



- 1898-1901 Boxer Rebellion
1899-1902 Boer War
1904-1905 Russo-Japanese War
1910-1920 Mexican Revolution

1912-1913 First and Second Balkan Wars
1914-1918 World War I
1915-1918 Armenian Genocide
1917 Russian Revolution
1918-1921 Russian Civil War
1919-1921 Irish War of Independence
1927-1937 Chinese Civil War
1933-1945 Holocaust
1935-1936 Second Italo-Abyssinian War (also known as the Second Italo-Ethiopian War or the Abyssinian War)
1936-1939 Spanish Civil War
1939-1945 World War II
1945-1990 Cold War
1946-1949 Chinese Civil War resumes
1946-1954 First Indochina War (also known as the French Indochina War)
1948 Israel War of Independence (also known as the Arab-Israeli War)
1950-1953 Korean War
1954-1962 French-Algerian War
1955-1972 First Sudanese Civil War
1956 Suez Crisis
1959 Cuban Revolution
1959-1973 Vietnam War
1967 Six-Day War
1979-1989 Soviet-Afghan War
1980-1988 Iran-Iraq War
1990-1991 Persian Gulf War
1991-1995 Third Balkan War
1994 Rwandan Genocide

Quite a list, isn't it?

So it seems we have a problem of either not learning from the various wars, revolutions and conflicts.

So why is that?

- Perhaps because the victor writes the history?
- Perhaps because it is in our DNA to be bloody minded/violent (to various degrees)
- Perhaps because we are nearly always lied to by the politicians or the corporates who control them?

After WWI the League of Nations was formed to try and prevent war. "Never again" was the cry. However it didn't work. After WWII we brought the United Nations into being. Somewhat more successful, but the politicians still often don't agree, not helped by large bully states or just human nature (North Korea being an example).

We all say we want peace but what happens when other countries start beating the war drum. At what cost for Peace? Would we really do anything for peace? Would we allow another country to take us over? Well now that would put us on the horns of a dilemma, would it not.

So what do you think?

Contemporary Reflection by Fergus Collinson

HEY SETH I'M IIVING tHE IIFE WITHÂ yOUR cAM aND bLUE sHIRT bOLD

in a new Te Rakaehau Point cove.. windfreeunexpect the water
bloodbath warm, now I am in your shirt
front of the point, sprawl
axe head blunt, and lovely -
man and woman flash walk towards me
no pants toddler
relax

Orongorongos..stage curtain us! My coffee gonna wilt if
I try to find my button front boxer blacks*
Earlier I decide
freedom camping is less judgemental, more
sixties bach beckon... running out surf jump
end of the Cannibal Bay road

"come watch our summer rooftop video Any Old Time"
Senor Craigu off stage say

More of her bust shows above cheap marram made in china*
dreary. I see this is... not what I thought
Sophia Loren party cocktail dress
ever young Marcello Mastroianni hearty
They're married minutes - here's an animated huggy Hattie ginger, wearing
subservient* Downton Abbey black posing them

Am I in them?
My white and blue and red beach bag, picnic clutter
Carnaby Street hot cool, happy pair echo,
I'm guessing. Probably not. He determinedly away from me
faces, and his soon to be ex mS S L

Far out! Oh wowwww!
Despite American Aotearoa, and Canadian
bureaucratic bludgeoning its today, a year ago,
my dear buddies Jen and Sean got married.
When I get home the Icon group photo of us all is
on Facebook
Anh Tuan and me Lindauer* Maori arrive - apex everybody
jazzy non suit shirts

Editor notes -

Famous brand names for my boxer have been omitted.
Deliberately. Workers who sew them risk getting burned
alive in locked Bangladesh factories.

The Daring Ladies of Lowestoft, set in the 1840's is mighty now. They work 14 hour days in a cotton factory. Having the windows open will chill the cotton. The narrator watches her mates lungs jam, choke to death on cotton fibres. Somehow they have the nerve to strike. Yes its based on a true story



Joshua's enchanting drawing slides into this very old frame perfectly. Its about the closeness Dad would have experienced in the navy in WW1. Something I treasure downtown at BATs where we smokers huddle in the alley way in our very deaf friendly lit up raves. On the book cover beyond us, we're the fireman taking a break from shovelling coal. We're standing on the coal bunker of a KB about to conquer the tough grades ahead on the slog to Arthur Pass, with an overloaded war time train.



On our rides to a Ministry of Works army hut back in Te Anau, Dad likes stopping in front of this thrilling old we're nearly there road rail bridge. He's sloshing Oreti River water on the brim of his hat to get it totally perfectly straight. Under my usual clothes I've slept in look lurks a neatness maniac thumbing my way between the buttons of all my just washed shirts getting the join relentlessly flat



Tarryn and Craigu get into a tub of limoncello ice cream in the whirling dervish that is our kitchen. I'm thrilled this shot doesn't have the shaky fuzz of most of my after dark pix. The mellow light of the 1896 wiring caresses us, me aware people die so fast, that I've used up several lives, that we only have now.

[A commissioning](#)

In God we live and move and have our being.

We receive and extend invitations to live this spirit-filled life. These invitations are sometimes spoken and unspoken, in need and in friendship.

Our aloneness often is because we do not hear or accept these invitations from one another. We trudge on never sharing our burdens. We are guilty of looking only to ourselves. We must arise out of that darkness, that aloneness. Each of us can leave that old path and respond to the new, to the call to light and love, to the call to dance. God calls us to dance. Each of us has been called to dance, to move out in joy, shedding our self-consciousness and clothing ourselves with peace. No longer can we afford to wait. God calls us this day to the task of loving.

Departure prayer – Reaching for Rainbows

I keep reaching for rainbows . . .

Thinking one God's morning,

I will wake up with rainbow ribbons in my hair,
With hurts painted over in hues that only angel wings could brush,
Black obliterated, chaos hurled beyond the rainbow and my vision,
The world created in a myriad of colours:
The hungry fed,
The dying held,
The maimed walking,
The angry stroked,
The violent calmed,
The oppressed freed,
The oppressors changed,
And every tear wiped away.



I keep reaching for rainbows,

But instead of colours in our storm,
Gray and black infiltrate, dirtying the sky,
And I hear human voices wailing in the darkness,
The never-ending darkness . . .

Just the same

I know the promise of the rainbow.
I keep thinking I'll turn a corner one day
And find a litany of rainbows
Flung across the sky,
Hosannaing back and forth
Through all the ages and
Out into eternity forever amen!

Every tear wiped away —

It's a promise —

When we become rainbows to each other.