



KAURIHOHORE / KAMO CO-OPERATING PARISH

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Sunday 10 May 2026 - Easter 6

Our Service today has been prepared by Eleanor Ashby,
one of our Lay Preachers.

Welcome to our service this morning.

In working together on our shared mission, we commit to seven core values:

Togetherness, Humility, Curiosity, Love, Inclusiveness, Justice, Sustainability.

Love: we are committed to selfless love to all, including those marginalised by society and the wider church.

Welcome:

Call to Worship:

We've come to worship God,
who loved us before we were yet born,
who knows us even better than we know ourselves,
whose presence never leaves us, and whose love for us never ceases.

This is our God. Let's worship together!

Hymn: [Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Him](#)

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore you
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before you,
Opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

2. All your works with joy surround
you,
earth and heaven reflect your rays,
Stars and angels sing around you,
Centre of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Singing bird and flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

Mission Statement: Sharing God's love, creating hope, working for justice.

3. As the seed comes forth from
sleeping,
From the darkness of the earth,
Birds are singing, lambs are leaping
And all nature comes to birth.
All your works declare your glory,
All creation joins to sing;
Praise resounds as earth rejoices
in new life that hails the spring.

4. You are giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest!
You our Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

Centering Prayer:

Dear God, All I can think to say this morning, is please guide my attention to that which is worthy of it. When I am overwhelmed by everything that has to get fixed in this broken-down world, show me what is MINE to do then please give me the strength to do it and the humility to rest afterwards. Open my eyes to behold that which is hopeful and lovely and to know that the terrifying and malicious will always be there and that looking away for a moment is not callus, it's calculating. Guide my attention to that which is worthy of it: making art, cooking food, loving people, noticing birds, petting dogs, contacting friends, and doing the work that is mine to do. And when I am scrolling through meaningless videos, once again wasting more precious moments on this Earth than I realize, snap me out of it, Lord and help me just go for a walk or something. In your holy name, Amen.
(*Nadia Bolz-Webber*)

A Mothers' Day Paraphrase:

If I live in a house of spotless beauty with everything in its place,
but have not love, I am a housekeeper not a homemaker.
If I have time for waxing, polishing, and decorative achievements,
but have not love, my children learn cleanliness not godliness.
If I scream at my children when they don't follow instructions,
get frustrated and fault them for every mess in our house,
and have no grace and love my children learn that Mom cares more about having
things done exactly her way than about listening to the needs and hearts of her
children.
Love leaves the dust in search of a child's laugh.
Love smiles at the tiny fingerprints on a newly cleaned window.
Love wipes away the tears before it wipes up the spilled milk.
Love picks up the child before it picks up the toys.
Love accepts the fact that I am the ever-present "mommy," the taxi-driver to every
childhood event, the counsellor when my children fail or are hurt.
Love crawls with the baby, walks with the toddler, and runs with the child,
then stands aside to let the youth walk into adulthood.
Before I became a mother, I took glory in having it altogether.
Now I glory in knowing that God's in control and His grace is sufficient for each day.

All the projections I had for my house and my children have faded away into insignificance, and what remain are the memories of my kids. Now there abides in my home scratches on most of the furniture, dishes with missing place settings, and bedroom walls full of stickers, posters, and markings, But the greatest of all is the Love that permeates my relationships with my children. *(-adapted from 1 Corinthians 13 by Jim Fowler)*

Hymn: [The King of Love](#) HFTC 44

Readings:

Proverbs 31: 10-31 (page 1033)
Luke: 18: 15-17 (page 1630)

A Reflection for Mothers' Day:

I'm sure that most of you here this morning, remember what it used to be like to drive a car . . . before power steering? before automatic transmission? before air conditioning? before seat belts?

Let's stop there for a moment. Before seat belts, parents could pack eight kids into a family car, ages one week to 18 years, with no restraining thoughts or devices.

Automobile safety is much more regulated than it used to be. Today we have laws requiring children under four years and forty pounds to be buckled into some sort of child car seat. You can't even bring your newborn home from the hospital until they make sure a child car seat is in your car. For slightly older kids there are booster seats. With the mandatory installation of airbags, no kids under the age of 12 are supposed to be allowed in the front seat at all – for fear of the force of the exploding air bag causing them more injury than any crash.

Before all these mechanical safety devices, however, some of us no doubt grew up with a different kind of child-restraint system.

