

put upon, and usually he found the chance" (*Elmer Gantry*, Signet Classic Edition, 311).

An interesting feature of Sorensen's survey is how often the focus of attention, in terms of the one fulfilling ministry, is deflected from the minister to the minister's wife, or in some cases the daughter. These are women who often seem to be more engaged in genuine pastoral care and service than the ordained person. Currently, it seems, at least in the sample Sorensen surveys, ordained women do not much feature in fiction. *The Vicar of Dibley* is given some attention, but that is about all (interestingly, amongst the detectives, several women in orders are mentioned).

Sorensen writes well: clearly and crisply. Her analysis of the literature, and film, is for the most

part even-handed; and she is not blind to a work's weaknesses even while appreciating the portrayal of ministry offered. Her observations, both theological and literary, provide material to ponder. There is a bibliography of the works discussed or cited, and two indices (one on the subjects, persons, and works discussed, and the other of the scriptures referred to). Perhaps someone might read this book and be inspired to produce a survey of clergy in New Zealand fiction and film?

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ST IMULUS

Our son Henry turned one last month. Daphne and I have so enjoyed each new step in his development. You know the routine: rolling over, sitting up, holding himself up, a tooth or two, rocking, crawling... It's been amazing. I've never been all that interested in other people's babies, but Henry, well, he's something else. We're pretty sure he's gifted.

Which is why, of course, Daph has been spending most evenings this last week scouring school ERO reviews on line. The best advice we got, after Henry was born, was from a friend of Daph's family, Hugh, an ex-Headmaster of Kings. "If I may," he purred, "let me give you two pieces of advice. Get him baptised in a good church, and get him enrolled in a good secondary school."

We got round to the first of these fairly swiftly. As far as we were concerned, St Imulus's was a pretty good church. Sure, we've had our moments, our disenchantments, but it's where we go, it's where we're known, and it's where Henry's known and loved. We didn't see too much reason to delay the baptism, especially after hearing from our antenatal group leader that babies have a no-gagging

reflex under water till they're about six or nine months. Vicar Bob said it wouldn't matter, since he only sprinkles them, but we couldn't see a Biblical precedent for sprinkling when we looked further into it, so we informed Bob that we'd go for the full immersion thank you very much. Bob had to build up the sides of the font so that it would fit enough water in.

But last weekend Daph reminded me that we've been fairly remiss about the second half of the Headmaster's advice. We've been so focused on play groups and Plunket visits that we've not yet got round to the important task of selecting a secondary school. "Remind me to read the King's ERO report when you get home tonight," Daph said at breakfast on Monday. "We need to get Henry enrolled somewhere soon."

"Righto," I said.

But when I got home, Henry was already in bed and Daph was already online.

"Did you know that King's College's special character provides a value base that is reflected in positive relationships amongst students and staff, service to others, and acceptance of individual

responsibility?” she asked as I came through the door into the study. I hadn’t known that.

The next night she was looking at the St Kent’s website.

“St Kent’s offers a world of opportunity for boys and girls aged three to eighteen, Woz,” she started. “The introduction of girls to the College campus in 2003 marked the start of a new era for Saint Kentigern and a new educational model.”

“Sounds quite a lot like the educational model we stumbled across at Te Kauwhata College back in the 80s,” I said.

By Wednesday she was looking at Christchurch schools.

“You never know when one of us might get a transfer, Woz,” Daph was saying. “It wouldn’t be silly to enrol him at one or two schools down there just in case. What with the earthquake rebuild and all.”

“So what have you found?” I asked.

“St Andrew’s looks all right. Their 1:1 ratio of computers to students creates exciting opportunities for learning in a digital environment.”

“Oh, yeah.” “And Christ’s College is one of New Zealand’s most progressive schools.”

At close of play on Thursday we weren’t any closer to mailing off any enrolments. Daphne had developed a low-level addiction to school websites and ERO reports, and regaled me every spare moment of the evening with tidbits from St Kevin’s, Rathkeale, St Paul’s and John McGlashan. “It wouldn’t hurt to send off enrolments there too, just in case, you know? You never know when you might get posted to Oamaru or Masterton or Hamilton or, I dunno, Opotiki...”

“What if we did move to Opotiki, Daph, what then? Would we send him to Opotiki Boys Grammar or would we send him somewhere else?”

“I’ve never heard of Opotiki Boys Grammar,” she said.

“Look it up.”

It was the last I heard from her on the matter until Friday.

“I kind of get the feeling that you’re leaving it all up to me, Warren,” Daph began when I got home after work. “This is our son’s education at stake here, and you don’t seem to care. And by the way, Opotiki Boys Grammar doesn’t even have a website, so it can’t be that good.”

Daph was right of course. I was leaving it all to her. I thought about justifying my stance with reference to that bit from Matthew about the flowers in the field and the sparrows in the air not sowing and not reaping and yet the Father knowing them all, but I decided against it and tried a different tack.

“It’s not that I don’t care, Daph. Believe me, I do. When I look at Henry, dragging himself up onto the sofa and looking like he might even walk one day, I can’t bear the thought of a couple of thugs knocking him back over again, you know, hitting him up for his lunch money in the canteen queue each lunchtime. Posting his most shameful moments on Facebook or whatever great new digital bullying app kids are into by then. But when I look at you, when I look at me, when I look at the people we love and respect, it constantly surprises me how many of them went to Te Kauwhata College. And they came out okay.”

“I went to Huntly, not Te Kauwhata.”

“I know, I know, it was a manner of speaking, Daph. You went to Huntly, Bob went to Mahurangi. For me it was Te Kauwhata.”

“So you’re saying state schools over church schools? Every school I’ve looked at has been a church school, except for Opotiki Grammar.”

“Opotiki Grammar doesn’t exist, Daph. I made it up. But no, I’m not saying state over church. I’m not saying local at all costs. There *are* bad schools. What I’m saying is, how about we put to one side Hugh’s advice for a year or two – maybe even for ten or twelve years – and feel our way into the decision as time passes. And in the meantime, how about we make damn sure that Henry gets an education in the gospel. That’s the curriculum we committed to when we got him baptised.”

Daph seemed to accept that. On Sunday she took a wad of school prospectuses down to St Imulus for use as scrap paper at the creche. She also asked Bob about whether the Sunday School had a special character.