



Galaxies Evening Service 26 February 2017



Service by Fergus Collinson
and Pete Cowley

Welcome:

Tonight we celebrate or commiserate our Summer. The good, the Bad, and the Ugly ... and the Beautiful!!



Summer in NZ with some rather hunky chaps.

Affirmation of faith (said all together):

The bounty of the great Spirit surrounds us with grace,
spread in generous measures of loving creativity,
poured forth for generation after generation in hopeful abundance,
in an endless invitation to hospitality.

The feasting Christ walks in our scarce life
as though all of us might be part of the celebration,
as though each of us might be a guest at the banquet,

as though we might all be together at the table,
holding each other as precious,
dying before we will give up love, or life,
which is lived to the full.

The laughing Spirit moves in endless freedom
stirring, surprising, bestowing gifts as it moves
as though wisdom is foolishly faithful to hope,
eternal living for truth and will not settle for less,
as though we are worth the struggle
and we could really be the emerging children of God

This we believe. This is the wonder of our God.

yAYY hERE hE iS wETpANTMOAN

Not your ordinary train journey - Fergus Collinson

Passchendale intent into our ox-blood red Eketahuna express carriages
gleam slide take us all
to Ab 908

heaven, then, first
there is - Levin. A lonely
Kaptiti Grafitti free
Yes there is some
explanation I don't hear
- Lady Day's Easy Living

its easy to live

when you're in love its
easy to live



is my vibe. But, maybe its about the vision Nigel Latta came away with
from Flaxmere in his healing healthy communities series.

One sunny Sunday summer arvo its where my friend Sue's buddy was killed.
She was on her... bike

Past the Gorge, Manawatu Etc Austinne says "Look Fergus. Theres llamas!"

Straight from my muscly seventies
Sunday arvo South America train
rides travel docu. Filmic immortality -
the train at their speed puffing along somewhere near
Butch Cassidy and
the Sun dance kid in serene retired-

Yes 1908 suspension is really some -
thing. Our precious Screaming Turtle
Sicilian Darks mini waterbed move our
juddering hands, nearly cold by the
time I "successfully aim" 78% cacao peppermint chunks in.
Will Whittaker reward me weekly supply in return for
ad space in my writing?

You tell me about your two post Write
Right projects on the go - "My diary of an Air B&B hostess (with
I am sure the mostest) and the title for
the other one is The Dictates of
Courtesy."

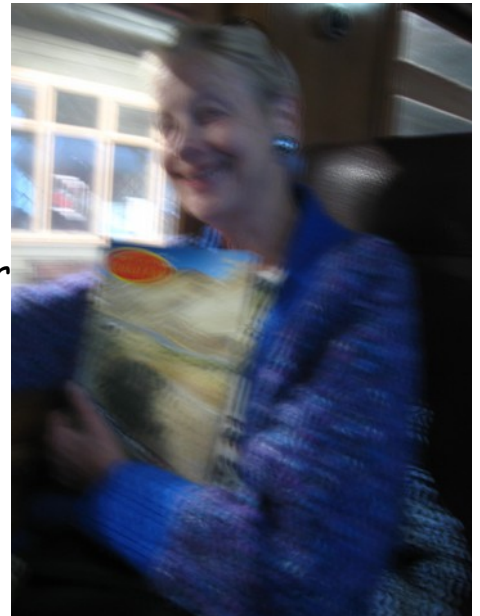
... rattle clunk swaybang moan and
groove. Lucidly!

I've seen these dried up creek beds in
one of the Alexander Turnbull Library's

old sketchbooks I inter leave with acid
free tissue. Jo Wyley lived down Black Head crouch Porangahau way in
the 1890's.

Before Mc Cahon let himself be
seduced by North Otago's landscape with no lovers Jo Wyley ardent
paint resilient wee buttercups. Here they are again asterisk domesticity
escape
Mum to Cannibal Bay

"Oh Fergus you won't do anything



dangerous will you...?"

Quite possibly Jo may have painted on Sunday -!!!Dreadful! Vile! Terrible!
The wee shack baches multi-colour. Macrocarpas -

I think this was a couple of decades ago, Petrus and me stopped for a rather routine main street coffee.

How's it going there now? I loved their peppy Eketahuna German Literature Society book. So did my Fergus movie maker buddy, Josh after-houring away from the Jackson film set Each writer paired up with their German muse. I want to meet them. But they're not on Google.

Are they away in muscular tantalising literary locations? Bremen is where my buddy Natalie comes from. Her sis is Australasia's top women's erotic fiction author Behind the station is a general store. Closed. Patched up - sparingly.

