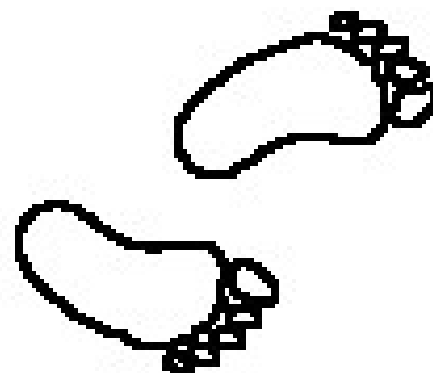


February 2016
Issue 85

The Next Step



Canberra Christian Fellowship
(in the Methodist Tradition)

Sunday, 24th January – Rev. Paul Tabulutu – God centred life

To live a God centred life requires that we aim to fulfil God's purpose for us.

It means what it says: God is central, we are not.

Jesus came to die on the cross for us. That was God's purpose. To follow Christ we must put to death our Egos.

God has taken the initiative in this world and uses people who recognise His purpose to do His work. It is not a case of us doing what we choose for God but rather discovering what God wants us to do for Him. We should not ask God to help us, but rather that He use us. We need to realign our thinking to what God wants of us.



What is God's will? What is His purpose now?

He wants everyone to know and love Him. Jesus' command to us supports that purpose: "*go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you.*" [Matthew 28: 19, 20]

Our mission is to carry out God's will. It may be difficult but our prayer should be 'Thy will be done!'

ID

Precision

The study of the universe, sending satellites into orbit and space probes off to distant locations in space can easily capture our interest and sense of adventure. The vastness of space, almost unimaginable distances and complexity and cost of reaching out into space can leave us in awe. It is not just a case of pointing a rocket towards the moon on a night when visibility is good, pressing the GO button and watching the rocket take off, head towards its target and hit the bullseye a short time later.

Teams of specialists have proved they can take account of all the different factors that must be considered and successfully get space probes into space and manoeuvre them to wherever they are headed so they can undertake their particular tasks.

Recently one probe passed by Pluto and sent back information that increased knowledge of that dwarf planet.

I am always intrigued by the precision required to get such probes to the right location so they can complete their mission.

When you are aiming at Pluto 4,280,000,000 kilometres away from us (when at its closest to earth), accuracy is paramount. An error of a fraction of a degree will send the probe so far off course that no useful information could be gained. Even allowing for occasional course corrections the accuracy required is amazing. To achieve the original course and any corrections, the thrust from the propulsion systems must be near perfect. Fuel limitations dictate minimal corrections so the timing and duration of applied thrust must be spot on. No time to wait while you make a cup of coffee or to judge duration by 'best guess'. The timing of a rocket firing would be calculated to a split second and its duration would be just as accurate.

For some things time is critical, for other things it is much less so.

Something to ponder

Claim: When a Nebraska church exploded in 1950, no one was injured because every single member of the choir was coincidentally late arriving for practice that evening.

Origins: As unbelievable as this story is, it did happen. Even though a Nebraska church exploded one evening in 1950 just five minutes after choir practice had been scheduled to begin, not one of the fifteen people who should have been present was injured because none had yet arrived when the building collapsed:

Choir practice at the West Side Baptist Church in Beatrice, Nebraska, always began at 7:20 on Wednesday evening. At 7:25 p.m. on Wednesday, March 1, 1950, an explosion demolished the church. The blast forced a nearby radio station off the air and shattered windows in surrounding homes. But every one of the choir's fifteen members escaped injury.

It happened on the evening of March 1 in the town of Beatrice, Nebraska. In the afternoon the Reverend Walter Klempel had gone to the West Side Baptist Church to get things ready for choir practice. He lit the furnace — most of the singers were in the habit of arriving around 7:15, and it was chilly in the church - and went home to dinner. But at 7:10, when it was time for him to go back to the church with his wife and daughter Marilyn Ruth, it turned out that Marilyn Ruth's dress was soiled. They waited while Mrs. Klempel ironed another and thus were still at home when it happened.

Ladona Vandergrift, a high school sophomore, was having trouble with a geometry problem. She knew practice began promptly and always came early. But she stayed to finish the problem.

