



NORTH INVERCARGILL HERITAGE

*We remember the past, celebrate the present
and look to the future*

Holy Trinity - 2002



North Invercargill

Parish life is full of minutia, the small encounters and the small kindnesses. These are what make it real and they are the glue that holds the Body of Christ together.

This little book is a wonderful collection of stories of people interacting with each other in the name of Christ to make the community of Christ a dynamic part of North Invercargill. It is a story of full engagement with the community and will give inspiration to future generations as they seek to make Jesus real in their time.

It is also a social history of North Invercargill; with lots of wonderful illustrations it shows how people formed community in their generation, how they came together to enjoy the fellowship of Christ.

It will give much pleasure.

+Penny Jamieson
13 September, 2002





Message from Gillian-Mary Swift

I have been talking recently with people who shared in the story that is our history of the Anglican community in Windsor. The original building, begun in 1932, was on a road in a new suburb of Invercargill, full of expectation and promise. The vision of Windsor has come of age and today the Anglican Church is situated at the corner of a thriving business and residential community. Your stories tell of a very different community both in dress and social events. Stories of Easter and those hats! Pictures of builders in collar and tie! A combination of images from the past reminds us that God has gathered a community of Christian people in this place to worship, to minister, to serve and to share God's Good News. In this most important sense we are in a direct line with our past and with the future. We do not give thanks for a building, indeed none of ours are of great antiquity. We give thanks for the privilege of being part of the Body of Christ, the continuous presence in this place of Christ's message and mission in life - in us.

As those who have gone before us, we can have little knowledge of the future or its possibilities. What we do know is that as we have been the beneficiaries of a rich inheritance of faith, we too must guarantee that legacy for future generations. These pages represent a vitality in story which is God's gift to us. We trust and thank God for it, and God trusts us to share it.

Gillian-Mary Swift
Vicar





I was Curate at Holy Trinity from 1965 to 1969 and returned to be Vicar for a further four years in 1973. During my curacy it was the custom for the Vicar and Curate to say the Daily Office, Matins and Evensong, at 8:45 am and 5:00 pm respectively, each weekday in the Church. On Saturday evenings though, Evensong was said later at 6:15 pm and members of the congregation were invited to join with the clergy, John Greer and myself, as a preparation for the Eucharist the following morning. Such stalwarts as Olive and Algic Sutton were always present along with their daughter Pauline on occasions. My wife, Mary-Louise, often came too, sometimes accompanied by Ruth Briscoc who was a good friend.

I remember well one particular occasion just prior to Christmas 1966. At that time my wife, to use a good biblical phrase, was "great with child" – very visible. She and Ruth were present and it was the 19th day of the month. An integral part of the service was the reciting of the group of psalms apportioned for the day of the month. The final psalm for the 19th evening in the old Prayer Book, which we used exclusively in those days, is Psalm 101.

All went well until we came to verse 7 and then utter hilarity broke out. For verse seven reads, "Whoso hath also a proud look and *high stomach*: I will not suffer him."

Efforts were made to retain some modicum of decorum but it was hopeless and my memory is that the service came to an abrupt end at that point and we all went to our respective homes still laughing and giggling.

Blair Robertson
Vicar 1973-1977
Curate 1965-1969
Auckland



When Bishop Peter Mann invited me to become your Vicar in 1977, it was a complete surprise. The letter arrived on St. Patrick's Day - I wondered what he had to do with it! It was Thursday. Next Sunday, a change in the usual service roster left me with an hour or so up my sleeve, so back at the vicarage and a cup of tea I turned on National Radio and realised that the church service was from Holy Trinity. We really sat up and took notice then! A visit to Invercargill confirmed that this was a genuine call from God.

The trip down was not easy, ending in a car breakdown at Dacre; a helpful farmer giving us our first taste of southern friendliness. We discovered that Southlanders welcome holidaymakers but keep new settlers at arms' length until you decide what to make of us. If you feel we are worth while you become extremely loyal. Ferrabee's mother always spoke in glowing terms of Invercargill, having spent her young years here, her father being County Engineer, designing most of the still existing main road bridges in the district.

Because of little Sunday travel the service roster was uncomplicated; an Old Prayer Book service at 8am being followed by the NZ Liturgy at 9.30am, the big service of the day where between one and two hundred was a regular attendance. Then away to the small St. Martin's at 11.15am.

"Holy Slugs" was the title of the "Day By Day" column in the Southland Times of February 12 1979. I quote: "The grounds of the Holy Trinity vicarage are highly productive - of slugs. Holy Trinity's vicar, Bill Gaudin, has kept a tally of his takings (of slugs) over the past three months, as follows: December 12, 420; 13, 300; 15, 500; 21, 1002; 30, 1220; January 13, 106, 25, 12; 26, 35; 27, 459; 31, 254, February 1, 165; 8, 409; Total 4,982. They were picked up in the early morning, mainly from lawns. Bill yearns for a hedgehog."

As ever, I enjoyed visiting, usually taking a list of Anglicans in a street, going from one home to the next.

One lady who always greeted me warmly seemed diffident on opening her door, inviting me in reluctantly. We chatted for several minutes then, sensing she did not wish me to stay, I moved on to another elderly lady who greeted me with the

words: "Hello, Vicar, do come in. You're just in time to see a replay of the Melbourne Cup." The penny dropped.

Joining the Invercargill Harrier Club kept fitness levels up. Queen's Park being so close to the vicarage made running even more enjoyable than usual, because of having more variety in it than any other park I have known. The golf course meant I found many lost balls, being the only time I enjoyed being likened to a magpie, sometimes joking with golfing parishioners about always waiting for the ball to stop rolling before I picked it up. Some of them almost believed me.

Some of you will recall the fund-raising efforts for a new pipe organ in Holy Trinity, including a series of dinners in parishioners' homes. I attended all thirty-four of them – hence the need to keep jogging!

Bishop Peter stayed with us for his annual Confirmation visits. One year it coincided with an open day for toheroas at Oreti Beach. We drove down in the late afternoon to try our luck, not realising that collection time was nearly over for the day. At the Confirmation service next morning M.A.F. Director and Vestryman Ray Rankin approached Bishop Peter during the service, solemnly presenting him with a copy of the Fishing Regulations. Everyone enjoyed the joke, especially our Bishop.

We were fortunate in our time with the high quality of the parish leaders. As well as my warden, George Paddon (one of the very best in my ministry); Joan Whisker and Ruth Briscoc (People's Wardens); Paula Winter (Secretary) one of the best I ever worked with; Ron James, certainly the most effective choirmaster I came across; and vestry members; sanctuary servers such as Bill De La Mare, Geoff Mannix and Frank Milligan; and leaders of the various groups. Fine dedicated Christians.

Southland looked after its young people's cultural needs, our family finding the Saturday music programme at Tweedsmuir Intermediate outstanding. It is little wonder that Southland has produced first class musicians and artists, encouraged as they are from such an early stage.

