

Let Us Remember



OUTSIDE, a morning of blue and gold, the sun shining in cloudless azure, and happy breezes ruffling golden curls of children who stand and gaze beside church gates, through which the members of the congregation file somberly clad, their eyes fixed and aloof, with never a glance at the bold hydrangeas that flaunt their beauty in the crystalline air.

Inside, the peace of a dim old church, with its shining brasses extolling virtues of parishioners long gone to their rest, and the rose and lilac of stained glass glowing softly overhead. It is the Day of Remembrance and Intercession, and we are met together to bow the head in memory of that great choir invisible who will ever have an abiding place in the hearts of those who loved them. In the tragic week just passed, when we have lived in suspense and horror well-nigh unendurable, many might be inclined to echo Cleopatra's

*There is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon,*

and fling faith and courage to the winds. The hour had struck, hope was gone, the worst had happened, the game was up. So it had seemed to some of us; but in the quietness of the church, amid stillness of sorrow and heartbreak, another chord was sounded, another story told, in the transparently sincere and moving tribute of the preacher to the fortitude of the injured, and the self-abnegation of those who, having lost all, worked shoulder to shoulder through those

*"Surely the Spring, when God shall please,
Will come again, like a divine surprise,
To those who sit to-day with their great dead,
Hands in their hands, eyes in their eyes,
At one with Love; at one with Grief;
Blind to the scattered things and changing skies."*

days and nights of imminent annihilation.

IN the church all ages and classes were represented; men, women and tiny children. Grave city fathers, from whom much wisdom, judgment, and decision will be expected in days and years to come. Maids and matrons, remotely sad, with here and there a face of tragedy. In the next pew sat a lad of 18 or so, absorbed in the beautiful ritual of the service, with the sensitive, idealistic face of a Young Woodley. Beside me fidgeted a toddler, just past baby stage, blue of eyes and fat of limb, behaving as well as he knew how, and clutching black and hideous doll as something tangible amid the grey sadness that hung like a veil over the worshippers.

Heads were bowed in memory of "Our brothers and sisters who have passed into the Unseen." The noble words floated down the aisles: "Blessed are the dead. . . They rest from their labours," and poor humanity grieved in agonising remembrance of those who have gone from us and will be no more seen of men.

Of immemorial appeal are the simple hymns of the church to hearts that are weary or worn or broken, and it

was infinitely touching to listen to the vast congregation sing:

*Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,*

as they raised their eyes to the crucified Christ in the high altar window, and strove "faintly to trust the larger hope."

In the simplicity and clarity of the vicar's message, once again came humble and thankful realisation of the great qualities of our race as shown in the epic story of the recent earthquake. "Not once or twice in our rough island-story" have we had high cause to be proud of the New Zealand-born. Our men and women wear well, they rise to an occasion, fight a good fight; and proudly we pay homage. Prisoners released from durance responded nobly to the clarion call of duty and danger; men of the Navy fittingly followed their great traditions; doctors, nurses, the rank and file unflinchingly did what they could in face of incredible danger and disaster. There was no shirking; no self-pity; simply a gritting of the teeth, a grim holding on in face of terrible odds.

Then came exhortation from the pulpit for high endeavour in the future

to emulate such selflessness. "Champion the cause of the people before the claims of the individual; cast aside fratricidal party strife and endeavour to achieve national unity; put more into the common stock than you take out of it." A counsel of perfection, it would seem; and difficult, though not impossible, of attainment.

Last of all the benediction, during which the child beside me turned the shallow, lovely gaze of youth upon the kneeling throng, while he furtively and passionately kissed his black mascot, apparently as a propitiation of unknown gods.

Soon we came again into the out-of-doors, glad to be alive in a world we may love or we may hate, but few of us wish to leave. Courage was rising again in us like sap in the trees in spring, and renewed faith and confidence in the future; allied with a wistful, poignant, ultimate hope for those whom our hearts cherished, and will cherish for evermore; whose spirits are now at one with the wind and the rain and the stars in their courses, and whose bodies lie beneath the scarred and sorrowful earth, which yet some day will surely again blossom like the rose.

*In that vast Cathedral leave them;
God accept them, Christ receive them*

—H.V.L.

Eminent Pianist

Visiting New Zealand

THE eminent Danish pianist, Mr. Haagen Holtenbergh, who is at present visiting New Zealand, will give a recital from 2YA on Friday, February 13. It was announced in last week's "Radio Record" that Mr. Holtenbergh would appear at 2YA on Monday, February 16, but owing to the period of his sojourn in New Zealand having been altered, it has been necessary to change the date of his Wellington engagement.

While in New Zealand, Mr. Holtenbergh visited Christchurch and was to give a recital at 3YA on Wednesday evening last, February 11.

Church Committee Meets

DEAN Julius (representing the Anglican Church) presided at a meeting of the 3YA Church Service Committee held on Tuesday, February 3. There were also present: Rev. N. A. Scotter (Methodist), Rev. L. A. North (Baptist), Rev. A. W. Armour (Presbyterian), Miss M. Hall (Children's Sessions Organiser), Mr. J. Mackenzie (Station Manager, 3YA), and Mr. C. S. Booth, (Administration Office). An apology for absence was received from Pastor J. White (Church of Christ).

The Revs. Scotter and North, two new members were welcomed.

The schedule of broadcasts as set out in the rota was discussed and applications for special broadcasts made.



A pathetic angle of the suffering caused by the earthquake—the temporary hospital in the Botanical Gardens. From here two Wellington amateurs transmitted Red Cross and private messages to Wellington and Glasgow.