



A queer-affirming celebration
from renewal comes pride

Saturday 11 April 5pm



Waikato Cathedral Church of St Peter

Te whare karakia matua o Pita Tapu ki Waikato

stpeter.org.nz

Song - There is room in God's great welcome

There is room in God's great welcome; See! The doors are open wide!
Here on earth as in God's heaven, hear the call to come inside!
There is so much room for difference - men and women, gay and straight.
In God's love, the rooms are countless, but there is no room for hate.

There is room in our good nation if we stand on justice-ground.
God has made a good creation; colours, cultures all abound.
Welcome, sister! Welcome, brother! All those yearning to breathe free!
There is room for one another but no room for bigotry.

There is room for understanding, for the outcast and the poor;
For the Christian, Jew and Muslim — there is room for these and more.
For the people on the fringes, for the ones with long career,
There is room for building bridges, but there is no room for fear.

There is room in faithful churches for the wounded and oppressed:
Women who've been told they're worthless, refugees who feel distressed,
Immigrants who fear the future, people scorned and pushed and shoved.
God, may we seek what you treasure: may we all make room for love.

(8.7.8.7 D – Hyfrydol tbc)

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Welcome and prayer

There is no longer Jew or Greek; there is no longer slave or free; there is no longer male and female, *[there is no longer queer and trans and intersex and straight,]* for all of you are one in Christ Jesus.

Paul's letter to the Galatians 3:28

Loving God, we gather in Your presence,
celebrating the diversity of Your creation
and the fullness of our identities.

You have formed us in Your image:
beautiful, unique, and beloved.

Let this time of worship be a sanctuary of affirmation and love,
where all are welcomed as they are,
and all are celebrated for who they are.

Amen.

Soft, for Music Dies

composed by David Hamilton (2023/2026) text: M.V. Lively

Sung by Sarah Court and Koli Jayatunge

This poem mourns the loss of someone whose music once filled a room with beauty and grace. Now that the music has fallen silent, the living are left with grief, memory, and a sense of responsibility for what has been lost. Even so, the love and harmony this person created continue to echo through memories, offering hope and renewal each day.

Soft, for music dies within this room.
Where once the bridge that Heaven sings
to man, returning him to grace
is empty space.
Soft, for music silenced never can return
and we the living, must
its passing mourn,
sighing in the gloom.

Soft, still within the silence, lies the love
he crafted here upon an earthly stave;
The song, moon slivered nights
and sunscaped days.
Soft, threading memory stakes the muted claim
which we the living,
tearful bear,
the blame denial of our grave.

Soft, dying music's timbre strikes the note
discordant; Chaos brings the age of truth.
To him returns all harmony
and places, times innocence.
Soft, here the living ache,
seek the dawn of melodies.
Each day his love reborn
sustains undying hopes.

*M.V. Lively from the anthology "How Can You Write a Poem
When You're Dying of AIDS", edited by John Harold*

An alternative Lord's Prayer

Jim Cotter, A New Zealand Prayer Book

Let us pray together that we too may be a source of love and harmony
offering hope and renewal to those we meet each day:

**Eternal Spirit,
Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and that shall be,
Father and Mother of us all,
Loving God, in whom is heaven:**

**The hallowing of your name echo through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the peoples
of the world!
Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!
Your commonwealth of peace and freedom
sustain our hope and come on earth.**

**With the bread we need for today, feed us.
In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.**

**For you reign in the glory of the power that is love,
now and for ever. Amen.**

Song - Ubi Caritas – Latin

**Ubi caritas et amor,
Ubi caritas Deus ibi est.**

*Where there is charity and love,
Where there is charity, there is God.*

Reading – I Corinthians 13 – The Gift of Love

If I speak in the tongues of humans and of angels but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions and if I hand over my body so that I may boast but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable; it keeps no record of wrongs; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part, but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see only a reflection, as in a mirror, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love remain, these three, and the greatest of these is love.

Reflection – The Dean

Endless Life (2026)

*composed by David Hamilton (2026) for tonight, text: Bryan Smith
Sung by Sarah Court and Koli Jayatunge*

One of the earliest collections of poetry centred on the AIDS epidemic was “How Can You write a Poem When You’re Dying of AIDS?” (edited by John Harold), published in the early 1990s. The poetry ranges from the sad and nostalgic, to the positive and life-affirming.