Royena Estes was ready, but the car would not start. So she and her sister called Ladona Vandergrift, and asked her to pick them up. But Ladona was the girl with the geometry problem, and the Estes sisters had to wait.

Sadie Estes' story was the same as Royena's. All day they had been having trouble with the car; it just refused to start.

Mrs. Leonard Schuster would ordinarily have arrived at 7:20 with her small daughter Susan. But on this particular evening Mrs. Schuster had to go to her mother's house to help her get ready for a missionary meeting.

Herbert Kipf, lathe operator, would have been ahead of time but had put off an important letter. "I can't think why," he said. He lingered over it and was late.

It was a cold evening. Stenographer Joyce Black, feeling "just plain lazy," stayed in her warm house until the last possible moment. She was almost ready to leave when it happened.

Because his wife was away, Machinist Harvey Ahl was taking care of his two boys. He was going to take them to practice with him but somehow he got wound up talking. When he looked at his watch, he saw he was already late.

Marilyn Paul, the pianist, had planned to arrive half an hour early. However she fell asleep after dinner, and when her mother awakened her at 7:15 she had time only to tidy up and start out.

Mrs. F.E. Paul, choir director and mother of the pianist, was late simply because her daughter was. She had tried unsuccessfully to awaken the girl earlier.

High school girls Lucille Jones and Dorothy Wood are neighbors and customarily go to practice together. Lucille was listening to a 7-to-7:30 radio program and broke her habit of promptness because she wanted to hear the end. Dorothy waited for her.

At 7:25, with a roar heard in almost every corner of Beatrice, the West Side Baptist Church blew up. The walls fell outward, the heavy wooden roof crashed straight down like a weight in a deadfall. But because of such matters as a soiled dress, a catnap, an unfinished letter, a geometry problem and a stalled car, all of the members of the choir were late - something which had never occurred before.

source: <http://www.snopes.com/luck/choir.asp>

Sunday, 31st January – Rev. Peter Nelson – A most gracious invitation



Isaiah 1: 1-20 begins by painting a picture of Israel spiritually sick. It is compared with Sodom and Gomorrah, cities famous for their evil.

People go through the motions of worship but their hearts are not in it. They are not sincere.

God knows them and us and despite our evil ways God is calling back His wayward people to Himself.

God is just a prayer away and we should RSVP accepting His invitation.

God's invitation is personal.

*"Though your sins are like scarlet,
they shall be as white as snow;
though they are red as crimson,
they shall be like wool."*

[Isaiah 1: 18]

We know that is achieved through Jesus' death.

We can trust Him!

ID

Visitors



L to R at table: Marie, Janelle, Kevin, John, Ruth, Valda, Ailsa, Ken and June.
L to R standing: Howard, Kay, Evangeline and Wesley.

Kevin Kim and his family were recently in Canberra for a visit. They were able to attend our service at which Paul Tabulutu preached and a lunch was quickly organised for the following day so we could spend a little more time with them before they returned to Melbourne.

It was good to catch up with an old friend of our fellowship.

Asian Cultures and Concepts of Time.

Some Asian cultures have a more relaxed attitude towards time than is typical of Americans [and Australians]. This is in part due to a polychronic time framework which means that different social interactions can occur at the same time. This is very different from the Western monochronic time which demands a linear scheduling of events one at a time. Some Asian parents may arrive late for appointments without offering an apology because they are simply not aware of the linear scheduling of doctors' time. Similarly, some Asians, such as the Hmong, don't believe in pushing hard to get things done and being hasty as a result. Rather, they believe that events run their own course. Concepts of time can vary greatly between Asian cultures. The Japanese tend to be highly punctual. The Vietnamese use what translates roughly as "rubber time" – if you expect people to come to an appointment or meeting at 8:00 am, you should invite them for 7:30 am. In any case, attitudes towards time vary a great deal person to person, and cultural differences with regards to time serve only as a touch point of consideration when dealing with patients/families.

source: <http://www.dimensionsofculture.com/2010/10/cultural-values-of-asian-patients-and-families/>

In Australia we are perhaps more familiar with the relaxed attitude to time displayed by many of our Pacific Island neighbours. We hear stories of events scheduled for a particular time actually taking place quite some minutes or even hours later when the people involved actually turn up.

