

'The Spirit Stories' **June Dean**

"This week I received a beautiful letter and a small felt heart in the mail.

The letter said:

'Throughout these unprecedented and difficult times our church is thinking of you.

I would love it if you could keep this heart as a reminder that you are loved and treasured in the community.

Thank you. Sending love and best wishes Guinevere'

It was so wonderful and I have no idea who it came from."

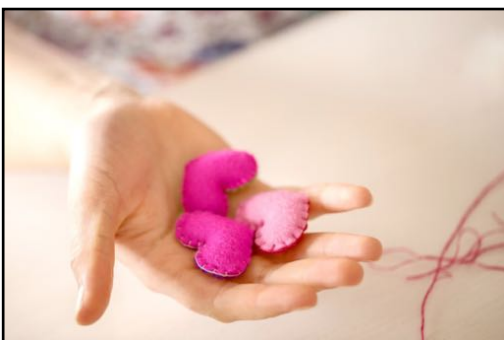
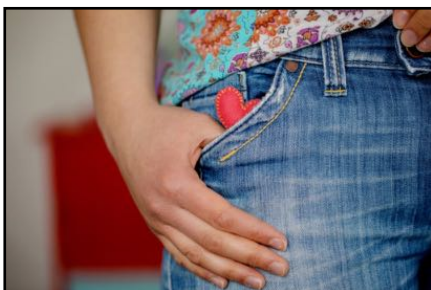
Guinevere and her family are new to St Andrews Glenbrook. As part of her Duke of Edinburg -service activity Guinevere has been supporting Ellie in worship and pastoral care. Perhaps you also received a special Heart from Guinevere? If you interesting in this creative way of sharing love and engagement in our community, go to the 1000 Hearts campaign www.1000hearts.com.au

June also hosted an afternoon tea for some friends. Everyone arrived at at 2:30PM, yet they had such a great time being together and talking that people didn't leave till 5pm! For some, this was the first time they had been out of the house in months. June has decided that she will try to host afternoon tea once a month from now on because she recognised how important that time shared together was.



A final Spirit story comes with a warning! June loves watching the flames of candles. However recently, she had lit a candle and got distracted by a long phone call, only to later return and discover the artificial flowers she had in the same bowl were a blaze, scorching her good coffee table.

"I'm lucky I didn't burn the house down" June said. "I think someone must be looking after me"



Richard Cook

I was meaning to go for a bike ride to the look out but didn't do it (bed was too inviting). I think I've convinced myself I can feel the Holy Spirit as a swelling of my emotions and I often cry. This happens in church a lot.

I met Riaz (my Muslim friend) for a fish and chips lunch and a chat in a park last week. We were discussing the end of Ramadan and I was explaining Ascension Thursday. When I started to speak about Pentecost I could feel the swelling inside me. I think that is the Holy Spirit.



AMAZING GRACE

Sung **by Hamish** at the farm.

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see
Was Grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed
Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far
And Grace will lead us home
And Grace will lead us home
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see
Was blind, but now I see



God's hand in every seasonal change
Ronnelle Kidd



Pentecost Sunday drawing
Guinevere



One of the early morning clouds on our drive up the mountain to start our run in Blue Gum Swamp, Winmalee. The crimson sky was reminiscent of the flames of Pentecost.

Rochelle Young



Highlighting wonder of Australian nature. The silver tree trunks, the green ferns, the beauty. The spirit of creation. **Rochelle Young**



Elaine Alinta

This is a photo of me in my red Pentecost jacket (which I only wear at Pentecost!) at the Lagoon...and this is the spooky Spirit part of the story - I took my new phone on my walk hoping I'd run into someone I know so I could ask them to take the photo - and who should be there ?? Chris Gray! (local professional photographer) he thought he had an arrangement with a family to take photos at the Lagoon but they rang him (after I'd got him to take the photo) to change the location !

Where have you found joy this week?

The joy of simply sharing a cup of coffee with a friends. A few of us, mostly the Parents and Friends group had a lovely afternoon tea at Junes and then we met again at Lorrel's the next week and it has such a happy time.

