

They were our sons, our brothers, our lovers,
our husbands. We loved them. How could
we not? One Empire, ours, was at war with
other empires. Their sons, brothers, lovers,
husbands, like ours, were under orders like
ours to go and kill the enemy, hoping to
survive. All this, to maintain the structures
of power. Today the historians tell us it was a
pointless, futile war. *They* said it was a war to
end all wars; it was not. It fuelled the next, and
once again young men were sent to kill and if
need be to be killed.

Today the grandchildren of those who fought
on both sides can hold hands and mourn
together on that Turkish beach, though
this year only virtually because the same
disease threatens them all. There is only one
humanity.

Weep for the places ravaged with our blood,
weep for the young bones buried in the
mud,
weep for the powers of violence and greed,
weep for the deals done in the name of
need.

In every war, the real enemy is not the
squaddie on the other side who breathes and
thinks and fears like you, but war itself. War
makes a mockery of humanity. War drenches
the good earth with good blood. There is
no such thing as Turkish blood, no Maori or
Pakeha blood, no German or Russian blood,
No Jewish or Muslim blood. Only human
blood. Are you wounded? Ask not whose
blood will save your life. You need a surgeon?

Ask not the
colour of her
skin. If you
die, they'll say
your cause
was holy. And
if you kill an
enemy, his
people will
believe his
cause was holy.



The warmakers
will deck the war graves with crosses. Don't
believe their lies. Truth is war's first victim.
But have compassion for the liars, for 'they
know not what they are doing'. Weep for
the dead. Weep for the living. Work to end
killing.

Honour the brave whose conscience was
their call,
answered no bugle, went against the wall,
suffered in prisons of contempt and shame,
branded as cowards, in our country's name.

Those who defied public opinion and said
No to the First World War because they
would not kill, were few in New Zealand.
Their names are known. They put humanity
before nation. They were treated as cowardly
traitors. Let one name stand for them all:
Archibald Baxter. His account of the cruelty
he was made to suffer in his book 'We will
not Cease' tells the bitter story well. It makes
painful reading. Their number in the Second
World War was greater. Some of them were
exempted on religious grounds and the rest
treated like prisoners of war. At least people
now knew what conscientious objection was.

Archibald and his fellow sufferers had paid
a high price for the human right to say "no".
There are still many countries where that right
does not exist. In Hitler's Germany, during
WWII, the devout farmer Franz Jägerstätter
refused to kill: "Jesus," he said, "will not let
me". His Bishop tried to change his mind:
"You will be executed. Your children will have

no father.” Franz replied, “Are you saying, then, that I should kill the fathers of Russian children?” He was beheaded. Half a century later the Pope beatified him. Our churches are slow to learn.

Weep for the waste of all that might have been
Weep for the cost that war has made obscene,
Weep for the homes that ache with human pain,
Weep that we ever sanction war again.

The nations have not ceased to sanction war. Often enough on Anzac Day it is made to seem holy. It never has been, though good men have fought. Soldiers are not the problem, our mind-set is. Yet long before Jesus – who taught his followers to love their enemies – the prophet Micah looked forward to the day when ‘nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore’. Look, just for a moment, at what we, all of us humans, spend on preparing for war:

The money needed to provide adequate food, water, education, health and housing for everyone in the world is about \$30 billion a year. A huge sum of money. It is about as much as the world spends on armaments every week.

Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Honour the dream for which our nation bled,
held now in trust to justify the dead,
honour their vision on this solemn day:
peace known in freedom, peace the only way.

Honour the dead, is where this song began, began with our country’s fighting brave. Gallipoli was over a hundred years ago, but why should our honouring, if honour we must, not go further back than this British war on a foreign beach? Why not grieve for the brave of the Maori/Pakeha wars, when

the original people fought for their land, this land? Do we want to forget those wars in which our land bled? Do we want to hide, that their aftermath still bleeds? But it is the dead of all the wars of all of history that make Jesus cry. To quote him: ‘They do not know what trulmakes for peace.’

I was reminded of Jesus’ words in 1976 on an Anzac Day at a First World War Cemetery – you will now be surprised – just outside Berlin – with the graves of those Commonwealth Soldiers who had died in German Prisoner of War camps. My job had taken me to Communist East Berlin where the Australian Ambassador asked me, as a Kiwi, to conduct the traditional Anzac Day ceremony. In New Zealand, given my views about war, I would never have been asked. In NZ, I would have been in the crowd, wearing a white poppy.

On that Anzac Day 1976, these Commonwealth graves were surrounded by a Soviet Russian Tank Brigade. The mourners were diplomats: from India, Pakistan, Australia and Sri Lanka. It seemed surreal. In my heart, I prayed for the millions of Russians and Germans who had died in both World Wars. But publicly I followed the traditional ANZAC military protocol, bugle and all. I looked up and saw, as usual, a sword over the cross on the Cenotaph – and wept. I can only leave the last word to Jesus: ‘Those who live by the sword shall die by the sword.’

Amen.



