

Pam loves worshipping in the light of our beautiful window and the face of Jesus. It reminds her of the window in her childhood chapel at Rawnley Green: a picture of Jesus with two children. As a girl, Pam would imagine herself as one of them, a memory that continues to inspire her faith and sense of belonging.

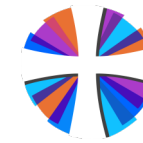
Pam envisions us as a “church without walls,” where acts of service extend beyond the building itself. She has found her own calling as a hospital chaplain volunteer, a role she never anticipated, but one that has become very rewarding. “Never in my wildest dreams did I think this would be where God would lead me,” she reflects. Step by step, and with a quiet determination, Pam overcame initial self-doubts, with the prayer, “OK Lord, if it is meant to be, I will try.” Today, she’s relishes her chaplaincy and pastoral work, particularly the time she spends with older adults.

Among the highlights of Pam’s English heritage is an unforgettable day at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, where she accompanied her sister as a guest—complete with a spectacular hat and a limousine borrowed from a funeral home! The amazing experience was made even more memorable thanks to a flat tyre on the way home seeing them on the side of the motorway undeterred and laughing in their elegant regalia

Pam’s daily life is a testament to faith, kindness, and the quiet joys found in service, reminding us that our church community is a family where everyone belongs. Preferring to make a difference behind the scenes rather than in the spotlight, Pam’s prayer for our family is to be open and accepting to all, regardless of their background or experiences.



Attending the Royal Garden Party



NELSON TASMAN
METHODIST PARISH

NOVEMBER 2025

The Interfaith musical event I attended in Nelson Saturday 18 October brought back to me to a quiet chat I had with the late **Brian Kendrick**. Brian was one of those salt-of-the-earth types from the St John City Parish and also a member of Nelson Tasman Interfaith Council, and he’d been instrumental in getting the gig set up at our place.

This was in the early days, mind you, right after the St John City folk started having their Sunday service with us at the Stoke church—part of what felt like a very Kiwi, **No.8 wire amalgamation** effort. Brian had done great work, bringing ministries that are still running today, but when he approached me about the interfaith gathering, he did it with the gentleness of someone asking if they could borrow your ute for a fortnight.

He was cautious, bless him. He knew that even though the St John Parish was about as open-minded as you could get on a Saturday, a few old-schoolers might still raise an eyebrow about having an interfaith meeting in the actual church. I didn’t mind at all—no drama, no worries—but Brian felt that it could be more orderly if I, the presbyter, wasn’t the centre of attention. Fair enough. We didn’t need a classic church **fuss** over nothing, so I happily agreed to watch from the cheap seats.

Having those experiences, seeing the community come together—it was a privilege. Honestly, I couldn’t imagine it happening back in my old Korean church context, which speaks volumes about the **mana** of our New Zealand community.

But the real heroes of the day? The choir. They turned up, professional as, and sang two absolute stunners about **compassion and justice**. Whoever picked those hymns (and I swear, I had zero influence, that’s just how good they are) deserves a flat white on me. We didn’t need a fiery sermon; the singing showed everyone we’re all just a bunch of humans, regardless of what patch of grass or faith tradition we belong to. We simply shared the love through music.

If you’re keen to know what they sang, you can certainly ask the choir—but be warned. They’re a sharp bunch, and before you can say “sweet as,” you might find yourself roped into the next practice session. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.

Martin

Rev. Martin Sungchel OH



NELSON TASMAN METHODIST PARISH

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On Saturday 1st November afternoon 34 women from Stoke churches gathered for their annual social. After devotions and a mixing game we were inspired by Sarah Clover and Angela Galbraith as they shared their work as volunteer rest home chaplains. Isabel Jones then updated us on the work of Save the Children Fund's for which over \$260 was donated by those present.

Barbara Watson

WOMEN IN STOKE CHURCHES



NELSON HOSPITAL CHAPLAINCY FUNDRAISING STALL
TUESDAY 25 NOV — THURSDAY 27 NOV



The Hospital Chaplaincy mission is to provide hospitals with Christian chaplains who offer quality holistic spiritual and pastoral care for all.

The chaplaincy team is running a fundraising stall at Nelson Hospital for three days this month. This will be on held outside the café on Level 2. Please come along and support Pam and the team. The stall will be different this year as it includes a large lucky dip of Christmas presents which are quality, mostly new, donated, goods.

Please see Pam for further details about the fundraiser or the work of the chaplaincy and read more in the article below by Stephen Gully



[Stephen Gully on the life of a hospital chaplain | Nelson Anglicans Kōrero](#)

PARISH COUNCIL MEETING SUMMARY 15 OCTOBER 2025

- ▶ Reported that fire evacuation practice went well, people waited for their walkers, help needed over door frame at the external door, assembly point notice needs to be bigger and more forward.
- ▶ \$10,000 application by Victory Centre to Green Gables Trust approved by meeting
- ▶ Tea Pot Valley Christmas lunch confirmed for **7th December**
- ▶ Morning tea for musicians and choristers to be held after Christmas Music Service on **14th December**



PUZZLING ANSWERS

- 1) The pomegranate is in our chapel window!
- 2) Dingbat = incarnation!

Dianthus
IN
Caryophyllus

GETTING TO KNOW US | PAM PETTS |

After nearly a decade since she and her beloved husband of 54yrs , John, made NZ their home, Pam still has that unmistakable Midlands' twang. After a brief stint in Auckland - which never quite suited a country girl - she visited her daughter and precious granddaughter, who had settled in Nelson and felt "I could really live here." Three years of paperwork later, they made the big move south and found the same warm Methodist welcome she relished at home.

Living by the motto, "I am who God made me," Pam grew up in a small English village with no public transport. She attended both Anglican and Methodist Sunday Schools, drawn especially to the latter for its cherished Bible stories book awarded for faithful attendance. Her dedication led her to take on a role in Sunday School, finding joy and learning in the experience. She's always felt a kinship with those who are a vulnerable, believing her own journey helps her connect and empathise with others.



Pam & John wedding day 1951. The happy couple met on a blind date .