The year 1981 was unforgettable – the Springbok Tour and the Anglicans in Aotearoa Conference being most memorable. Each parish in the country sent two lay delegates (ours were Erin McCallum and Tim Broad) and parish clergy to Lower Hutt. It will probably be the only time on earth that we will ever sing “O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing” with a thousand other voices.

As President of the Southland Council of Churches I tried to exercise a moderating hand during the Springbok tour, persuading the First Presbyterian Church Minister Ian Cairns to meet the Springbok manager with me. Although opposing the tour the Council invited the South Africans to attend our churches on the Sunday. Several did. The night before the match a five hour’s prayer vigil was held in First Church, each half hour devoted to a different continent in the world. I also convinced Mayor Miller not to call off the protest march by giving him my personal guarantee it would end and disperse before reaching the rugby park gates. It did.

We enjoyed the annual Parish Fair. One year I gave my usual donation of books from my library, including a Charlie Chaplin biography.

On Christmas Day the contents of my first parcel were familiar. Elder son William saw the book at the Fair, decided Dad would enjoy it, so brought it as a present. I still have it on my shelf!

In 1982 Bishop Peter was unable to find a vicar for the vast Dunstan Parish in Central Otago. Because he had done me the honour of giving me five happy and eventful years in your parish, I felt obliged to help him in return.

Perhaps the decision was a mistake – a case of serving Man(n) rather than God? Anyway, as a family we have always since looked upon Invercargill as our happiest home, where our fondest memories remain.

May God richly bless you all in your 70th anniversary year.

Bill Gaudin
Vicar 1977 - 1982
Christchurch

I was asked what I most remember when my husband, Philip Williams looked after Holy Trinity Parish in 1982. Bill Gaudin had gone to be Vicar of Dunstan and Philip cared for the parish until David Winfield was appointed. We lived in the vicarage which the parish had furnished with the essentials ... in fact it had been made very comfortable and we were happy to entertain our callers there. Its closeness to the village meant we felt part of the community.

Looking back just on twenty years, foremost in my memory of the church itself was the high standard of the music, and the choir and the strong feeling of the people that all things must be done correctly and reverently. There was a wealth of talent and leadership available. Over all, the feeling of welcome and the warmth of the people made us feel really happy to be there. Also there was physical warmth. Having experienced some church buildings which were poorly heated, Holy Trinity impressed me with its efficient heating. The tubular heaters had been correctly installed being placed just in front of the kneelers, and covered with protective netting. When kneeling during prayers, a pleasant warmth caressed one's body.

All sorts of social events had become almost traditional and we were soon swept along with the enthusiasm of the big group of youngish people: the Hercus, Briscoe, James, Sutherland, Whisker, Cruickshank and other families were a few of the names I recollect. Our old friend from Arrowtown days, Ethel Anderson, was "given to hospitality" and warmly welcomed Holy Trinity people. We quickly felt we belonged because of a network of dinners. One couple might ask three or four other couples to dine in their home, some old friends and others new to the parish or not yet deeply involved. Then those guests would later each be host to a completely different group of people. We were asked to some of these dinners and found them a great way of getting to know folk.

Those were the days before computers and electronic devices. The most sophisticated bits of equipment in the study were a temperamental *Gestetner* and a typewriter. With these and the help of Ruth Briscoe and others the necessary pew sheets and Parish Magazine were produced, but not without much laughter and expressions of amazement and sometimes frustration. A priest in the early days of his retirement is happy to be of use in a Parish. In a temporary position

he is able to be much more relaxed that he was as long term Vicar. This we experienced whenever Philip did relieving work.

I did not stay until the end of Philip's time there, as my only surviving sister who had been ill for some time was failing fairly quickly. Therefore I returned to Christchurch to be near her during her last earthly days. At Holy Trinity we were made to feel we belonged and in a comparatively short time made some wonderful friends, who promised me they would care for Philip in my absence. I was sorry to miss the carol service and other pre-Christmas activities, but nothing would take from me the lovely memories of the warmth and the friendliness of the people of the Parish of Holy Trinity, North Invercargill.

Jean Williams



I am sure it was with tongue firmly in cheek that the Bishop of Christchurch, Allan Pyatt, farewelled the Winfields from his Diocese in 1983, alluding to their forthcoming "missionary service" in the deep south. Yet it was certainly uncharted territory as far as we were concerned. Had we entertained any doubts about the move these were very quickly allayed by the warmth of the welcome we were afforded and the ease with which we slipped into life in Invercargill and more specifically H.T. (Having used that familiar shorthand I would of course have to acknowledge that the parish also took in St. Barnabas in Woodlands and St. Martin's in Glengarry.)

It soon became evident that a very gifted, energetic and willing congregation were taking a good deal of initiative in terms of parish ministry. I had not previously witnessed involvement to quite this extent and it was very encouraging to realise that the Vicar didn't have to be the organiser for things to happen. A classic example of this was the annual Bazaar and I can still recall Joan Whisker's enigmatic smile when, during my first year, I expressed a little concern that preparations didn't seem to be in evidence. I soon learnt that everything was being arranged by a very able team who simply saw to the task each year with a minimum of fuss.

At the heart of the parish's life stood our weekly worship and here again a wonderful team saw to the preparation and conduct of services with care and dedication. The music tradition was of course one of our strengths and with Ron James' leadership along with assistance by Alan Menzies and others, the singing continued to enhance our offerings of praise to God. But not only within our own walls either – regular visits to homes for the elderly and the annual carol singing at the hospital were other highlights. The latter of course was normally quite a warm affair, being summer and in heated wards, and I'm sure it wouldn't have been good for the health of some of the male patients had they realised just how little the sopranos and altos had on beneath their robes!

Fellowship was a hallmark of our experience within the church and early on in our time we enjoyed the parish dinners held in various homes, and continued to do so each year thereafter. It was a great way to get to know one another. A strong A.A.W. with committed committee and interesting programmes provided another opportunity for building relationships. And who can forget the bridal gown evening in the church or the fashion parade to a packed hall, with our own Eth Anderson resplendent in the nightwear section.

Men's Teas and other gatherings also brought us together to enjoy one another's company and a memorable concert in the State Insurance Theatre gave us the chance to appreciate just how talented the folk around us were.

North Invercargill was always a parish that took pride in being an all-age affair from Sunday School and Youth Group through to all that we could provide for our seniors. I well recall all the preparation that went into the Diocesan children's programme hosted at HT, *'Bugs to Butterflies'*, even if at the last moment I had to withdraw and attend a conference in North Queensland at the request of the Bishop. Well we all make sacrifices! But once again a very able team, on this occasion fronted by our curate Lachlan, ran a very successful event. For the elderly of course there was NICO run in conjunction with the other denominations. I was always full of admiration for the stimulating programme their committee organised and was pleased to be involved where I could. The occasion where we were able to obtain the services of the Topp Twins to perform was a particularly memorable day.

