

Glanton (Jim) Monaghan

20 March 1934 – 19 January 2018

Glanton (Jim) Monaghan has been associated with St Francis Friary/Retreat Centre from shortly after the time he and his family arrived in New Zealand in 1976. Glanton and Fr Aidan O'Meara ofm led many Movement for a Better World retreats in various parishes throughout New Zealand in the late 1970s; these retreats had lasting effects on many people. Glanton continued his association with retreat leading at the Retreat Centre, and in the late 1990s began offering 30 Day Directed Retreats and 30 day in daily life retreats, along with a considerable ministry of Spiritual Direction up until retiring from this work in 2012. Glanton was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Vatican II — he lived the message of documents such as *Gaudium et Spes*, *Evangelii Nuntiandi*, and *Populorum Progressio*. Social Justice, ecumenism, openness to all, were features that characterised his life and contribution to the Retreat Centre.

Br Philip Jeffares ofm



Left to right: Fr Albert, Br Peter, Fr Lucian, Glanton circa 2002

I was one of the lucky ones who received Spiritual Direction and training in Direction from Jim. For Jim, with his lovely Scottish accent, cheeky grin and infectious laughter introduced us to the God he loved with all his heart, mind, body and soul. It was while he was doing the Ignatian Spiritual Exercises in Australia that he was given the name by God, 'Planter of Trees'. Jim by his life and dedication planted many trees for God, he not only planted them, he tendered them with love and devotion, willing us all to be lovers of the Great Lover he had discovered.



He had this print on his wall in the Direction room. It portrays a conversation between Jesus and the thief on the cross. He often referred to it, pointing to it and saying that's me up there talking to the Lord, now Jim you are face to face with the One you love. Alleluia.

Thank you Jim.

Betty Drew-Diprose

On Monday the 22nd of January surrounded by family and friends we farewelled a wonderful friend and spiritual guide Glanton (Jim) Monaghan. The Service, sensitively conducted by Fr Anthony Malone ofm., was a beautiful tribute to Glanton, a wonderful human being. Here are a copy of the Eulogies spoken at the funeral:

Glanton's Eulogy given by his friend Patrick Doherty

Shona Greeting

Kanjani, shamwari Glanton. "Greetings Friend Glanton"

Mangwanani, mararasei? "Good morning, how are you going?"

Glanton, your whole life has been that of a mystic, searching for an understanding of God's call and how you could live out the "Kingdom of God."

We all came from Rhodesia. The 1960s and 1970s challenged us with very stark circumstances which emerged from:

- how we struggled to implement Vatican 11's 1965 call to a church in a racially divided country.
- how we could stand up to the white racist Rhodesian Front Government who declared Unilateral Declaration of Independence from UK in 1965.

In Glanton's lived out choices, we can see the beginning of his lifelong response to Jesus' call to live out the "Kingdom of God".

- Glanton and Rosella, you made a choice to send your children to St Martins a mixed race school in Harare.

- Glanton worked as architect for the African Education Dept. on school buildings for black students throughout the country.
- In opposition to the racial government, he collected evidence of racial injustice and violence in the country areas and presented them to the Justice and Peace Commission in Salisbury.
- Glanton worked on the Salisbury Diocesan Pastoral Council to move the church to integrate Vatican II and heal a racially divided country. I first met Glanton at the Pastoral Council and was impressed by his single minded response to Jesus call to preach the “Kingdom of God”.
- In his desire to explore a new way of living, he invited us to be part of a community movement; a group of couples, priests and singles; met regularly and dialogued on Jesus’ message, on current issues and on the situation of escalating racial estrangement.

The way we related in the Community Group fitted so well with a whole new church approach called the Movement for a Better Word (MBW). Glanton and many of us in the group trained in this “Movement for a Better World” which aimed to create non-racial community groups in parishes; similar to the group of which we were part. In this way Glanton proved both visionary and prophetic.

Glanton and I ran MBW retreats in many parishes in Rhodesia. The brutal civil war, by this time, was escalating in violence and barbarity and I remember Glanton saying to me that he believed that MBW could possibly provide the necessary healing experience for the racial bitterness and division in the country.

But Glanton’s call up to fight for the white Government, in the Rhodesian army splintered these hopes and rather than joining up and killing in the bitter, violent war, Glanton, Rosella and family fled, like Mary, Joseph and Jesus fleeing Herod’s soldiers. Glanton believed he had a call to go and preach MBW and after months of wandering around South Africa in a caravan, he believed that God led them to New Zealand and to Marcellin Hall. And was it coincidental or all part of Gods call, that there, at Marcellin Hall he made contact with the only priest in NZ trained in MBW, Fr Aiden O’Meara ofm. They connected and together ran MBW retreats throughout Auckland and NZ and set up MBW groups in many parishes. Jesus was certainly part of MBW’s expansion in NZ.

Glanton was keen to live in and model an MBW type community, so when we came to NZ, Glanton and Rosella invited us to live with them in community sharing their home,

expenses and prayer; we lived together the two families, all ten of us, for a year, in Homes Lane, Onehunga.

Glanton's MBW retreats in many parishes, led to more and more spiritual direction work and running retreats in the Franciscan Friary, but he realised he needed more training in this work and so he completed a month long Ignatian Spirituality retreat and a spirituality training course in Australia. He was very drawn to the Ignatian Spirituality /Jesuit approach and he provided Ignatian spirituality and guidance to many hundreds of people in NZ.

As a spiritual director, he helped to train Deacons in Hamilton and provided a wonderful spiritual input from his many years of following Jesus call. Glanton read widely and was constantly following Church developments in NZ and internationally.