I was able to share with them pictures of my grandson's wedding which they all thought was beautiful.

Joan Peard



These rays of the sun remind me of the light from above. This photo was taken today at the Blue pool in Glenbrook creek

These majestic gum trees appear to form an arch over the path leading to St. Andrews.

Ian Collins

I braced myself for Pentecost.

I don't like the wind.

At the beach, I wrap my head tightly in a scarf in resistance.

Not so bad to hear the howling when I am in bed under the covers,

But keep that window shut.

Fire . . . not so good either,

Need I say more after this past summer?

Candles are fine,

And I like my firepit,

But keep that flame away from me.

No thank you.

And breath?

With its droplets of Covid 19?

Sanitise.

Give me a mask.

Or maybe I should just stay home.

But birds are good.

So yes to the dove

Or cockatoo

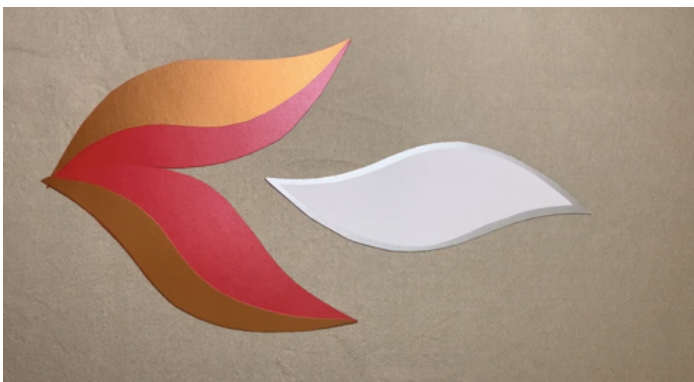
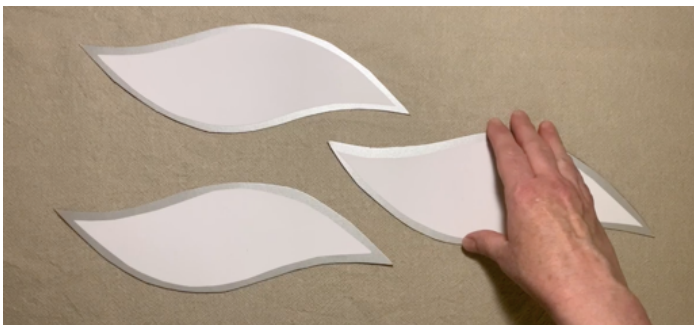
Or even the magpie that tore up my rose geranium.

I welcome each visitor to my garden

As I watch for the spirit

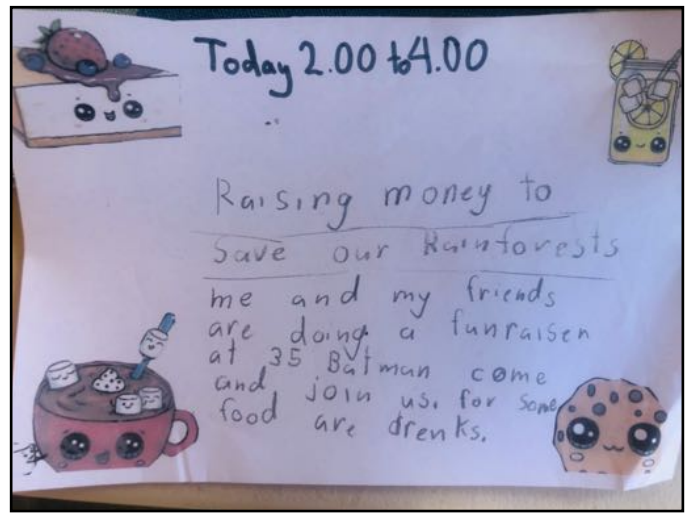
And experience grace.

Elaine Tjoelker





'Uncertain Times' **Andrew Elia**



Vivienne and friends raising funds for a good cause.