Many islanders joke about this themselves, which to me emphasises their focus on the event itself rather than when it is to occur. Of course setting a time for an event assists planning, especially for those of us with a more rigid understanding of time.

Road Safety Sign

Better late, than DEAD on time

Denis and Coral



Having done their 'homework' which took the form of some memory jogger questions, Denis and Coral joined me for lunch followed by a chat about their lives.

Denis's story began on the other side of the globe in Holywell, a market town in Flintshire, North Wales. As a youngster he had plenty of 'guidance' as he was the 9th of 10 children. Of his 5 brothers and 4 sisters only the 1 brother was younger than him.

He remembers Holywell as a town containing 3 stratas of society: the posh; the middle classes; and the working class people. As his Dad was a labourer, his family fitted neatly into the 3rd group.

Denis's early years coincided with World War 2 so it is not surprising that life was somewhat frugal. "We were never starving, but we were never really satisfied" remembers Denis. There were lots of shortages of goods and blackouts to contend with. Searchlights often lit up the sky and there was one particular 'thunder storm' Denis remembers. In reality the thunder he heard was a bombing raid on Liverpool, not that far away, but his mother thought it best to tell him it was just a bad storm.

Two of Denis's brothers had enlisted, one of them in the Royal Navy. Eventually he was demobbed in Singapore and ended up in Australia.

Other boyhood memories are of fun things like finding birds' nests and counting their eggs, making wooden sleds in winter and picking blackberries in season.

Denis progressed through infant school, primary school and secondary modern school without anything particularly noteworthy to report. Day 1 of school he describes as 'different'. There were so many more kids than he had been used to. A bus ride both to and from school in Flint marked his Secondary Modern years. Sports he played included soccer, cricket and athletics but none really captured his interest. He played because everyone did as part of their school program.

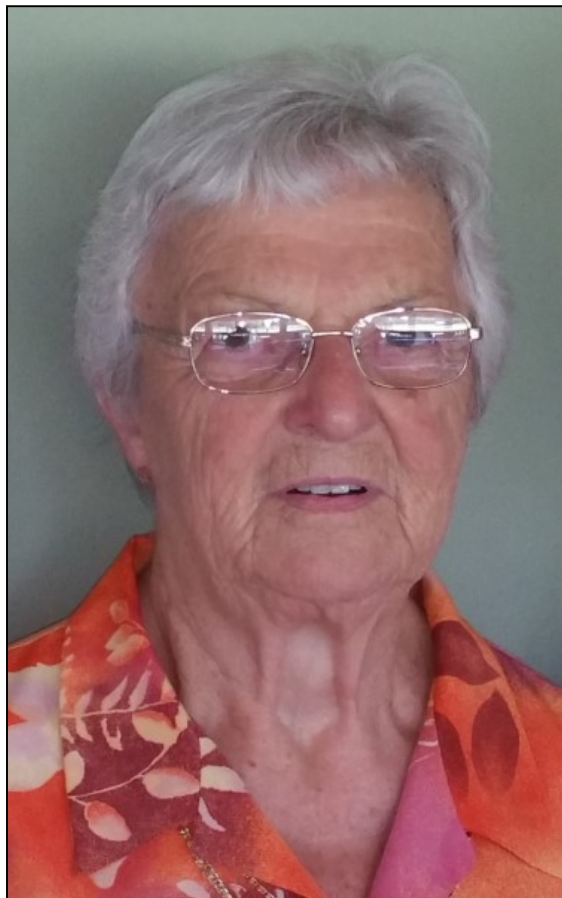
Schooling over at age 15, Denis became a haulage hand for 18 months in a local colliery. That was followed by a period in a rayon manufacturing plant.

1954 saw Denis, his mother, youngest brother and youngest sister cross the world to take up life in Sydney, Australia seeking new opportunities and following the brother already settled here. Eventually most of the family emigrated. For 8 years he worked doing various odds and ends in the building trade until he headed back to Europe for a 3 month holiday. He stayed in Manchester for another 2 years before heading back to Australia.

On his return he began making radios at the AWA factory, a job for which he was suited after doing a radio mechanics course as part of his rehabilitation from a motorbike accident in 1959.