Glanton crafted many terracotta plaques — of logging in Waitakeres, of Rosellas home in Italy, of many different characters and one of Harare Main Street, the Zimbabwe ruins and an African village, which he presented to us.

Glanton, your life has been a saintly response to Jesus' call to create goodness, and sharing amongst the people of God. AND It has been made possible by the dedicated and compassionate love of Rosella who has provided an extraordinarily faithful and committed companionship throughout your lives. We have so often, witnessed your commitment Rosella, your tenderness and extraordinary care for Glanton which you displayed in the time we lived together, in our many group sharings and in those years of his struggling with Alzheimers at a dementia unit in Cornwall Park.

Eulogy by James, Glanton and Rosella's son

Dad would introduce himself as Jim or Glanton. He was proud of using the name Glanton to honor his mother's maiden name and Scottish heritage. We knew him as dad.

In 1934 Charles and Aileen had been living in London for 5 years. They suddenly rushed back to Glasgow so that our Dad would be born in Scotland and not England. He went to a Presbyterian school and one year he got a prize for religious studies. Possibly, a sign of things to come.

One often has difficulty imagining your father as a child, here are two stories he has told the grand kids; as a child using an old sign or cardboard, he used to slide down the snow covered hills and to add an extra level of difficulty would time the slide to make it through the horses' legs; when going to school his friends would hide their fishing rods in

the bush near school and then skip school to go fishing. This trait has rubbed off on his kids, we have all enjoyed the skills that he taught us fishing. I also remember skipping class, unfortunately, double period of Religious Education; I would pick up some fish and chips and shoot home to Onehunga for lunch with Dad, he loved the surprise and the hot lunch.

As a 14 year old, Dad trained as a Magician, He was described as the youngest mystifier in Aberdeen? Through hard work and a dedication to people he was able to transform himself from a mystifier to mystic.

From a young age he was interested in Egyptology and was approached by the director of a Museum for further study his parents did not let him go because it was too far. Shortly after the family migrated to Africa.

Dad loved the bush, in his Landrover with friends he would go bush. He had a great sense of adventure. His campfire stories were of him and his friends, on one occasion fleeing their camp as someone had disturbed an elephant after mistaking it for a toilet, of crashing in the Landrover and thinking their driver was badly injured as he was covered in blood only to find that an impala had crashed through the window. He told me that he loved reading Wilbur Smith as the bush settings described were a close match to what he had experienced.

He continued his adventurous spirit with the family, he combined his creative DIY talent with camping. With our 4 wheel drive Landrover, he installed bunks, card table and attached a caravan. What a caring Dad setting us kids up with all the comforts so we could all sleep or play cards as we travelled. Trout fishing in Inyanga, Lake Kyle; I recall Dad coming back from the toilet, saying he had just tripped over a baby hippo and was glad mother hippo was absent, Most memorable was camping at Byra beach in Mozambique. We arrived at Byra in the dark, so us kids experienced the sound of crashing waves for the first time. At the time I did not realize that Dad had virus pneumonia and could not talk, we had fun times in the sea, from Dad throwing Aliien into the waves, she gained confidence and learnt to swim, she had previously been told by a tutor she could not be taught. My most vivid memory is of Dad standing on Byra beach wearing his red swimming trunks.

Dad was a practical and creative person. He reconditioned engines, and I remember helping him lifting gibboard and plastering to redecorate our house in Onehunga, but it was always done on a tight budget. I recall the time when we placed a

sheet of plywood on the antique oak kitchen table, we cut the sheet with the skill saw which we didn't line up properly and we ended up cutting the table top and the table top extension. We fixed it quickly with glue and a couple of nails before mum came home.

Our final trip was in 1975 from Salisbury to South Africa. Dad had made the decision to leave Zimbabwe, Patrick has mentioned the racial and political tensions that were escalating in Zim. We arrived at Nahoon beach East London South Africa, we were living in the caravan park. During our 9 month there we not able stay on the same site so we regular shifted around the camp ground. I remember those times by the monkeys that regularly stole our fruit out of the caravan, us kids went to Clifton Park High School where we learnt Afrikaans. Dad got a job as an architect which he went to on a bus. I remember Dad was pained to have to travel on a white only bus. I as an eight year old and youngest was becoming aware of some of the truths of the world.

We arrived in New Zealand August 1976, Patrick has mentioned Dad's call up and refusal to fight for the white government. This was not known to us kids, we were all simply immigrants or refugees to a new country.

Life in New Zealand became settled. Dad pursued his spiritual beliefs and his passion for the arts, mainly sculpture and pottery. He was before his time as a house husband, witnessing us growing up and flourish. It was not uncommon for deep and meaningful conversations to occur in the Monaghan household, of which some of us, if you timed it right could escape from. He has greatly enjoyed the arrival of all the grandchildren over the years.

Through all this I have not mentioned my Mother. She has been there through lean and difficult times. She has enabled Dad's chosen path in life. She has continued to support him with dedication that I truly admire by visiting and being right next to him till the end. Thanks Mum.

Dad through his spiritual work and counselling guided many people. I have fielded many visitors and phone calls to my mother's house in the last few days. Thank you to all of you for being part of his life.

If you know my father you would know that he would not want to leave today without a message. I have been reading the letters, poems and thank you notes that he has received over the last 10 years. I also see this message in the things he has created around the house and in his sheds.

This is his message today:

'Live a life that matters, live a life that you love rather than living a life that is expected of you.'

Love Dad