Fire....body warming and spirit calming;
when shared with friends = heartwarming.
By Kirsty Mitchell



There's Pentecost in my hair!!!
Ian and Adam

I am a sewer.
 I have been since I was seven.
 I give thanks for my mother,
 Who taught me with patience and skill,
 Who imbued a love of the craft,
 And the satisfaction and joy it brings.

For the past thirty years
 I have channelled this joy and enthusiasm
 Into the traditional craft of patchwork.
 The endless possibilities
 Of shape and pattern and colour;
 The glorious monotony of
 Cutting and pressing and stitching
 Allows time to dream, to contemplate
 And to pray.

When Reverend Elizabeth arrived
 I was invited to use my interest
 To creatively add to the worship space
 At St Andrew's, Glenbrook.
 To her designs and with my workmanship
 We completed an altar cloth
 And two Pentecost banners.

Later, Reverend Susan asked me
 To work outside my comfort zone.
 A new challenge and a new delight,
 To take fabric provided by many in the church community
 And with original design construct a series of banners
 Representing The Creation and the Seasons of the Church Year.

Here I found time with the Holy Spirit.
 I had decided to use appliqué
 With the limits of my drawing skills,
 And enable anyone who wished
 To contribute in cutting, placement, pinning, sewing.
 I learned patience in my impatience to complete the works.
 To wait for inspiration
 To allow time for prayerful contemplation,
 And to expect answers in the unexpected.

When I finally knew how to overcome a hurdle
 It was an uplifting experience.
 And to discover in any of the myriad of steps
 The making of a quilt entails
 The Spirit of the Lord
 Present with me.

Now, when I grab a few precious minutes
 At my sewing machine,
 I don't feel guilty about leaving more important or necessary tasks.
 I have found a space
 That centre me with the Holy Spirit.

Carolyn Cook





I have enjoyed bushwalking from a young age to the present day. While walking I marvel at God's creation.

The spirit guides me to reflect on all the good things, happy times with loving and caring family and friends in my life.

Jim Ayres

On Sunday 31 May, three of the people who don't have internet access, had afternoon tea with us. They expressed their appreciation for all that's been done to enable them to experience St Andrew's worship services, even if only by having the printed order of service to read, and shared how they've experienced the Holy Spirit in their lives in recent times.

Geoff and Chris



Stepping out of this isolation, fearing the reception when I mingled so carefully with people who were most likely not so sure either, was quite surprisingly rather wonderful. Smiling, happy to step aside, kind when I was slower doing stuff – I loved them all. This 'wilderness' period we have all experienced seems to have taken the 'hurry' out of our lives. Love is real, peace is real, the importance of friends and family is real, and a shared meal, all feel to me that the Spirit is very much alive in my world.

Joan Barnes



After some discussion we painted two interpretations each of the Holy Spirit. then we laminated them (for hygienic reasons) and Grandma delivered them to the Chaplaincy and Pastoral Care team at Newmarch House where our great grandmother - GG- is a resident as our way of sharing the Spirit.

Sasha & Milly

Anonymous 1

10

Today our world is fast, furious, noisy and often dangerous.

We find rest and peace when we can relax in quietness and talk to God.

It's our safe place of faith and renewing, we confess, talk, ask and pray.

It is a beautiful, spiritual place to be.

The following words are from a musical I was in years ago and I will never forget them.

We will listen to the Spirit speaking and the Spirit of the Lord obey,
We will listen to the Spirit speaking what so ever men may do or say,
We don't want to know the why or wherefore,
We don't need to know the where or when,
For the wisdom of the Lord is wiser,
Than the wisdom of the wisest men.

May God Bless You

.....

Anonymous 2

I am in the process of downsizing so had a lot of articles I wished to donate to the Cancer Council. I rang them and they were unable to take donations until after the pandemic.

I asked God for direction as I really had to remove the stash I had.

Half an hour later, a van pulled up over the road with Cancer Council written on it. I approached the driver; he was looking for a neighbour who wasn't home. I explained my situation and he offered to help me out so in no time all my stash was in his van.

He then asked why I was doing all this on my own.

My answer was "I'm not on my own, I have my faith in God."

He said: "Oh, I'm just finding about God myself".