This poem imagines life as a bird in constant, boundless flight - moving over the wonders of the natural world, guided by moonlight. It celebrates Earth’s beauty: seas, mountains, rivers, forests, and peaceful green pastures that seem like a paradise, seen only by a fortunate few.

The poem ends with an uplifting message: when life feels dark or difficult, look to nature’s freedom and beauty. Like the bird, rise above hardship and seek those places where hope and wonder still exist.

This duet was written for Sarah Court and Kolitha Jayatunge.

Life's like a bird in endless flight
And through the universe it flies
Onto a hand past darkened skies
Rotating slowly day and night
And guided by a pale moonlight.

Where seas shall separate the land
Where mountains form from grains of sand
And trees and flowers and pastures green
where chosen children few have seen.

With rivers deep and mountains high
A paradise for you and I
For every time my heart shall beat
So does the earth beneath my feet.

More valuable than gifts of gold
A gift of life for we behold
So when you see a bird in flight
When life seems cruel and seldom bright
Reach to the skies and then fly too
Pass mountains high to seas of blue
To trees and flowers and pastures green
Where chosen children few have been.

Bryan Smith from the anthology "How Can You Write a Poem When You're Dying of AIDS", edited by John Harold

Prayers of the People

We pray for the people of Palestine and Ukraine, and those who stand in solidarity with them, that there may be justice and an end to oppression and violence.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

We pray that Te Tiriti o Waitangi may be upheld by those in power and people throughout Aotearoa, and that we may work towards true partnership and co-governance.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

We pray that the humanity of LGBTQ+ people will be honoured and celebrated as an example of faith and love.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

We give thanks for community, whānau, and those who help us to grow and flourish in the fullness of our belovedness. May we provide them with the same care and support that they give.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

We pray for those who are lonely, lamenting, and those for whom grief is a familiar companion. May we create spaces of love and gentleness for each other.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

We pray for those who have gone before us, our ancestors, and those who have died recently. I invite you to hold their memory in your hearts.

E te Ariki: **whakarongo mai ra ki a matou.**

Closing Prayer - *A Blessing for you* by Jody Kilpatrick

This is a blessing for all
who find themselves
on the path
to fuller understanding and embrace
of human wholeness
and God's wilful love.

The path
you were warned off
wary of
cold-sweat-concerned about.
But couldn't ignore or avoid.
The unmarked track begun in lonely trepidation.

Oh, may it open-up as you go!
Oh, may it widen and brighten!

May it carry you to a lush living place
of flowering flax and birdsong,
and breath-taking beach
stretching on and on:
an ecosystem of hopefulness.

May you find friends and angels on the way.

And whether you are tentatively beginning
tenaciously scrambling
or stretching into the sunshine,
may you know, and know deeply
how necessary
the path is.

So, a blessing on you as you go on
with your heart soundly beating
in time to the call
of God's wild ---Spirit.

Blessing

Mā te mārie a te Atua
e kore nei e taea te whakaaro
e tiaki ō koutou ngākau ō koutou hinengaro i roto i a Karaiti Ihū;
ā kia mau kia ū hoki ki a koutou te manaaki a te Atua Kaha Rawa,
a te Matua, a te Tama, a te Wairua Tapu
āianeī, ā, ake tonu atu. Āmine.

*May the peace of God
which it is beyond imagining
care for your hearts your minds in Christ Jesus;
let it be cherishment, firmness to you, the protection of God very powerful
of the Parent, of the Son, of the Holy Spirit
now, and for ever. Amen.*

Hymn: Thou, whose almighty Word (Moscow)

We remain standing to sing our final hymn:

Thou, whose almighty word chaos and darkness heard,
and took their flight;
hear us, we humbly pray, and where the gospel-day
sheds not its glorious ray,
let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring on thy redeeming wing
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind, sight to the inly blind,
O now to humankind
let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love, life-giving, holy Dove,
speed forth thy flight;
move on the water's face, bearing the lamp of grace,
and in earth's darkest place
let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three, glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
boundless as ocean's tide rolling in fullest pride,
through the earth far and wide
let there be light!

Dismissal

Go in love. Go in peace.

Amen. We go in the name of Christ.

Glory be to God

Thank you for joining us for this Pride Service.

***Please stay and join us for some refreshments
and carry on the conversation...***

