

Jannali Uniting Church

September-October

2020

To show that Jesus' love for every person invites and commits us to build a loving community of worship and service, compassion and acceptance.

Holy Communion served on the third Sunday of each month, all welcome

This period begins with Pentecost 11 on 16th August

concluding with Pentecost 24 on 15th November

MINISTER OF THE WORD

Rev Young-Dae Lee 0410464311
Manse 0410464311
Email jucminister@bigpond.com

CHURCH OFFICERS

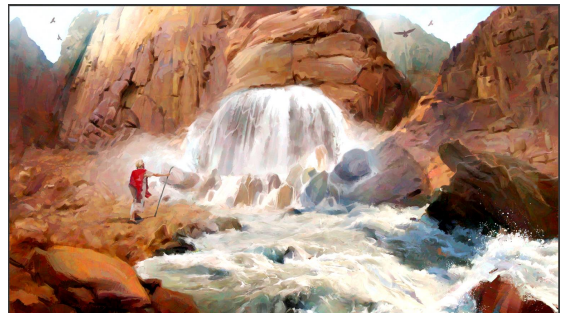
Chairperson	Barbara Moore	0412445402
Secretary	Julie Blair	9528 4365
Treasurer	Kevin Fyfe	0401777553
Prayer Chain	Shirley Hamill	0415202523
Joshua's Kitchen		9528 3379

MAYFLOWER KINDERGARTEN

Third Avenue, Jannali 9528 7763
Director Karen Ezzy

CHURCH OFFICE

527 Box Road, Jannali 9528 3379
9:30-11:30 Tuesdays & Thursdays
PO Box 104 Jannali NSW 2226
Website www.jannali.unitingchurch.org.au
Email jannaliuniting@bigpond.com.au



For videos of church services Follow Jannali Uniting Church on YOUTUBE

OR

“Like”- Jannali Uniting Church on Facebook



Birthday Cake Sunday

Happy Birthday to you.

Happy Birthday to you.

Happy Birthday dear September -October

Birthdays Happy Birthday to you.

May your special day be filled with God's rich blessings.

With love from all your friends and church family at Jannali Uniting.

Special Happy 18th Birthday wishes Joshua Lee.

Treasurer says THANK YOU in September-October- Kevin Fyfe

The people at Jannali Uniting are so caring and aware of the changed situation for our church in this new normal of no face to face church activities.

Our Minister, Rev Young-Dae Lee is still working from home using creative ways to reach people through video and through the phone or email. He is still available for pastoral care and is visiting those who are available or meeting for a catch up coffee. Our office assistant, Amanda, is still working mostly from home and doing a great job with the hall hire arrangements. She is also posting out "With Love To The world". **This month Young Dae is posting out copies of his Message for those who would like them, especially if access to the online service is difficult. Contact Ruth, Young-Dae or Amanda if you would like to be added to the list.**

The bills, just like at home, continue on. We also pay our Minister and support the wider work of the Church. Jannali is still responding.

Thank you to all those who have continued with their planned giving one way or another. We continue to monitor costs and all non essential spending has been put on hold. We have also taken up all the government incentives that we are eligible to receive.

For those who are wondering how to continue their regular giving please contact Kevin or Paul through the Church Office 02 95283379 jannaliuniting@bigpond.com or use the information below.

1. POST cheques and money orders addressed to:
Jannali Uniting Church PO BOX 104 Jannali, NSW, 2226
2. Cash can also be received, contact **Kevin Fyfe** 0401 777 553 to make arrangements.
3. DIRECT GIVING -As a temporary measure you might like to deposit your giving by direct credit to:Jannali UC Giving Direct, BSB 634634, Account 1000 25899 - use your envelope number as a reference or 'Cash' if you don't use envelopes

Marjorie Conley

On Saturday, 24th Sept. 1949, the TSS Empire Brent docked at Woolloomooloo Wharfs at approximately 6.30am. We had arrived and with much excitement went on deck to see what our future home looked like.