We spent near on an hour, in the sun, under a tree talking about family, faith and God.

Thank you, Lord,!

Anonymous 3

A couple of days later I realised I needed to do a complete clean of my home for the new owners. No, I don't climb ladders anymore!

Please Lord give me direction in this.

An hour later I answered the door to a lady I hadn't seen for near on five years. She was enquiring after my husband as she used to clean for us before my husband went into Buckland Nursing Home. She said it must be difficult for me having to organise things. I said I manage well as I have my faith in God.

She said: "Oh, I've just become a Christian".

We spent another hour catching up and talking about faith and love of God.

On her way out she got to the door, turned and said "I would like to help do a clean of your house when you're ready to leave, here's my phone number."

Thank you, Lord!



Pentecost 2020 – Prayer

Dear Lord,

We give thanks as you have blessed us with the holy spirit.

We feel the spirit in your amazing creations, such as our pets the garden and the beauty of the surrounding mountains.

Thank you for the sun and water you provide to enrich and nourish the plants and vegetables to make our family meals.

We enjoy sitting on the balcony watching the birds splash and sing in the bird bath and taking in the beautiful scenery of the sandstone cliffs.

You have truly blessed us in so many ways with your creations.

Bless us and guide us all for the future.

Amen

Ros Bishop



Caitlin dancing to the song
'Remember 'by Lauren Daigle

In the darkest hour, when I cannot breathe
Fear is on my chest,
the weight of the world on me
Everything is crashing down, everything I had
known
When I wonder if I'm all alone
I remember, I remember
You have always been faithful to me
I remember, I remember
Even when my own eyes could not see
You were there, always there
I will lift my eyes even in the pain
Above all the lies, I know You can make a way
I have seen giants fall,
I have seen mountains move
I have seen waters part because of You
I remember (I remember) I remember
(I remember)
You have always been faithful to me
I remember (I remember) I remember (I
remember)
Even when my own eyes could not see
You were there, always there
I can't stop thinking about
I can't stop thinking about
I can't stop thinking about
Your goodness, goodness....



Song chosen by **Heather Elia**
 'Oh Let The Son of God Enfold You'

Oh let the Son of God enfold you
 With His Spirit and His love
 Let Him fill your heart and satisfy your soul
 Oh let Him have those things that hold you
 And His Spirit like a dove
 Will descend upon your life and make you whole

[Chorus]
 Jesus oh Jesus
 Come and fill Your lambs
 Jesus oh Jesus
 Come and fill Your lambs

[Verse 2]
 Oh come and sing the song of gladness
 As your hearts are filled with joy
 Lift your hands in sweet surrender to His name
 Oh give Him all your tears and sadness
 Give Him all your years of pain
 And you'll enter into life in Jesus' name



Wind in the trees by **Heather Elia**

'Some things we can't explain' **by Helen Smith**

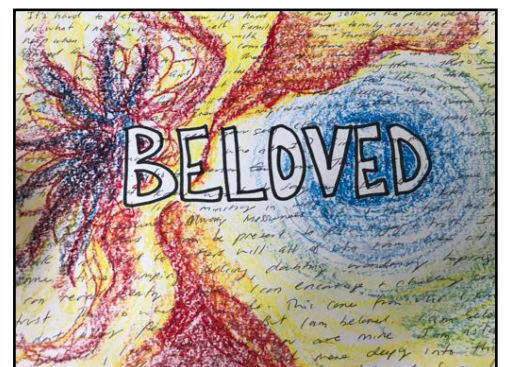
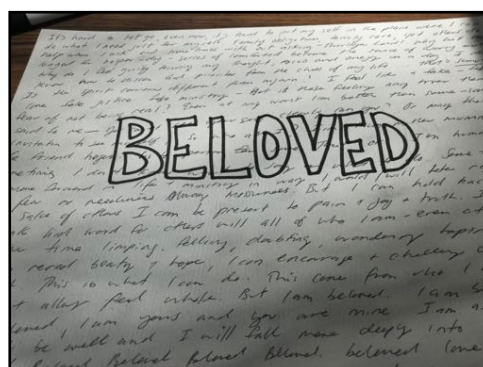
I was on holiday in Tasmania many years ago with my late husband and during the night I got up to go to the bathroom when I went back to bed I told him I heard voices "Are you there?" It was said a few times. The next morning when I was paying the bill I asked the people who owned the park and they said a man had been killed while the cabins were being built.