Next, starting in 1965, was a period as a Technicians' Assistant in the Post-Master General's Department (PMG) which lasted 26 years. This job transported him all around the state installing and maintaining microwave stations. One such trip took him to Canberra. Being a relatively young bloke looking for something to do in a strange town, he went along to a local dance at the Police Boys Club, just a couple of blocks from where we now meet for church. At that same dance was a young lady that caught his eye.

Coral was born in the now blown up Canberra Hospital, the 2nd of 3 daughters and 1 son to a farming (sheep and a few cows) family of Hall. Her youngest sibling is her brother. If you trace her ancestors back a few generations, you will find many of the very early pioneers of the Canberra region including Browns, Kilbys and Southwells among them. Growing up milking cows, riding horses and participating in other aspects of farm life was a way of life Coral enjoyed. Hall was just a small place so everyone knew everyone and it felt as if the community was just 1 big family. When it came time to attend school, Coral travelled into the village each day counting bluebells along the way for fun. Her elder sister had been taught by correspondence. High School meant even more travelling as she caught a bus from Hall into Canberra to attend Telopea Park High School each day. Socially it was great with lots of kids from all over to mix with. The family moved home into the Hall village for convenience sake but her father stayed on at the farm and moved between the farm and the village to spent time with his family.



Shearing time and the activity that generated, trapping rabbits, camping out and driving around the farm (without a licence) made for a good life for an outdoors girl. Social tennis and watching Australian Rules football were other interests.

At age 14 Coral left school and began doing house cleaning for a job. Wanting a change, she went to the Department of Immigration and asked if they had a job for her. She was welcomed into the public service and began doing clerical work in the passports office. This job she kept for 15½ years.

Dances were held at the Police Boys Club every so often and Coral went along. It was there two stories began to merge.

The PMG Technicians' Assistant and the Passports Office clerk met and friendship flourished. After about a year they were married. Denis was still based in Sydney so the couple at first made their home in Bankstown. Coral took a job in the David Jones department store office. After 14 months it was back to Canberra. Denis continued in his PMG / Telecom job while Coral began a real estate career selling units in the Ridgecrest Units complex at Page.

The busy life they enjoyed became even busier with the patter of little feet and the demands of three growing children. Bronwyn came along first, followed by David and Gavin. All three are currently living locally. Children tend to produce grandchildren and now Denis and Coral are grandparents to Dawson and Amarah, David's two children.

The smooth flow of life is sometimes interrupted by medical requirements and so it was for Denis and Coral. Denis needed a bypass operation and Coral left the workforce for 18 months to concentrate on the task of caring for him. Once he was sufficiently better, she resumed work, this time doing cleaning at Mirinjani Aged Care Homes. She stayed in this job until she retired 19 years later.

2003 was holiday time so Denis took Coral out of Australia for the first time to visit Wales and meet relatives there.

A knowledge of occupations undertaken may bring a degree of understanding of a person, but it omits so much. A technicians' assistant's job doesn't even hint at the interest in photography possessed by Denis. (He was awarded a bronze plaque in 1961 by the Australian Photography magazine for a landscape photo. Unfortunately the actual photograph is now lost.) Nor does it suggest he enjoys reading ("As long as it is good, I'll read it"), fishing ("catching, cooking and eating") or music ("jazz and classical - not country and western"). His first orchestral concert in the Free Trades Hall, Manchester, performed by the Halle Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbarolli is a special memory.

His trip to Europe in 1962 reveals more of Denis's appreciation of life. In Rome he was fascinated by St. Peter's Basilica, the Sistine Chapel, the Colosseum and Pantheon. Athens, Delphi and Olympia caught his attention in Greece and he found Vienna, Austria particularly interesting. Being in those places where so many historical events have occurred created a special atmosphere for him. Berlin was another matter. Denis's visit was at a time when the Berlin wall existed. Going to the city was fine, and as a visitor Denis was able to leave without difficulty however while there he felt a definite, unpleasant sense of being locked in and wanting to get out.

Coral's overseas trip with Denis to see where he came from and meet relatives was a memorable time for her.