WIREMU TAMIHANA, THE PEACEMAKER

How beautiful is the Waikato,
Where cattle graze at ease,
The homesteads where neat gardens grow
Under stately English trees.
Know then this land by blood was bought
On Rangiriri's pa that fateful day
Where warriors and the redcoats fought,
Side by side their bodies lay.

.....

O my people scattered wide,
Rent apart by lawlessness and war,
Where is the mana of the tribes?
Where is the unity long sought?
Where is the peace in Christ new-learned,
Where tribal war no longer reigns?
Where is the Bible and God's word
To bind us all in Jesus' name?
Does not the Treaty to our tribes belong,
Equal partners in the law inscribed?
Is not our rangatiratanga strong
To govern where no law provides?
Where may I find a shepherd king
To rule like David over all our tribes?
He will to us new wisdom bring
And choose the Bible for his guide.
Te Wherowhero now accepts the crown
Where Waipa joins the Waikato,
Rangatira came from tribes all round,
Tuwharetoa and Maniapoto.
May pakeha our brothers be,
As two sticks are together bound,
Two races both by Christ redeemed,
And each one loyal to the Crown.
Alas! What sorrow strikes me down!
By lies and hatred I am shamed.
Our King who sought to serve the Crown
Without cause a rebel is proclaimed.
They have come like robbers in the night,
Their muskets flash and cannons sound,
Once were brothers now compelled to fight
For our land now forfeit to the Crown.
Rangiriri's pa with haste was planned,
But gunboat's fire a bloodbath made;
Heroes all, out-gunned, outmanned,
How else could we our land have saved?
Rangiwahia, whose crops our people fed,
For old and sick a haven did provide.
The redcoats came, the people fled,
And in a whare they were burnt alive.



For my people do my tears attest,
By my action have they lost their land;
Gone is the rock where the seagull rests,
Gone is the place for them to stand.
Tell me, O Governor, have I done wrong?
Does not our Christian brotherhood remain?
Why have your people not followed
The Gospel which they have proclaimed?
When missionaries the Bible brought
They taught us all for peace to pray.
Why have the redcoats with us fought,
Our fruitful lands to devastate?
By what untruths was your hatred fanned?
Where is the justice for which you fought?
For what reason did you steal our land
Which by just agreement might be bought?

.....

So Tamihana the Peacemaker spoke,
He never wavered and he took no bribes,
For land's return he ceaselessly once strove,
He felt no malice nor his foes maligned.
From the Government no answer came,
The war was won, the enemy expelled,
The Treaty broken and the trust betrayed,
What they by conquest gained the victors held.

.....

How blest the land where wrong is righted,
When in our day the Crown does justice bring
To grasp the role which Tamihana sighted,
And in its heart to act like shepherd king.
Waitangi, weeping waters for a Treaty signed
Waitangi, weeping waters for a nation's fall,
Waitangi, weeping waters for a settlement which heals,
Waitangi, God weeping for us all.
Great is the beauty of the Waikato,
Its pastures lush, its river deep and wide;
But greater now when healing like a river flows,
And love has granted what our blindness long denied.

Chris Barfoot, Easter 2020

Director's Report on the Centre

Along with the rest of the country and the University of Otago, the National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies (NCPACS) moved online when the lockdown of Level 4 started. Fortunately, we had time to prepare for the move, and all teaching and research activities were already set up for online delivery. Since then, NCPACS has continued to teach its courses, supervise its research students and conduct its research through online platforms while people worked from home. It is also fortunate that the University of Otago was well prepared for the lockdown, and all normal university services have continued with only minor disruptions and delays. We are on track to successfully complete the first semester of the year in a way that is not too different from previous years.

One limiting factor is that a number of students from out of town or overseas who were planning to come to the Centre and start their research have obviously had to put their travel on hold. This means that we have fewer students than we expected at this time of the year. Also, a number of doctoral students who were about to travel overseas for their fieldwork have had to change their plans and find new ways of collecting information for their projects. It's been challenging, but all affected students have managed to find new avenues for research while maintaining level 3 conditions. The only other real disappointment is that we cannot experience the joys of graduation for our students, or the kind of social activities and interaction we are used to. We have also not yet been

able to organise a big retirement party for Professor Kevin Clements, although we hope to hold such an event later in the year. In the meantime, the Centre continues to hold seminars and even morning teas via zoom meetings.

Along with the rest of the country and the University, NCPACS waits to learn more about how things will operate under Level 2 if and when it comes, and what effect this might have on our activities and student numbers for the rest of the year. As we have already done, normal activities and processes which involved face-to-face interaction like teaching classes or holding seminars will likely have to find new ways of operating which maintain social distancing. Going forward, we may also face financial challenges as the University of Otago faces a shortfall, and the number of overseas students declines precipitously. However, I am confident that we will weather the storm and may even be able to emerge in a stronger position after the crisis has ended. The move to online teaching, for example, provides potential opportunities for realising the Centre's long-term plans for offering distance-based learning. In any event, the patience, resilience and positive attitude I have seen among staff and students in the Centre during this difficult time reassures me that we will be able to survive this challenging period in the Centre's history.

Me rongo,
Prof Richard Jackson



Anglican Pacifist Fellowship New Zealand Branch

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