And one could continue with so many reminiscences – Chuck Irish's mission, ministry at the local intermediate schools, the establishment of a parish office,

parish camps, Festival Weeks, Holy Week observances, and so the list could go on. Suffice it to say that our Invercargill experience was one of our all-time highlights in terms of both ministry and our personal family life.

David Winfield

Vicar 1983-1991



Some Thoughts and Memories of Holy Trinity – North Invercargill

When I think of Holy Trinity, my thoughts are of family, for it was and still is in this worshipping community that there is a sense of belonging for me.

In reflecting on this, it seems that the caring and embracing atmosphere has been instilled since the beginning, those seventy years ago, and continues through the years, passing from generation to generation and catching hold of all who become interwoven in the mix.

My involvement in the parish, short compared with some, brought a great deal of richness and growth in my life, and with it contact and friendship with many caring and encouraging people. Through the years I experienced much of the formation and understanding which led me to explore more deeply the ways in which I felt called to serve.

A.A.W., Sanctuary Guild, Pastoral Care, Study Group, Guild of St. Raphael, Choir and Catering - all provided me with a sense of belonging and a heightened awareness of the Church in action.

From the time I was asked to be a sheep in a play that some of the folk at Holy Trinity were producing, I felt I truly was one of the flock. So many of the Holy Trinity parishioners have been part of my journey, the threads of my cloth, and I give thanks for all those who have been and those who continue to be the People of God in North Invercargill.

Although the buildings have changed, vicars have come and gone, people have moved away or passed away, the essence remains and I'm sure all who gather for the celebrations will experience and enjoy the warmth and love generated by the faithful people of Holy Trinity.

Helen Metzger
Warrington



LIFE AT HOLY TRINITY AS WE REMEMBER IT....

My mother, Vi Pedlar went to a meeting at North School to decide if an Anglican Church would have support in North Invercargill. It was decided 'yes' and services started in a school room, and from there they moved to the North Hall in Windsor Street. Annual bazaars started and funds were raised for the hall to be built in King Street. I remember my father, John Pedlar, helping in his spare time and the excitement of the opening. There was a huge crowd at the first service and my father, brother, Tom, and me - Noeline - were amongst the twenty odd who were baptised that day in 1932. The Reverend K.D. Andrews-Baxter from All Saints' took over the ministry of Holy Trinity. He was a wonderful, outspoken vicar and he landed himself in trouble for allowing the builders to start our hall without bothering to ask the Bishop's permission. I am not sure how he got out of that but, as far as I know, he was reprimanded while the church building went ahead.

Holy Trinity always had a large choir and was especially noted for the young choir boys. There were plenty of ladies and men, and we were trained by the organist, Mr J.F. (Frank) Millar. His wife was a chorister, as were Una Godward, my father, brother, Tom, and me. Other members were from the Murdoch Family: Olive Russell, Tom and Frank; the Jenkin Family: Una, Betty and Eve; the Smith Family: Dawn McDonald, and Charmaine; the Sycamores and Davenports, Nell and Clare Fox, and many others. Mr Millar was a serious

person, but had a mischievous streak as well. He always chose the hymns and often at practice he would play a rousing Salvation Army tune to brighten up our repertoire. One Sunday he included a hymn "Hold the Fort", which was not in our normal quiet style. However, it was such a swinging hymn we almost raised the roof and everyone enjoyed it. When it finished Mr Millar turned to the choir with a huge smile, which was unusual for him and, as no one complained, that hymn was included many times afterwards.

Mr Sid Booth was our next choirmaster and he excelled as our tutor with his musical knowledge, and many people came to Holy Trinity to be members under his expert tuition. The boys' tenor voices especially were his interest and for years we had the best choir around. His family of Ray, Ken, Irene and Mrs Booth were members and Ken was a regular soloist. We became affiliated to the Royal School of Church Music in England, and our standard of singing was raised considerably.

Sunday School in the 1930's was supervised by Mr J. Stott and he was assisted by his two daughters, Dorothy and Keeva, by Jean De La Mare, Una Godward and Mrs Archer. Our whole life centred round the church. Sometimes on Sundays we would be at three different services. My parents organised weekly dances which were open to everyone and one of the parishioners, Mrs Eva Sutherland, provided excellent popular music at the piano. We had regular church socials with many of the congregation providing wonderful entertainment. The "Melody Maids" were a popular group, with Dawn McDonald, Charmaine Smith, Nell and Clare Fox, Noeline Pedlar and Myra Johnson. Our favourite item was "Whispering Hope". Many romances were kindled at these church group meetings and several progressed to marriage.

As children and young teenagers we were easily set off giggling in serious parts of the service. One vicar was upset by this and would turn and glare at us, whether during the sermon or during prayers. We were always forgiven after the service if we apologised and we were allowed to pile into his car and be taken to Ryal Bush Church to swell their congregation. Another Vicar did not bother about our little disturbances but I can remember the day he stopped in the middle

of his sermon to reprimand his three little daughters who were being a nuisance to their mother. He carried on as if nothing had happened and the girls remained very quiet and well behaved for the rest of the service.

The Mothers' Union, Young Wives and Ladies' Guild were well supported social and religious groups. They all worked together and they were popular meeting places for the ladies of the church. Everyone worked all year towards the annual bazaar and as now there was always lots of lovely baking and sewing and produce on sale.

All these events - church services, dances, socials, cards and bazaars took place in our church hall. It was quite an ordeal before and after each event to shift the chairs, seating and choir forms and mats and to stack them away. Some nights it would be quite late after a social or dance and everything had to be back in place ready for an early morning service.

Because we shared All Saints' vicar we had many joint religious and social events with them. One I particularly remember was All Saints' Day when many of us would bike over at 6.30am for communion, followed by breakfast.

It was great to work towards financing our lovely new church almost twenty-five years later in 1955. I was pleased to be at that opening after being at the dedication of the Church Hall in 1932. My father was Vicar's Warden at that time and I took my first daughter, Sally, along to see her granddad knock at the church door to be received by the Bishop and led into the church. What a wonderful building we then had for our worship. We were very proud of our efforts.

Noeline Wyeth - nee Pedlar

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When my family (Jenkin) arrived in the 1930's Holy Trinity Church was held in the North Hall. Who could resist a ride to church in a beautiful sedan car? We were picked up each Sunday morning by the Rev'd Andrews Baxter and all five

of us kids and mother were taken to church in style. This didn't last of course, as we only lived in Layard Street and could easily walk. But the Rev'd Andrews Baxter was the kind of person who sought everyone out, even the boys from the cricket grounds, and soon had a choir going. Olive Russell and Noeline Wyeth will remember those days.

Mr Booths' Choir

This magnificent choir will have been recorded by others but as I was a member when we got married in 1950 all the choir turned up to sing at our wedding, including a solo by Graham Ward (a lovely little soprano at the time). All were squeezed into the old church hall and about a hundred guests as well. A day to remember.

1960's Puppet Show

In the 1960s the parish was given a gift of a puppet show by a generous Dunedin parish. All the equipment was ready to go: a set of beautifully made hand puppets, scenery, scripts and the whole set up for a children's fairy story show. Several parishioners, mainly A.A.W. members were keen to put it to use.