Another experience I had was about my late in-laws who lived at Faulconbridge. My father-in-law died first in hospital then a few months later my mother-in-law died at home. Quite a few months after their deaths we drove past the house and I said to my husband "stop the car", I'm going to ask the new owner how she liked the house. She said she loved it. She also asked me did someone die in this house, and I said yes my mother-in-law. She then told me she often heard strange noises and wondered if it was a ghost.

I don't know if these are spiritual experiences or not but they were what I heard and also was told.

'Art Therapy' **Ellie Elia**

I wrote down stream of consciousness words to describe who I am, the part of me I hide, the parts of me I celebrate - all of it with out judgement ...until I arrived at the word BELOVED. Then I coloured over the words in a spirit of freedom and gratitude.



God of Wind and Fire, may the Spirit surprise us with fire and vigour to make us young at heart and new again.

14

Let your Spirit renew our lives and bring us tenderness and joy, openness to one another, and the courage to stand up for all that is right and just so that all divisions between peoples may be dispersed.

God of Wind and Fire, breathe your life-giving Spirit on us and on our world to refresh us and make us new and free.

May we be inflamed with the fire of your love and freedom so as to be open to your wisdom and peace and courage.



'It is so important not to let ourselves off the hook or to become apathetic or cynical by telling ourselves that nothing works or makes a difference. Every day, light your small candle.... The inaction and actions of many human beings over a long time contributed to the crises our children face, and it is the action and struggle of many human beings over time that will solve them—with God's help. So every day, light your small candle.'

By Marian Wright Edelman: except from 'Guide My Feet'

Warm Wind of Heaven

**Warm wind of heaven, moving the face of waters,
twirling tree blossoms, fostering bush creatures, visit our untamed places.**

**Warm Wind of heaven, activating human clay, raising consciousness,
stirring immortal longings, fill up our empty spaces.**

**Warm Wind of heaven calling through leaders,
reforming through prophets,
unite our warring races.**

**Warm Wind of heaven, overflowing Jesus Christ,
enfolding all the lost, keeping the church honest,
swamp us with your graces.**

**Warm Wind of heaven, the gift of loving, the love of giving,
the joy of living, bless our upturned faces.**

By Bruce D Prewer



Miriam Williams

'Jayden's Story'

Jayden found himself in a prison cell
His prison mate - unstrung
regularly sang Amazing Grace from the window in the cell

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

Jayden was imprisoned on Drug Charges
His life had spiralled down to this devastating life changing reality
He was addicted to Cocaine
He was caught in a cycle of destruction to support his habit
He was financially ruined
His friends were users
He was losing his family - his children
His partner had had enough and was leaving him
One night the police arrested him and sent him to prison

In forced confinement Jayden faced a sobering Reality
His family ran out of money to support him
He realised that he lost everything
His lawyers said to expect the worst. They said: Only God can save you!
From a Catholic upbringing he turned to prayer
He prayed and prayed to God for help
Every day he prayed
In his darkest moments he prayed to God for a sign that his prayers were being heard

The next day Jayden felt all was lost
He prayed again for the last time and looked out of his cell
Two crows landed on the light pole and one turned and looked down
It was a sign.
God was listening
The next day he prayed again and again the birds appeared
The next day again and the again the birds
In his prison diary he recorded seeing the birds
He felt hope. Something was changing
He recorded in his diary to joy of connecting with his family.
Preparing for Bail
He was moved to a new section in preparation for a Bail hearing
While there Jayden was attacked and his jaw was broken, needing surgery
The Guards tried to stop him from going to the hearing,
fearing that he would be bashed again.
But Jayden was convinced that there would be a good outcome. He needed to go. It was
going to be okay!
He was released to extremely restrictive bail conditions. Jayden knew his prayers had been
answered.
The birds return



While waiting for his bail to come through he underwent an operation to fix his jaw

16

In his new cell he continued to pray and other birds came

They remained a sign of Hope and he recorded then in his prison diary

Eventually He was released to his brother's home

Then eventually allowed to go home to his children and partner .