We had left our home in South Lancashire on a pleasant autumn afternoon - 16th August - and caught the train from Manchester to Glasgow and embarked on the 17th to Australia via the Suez Canal, Aden, Fremantle and Sydney. At Port Said and Aden, we were not allowed to leave the ship because of an outbreak of cholera in both ports, so we did not get our land-legs until 20th September at Fremantle. I must comment here that I was sea-sick every day.

On the last morning of our long long journey we were able to see the little town of Cronulla where we would eventually live.

The early morning was grey and dismal and by the time we arrived in Sydney the skies had opened. The rain was torrential and all my mother could say was "Why did I leave Manchester for this."

My uncle (Mum's brother) who already lived here, met us and took us to his home in Cronulla where we lived for the next 10 months. Another story.

In the meantime it continued to rain on and off for the next 3 weeks. Record breaking. But then out came the sun, and we decided that Oz wasn't such a bad place after all and we have never regretted making the journey halfway around the world 71 years ago.

Front page news for SMH 24.9.1949. WETTEST WEATHER SINCE 1913.

Hope you like my tale.

Marjorie Conley.

THE MIRACLE OF THE RAIN by Julie Blair

I have long had three favourite words and three favourite facts, much to the amusement of some of my students. But many times, and often amidst great hilarity, I persuaded some of them to view facts with fresh eyes. In the August newsletter, I confided one of my favourite facts, the existence of the tectonic plates on which the land masses and oceans move. Now here is another.

The rain falls and its droplets meet many fates: some are lucky and land in lakes, rivers or the oceans. Some are peacefully trapped in icebergs or glaciers. But for trillions more droplets, life isn't so tranquil and it can sound quite terrifying if you look at it from the point of view of those droplets, referred to collectively as water.

Billions of humans and animals drink it and wee it, play in it, mix it with cement or chemicals. We use massive amounts in manufacturing and mining. We hose gardens, paths, windows, cars, we put out fires, struggle with floods, admire it and travel on it. The taproots of trees slurp it up from the soil and send it up the trunk and then to the branches, twigs and leaves. Every plant of every variety does the same. Ahh it sustains life in all its forms.

Now, we all know about evaporation, but in the city we don't take much notice unless it is the dog's water bowl which needs re-filling, or the pot plants are starting to shrivel, or we

see the careworn TV farmers, desperation etched into their faces. We don't think about the enormity of the evaporation: massive quantities of water vapour, rising,.... rising.

All that is quite marvellous, but my favourite fact is that ALL the rain that falls IS THE SAME RAIN! We use and abuse it, enjoy it and squander it. We make it filthy and polluted. And then....it evaporates, becoming clean and pure once more. The clouds gather. Just from this evaporation. God doesn't say," Hmmm we could do with a few more gigalitres," and hoik in some extra rainclouds from outer space! THE SAME WATER DROPLETS from our very own water cycle fall throughout the ages.

Imagine if David Attenborough could follow just one droplet through some of his reincarnations.

Let's call him Walter. In reverential, hushed tones, Sir David would have us waiting for that moment when Walter crashes into the ocean from a glacier, sharing his delighted freedom when melted. Then, we see him landing with the tiniest plop on the hot sands of the Sahara, being stood on, muddied and grunted over in the pigs' wallow, lovingly massaged through a baby's hair. On and on Walter travels through endless adventures.

He sits in a crystal whisky glass on a polished timber bar, mood lighting and k.d. lang's husky tones in the background, then wheeeee up through the blowhole of a humpback whale. Anything you can imagine, Walter has probably done it.

So the next time you wake up and look out your window to silvery-grey misty rain, or dark, angry, hissing rain, or anything in between, don't mutter dejectedly, "What a shocker of a day!"

Because these trillions of "Walters" from diverse backgrounds have gathered together to form this latest clean, beautiful, life-giving water.

Like God's Grace, the droplets descend to restore and renew us for ever and ever.

This is the miracle of the rain.

Julie Blair

A FEW WORDS OF THANKS TO BARBARA ANDERSON.

Since the start of lockdown and she couldn't move around the Thomas Holt Village to do her usual bit, our wonderful friend, Barbara, has put out a weekly, "Blessings From Barbara" news sheet.