An easily packed puppet screen and housing could be packed onto our trailer and carted to the many infant schools in Southland. (I could drive well in those days.) How we all fitted inside a virtually 6'x4' space (always at least six of us) shows us how slim we were in those days.

The team was managed by Joan Sutherland and the performers were Ruth Briscoe, Margaret Lowe, Dianne Hopson, Bernice Sole, Wicki Smith, Joan and myself, with often other helpers, such as Jackie Doublet, Mary Louise and Peg Lockie who mostly came for the fun.

My job was to give sound effects, such as the noisy arrival of a giant (Jack and the Beanstalk) or waltz music for Cinderella and her Prince. This was provided on a tiny tape machine that was lent to us by Bill De La Mare. Sometimes the battery ran flat.

We made a certain amount of money by charging a small amount, but that wasn't so much value as just working together and enjoying a few laughs.

Eventually its demand ran out and TV arrived.

Another part of church life which I remember is the fellowship found in the M.U. and the A.A.W..

When our son Mark was lost in an accident we experienced the warmth of love from so many caring parishioners and this is what our church life is all about. Bless you all as you continue to grow at Holy Trinity.

Una De La Marc



Looking back, the faith and dedication of the founders of Holy Trinity is amazing. So too was their enthusiasm and hard work, starting from scratch in November 1930, they had the church hall finished by June 1932.

The country was in the depths of the big depression and hardship was widespread. Many were unemployed and the Welfare State was a thing of the future. To reach parish goals, fund raising was essential. Two fund raising schemes were commenced as soon as the church hall was completed and for years were an important part of the financial and social life of the parish. They were card evenings, held weekly and organised by a small group who also provided the supper. The card evenings were held week after week, year after year for over forty-three years, an incredible record.

The dances were also held weekly, organised by a small group, and many found it a good opportunity to learn to dance. A feature of the dances was the music provided by Mrs Sutherland. She was a first class pianist and could provide good rhythmic dance music without any other musical assistance for an entire evening. The dances did not last as long as the cards but were a feature of parish life for many years.

The combined use of the building as a hall and church was successful with the sanctuary being able to be closed off by a wooden shutter worked by a simple gearing system. It however created endless furniture shifting with choir frontals, lectern, prayer desk, hymn boards, etc. having to be stacked in the sanctuary and

the shutter dropped to transfer the church into a hall. This task happened each week and sometimes twice. The chore continued for twenty-five years until the church was built.

Customs change and are forgotten. One such in the early days of the church was an early communion service followed by a communal breakfast. The services were held on special days and Lent at 7am, enabling those present to get to work on time after a hurried breakfast. Breakfast usually consisted of saveloys, bread and butter with tea, not an inspiring menu at that time of the day.

When it came to building the church in 1955 it was decided to reduce the cost of the building as much as possible by using volunteer labour. It was in the days before pre-mixed concrete and concrete pumps and there was plenty of scope for mixing and placing concrete, together with such jobs as sarking the roof and laying the flooring. Bob Tyree, the contractor, showed his tolerance by accepting this arrangement and each week for the eighteen months there was work for the men and boys of the parish on Saturdays and sometimes this extended to a full day. Bob Tyree had a hoist with a platform to convey the concrete in wheel barrows up to the working level. A mishap with a wheel barrow load of concrete could be lethal and working the temperamental hoist safely was essential. Several tried and failed and I think I remember correctly when I give credit to mastering the hoist to Ken Booth, then a youth at Boys' High. Probably the last job was laying the concrete drive in front of the church, which is there for all to see and has stood the test of time.

Alan De La Mare

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An Interview with Bill De La Mare

Looking back to the 1930's and 40's

The three Davenport sons were very tall and solid lads and it was said that when they took up the collection the whole building shook. The brass collection plate we use today is in memory of their Mother.

Jack Stott owned a hand-operated movie projector and entertained the children in the hall with humorous movies. Jack was responsible for getting the late Warren Sparks of the Joseph Street small theatre first interested in the movie films and encouraging him in this area.

The late George Miles, together with Alan and Bill De La Mare could convert the hall from Church into a place for a social gathering in twenty-five minutes. The altar frontals and some chairs were stored under the altar, the rest stored where the Sunday School now meet.

Sunday School: There were four teachers, Jack Stott and Una Godward being two of them. The hall was divided into four areas by curtains for Sunday School, from 11am until noon, following the 9.30am service.

Picnics: an annual event, popular with all ages. Favourite places were Thompson's Bush, Bluff, Riverton and many other venues. The train journeys starting early in the morning to Bluff and Riverton were loved by the children.

Dances: These were held fortnightly and were great fun, music provided by the piano-playing Mrs Sutherland who never asked for any payment. They were a well-known and well-attended event in Invercargill and continued for many years, helping the Church as all profits were banked into an account for the New Church Building Fund.

George Hicks and Brenda Marshall were one couple who became engaged as a result of meeting at these dances and quite a few other romances also flourished. Dancers sat around the edge of the hall for supper, which was passed around on trays.

Sometimes a social evening just for parishioners was held with good attendances – games, entertainment, items and dancing included. The late Mayor, Russell Miller and his father Frank played piano duets and were in high demand. Frank Miller was organist for a time too.

Progressive 500 was a popular card game with weekly sessions held in the Guild Room and organised by Les Wildermoth, Bill Grantham and George Miles.

Sid Booth, organist and choirmaster for several years; his dedication was impressive, also his expectations and discipline of the choir boys. They were very well trained and the choir travelled all over Southland, singing at services and were present at the dedication of the Lumsden Church. Choir camps were popular.

Rumble Tunmy was the nickname for a parishioner who managed from sitting in the back pews to entertain and embarrass the whole congregation with gastric rumblings during some services.



We arrived in Invercargill in July 1954 on a cold and wet day. We went looking for our church on the Saturday - found it - great! We all trotted off to church the next morning. In those days church was held in the church hall which was part of All Saints' Parish

We had a great introduction. As we came out after the service Olive Ward came forward and told me her name and asked me mine. I introduced myself - Joan Whisker, my husband, Ted, and our children. Olive cannot have heard me correctly because when I said 'Whisker' she said 'I beg your pardon.' I repeated myself and that happened three or four times. I just laughed and spelt out my name: W.H.I.S.K.E.R.. Everyone else laughed too and we were launched. No one ever forgot our name and from there on in it was just wonderful

The children all had their turn in the choir and when Mr Sid Booth died, Graeme was choir master for two years before he moved on to Sydney.

I would like to pay tribute to all the early people of Holy Trinity who worked so hard to give you - the parishioners of Holy Trinity Church - what you have today. I did not know them all but there were many wonderful people before 1954 and there have been so many more since. Our vicars have been outstanding as well. Holy Trinity has been truly blessed. Would you join me in a prayer in their memory - I thank God for their presence in this parish.