Her interests include knitting and crocheting. As someone who likes to get outside, she enjoys gardening and walking around the streets of Cook, sometimes with the dog. This serves a dual purpose as it is relaxing and provides good exercise. Old time dancing and country music she also finds enjoyable. (Coral and Denis's tastes in music do not coincide.)



As a baby Denis was christened as a Roman Catholic but he never attended the Catholic Church. At weekends the children were let loose to play in the woods.

At High School Coral had a teacher, Mr. Fenton, who took some students to a Christian Endeavour camp at Collaroy where she made her decision for Christ. She participated in the life of the Wattle Park Methodist Church where her father was a lay preacher and taught Sunday School there. She joined the Comrades, attended Band of Hope concerts, sang in the choir and for a while was the Womens' Fellowship secretary and an Elder.

After Coral and Denis met, Denis tagged along to church too. (He didn't need dragging along.) Although his primary interest initially may not have been the service he learnt a lot from Rev. Perry Smith's preaching. He was questioning things and a workmate lent him some Christian tapes. He was also given a Gideon's Testament. All these influences culminated in his decision to become a follower of Jesus. Rev. Perry Smith (the

Methodist minister) baptised him by full immersion in the North Canberra Baptist Church. (Perry later conducted Denis and Coral's wedding service.) For several years Denis taught the Wattle Park High Schoolers at Sunday School.

As their faith grew, Denis and Coral became a part of the O'Connor Methodist Church for a while before returning to Wattle Park. They are now an important part of our Canberra Christian Fellowship and have been almost since we started.

The world needs more people like Denis and Coral. Denis takes people as they are and talks plainly with them. Coral mixes easily and is 'full of smiles', cheerful and caring. Our fellowship would not be the same without them.



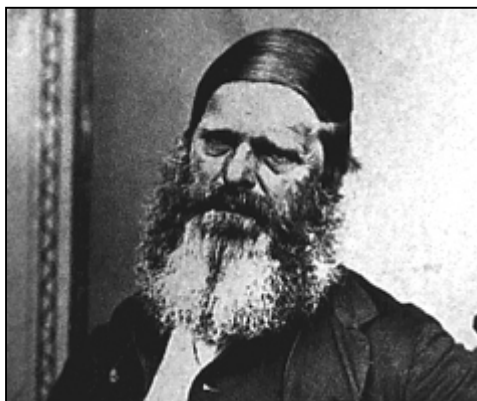
One last word from Denis: "I'm an introvert! So you shall have to dig if you want to know anything about me". The place to start might be a short autobiography he wrote as part of a University of the 3rd Age writing course. Ask him for a copy.

ID

A little Canberra History

Thomas Southwell (1813-1881) was known as the 'father of Methodism' in the district.

Thomas Southwell, of Parkwood, was no ordinary man. His uncommon characteristics were well known during his many years' residence amongst us. In matters of religious belief he was stern and uncompromising; in his transactions with the general public, scrupulous and exact; with his children, a strict disciplinarian. ... On a certain Saturday I arrived at Parkwood to conduct a morning service in the little Methodist Church ... I was up on the following morning before the family were astir. I sauntered into a



garden adjacent to the house, ... [Later] At the breakfast table I mentioned to my host that I had seen a swarm of bees in his garden, ... "What! have you been walking in my garden on the Sabbath?" was the stern and unexpected exclamation. Continuing, "That's Sabbath-breaking. I allow no one in my garden on Sundays." ...

This conscientious Christian man was once, notwithstanding what has been written of him here, found on a Sunday in harvest-time busy with his farm-hands a-reaping for all they were worth. "Good day, South'll," said his neighbour, Fletcher, as he passed along the fence; "thought you Methodists didn't work o' Sundays!" he added. "An' we don't. We'll rest right enough to-morrow, when Sunday comes," retorted Southwell. An argument ensued, which convinced the harvester that it was Sunday, then and there. Now, what would most conscientious men have done in the circumstances? "Ceased work at once," you say. Not so, Southwell. Turning to his men he settled the matter thus: "Never mind, mates; we've made a mistake, right enough; but let us finish the day. We'll keep Sabbath to-morrow." And they did. It had been simply a misreckoning- not an uncommon happening in the far-away bush.