It is delivered right throughout the village and I'm sure all who receive it, do so with appreciation.

The only time we haven't received one was when she was in hospital, but as soon as she got back home, it was there in our letterbox again.

This weeks one was two and a half pages long. It always starts with a topical, interesting message which goes on to apply it to a suitable Bible passage. This is followed by a "Verse of the Week" and then a verse or two from her "Hymn of the Week" plus a little bit about the hymn writer.

She finishes off with a prayer and a "Text of the week" and a "Keep Safe" message.

It is something to look forward to.

Thank God for Barbara!

Frances Gammie.

Candle lighting

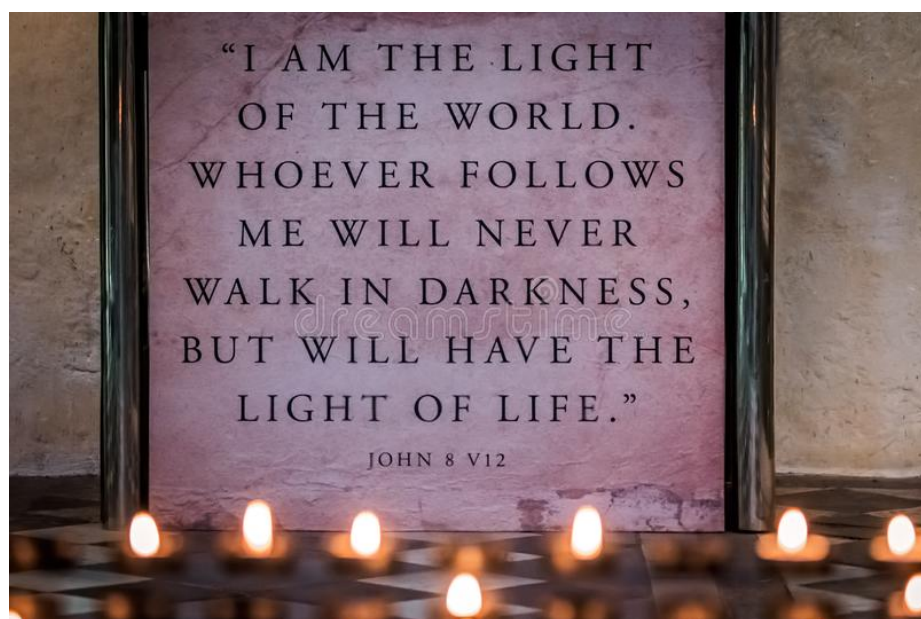
Some of you who have been watching our online services may remember that on 17 May, Easter 6, I brought a number of used candles from the church cupboards and put them on the table during the service. When we light the candle in the worship service, it's mainly symbolising Jesus as the Light into the world. His light leads us to God especially in prayer.

Therefore a candle can be understood as a promise to pray, a promise to shed the light of Christ into the world. In the end, it's a promise to follow the steps of Christ. Whenever I see those leftover candles, they came to me as unfulfilled prayers or forgotten prayers or undelivered prayers. Since 17 May 2020, I have been lighting and burning up those leftover candles at home almost everyday and they are almost gone.

I have been lighting candles throughout my ministry since 1997 but not always. Mostly it was done in the church on Sunday. But as I started to light the candles at home, I discover their usefulness and effectiveness in praying. The lighted candle always reminds us to pray and reminds us of our identity as followers of Christ. It leads us to reflections. Is my promise kept sincerely? How am I doing on this faith journey? Am I bringing the light of Christ to others?

Now candle lighting has become a major part of my daily routine. I start a day by lighting one or several candles and extinguish them before I go to bed. While they are on, I need to take care of them continuously - trimming candles and wicks, centring wicks, cleaning up the plates, etc. Candle lighting requires our attention and TLC. Consequently it helps us pray and concentrate on praying, reflecting, and challenges us to bring the light of Christ into the troubled world, especially in this time of COVID 19.