We were very happy at Holy Trinity - I loved being part of the action.

God bless,
Joan Gray (Whisker)



Memories of the Church Choir

When we came to Holy Trinity Parish at the end of 1971, the choir was thriving and had a reputation in the Diocese of being at the forefront of parish music.

Everyone told us about Mr Booth and the other people who had ably continued taking the group after his death. It was up to Ron to carry on this tradition which he did admirably for the next twenty years.

One great feature was the number of family groups - we had mums and dads as well as brothers and sisters. Practice started for the juniors at 6.30pm each Thursday with the seniors joining in at 7.15pm, and after half an hour of combined singing the youngsters went home and the adults continued until 8.30pm. The year commenced at the beginning of February and continued without many breaks until the morning service had been sung on Christmas Day. It was a huge commitment but willingly undertaken by young and old.

There were many special services - weddings of choir members and parishioners, funeral services to celebrate the lives and give thanks for the many years that Ron and Algie Sutton and Jim Lane sang with us, great Nine Lessons and Carols, also Advent services, Easter Vigils, Harvest and Confirmations, not forgetting installation of Vicars and Ordinations of Clergy. We were also pleased to join with other neighbouring churches for presentations of Vivaldi's 'Gloria' and 'The Childhood of Christ' by Berlioz, and other services. We attended numerous RSCM functions in Invercargill and Dunedin, and had many late Sunday evening drives home after these events. What can be more magical than driving home after Sung Evensong at St. Paul's Cathedral on a crisp, frosty night.

Each December the choir trekked the long corridors of the hospital to sing favourite Christmas Carols and I can personally vouch for the comfort and pleasure this gave the patients. It was a great thrill when we donned the new choir robes, only surpassed by the installation of the pipe organ a year or so later. Add to the above the choir camps and the choir parties and everyone will realise just what a busy group the choir was.

The repertoire covered was extensive, ranging from Tallis to Tertius Noble, Wesley to Williamson, and anyone who has travelled to the famous cathedrals overseas can say with pride that the music sung by the choir at faraway places was just the same as at home. It was a pleasure for our family to be associated with Holy Trinity, Invercargill

Carol James

Christchurch, May 2002



Holy Trinity Parish will always hold a special place in our hearts. Holy Trinity was such a friendly, welcoming and vibrant parish well served by many special clergy and parishioners.

Many of us were fortunate to be members of the choir under the wonderful tutelage of Ron James when he was organist and choirmaster and latterly Alan Menzies. The musical offerings added so much to the worship at Holy Trinity and helped many of us on our spiritual journey. For a small, suburban church at the "bottom of New Zealand and the world" the standard of the music was exceptional. Ron always challenged us whether singing the regular services of the special occasions – Advent Carols, Nine Lessons and Carols, etc. At times we enjoyed combining with St. Theresa's Catholic choir, St. John's, All Saints' and St. Paul's Cathedral. We sang much of the traditional English choral music as well as more modern. Was Ron James the first person in Invercargill to introduce "Lord of the Dance"? We always felt that anything Kings College Cambridge sang, we sang – perhaps not quite as well but we certainly tried.

There was a family feeling in the choir because there were often several members and generations of parish families participating at the same time. Ron always demanded – by gentle persuasion – a high standard. Sometimes after a less than satisfactory practice we quoted our unofficial motto – "it will be alright on the

night!" A box of tissues was also kept in the choir stalls as several members were inclined to be rather tearful at times – both happy and sad.

Some years ago regular choir camps were held in Queenstown during the school holidays. The children worked hard at practice and daily services. When having a request session they often asked to sing psalms! During leisure time the children and camp "parents" would go walking, ice skating or climb up the track to the Skyline building. Once we asked for a drink of water for our Corgi dog, Oscar, who had valiantly climbed up on his little legs. We were charge 4c for an ice cream pottle of water which horrified everyone – has gone down in "folk lore". To be fair, the Skyline operation had to transport all the water supplies up from downtown. No one carried plastic containers of water in those days!

As well as being loyal members of the choir most folk were also involved in the wider life of the Parish. Members served on Vestry, were Vestry Secretary, Synod Members, A.A.W., Sanctuary Guild, Takitimu Home, South Centre, NICO, and so on.

Being the first Diocesan President of A.A.W. out of Dunedin was quite a challenge but having such wonderful support from Holy Trinity A.A.W. was very special. A highlight was the Teschemaker's weekend when as well as being our keynote speaker, Bishop Penny celebrated the first anniversary of her consecration with us. Chris Rodgers was our honorary A.A.W. member and chaplain. The "icing on the cake" was when we added Ian Jamieson as a "surprise packet" on Party Night.

We have happy memories of our time in the Holy Trinity Parish and wish it well for the future.

Barbara & Murray Hercus.
Queenstown

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The Briscoe family arrived in Invercargill in September 1965, and almost immediately our association with Holy Trinity Church in North Invercargill began.....and continued until our departure for Wanaka in 1999. Friendliness is a word that immediately springs to mind when thinking of Holy Trinity. After our first Sunday in church, the Young Wives leader, (Bernice Sole, at that time,) called round to visit and invite me to the meetings. This in turn led to the making of many new friends, (in a city where we knew no one), involvement with varied activities over the years, and office bearing as secretary and leader in both Young Wives, and later the new organisation, AAW, for which, during the leadership of Robin Duncan, the formal constitution was written.

Music has always been a strength in the parish. I well remember at the first service we attended, watching the junior members of the choir (which included two full rows of boys) processing behind the cross bearer to the font for a baptism. I immediately felt a sense of belonging, and had a dream that our children would follow in the musical footsteps of my father, Canon Walter Wisdom, who had received his education and been a chorister at St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. Before long, I was a member of the alto row, and later, as our family grew to be four in number, Tim, Adrian, Nicola and Simon all had the benefit and camaraderie of the Holy Trinity choir, under the skilful leadership of Ron James. Here again family groups were to the fore. Many parents and children were involved, (and indeed, with the Suttons, there were three generations Ron and his brother Algie, his daughter Pauline, and her daughter, Andrea.) For a time round the mid/late 1960's Holy Trinity was on the circuit for the broadcasting of services on National Radio. This involved a great deal of preparation and synchronisation to fit the time slot. John Greer was vicar, and Blair Robertson curate, and somehow I became involved with reading the background narration script, perched behind the organ. Imagine my amazement when a friend, hearing the broadcast in another part of New Zealand, wrote to say she knew I must be pregnant, as she could detect a certain breathlessness in my voice! (She was correct in her diagnosis, but it was probably also nervousness adding to the voice quality!)