from Gale, John, Canberra, History of and legends relating to the Federal Capital Territory of The Commonwealth of Australia, Fallick, Queanbeyan, 1927, pp 49-51

Some thoughts on Punctuality and Patience

People count the faults of those who keep them waiting.	Proverb
Laugh and the world laughs with you, be prompt and you dine alone. For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth, but has trouble enough of its own.	Gerald Barzan
Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no delay, no procrastination; never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.	Lord Chesterfield
Even if a farmer intends to loaf, he gets up in time to get an early start.	Edward W. Howe
I have noticed that the people who are late are often so much jollier than the people who have to wait for them.	E. V. Lucas
I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.	Lord Nelson
Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.	William Shakespeare
If you're there before it's over, you're on time.	James J. Walker
I've been on a calendar, but I've never been on time.	Marilyn Monroe
Better late than never.	Proverb
Better never than late.	George Bernard Shaw
Patience is the companion of wisdom.	St. Augustine
Patience is the key to paradise.	Turkish Proverb

The media must have a different focus in Finland.

We have heard that church services commence particularly promptly in that country. Apparently if a service begins even a minute late, it is likely to be highlighted in the local media.

If only our Australian media were that interested in church affairs.

Proverbs and Ecclesiastes

I recently read through Proverbs. Of course a range of topics receive a mention but three themes stood out for me.

- Wisdom is something to be valued and sought.
- Avoid becoming entangled with people who are doing wrong.
- Be considerate and caring towards others.

When considering the third theme I thought about our fellowship. Are we considerate and caring?

The evidence I see and hear says 'yes we are', although, as with any aspect of life, there are probably times when we could do even better.

I know when people are sick or making heavy weather of life, others give them both practical and prayer support. The occasional phone call or visit is a part of that care.

As a group we are just edging into the elderly (but young at heart) category. That brings mobility and other problems. It is good to see many providing transport to others who lack transport, or who are not confident driving in the evenings, so they can attend church.

Age brings a certain inability to hurry. When doing things, getting ready can be a slow process and moving even short distances from place to place becomes an arduous trek. Those who are slow, I'm sure, are glad when others recognise that slowness as a product of advancing years and are accommodating towards it.

In 1965 there was a Number 1 pop music hit by The Byrds. It was "Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Every Thing There Is A Season)". The words of the song come from Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 and are perhaps best summed up by the beginning "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven" I understand the song and Bible passage that it comes from to mean that circumstances change. What might be right at one time, may not be right at another.

I'm sure it requires a good helping of wisdom to always know what is right or best in the circumstances existing at any one time.

ID

Teacher: Johnny, give me a sentence using the word, 'geometry'.

Little Johnny: A little acorn grew and grew until it finally awoke one day and said, 'Gee, I'm a tree.'

Improvements

For some weeks now our Bible readers and others who use the lectern have had a new improved version to hold the Bible or their papers.

Laurie offered to look into doing something to make the lectern more usable at our last meeting.

The lectern in the church was apparently made by one the Finnish Lutheran Church's people some time ago and as such is important to them. It serves its purpose but does have some drawbacks. Most importantly, the bottom lip that stops papers sliding off on to the floor is insufficient so losing papers while you are using them, and having to pick them up so you can continue, has been a hazard.



Laurie applied his mind to the problem and decided on a way to improve things. He was at Bunnings acquiring the materials he would need when along came a familiar face. Warren and Laurie compared notes on their shopping expeditions and since Laurie was slightly under the weather and busy to boot, Warren asked if he could take on the task of construction.

So it was that not long afterwards Warren brought along a new lectern addition that sits on top of the existing lectern. The new tray has a bigger surface to sit papers on, a higher lip to keep them there, a fitting to hold the microphone and a small light to illuminate your papers. It is also easier to clip additional lighting to if needed.

Our thanks goes to both Laurie and Warren for the improved lectern usability we now enjoy.

If Warren is not a shop-a-holic, he is a very able shopper.

The small light the pianists used to light up their music went on the blink a few weeks ago and alternatives we tried were not a great success.

Warren noticed the need and turned up with a new light which has earned the approval of our musicians.



Most of us enjoy a tea or coffee after our services. To make a good cuppa you need HOT water. Cold just doesn't seem to work so well. There are urns and jugs available to boil the water but we often found they were not working or too small.