Judith Viorst reminded me of this when she wrote in her book, *Imperfect Control: Our Lifelong Struggles with Power and Surrender*, "This year I received a Mother's Day card that pictured a mother driving a car, her son in the passenger seat and her outstretched arm protectively flung across his chest. I've heard a great deal from my sons about my overprotective tendencies, but I think that this card's message said it best. The message said, 'To Mom, the original seat belt.' "

A mum's protective reach has always been the saving seat belt for her family. But this seat belt takes different forms in different families.

- For some, mum offered the seat belt of continuous presence.
- At the door when they trudged off to school.
- Welcoming them back when they flew in the door.
- Putting every meal on the table.
- Shouting encouragement at every game.

For some, mum offered the seat belt of role model.

- A mom who always worked incredibly hard at her job, her church, her tennis, her family.
- A mom who put everything she had into all the things she did, regardless how important, or how trivial.

For some, mum offered the seat belt of stability.

- New schools,
- new homes,
- new challenges,
- new ideas,
- new lifestyles . . . but always mum. A "no fear" mum raising "no fear" kids.

For some, mum offered a seat belt of gentleness. A spirit of love, forgiveness, tenderness, always accessible, always welcoming. Arms that wrapped around to provide a time-out, decompression space.

Whether your mom was a "rock of Gibraltar"-type, or a "Balm in Gilead"-type, she helped create who you are and how you respond to the world.

I'm sure many of you have heard this poem – I think it may have been used in a song:

M is for the million things she gave me
O means only that she's growing old
T is for the tears she shed to save me
H is for her heart of purest gold
E is for her eyes with love light shining
R is right and right she'll always be
Put them all together and they spell Mother
A word that means the world to me"

There are some wonderful mums here today. Mums in traditional families. Mums in special circumstances. Single mums. Stepmums. Step in moms. You all deserve our honour today. You deserve breakfast in bed. Lunch in bed, if you want. Cards. Flowers.

In my version of this poem, however, *M is for the mixed feelings I have about Mother's Day*. Because no human mum fulfils her role as perfectly as the mum in that poem. None of us can live up to "The Wife of Noble Character" from Proverbs.

Mother's Day is a day when we mothers suspect that your cards tell us not who we really are, but who you, our family, society, and maybe even God wishes we were.

Happy Mother's Day to the mom who keeps the perfect home.

Happy Mother's Day to the mom who sets the perfect table.

Happy Mother's Day to the mom who's raising the perfect kids.

A recent TV survey on *Good Morning, America* asked viewers to list their three top television moms of the last several decades.

The gold medal went to Claire Huxtable of *The Cosby Show*. Silver went to Marian Cunningham from *Happy Days*. The bronze medal went to Marge Simpson of *The Simpsons*.

Claire was always impeccably dressed despite having six children. She kept a spotless home while pursuing a prestigious, full-time career. And laughed at all her husband's jokes.

Marian Cunningham looked good in an apron and was always smiling.

Marge, well, she married Homer, but I guess we can't hold that against her. Marge is patient, you have to give her that.

How can we real life mums live up to all of that? *So, in my version, M is for mixed feelings.*

M is also for the many people Mother's Day leaves out. Mums aren't the only ones trying to fulfil roles that seem to have superhuman requirements. Men. Single dads, doing the work of both parents. Singles. Kids and teens-expected to perform by teachers, parents, coaches. What about a day for all of you?

M is for the many women Mother's Day leaves out: women who are not mothers by chance or choice.

M is for the many people who might like to send their mother something today as a memento of former days. But that something would not be flowers, a card, or a diamond pendant.

M is for the Many People Christ Invites into His Kingdom

As Christians our invitation to enter the household of God's Wisdom to be fed, taught, sheltered and clothed becomes an invitation to enter the embrace of Christ. "Let the little children come to me; do not hinder them. For to such as these belongs the kingdom of God. Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child will never enter it" (Lk. 18:16b, 17).

People were bringing children to Jesus. Such an increasingly popular teacher should not be seen stooping to the level of children. Jesus overrides his disciples' objections and invites children to come to him. How typical of Jesus!

No one more than Luke emphasizes how his whole ministry was addressed to those who, like children, were not valued in his day, because his society scorned smallness, weakness, poverty, helplessness, and vulnerability. Jesus invited those who were filled with shame because they were not fulfilling the roles society expected of them. They did not measure up. They were outcasts in their own minds and, often, those of others. Lepers, the women with the haemorrhage, the woman at the well who had been married several times, the woman caught in adultery.

Jesus overrides all objections (even yours) and issues an invitation to you and me just as surely as to those children hundreds of years ago.

Let those who are not fulfilling everybody's expectations for your role in life, come to me.

You who have regrets about your past relationships, come to me.

You who have serious doubts about whether you can handle what lies ahead of you, come to me.