During those years there was a strong and active membership in Young Wives, and we had many busy and hilarious times with the team of folk involved with puppet shows. A performance involved the loading of the wooden theatre and props on to a trailer, unpacking and setting up at the venue (schools, fairs etc), and returning it all afterwards to Joan and Merv Sutherland's garage for storage. There were mid-week services which we often attended, along with our pre-schoolers, and on one occasion I recall an enormous cacophony from about 27 little people clambering along the pews.....so much so, that the vicar and curate had to subdue waves of mirth as they struggled to continue leading the worship through what should have been solemn and devotional moments. On Sundays it was necessary to arrive at 9.20am, in order to gain a seat for the 9.30am service, latecomers having to squash on the wooden forms along the side of the church. After communion was finished, the Sunday School children filed in through the vestry door to kneel at the communion rails for a blessing before joining their parents for the final hymn.

The years passed by, and clergy came and went. Joan Whisker was appointed as the first woman People's Warden, and after her term of office, I was prevailed upon in 1982 to take her place, being assured that it would be easy to fit in the responsibilities with four children, PTA and other commitments. But before long, Bill Gaudin had moved, and we were left with a year's interregnum, during which time Maurice Harrington's (Vicar's Warden) and my duties were vastly increased. However, it was a fascinating experience, during which I learned many things, including drawing up rosters, (and involving Young Wives's husbands to assist Vestrymen with the sidesmen's duties,) booking weddings, dealing with disputes, and writing the weekly Clarion, (with the aid of midnight oil on Thursday nights after choir practice!) Friday mornings became wrestling time with the old printing *Gestetner* in the Vicarage study, under the jocular tuition of locum Philip Williams, and his wife Jean, who both became a popular part of the parish family. Harvey Ruru put in a short and colourful appearance as curate, and in due course the Winfield family arrived to take over the reins. In my capacity as People's Warden, I attended most parish funerals, and was always impressed by the thoughtful care put into their preparation by David Winfield. Whether the person was known to me or not, David's words were always such

that I would need one if not two handkerchiefs before the last hymn. His gift with words made funerals a moving experience for all concerned, linking compassionate memories and humour into a memorable celebration of life. Following a high profile shooting tragedy in Gore, he conducted a particularly sensitive service for the gunmannot an easy task given the circumstances.

The friends we made at Holy Trinity remain our closest still, even though most of us have moved to points north. There were five families, all very involved in the church, who earned the nickname of "Terrors of Terrace Street" because of our living in close proximity in the area..... Barbara and Murray Hercus, Pam and Grant Miller, Carol and Ron James, Joan and Merv Sutherland and Ruth and Wade Briscoe. Amongst us we had the parish secretary married to the organist and choir master, the A.A.W. leader married to the Synodsmen, the People's Warden married to another Synodsmen, plus assorted Vestry and committee members. We had seventeen children between us, most of whom went through the choir ranks, and shared a precious heritage. Many are the fond memories of diligent preparation of music as Ron passed on his experience gained when he received a Q.E. 2 Arts Award in 1980, to study in England at Addington Palace, the HQ of Royal Schools of Church music. He challenged and taught us to tackle works which are sung all over the world in Cathedral situations, and we are indebted to him for that. He composed a special version of the Liturgy, which was used in our church. The end of the year brought seasonal music for the famous services of Advent and Nine Lessons and Carols, plus hospital singing. Who could forget the highlight of lining the stair-well between Wards 8, 9 and 10, to give voice to "Ding Dong Merrily on High", with the "Glorias" reverberating in a resounding fashion. Perfect acoustics and spine tingling stuff! By the end of the long corridor trek, fully robed in mid summer heat, we were more than ready for the choir party which followed at the James's home, with suitable replacement of fluids. The festivities were always topped off round the piano (as if the vocal cords had not already had enough) with many more favourite tunes, and eventually the traditional finale, (greatly looked forward to by all) was Jim Lane's inimitable rendition, in his infectious Yorkshire accent, of all nine verses of "On Ilkley Moor Baht 'at" with enthusiastic participation from the rest of us in the chorus.

In compiling these memories for the 70th Jubilee booklet, I have reflected on many vivid snapshots of people and events which make up the rich tapestry of parish life.....the bazaar; parish dinners; picnics with communion administered under the trees; parish concerts (one featuring the "Terrace Strings" when some of the "Terrors" dusted off their instruments); Festival week with the flowers and functions....(remember the request sessions for favourite hymns....Bill de la Marc's was "~~All things bright and beautiful~~"); that same gentleman's sharing his incredible love and knowledge of the history of earlier days than ours, including the building of the church; dear old Granny de la Marc, who died at the beginning of Festival week one year; parish recorder Les Wildermoth, personally delivering the gift offering envelopes on his trusty old bike; and his wife Vi, who was the very first person to whom I administered the chalice after being licensed to do so by Bishop Peter Mann. Bishop Peter's amazing memory for people's names (both adults and children) was legendary, and coupled with his ability to relate warmly to all and sundry, this beloved Father in God was indeed "A Man for all Seasons".

What a rich heritage this vibrant parish provided for those privileged to be parishioners. Time has changed much over the years, but Holy Trinity North Invercargill will always hold a place dear to our hearts, and we wish it well in the future.

Ruth Briscoc
Wanaka



Take Two

Ahh yes...

1) As very naughty little sopranos. I remember being led astray by more senior "front rowers" than I, during the winter months, by putting the heels of our shoes onto the heaters that ran along the very under-padded and thread-bare kneeling

pews. The result after a good while, usually best done during a Sermon, was a warm glowing feeling steaming up through your heels, and a rather pungent and unpleasant odour which encapsulated the surrounding area. Although I do remember some very stern whispers coming from the altos section advising us that for assured longevity it would be in our interests to refrain from our extracurricular activities and concentrate on the Sermon.

2) One very warm summer when I was Cross Bearer the choir was to have a procession. We adorned our regalia and proceeded to the entrance porch, and began our procession down the aisle, during which time the Cross Bearer's feet came into view. Alas he was not wearing any shoes. And didn't I get into trouble for that. During the cross examination by members senior, I felt it pertinent to explain that Our Lord and Saviour had died for us upon the cross without foot wear. Alas, that didn't cut the cheese, as they say here in Australia.

3) Just before my voice broke Ron James asked me to sing "Once in Royal David's City" as a soloist, for Christmas, with another procession, all footwear was checked this time.

I remember it quite well. I felt rather good, although nervous, and when it came time I gave it my best. I'd practised, I knew it was a big occasion, and I gave it what it deserved. I sang to the best of my ability.

It was later, during the annual Choir awards, not long after, that my name was called out (mind you every soprano/child got one). Anyway apart from attendance etc. my certificate was handed to me along with the words to the effect "One of the best renditions of Once In Royal David's City that had been sung."

I distinctly remember one fine gentlemen, Mr Jim Lane, a back row boy, tapping his walking stick upon the floor in agreement with what was being said from the front.

I was later asked why I didn't sing like that all the time. My reply was that if I did sing like that all the time it wouldn't be special.

Adrian Briscoe
Sydney

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HOLY TRINITY HEAVEN

We Denbys first attended Holy Trinity in July 1978. Newly arrived from Auckland (of all unspeakable places!) we had purchased a home in the area and were 'just looking' for a church to which we could attach ourselves. It was an absolutely beautiful morning – fine and sunny, but the warmth of the welcome we received on that momentous occasion would have dispelled snowstorms, hail, sleet, whatever. The four of us returned home completely overwhelmed.