Once again shopper Warren went in search of a bargain and found one. Our urn is kept in our cupboard and brought out to boil water in readiness for our after service teas and coffees. It is plenty big enough and boils water very effectively.

A four year old girl had a terrible case of the flu, she was achy, had a high fever, and was terribly hoarse. After waiting in the waiting room at the doctor's office for over an hour with her mother she was finally admitted to see the Doctor.

After the usual routine of listening to her breathing and checking her ears, the Doctor looked her in the eye and said, "so what would you say is bothering you the most?"

Without skipping a beat she promptly answered, "Billy, he always breaks my toys!"

Sunday, 7th February – Mr. Jeff Mason – Growing the Church



Jeff began by outlining some of what Scripture Union is doing here in the A.C.T.. Scripture Union's activities are an example of the Church reaching out to people in the community.

At Pentecost the Holy Spirit came to the disciples and they went out and spoke about Jesus and who He is to the crowds of people in the city. The people were called to repent of their sinful ways which many did gladly. They were baptised and received the Holy Spirit.

About 3000 people were added to the Church on that day. The Holy Spirit didn't stop there. As each day came more people continued to be added to the Church, probably in small groups. The Holy Spirit is not limited in the way He acts.

It is similar today. There are times when large numbers are added to the Church and other times when new followers of Christ come in ones or twos. Many were added to the Church in the 1950s as a result of the Billy Graham Crusades but people are still added to the Church as the Holy Spirit uses other means to work in people's lives.

Some people today claim a private faith. They say they believe but keep it to themselves. This differs from the example of the early Church. Early Christians proclaimed their faith openly. As people joined the Church they became involved in its life by increasing their knowledge through the disciples teaching, sharing fellowship, breaking bread together, and in prayers. Prayer was pivotal.

The early Church was a generous Church, sharing what they had with others as they saw the need. Christianity was not just practised when people got together. It was central in people's home life.

No wonder the Holy Spirit added to the Church daily.

Let us proclaim our faith as we see the opportunity and PRAY.

ID

A blonde and a lawyer are sitting next to each other on a plane. The lawyer asks the blonde if she wants to play a game, "All you have to do is ask a question and if I get it wrong or don't know it I give you five dollars, then I ask you a question and if you get it wrong you pay me five dollars."

"No," she says, "I just want to sleep."

He keeps asking and she finally gives in when he says if he gets it wrong he will pay her five hundred dollars, but she still only has to pay five dollars.

"What is the distance from the earth to the moon?" he asks.

She gives him 5 dollars. "What goes up the hill with four legs and comes down with five?" she asks.

He pulls out his laptop and searches it, but finds nothing. Then he emails his friends. After an hour, he still hasn't got an answer, he hands her 500 dollars. Then he asks her, "So what is the answer?"

She hands him 5 dollars.

Peter Nelson used Isaiah 1: 1-20 as the Bible reading when he preached on Sunday, 31 January. When I read through that passage, a few verses caught my attention.

*New Moons, Sabbaths and convocations—
I cannot bear your worthless assemblies.
Your New Moon feasts and your appointed festivals
I hate with all my being.
They have become a burden to me;
I am weary of bearing them.*

Isaiah 1: 13,14

These verses said to me that our worship is useless, in fact counter productive, if we just go through the motions and are not sincere in the way we come before God. Our sincerity is evident in the way we live our lives and is not something we can just save up for Sundays. Our lives will not be perfect (we are fallible people), but when we do falter, confessing our sin to God, asking His forgiveness and returning to the path He sets before us is the way we must live.

When we gather for worship we should be there because we want to meet with God in the company of His people, not just to be seen by others as doing what is expected of us. ID

Satan appeared before a small town congregation. Everyone started screaming and running for the front church door, trampling each other in a frantic effort to get away.

Soon everyone was gone except for an elderly gentleman who sat calmly.

Satan walked up to him and said, "Don't you know who I am?"

The man replied, "Yep, sure do."

Satan asked, "Aren't you going to run?"

"Nope, sure ain't," said the man.

Satan asked, "Why aren't you afraid of me?"

The man replied, "Been married to your sister for over 48 years."