With Aotearoa's five saddest weather boards

Hopefully my printer co-operates for our

classy Louisiana joint late lunch. Wanna read this IIVE

Yes, the magic words - to be continued

Yayy heaven is so many things that cherish us - its the middle of winter 1978, and I'm on my way home to see Mum. But first I'm off to Arthur Pass on the Greymouth railcar. Our driver lets us cram into the front cab - an old lady remembers her husband shooting deer about here. A lovely Dutch couple do welcoming dinner for one. On the railcar back, the guard says "You're getting off at Rolleston to catch 189 south. I'll see if I can get the heaters to go." No, but his hospitable gesture warms me, delights me. On the right I enjoy the train seat slant of another picture leaned up



Great Spirit Prayer: (all together)

"Oh, Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the wind,

Whose breath gives life to all the world.

Hear me; I need your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset.

Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice

Make me wise so that I may understand the things you have taught my people.

Help me to remain calm and strong in the face of all that comes towards me.

Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.

Help me seek pure thoughts and act with the intention of helping others.

Help me find compassion without empathy overwhelming me.

I seek strength, not to be greater than my brother, but to fight my greatest enemy

Myself.

Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes.

So when life fades, as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.

Prayers for peace (all together)

May we be filled with the strength to seek peace.

War will not end when the guns are silent.

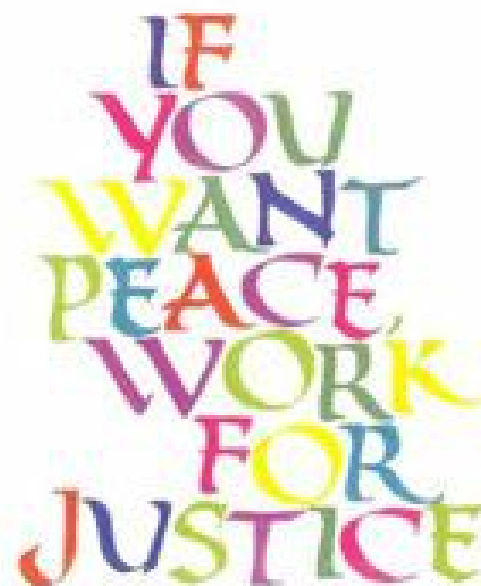
Violence can never lead to peace.

May we be filled with the courage to seek peace.

We grieve for the harm to our own country,

The degradation suffered around the world

The contagion of fear and distrust,



IF
YOU
WANT
PEACE
WORK
FOR
JUSTICE

The restriction of freedoms,
The quashing of dialogue and dissent.

We grieve the terrible wounding
of those sent off to fight in wars
that are questioned all over the world.

We grieve the rupture of families
May we be filled with the compassion to seek peace
We are members of one human family.

We grasp the horror of war in all its forms.
And we struggle to embrace the suffering of all
with love and compassion.

May we be filled with the endurance to seek peace
Recognizing our weakness,

We call on the God of mercy and compassion
to guide us in the days ahead
May we be filled with the vision of peace.

(From the Fellowship of Reconciliation Interfaith Prayer)

Call of Faith to Action

Leader: As we search for some sense in life.

People: may we find that meaning in our relationships of care,
compassion and tenderness.

Leader: We talk about loving-kindness as God

People: Let us act with loving-kindness to all people, to all animals,
to all of nature on earth

Leader: We talk about peace-on-earth

People: Let us not only talk peace, but act peacefully in all we do,
and to be peace makers. Let us listen to understand the other peoples
point of view.

Leader: Jesus the Sage challenged the authorities of his time and was
tortured and then murdered for his audacity to point out bigotry, prejudice and
injustice. In 2000 years the challenge remains just as strong as ever, the

dangers just as great - for we are, all of us, either a part of the problem or a part of the solution.

The world needs people who live and breath loving-kindness, peace and justice.

Are we that people?

People: Yes, we are that people

Departure:

Leader: As we depart from this place
of light,

love,

and warm hearts

People: May we be a light to others

may we treat all we meet with loving-kindness

may we warm others hearts with our care and

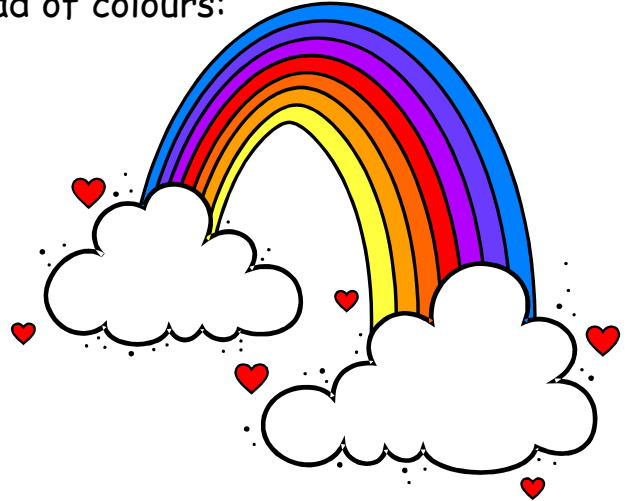
commitment

**to compassion, truth and justice
in all our dealings.**

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.