An abiding memory is that of Ruth Briscoe's first invitation to us to dine at their home. It was an occasion they celebrated with special friends annually and we were made to feel exactly like special friends as well – a condition which has continued to this day. Ruth and Wade Briscoe had invited more folk for supper following the opening night of the Operatic Society's 'Lil Abner', so it was for us an incredible opportunity for meeting 'close up' so many of those who became the treasured friends who are still so dear to us today.

Holy Trinity meant so much to all four of us. There were plenty of young people for our children to make friends with, and there were many activities for them. It was in 1979 that Sue Cook (now Slaughter) started the first of the youth groups at St Martins.

The following year Carol and Ron James went off to England, leaving the choir a bit short, and in joining the choir, initially as a 'fill in', there began for me a joy that will remain with me all my days. The quality of the music at Holy Trinity offered the parish an enhancement to worship only possibly exceeded by the Cathedral Choir (and I have severe doubts about that as well!) Over the following seventeen years we sang, laughed, cried, worked, partied and shared ourselves and our families, and appreciated so much the privilege of working with such top calibre musicians as Ron James and Alan Menzies. The choir was true family.

And of course there was A.A.W. – its Holy Trinity members had so many skills and talents that we had some amazing opportunities to sample them all. The painters handcraft experts, china painters, spinners, weavers, floral artists and calligraphers put on memorable displays at a number of our meetings; our cooks came to the fore for Shrove Tuesday nights when Maryalyce Jenkins would lead us in producing a mouth-watering range of real American pancakes. We had a fabulous parade of bridal gowns going back to about 1888 to the present day and lovely models to wear them. We invited ladies from other churches to join us for our Festival Week evenings. One year we had a superb debate against the Vicar's team on 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world' – needless to say the A.A.W. team beat them easily.

For Doug there were the opportunities to channel his own particular skills – Vestry, Synod, Vicar's Warden, and Convenor of Finance Committee. He loved them all.

Then there was the Guild of St Raphael set up by Olive and Algie Sutton to pray for those in need; set up so well that the group is still strong today, and so many folk have been warmed and strengthened by the prayers of these lovely people.

The social life at Holy Trinity was always something very special. Do you remember those marvellous Parish Dinners convened by Joan Whisker (now Gray) where we had the enormous fun of sharing meals with a range of lovely foods contributed by the guests, and the satisfaction of knowing we were raising funds for the parish as well.

I remember too the year A.A.W. organised catering – starting on a regular basis with fortnightly meals for the Rotaract Club, and then almost anything else that came along. This was set up so we could raise money for a new carpet for the church, and I think in a very short space of time we had raised sufficient money. By that time extensions for the church became a possibility, so the carpet wasn't put in for several years later. The parish Sunday lunches were very special times as well – lovely hot food in the winter and salad things in the summer, served up

with the usual warm Holy Trinity fellowship and it was just so satisfying to see all those happy, well fed people enjoying each others company.

And of course the Winfield era was a great time for the parish when our forays into drama became part of so many services and other entertainments and brought such a richness and additional meaning into our worship. I shall never forget the concert we arranged at the State Theatre where the A.A.W. item was 'The Twelve Days of Christmas' with the lyrics written by Jo Winfield. We had such a satisfying opportunity to let down our hair and stretch our creativity to the limit.

There are so many other things from our years at Holy Trinity that I could go on about at real length – a book in itself. For this occasion I just want to say thank you to Holy Trinity for giving us our happiest and most fulfilling years of worship and friendliness and support; for the friends who became more than mere friends, for the ever-present love and affection and acceptance we found there. As the church moves into new areas of endeavour and mission, many of the things we have treasured and valued so highly will no longer have a part to play, but our memories are with us for ever and as our thoughts turn constantly southwards, we wish to thank you all for all you have been – and are – to us.

Harley Denby
Wellsford



"We do a good Bazaar"

People from our parish and friends work all year round making items to sell at our major fund-raiser. The first Saturday on October every year was the most amazing experience for me when I took over Bazaar Convenor from Jill Jackson. North Hall became too small for our White Elephant stall and, because garage sales were in fashion, we decided to keep our second-hand goods in our own

parish hall. We were able to spread out and display our goods well; it proved to be a big success.

Our A.A.W. ladies were able to explore the treasures and buy when their meeting fell on the Wednesday before Bazaar day. We could sell anything, from old bird skeletons to dainty bone china. One year we were unable to sell the old organ and accompanying vacuum cleaner (its air supply) from St. Martin's Church, so it was put into Todds Auction Rooms, where its sale price did not even cover the cartage.

Our Apron stall topped \$1,000 one year, thanks to the hard work of Erin McCallum and her team, but aprons have become a thing of the past, and we sell very few now.

Plants have become a good seller and one helper, when asked the kind of cabbage he was selling, told the customer "Green." – Yes, he did make the sale.

Always a very friendly day and a good way to get to know our parish members on a more personal level.

Yes, we do do a good Bazaar!



I remember well one day back in 1985 when Barbara Hercus came to visit me – "Why is she coming to see me?" I thought. It was to ask if I would take over her role as A.A.W. President when she retired. ME!!! No, I could never fill that role but, after much thought and prayer and a long encouraging talk with Rev'd David Winfield I said "Yes."

I can honestly say I enjoyed the role of president very much and it gave me more confidence in myself to stand up in front of people and speak. Carol James was my secretary for my first year in office and she gave me great strength and the know-how of A.A.W. Going into my second year I had to find a new secretary, Jean Breuss was the first person I asked and she accepted – great to have a 'yes'

straight away. Jean and I had a busy year with outings, fashion parades, private movie theatre visits and NCW remits. We became good friends and that was the best thing about A.A.W. at Holy Trinity, you find friendship, support and encouragement at every meeting.

Cheryl Casey



A.A.W. November 1990 to November 1992

A busy two years started with farewells to Ron and Carol James, Ron as choirmaster and organist and Carol as our monthly A.A.W. organist; and then to the Winfield Family. During the next year the Rev'd Kumar was our part time Vicar and a great help to us. This year we had twenty-five members attending Teschemakers near Oamaru. Bishop Penny was the keynote speaker, talking about "The Wholeness of Life" A song celebrating the first anniversary of Bishop Penny's consecration was performed by our group at the entertainment on Saturday evening, written by Jo Winfield with Janice Jaquiere accompanying us on her accordion.

At each A.A.W. meeting a member would give a book review on a book in the church or town library that would be of interest or encouragement to others. Another A.A.W. task was arranging billets for the Christ College Choir visit.