Services over recent weeks have included the following:



**Rev. Paul
Tabulutu**



**Rev. Peter
Nelson**



**Mr. Jeff
Mason**

Sunday **24th January** – Rev. Paul Tabulutu - God centred life
Sunday **31st January** – Rev. Peter Nelson - A most gracious invitation
Sunday **7th February** – Mr. Jeff Mason - Growing the Church

The Golfer's Confession

A man goes to the confessional. "Forgive me father, for I have sinned."

"What is your sin, my child?" The priest asks back.

"Well," the man starts, "I used some horrible language this week and feel absolutely terrible."

"When did you do use this awful language?" said the priest.

"I was golfing and hit an incredible drive that looked like it was going to go over 250 metres, but it struck a phone line that was hanging over the fairway and fell straight down to the ground after going only about 100 metres."

"Is that when you swore?"

"No, Father." Said the man.

"After that, a squirrel ran out of the bushes and grabbed my ball in his mouth and began to run away."

Is THAT when you swore?" asked the Father again.

"Well, no." said the man, "You see, as the squirrel was running, an eagle came down out of the sky, grabbed the squirrel in his talons and began to fly away!"

"Is THAT when you swore?" asked the amazed Priest.

"No, not yet." The man replied. "As the eagle carried the squirrel away in his claws, it flew towards the green. And as it passed over a bit of forest near the green, the squirrel dropped my ball."

"Did you swear THEN?" asked the now impatient Priest.

"No, because as the ball fell it struck a tree, bounced through some bushes, careened off a big rock, and rolled through a sand trap onto the green and stopped within 15 centimetres of the hole."

"You missed the putt, didn't you?" sighed the Priest.

Coming Up

Tuesday Bible Study

Tuesdays at 2-30 pm.

All welcome - contact Joyce for more information
Studying Corinthians

Wednesday Bible Study Group

Wednesdays at 5-00 pm.

Catering for Uni. students. contact John or Howard for more information
Studying Mark
In recess

Friday Study Group

Fridays at 2-00 pm.

All welcome - contact John M. for more information
Studying John
Resumes late February

Prayer Meeting

3rd Monday of each month, usually at Marie's.

All welcome

Contacts

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Website: <http://www.canberracf.org.au/>

TNS editor : Ian Denton - e-mail : iancd@yahoo.com

Rev. Phil Anderson - Army & A.C.T. Emergency Services chaplaincies

Rev. Owen Chadwick - Universities chaplaincy

Rev. Steve Lindner - Campbell High School chaplaincy

Rev. Peter Nelson - Institute of Sport chaplaincy

Please remember Phil, Owen, Steve, Peter and their chaplaincy work in your prayers.



Coming Services

We meet at **Holy Trinity Finnish Lutheran Church, Cnr. Gould and Watson Streets, Turner**



Mr. Laurie Hockridge



Gideons



Rev. Patrick Cole



Rev. David McDonald



Mr. Mike Poulton



Rev. Ron Reeson



Rev. Peter Nelson



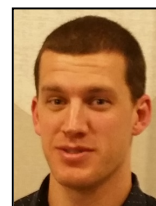
Mr. Mark Warren



Mr. Phillip Ng



Rev. Phil Anderson



Mr. Brett Hillam



Rev. Dr. Campbell Egan

Sunday 14th February at 5pm – Mr. Laurie Hockridge

Sunday 21st February at 5pm – Mr. Trevor Monson and Mr. Michael Bevan (Gideons)

Sunday 28th February at 5pm – Rev. Patrick Cole

Sunday 6th March at 5pm – Rev. David McDonald (Harvest Thanksgiving)

Sunday 13th March at 5pm – Mr. Mike Poulton (Service in Song)

Sunday 20th March at 5pm – Rev. Ron Reeson

Sunday 27th March at 5pm – Rev. Peter Nelson (Easter) (Communion)

Sunday 3rd April at 5pm – Mr. Mark Warren

Sunday 10th April at 5pm – Mr. Phillip Ng

Sunday 17th April at 5pm – Rev. Phil Anderson

Sunday 24th April at 5pm – details later

Sunday 1st May at 5pm – Mr. Brett Hillam

Sunday 8th May at 5pm – Rev. Campbell Egan