He was still restricted and full of fear that he will be sent to Gaol and would be bashed again. Nightmares, Anxiety -continuing fear.

The owl

In the darkest moments he again got a sign

He was swooped by something as sat smoking on his veranda trying cope with his extreme symptoms.

He peered out and saw an owl sitting on a fence post looking at him

Then each day the Owl returned

God was with him

Jayden began to realign his life and recover

He booked himself into Drug counselling

He booked himself into Psychological Support

He is working on his relationship

He cared for his children, learning parenting skills

His Parole officer called me and commented that she was amazed at the transformation and self-direction

His lawyer called and said she had rarely seen such a positive thing and holds great hope for his sentencing

Jason faces sentencing in July

Don't Stop - Fleetwood Mac

Don't Stop is modern song of Hope. It begins:

If you wake up and don't want to smile

If it takes just a little while

Open your eyes and look at the day

You'll see things in a different way

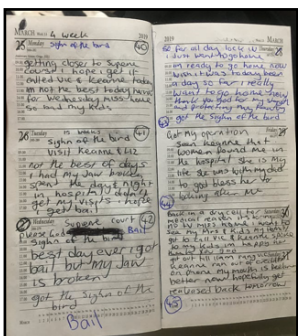
Don't stop thinking about tomorrow

Don't stop, it'll soon be here

It'll be here better than before

Yesterday's gone, yesterday's gone

Rennie Schmid



My Spirit sharing story is not actually about the Coronavirus but about how the Spirit has, given my son Scott and me encouragement and alleviation of grief after the loss of our beloved husband and father Dennis.

Scott has been taking me on regular walks in the bushland near our home here at Mt Riverview and at Faulconbridge. We have marvelled at the new growth spurting up since the recent rains, the pockets of velvety moss, the wonderful colours in the newly washed rocks and the satiny trunks of the eucalyptus as they shed their old bark. Peace flowed through us as we sat and gazed at this magnificent gift of our Australian bushland.

One night last week I received a very special blessing, when Scott dropped me home after celebrating his birthday. It was very dark when we climbed out of the car and we both were compelled to look up at the sky. What a wondrous sight! The sky was inky black and the stars so clear and sparkling. Scott has always been an avid stargazer and he spent some time pointing out the various constellations to me as he used to do with his Dad. I gave thanks for that wonderful shared moment with my son.

Aptly for Pentecost Sunday, my bible reading notes were "the sweet guest of the soul" is always with us on any day we remember our loved ones who have died. In grief, the Spirit is our consolation, the light of our hearts, the giver of everlasting joy. (David Mc Casland)
In every desert of trial,

The Holy Spirit is our oasis of comfort.

Helen Newton

My son Chris and his partner Keenie were married last November.

One of my gifts to them was a hand made quilt. It was pieced together in time for the wedding but had not been quilted. Since the corona virus lock down I have had more time to work on this and am now almost finished the quilting.

The quilt represents their path in life with many steps along the way.
There is a circle on the bottom right representing a wedding ring.

Although I have been pursuing this activity for more than this week it represents to me a spiritual journey and the photo of them wrapped in the almost finished quilt (attached) shows happiness and a spirit filled love. **Robyn Schmid**





Fruit in Dying



Scribbles and Scars



Spirit Dance



Unexpected Places.

Roxanne McLeod

My response to your "Spirit Sharings" idea is that I have taken up ballet! Just the very basics (basic positions and some simple movements such as pli  , chass  , port-de-bras and galops) and I feel very uncoordinated, but there you are. It's actually an unusual and slightly thrilling experience to do it, as I've always loved ballet music by the great composers and now I'm experiencing it in a different way. I do feel the Spirit at work in this, opening up new avenues of experience. And when we dance it seems we're moving through Creation in a deeper, more engaged way.

Matthew Breden