Young-Dae



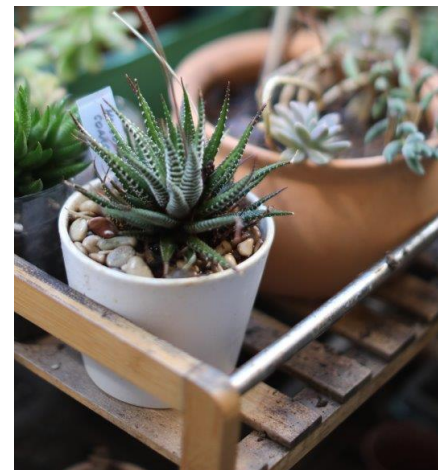
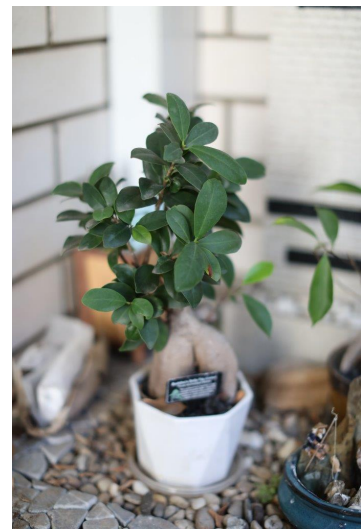
Barbara Davison

I thought I'd write down some thoughts for you....

I was inspired by the photos of Julie and Denise's wonderful gardens. I thought pity I don't have a garden, living in a unit but then I realised I do have a garden on my balcony. Here are some photos of some of my favourite plants. There's a Kangaroo Paw which I bought with my daughter Lynn at a nursery in Helensburgh when we went there for lunch, it has some really nice red furry flowers and seems to be constantly in bloom. There are some lovely succulents which John Hely gave to me. There's also some pictures of plants (one is a Buddha's Belly) in my little Japanese Garden.

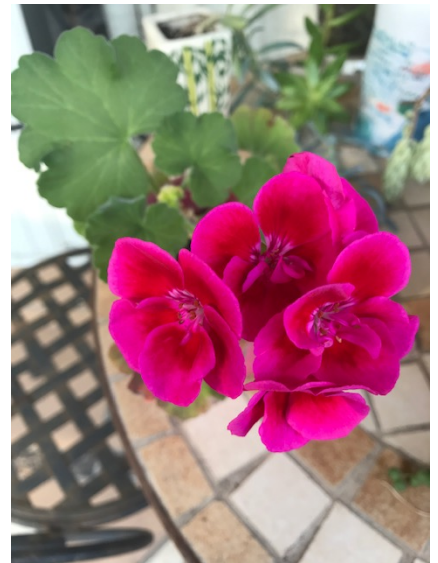
It's nice to be out on the balcony tending to the plants and enjoying the warmer weather.

Barbara Davison





Editor's comment: From Barbara's lovely balcony garden we see how much these growing things mean. I have a vibrant pink geranium that came from my sister in Howlong. A tiny cutting but such a fantastic colour linked to memories. The JUC church carpark has a pink bottlebrush flowering too. God gives us these beautiful gifts to remind us of his care for all things on this planet. Including us.



When planting your cats make sure to space them 6 inches apart so they have room to grow.



Pastoral Notes:

* We wish Joshua Lee a calm mind as he starts his Higher School Certificate Exams on October 20th. The prayers of the Congregation go with Joshua (and his parents) as this part of his education is in its final event. All the best for study balanced with relaxation as you prepare.

* We remember a smiling lady from past years. Rev Young-Dae Lee presided recently at the funeral of Gloria Sweeney (Conway) who attended JUC many years ago. Gloria had moved to be closer to family and was in aged care.

* Christine Lee has moved out of the Manse and is enjoying setting up her own place. She is a regular visitor back home and is still part of the online service Music Team when she is available. We wish Christine well in her exciting change and thank her for sharing her gift of music.

* We keep Jan Palmer in our prayers as she settles into her new home at Vickery Village. It is a big thing to sell a family home of many years and to adapt to a new lifestyle. All the best from your friends at Jannali Uniting as you flourish.

* Shirley Hamill has been restricted after some treatment. Our thoughts and prayers are with you as you get back to normal movement around Vickery Village. You will no doubt be making Jan welcome.