You who seethe with resentment toward your parents come to me.

You who are lonely on a family day, come to me.

You who are overburdened, doing the work of at least two people, come to me.

You who feel trapped in an unhealthy relationship, come to me.

You who have thoughts no "good mother" would have, come to me.

You who are in the grip of addictions that damage your relationships-from substances to emotions to habits-come to me.

Let those who know they can no longer do this alone, come to me.

The kingdom of heaven begins for you right now in the arms of your Lord Jesus, Messiah, Son of Man, Son of God, didn't ask much--just that we be as open and accepting in our love as was the Divine, the Creator, the Lord God. Okay, maybe for some of us this IS a tall order. All right, maybe for ALL of us this is an IMPOSSIBLE order!

But Jesus made a way. When we participate in Christ's death and resurrection in baptism, when we take communion, we invite Christ to be born into the depth and breadth, the width and height of our soul. This risen Christ-within fills us with Christ-love, fills us with love that is, indeed, as Jesus himself loved us.

Christ-love is the seat belt on our spirit. The gentle binding on our heart and soul that lets us venture into dangerous territory, unknown challenges, and unfriendly circumstances without losing our love. The greatest love we can express is not mother's love or father's love, not romantic love or humanitarian love. The greatest love, which we are called by Christ to be filled to overflowing with, is "disciple love."

· The most successful and adored mothers have raised their children with disciple love.
· The most honoured and revered fathers have extended unbounded disciple love.

· The most venerated and beatified servants of God have embodied disciple love.

On Mother's Day, on any day, remember disciple love, the love that serves, doesn't take a day off. It rejoices every day to have yet another chance to show itself to everyone, you, me and our families, wherever they may be.

Hymn: [Our Father God in Heaven](#)

1. Our Father God in heaven
on whom our world depends,
to you let praise be given
for families and friends;
for parents, sisters, brothers,
a home where love belongs,
but on this day for mothers
we bring our thankful songs.

2. What wealth of God's bestowing
for all the world to share!
What strength of heart outgoing
to children everywhere!
Our deepest joys and sorrows
a mother's path must trace,
and earth's unknown tomorrows
are held in her embrace.

3. How well we know the story
that tells of Jesus' birth,
the Lord of heaven's glory
become a child of earth;
a helpless infant sleeping
yet King of realms above,
who finds in Mary's keeping
the warmth of human love.

4. Our Father God in heaven,
to you we lift our prayer,
that every child be given
such tenderness and care,
where life is all for others,
where love your love displays:
for God's good gift of mothers
let earth unite in praise!

Offering Dedication:

Loving God, we present now what we have brought to you. Things that are both visible and invisible. The coins and paper represent our work and express, in a clear and visible way, our love and thanks. But we also bring as an offering, the fragile dreams and hopes that we have. These invisible gifts are what sustain our lives. Receive all that we have brought in love, O God. Amen,

Community Time:

Prayer for Others:

Lord, I'm praying today for Your comfort in the lives of those who need it most. You know the circumstances we all face, and you understand our hurts and our need for peace and comfort. Thank you for being our Blessed Comforter and our Peace. Touch those who are facing unbelievable challenges right now. Ease the burdens of those whose arms are sagging beneath the weight of heavy loads.

Refresh the weary and encourage the downhearted. Wrap your arms around those whose hearts feel empty with losses but heavy with crosses that seem too difficult to bear. Remind them that you will birth new dreams. Nothing is too difficult for you. You will shower hurting lives with a downpour of your blessings and joy once again.

Breathe new life into discouraged spirits with your Holy Spirit's comfort. Let each person feel Your presence in amazing ways. Assure them you are walking with them through the fires, through the floods, through the sicknesses, and the unspeakable losses in their lives. Help them to know they are not alone as they grieve their losses, both big and small ones.

Thank you for your patience and gentleness with those whose lives feel overwhelmed and on the brink of despair. Help them to be patient with themselves and to cling tightly to your hand daily. May your promises fill their hearts with hope for the future and peace in their spirits.

When we can't find the words to pray, take over, Lord. Intercede for us, and pray through us as we offer our prayer for comfort to others. Help us to be instruments of hope to others, as we share the comfort you have already given to us.

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God. Amen

(2 Corinthians 1:3-4 NIV).

Hymn: [Now Thank We All Our God](#)

HFTC 33

Blessing:

May the Lord who brought us to birth by his Spirit,
strengthen us for the Christian life.

May the Lord who provides for all our needs
sustain us day by day.

May the Lord whose steadfast love is constant as a mother's care,
send us out to live and work for others.

And the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be with you and remain with you always.
Amen.