We had some interesting meetings with guest speakers from Colyer's Island (drug rehabilitation), Chris Carrell talking about her family's time in Canada, Bishop Peter Mann, Nicola Mason on menopause (the funny side of it), Helen and Jim Harrington about Burkina Faso, Robyn Neame from South Centre, special Christmas evenings for our senior parishioners and a Food 'n Fellas night with Wynston Cooper and his Antarctic slides. During Festival Week well over a hundred members and guests enjoyed a fashion parade put on by Courtville Fashions.

In 1992 Rev'd Gavin Scantlebury arrived. The year started with a bang when we hosted an Area Day for over seventy people. After a Eucharist Service and lunch five young people entertained with musical -- oboe and violin -- and speech items. Guest speaker was Da Vella Gore "God's Gifts and Talents", telling of her faith in God helping her when she was very ill, of building her house from bits of churches and of her wonderful paintings. This year the Chattanooga Choir visited and was billeted with our church people. A group of talented embroiderers under the guidance of Erin McCallum started stitching the new Holy Trinity A.A.W. banner, designed by the inspired Maryalyce Jenkins.

A group was formed to choose a new carpet for the church from the money raised by catering. Over these two years A.A.W. catered and visited Lorn Hospital, Takitimu, catered for funerals and clergy school when it was held in Invercargill, for Rotoract, baked and cooked and organised concerts and outings for NICO when it was our month on duty there and provided meals and baking for pastoral care. We also raised funds by selling wrapping paper, bacon and birthday cards.

We were guests at functions organised by Richmond Grove, the Salvation Army and the Catholic Women's groups. Outings included trips to Olive Dunn's garden, John Kalb's pottery and among the guest speakers were Lesley Rewi on cervical cancer, Alison Tapp on MS, Pam Fellows, an exchange teacher from Canada, and Fiona Fraser at a mother and daughter evening talking about her time as exchange student in Germany. Other A.A.W. groups joined us for a quiz evening and a good crowd of senior parishioners joined us once again for a special Christmas carol service. The Food'n Fellas evening was very enjoyable once we learnt our left from right when Gavin surprised us with the Square Dancing Club arriving to teach us the finer points of square dancing. Festival Week was the highlight of the year with more than one hundred and thirty members and guests enraptured by the performance of "Symphony in Illusion", a play about war and peace, skilfully directed by Ian Scott.

It was a great two years with the help of such a wonderful group of women. We overcame the difficult times and had many times of happiness and laughter together.

Afternoon A.A.W. 1990 to 1994

It was one of the happiest times I remember, being involved with a great bunch of ladies, always grateful for everything that was done for them.

During these four years we had many interesting visitors: Bishop Peter Mann, Wynston Cooper, Helen and Jim Harrington, Beryl and Roy Simmons on Canada, Eileen Ferns on painting, musical items from James Hargest, Carol Swale on the Toy Library, Helen Metzger on her three months hospital chaplaincy training in Dunedin, Joan Whisker arranging flowers, Doris Scott after her trip to Zimbabwe, Renee Casey on Pubs with no Beer, Fay Blissett about her Pippins, Ian Scott with his Kenyan balloon trip, Joan Sutherland following her trip to Ireland, the highlights of university life with Arana Casey, Netta Rawle about life on Stewart Island, Hazel Hinton with life in China, Nan Ward showing off the new vestments, the Rose of Tralee, Rachael Bryce, Betty Dawson lucky enough to travel to Israel, Barbara Hercus with he son's wedding in Germany and a visit to Pat Turnbull's home at Tussock Creek. There was time for sharing memories of the past and our favourite readings too.

Long service certificates from the Mothers' Union were presented to members who had service ranging from thirty to fifty years.

A very rewarding four years spent with these lovely women.

Jean Breuss



Holy Trinity Choir: 1991 - 2001

The Choir at Holy Trinity has been one of the institutions of the parish. During the early 1990's numbers were strong which made it easy for me as choirmaster to select and prepare music to enhance the regular Sunday worship. Special music was always a feature for services in Holy Week, Easter, Advent and Christmas, and the monthly services of Choral Evensong also provided opportunities for new music to be learnt and "performed".

Those in the choir had to make a real commitment to this group as they were required to attend the weekly rehearsals and help lead the music at Sunday services. The mid 1990's saw changes in the demographics of the city and this was felt especially in the choir as people moved away with no replacements forthcoming. Those left remained totally committed - this was evident right through until September 2001 when the choir unfortunately decided to go into recess.

The Holy Trinity choir combined on several occasions with choir members from St John's, All Saints and the Methodist churches during the 1990's to prepare and present music of a more substantial nature for services of Choral Evensong. The large congregations that attended appreciated these services both spiritually and musically.

Reaching out into the community is another important part of the Church's work and the choir assisted with this on behalf of the parish through supporting services at Peacehaven Chapel and the annual singing of Christmas carols at Kew Hospital.

During this period several people contributed to the music at Holy Trinity - Janice Jaquiere, Ron James, David Williams, Ray Nicholls, and the choir has been fortunate in having the support of its clergy - Kumar Anandanyagam, Gavin Scantlebury, Helen Metzger and Gillian Swift - each of whom made a significant commitment to the work of the choir.

As members of the choir, we enjoyed being together, but it was the privilege of being able to profess our faith through singing and music to enrich our worship for the glory of God which was always seen as paramount.

Alan Menzies
Organist and Choirmaster
1991 – 2001



During the 15 years I have been part of the faith community at Holy Trinity, I have over that time been aware of and thankful for the extended church family I am part of.

The church we celebrate today, while different to look at now, remains a constant part of the Windsor suburb. This presence in today's secular world is achieved at a time when our society no longer recognizes active attendance at church as part of the natural flow in life; we are becoming the exception rather than the rule.

Accepting that, nevertheless, we continue to worship together, work together, sometimes play together and, never doubt it, we have fun. Some of the old traditions have of necessity changed and that is an important aspect of accepting the challenge of surviving in the 'today' of both the church and the world. The choir so beloved by most has gone, replaced by alternatives which are now becoming a regular and wonderful part of our worship, and thus new traditions come into life. We have met together in different settings, the concept of a café dinner conversation as church is now a reality, again, a reflection of the need to change if we are to remain relevant in our society.

That being said, we continue to hold dear many of the values, which make up our parish. Our Pastoral Care Team presently led by Erin McCallum is very active in outreach, and as our community ages, services such as Home Communion

continue and are a real focus, and a recognition of the needs of our older parishioners.

There is a growing sense of togetherness in the Invercargill Anglican community, which has seen the development of groups such as the Theological Nest, the Permaculture Group and others. We are no longer quite so separate in our Parishes, drawn together perhaps by need, due to smaller numbers, but also very much by choice, welcoming the new friendships and companionship of those in our wider Anglican Community.

Holy Trinity North Invercargill is a very different parish to that of 70 years ago. Those changes are a reflection of the community, in which we live and work. We are smaller, reflecting the movement of people from our Southland community, we sometimes worship in different ways, reflecting the need to change to meet new needs, and we grieve over losses and rejoice in our successes, as do all families. This remains a great place to have fun, celebrate, and worship.

Glenys Collie
Vicar's Warden

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