

2026
DIVINE DECO
JAZZING UP
CHURCH

**With the Cathedral Choir
& Hawke's Brass Quintet**

4pm, Sunday 22 February



**Welcome to Waiapu Cathedral
as we celebrate this Art Deco Festival.**

As we recall the devastation that the 1931 earthquake
brought to our city,
we give thanks for the new life that emerged,
and we delight in the enjoyment
of this festival.

This is an event for which there's no charge.

If you would like to give a donation to support our Cathedral and / or
the Hawke's Brass Quintet ...
that would be great.

There are marked containers for a gift to the Hawke's Brass Quintet
and others for the Cathedral.

There's an EFTPOS machine at that back
for making donations to the Cathedral.

For a tax receipt write your details on the receipt
and place into the slot.

Thank you





Hawke's Brass Quintet Pre-service music

The Veronica Bell is rung to mark the start of the service

We sing *When the Saints go Marching In*

O when the saints go marching in,
O when the saints go marching in,
I want to be in that number
when the saints go marching in.

O when they crown him Lord of all,
O when they crown him Lord of all,
I want to be in that number
when they crown him Lord of all.

O when all knees bow at his name,
O when all knees bow at his name,
I want to be in that number
when all our knees bow at his name.

O when they sing the Saviour's praise,
O when they sing the Saviour's praise,
I want to be in that number
when they sing the Saviour's praise.

O when the saints go marching in,
O when the saints go marching in,
I want to be in that number
when the saints go marching in.

Lyrics: African-American Spiritual with traditional tune

Welcome and Introduction – Alister Hendery, Acting Dean

Choir Song – *Every time I feel the spirit* - B. Chilcott

By Crikey – a poem by Carole A. Stewart

The poet writes ...

Written 2006 on the 75th anniversary of the Napier earthquake. The poem uses the idioms that my father used, that were in common use by people born in the 1916 - 1925 period and which stayed in common usage in the NZ language.

When my father retired, he lived on reclaimed land from seabed raised by the 1931 Napier earthquake.

He had once sailed a yacht over that very same land, with cousins and uncles during holidays, when he came up by steam-train from Shannon, where he was born and lived.

*If you had told me
my father says
stretching his back
weed in hand
that I would garden where once I sailed*

*I'd have said to you
as he wipes his brow
and blows his nose
you're crackers!
But we never thought of earthquakes.*

*It doesn't seem right
and I'll go hopping
and I'll be dammed
and I'll be jiggered
and here I am on this flat dry land.*

*If someone had said
he says to me
that I'd be walking
where once I fished,
I would have told him he was mad.*

To think,
he pauses to run the tap
over his spade
that aircraft now land
on the seabed floor!

Well, back then, by jiminy,
he bends to swipe
at dusty knees
I just wouldn't have believed it.
The earthquake changed everything!

My father points at
the Black-backed Gull
that preys these fields
and scavenges mice, etc:
No fishing here, these days, he says.

We sing – *Mine eyes have seen the glory*

Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord;
he is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword;
his truth is marching on.

Refrain: Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires
of a hundred circling camps,
they have builded him an altar
in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps;
his day is marching on. (*Refrain*)

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men
before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. (*Refrain*)

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me;
as he died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free,
while God is marching on. (*Refrain*).

Lyrics: Julia Ward Howe (1862) Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Address – Alister Hendery, Acting Dean

Choir Song – *Lord if I got my ticket can I ride* – S. Curry

Reflection

Let us take a moment to be still in the presence of God –
to give thanks and to reflect.

We remember the destruction the 1931 earthquake
brought to our city and to the wider region,
and we give thanks for the new life that emerged from its ruins.

May the story of Napier and of Hawkes Bay,
remind us that devastation is not the end,
and that new beauty can rise
from what once seemed impossible.

As we recall what was broken,
may we also remember the hands that rebuilt,
the neighbours who helped,
the strength that slowly grew.

Like the stained-glass fragments gathered after the earthquake,
may the scattered pieces of our own lives
be held, shaped, and lifted to the light –
not discarded but transformed into something new.

And may a quiet hope accompany us:
that brokenness is not final,
that beauty and courage can rise again,
and that life, in unexpected ways,
begins anew.

Hawke's Brass – *Blue Skies*

We sing – *Guide me, O my Great Redeemer*

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

Lyrics: Welsh -William Williams, tr. Peter Williams (1745) Tune: Cym Rhonda – John Hughes

Hawke's Brass – *Wonderful Gershwin Medley*

Remembering the special place our Navy has in the story of the 1931 earthquake, and mindful of all who face danger today:

We sing – *Eternal Father, strong to save.*

Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm restrains the restless wave,
who told the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed bounds to keep:
we cry, O God of majesty,
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
and hushed their raging at your word,
who walked across the surging deep
and in the storm lay calm in sleep:
we cry, O Lord of Galilee,
for those in peril on the sea.

Creator Spirit, by whose breath
were fashioned sea and sky and earth;
who made the stormy chaos cease
and gave us life and light and peace:
we cry, O Spirit strong and free,
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
preserve their lives in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, flood and flame,
protect them by your holy name,
and to your glory let there be
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Jubilate Hymns version of Eternal Father, strong to save William Whiting (1825 - 1878)

**The Veronica Bell is rung
to mark the end of the 2026 Art Deco Festival.**

Final prayer and blessing

May the spirit of these days –
their colour, their creativity, their joy –
linger with you as you go.
May the stories of this place,
its resilience and its beauty,
remind you that light can rise from brokenness
and hope can be rebuilt, piece by piece.

May friendships formed,
laughter shared,
and the memories created
enrich your days ahead.

And may you go from here
with gratitude in your heart,
with kindness in your steps,
and with the knowledge
that new life is always possible.

Go now with the blessing of God almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

**As the service ends, we leave accompanied by
Hawke's Brass – *Down by the Riverside***



***OPPORTUNITIES FOR PRAYER AND WORSHIP,
HERE AT THE CATHEDRAL***

Tuesday to Friday:

9am, Morning Prayer in the Resurrection Chapel

Tuesday: 10.30am, Eucharist, followed by morning tea.

Wednesday, during Lent:

12.15pm, a simple, reflective Eucharist.

Friday, during Lent:

12.15pm, Stations of the Cross.

Every Sunday:

8am, Said Eucharist & 10am, Choral Eucharist –
both followed by morning tea.

CONTACT INFORMATION

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