* There are others who have had a spell in hospital and are back making good recoveries.. We think of Jill Sandland, Norma Draper, Barbara Anderson and Jess Anwyl. We send our prayers and best wishes with thanks for carers, family and medical workers who look after us when we need it.

* Ralph and Lynn Bischoff in Canada- All the best for the birth of a new grandchild due in October in Oyster Bay. Prayers of support for you and your family when no travel is possible.

Norma Draper- Interview

Norma rang me to pass on her thoughts for the Newsletter after Young-Dae had visited. She had been home 10 days recovering after her trip to hospital. She was doing a jig-saw puzzle of Central Park and was feeling better after such good care from her daughters. She welcomes the daily care at Thomas Holt and is amazed at how efficient the workers are from making the bed, hanging clothes on the line, massaging feet etc in a very short time. Norma counts her blessings that she is able to be so well looked after.

Tiredness is Norma's problem but she didn't sound tired on the phone as she told me about crosswords, puzzles, reading, knitting squares and crocheting for Wraps With Love and sitting out in the sun (not gardening) where she can talk to her good neighbours. Fortunately, the freezer is well stocked and she is in good spirits as she gets stronger each day.

Norma just wanted to pass on her appreciation of all that others have done for her. Best wishes from Norma Draper.

Mary Pearson Presbytery Minister THOUGHTS IN OUR CHANGING TIMES 29

In Australia, things seem to be getting better in terms of the virus as the spread seems to be being kept under control. The people in Victoria are being set free from the tough lockdown that has affected so many of them severely. The economic costs we know have been terrible. The physical toll has been enormous. We know too the affect on people's mental health and wellbeing has been very heavy. These are not just costs borne by Victoria but affect everyone to some degree or another. Things may be getting better and we can give thanks for that – and continue to be cautious and careful – even as we know that the many people will need ongoing care and support for a long time. Indeed, these times have shown us how we all need to be aware of one another's vulnerabilities. This has been a time when people have demonstrated great pastoral care, even remotely. Such care and love lies at the heart of our faith and our Scriptures.

In times of trouble we have great resources to support and encourage us. We know we can come to God in prayer in the knowledge that before a word is on our tongue, God understands us completely. All this provides great comfort. And yet, even as we trust in God, our life and our hard experience tells us that things do not always work out as we hope. Not everyone finds a cure for their sickness, a job to give them an income, a house to provide shelter, the money to be able to help family or friends in need – these things and so much more. Disasters, natural and man-made, continue to create havoc, as they have throughout history. The existence of suffering is one of the hardest questions for us to grapple with as we hold to the belief in a God of love. Such issues are why many people have given up on their faith. There is so much that we cannot understand, so many things that remain painful mystery. For many people the idea that God could become incarnate in Jesus might be imaginable as a gift of love. It makes a great story that connects with people at Christmas. That Jesus should then suffer terribly and be executed can seem to be an example of things going badly wrong and quite unnecessary. That Jesus should then be resurrected is a mystery that, for many people, is just absurd because it breaks all the laws of science. This is, as we know, central to our faith. It is faith because it cannot be explained by argument but speaks to us through mystery. It speaks to us of love, not a soft or easy love but a love that can deal with the unanswerable and holds on through pain and suffering.

The world may be full of arguments about how the virus originated, about who is to blame when things have gone badly, about who is not adhering to regulations and so on. We have to listen to the authorities. But we also listen to the authority of the one who was often challenged about where his authority came from, and who refused to allow the authority of love to be denied. And so we have a God who is involved in suffering, in death. In finding ourselves known in suffering we are on the way to rediscovering life again. The virus is not the last word. Violence, injustice, bigotry and hatred are not the last word. The last word is love. It was the first word because it came from the heart of God. It is a word that is never silent, eve in our bad times.

Some words from the end of Psalm 121 in Psalms Redux:

You at the beginning. You at the end. You in the middle.

Always and everywhere, You.

Creator and re-creator, keeper and lover, shelter and sustainer, You.

From this time on and forevermore, I put my trust in You.