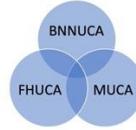




**Whitehorse
Uniting
Cluster**

The Uniting Church in Australia
Congregations of: Blackburn
North / Nunawading; Forest Hill;
and Mountview (Mitcham);
in a shared ministry together



Sunday 27th February 2022

Introit - Be Still for the Presence of the Lord



Be still, for the presence of the Lord the holy one is here;
come bow before Him now
with reverence and fear:
in Him no sin is found -
we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One, is here.

Welcome

May the worship be a blessing to you

Acknowledgment

We acknowledge those who were here before us, the first inhabitants of this place
We honour them for their custodianship of the land on which we gather today.

Call to Worship (Hymn 437 TIS)

Blessèd Jesus, at your word
we are gathered all to hear you;
let our hearts and minds be stirred
now to seek and love and fear you;
by your gospel pure and holy
teach us, Lord, to love you solely.

Prayers

Loving God your glory is unveiled in Jesus our Lord
**Unveil our minds and open our hearts so we may see your glory in Jesus and one
another**

Jesus our Lord you reveal God's glory and transform us so we may reflect your glory and act with boldness and never lose heart

Unveil our minds and open our hearts so we may see your glory, in you and one another

Holy Spirit transforming our minds and hearts so we may see the glory of the Lord and be transformed

Unveil our minds and open our hearts so we may see the glory of the Lord and as though reflected in a mirror, be transformed from one degree of glory to another

Loving God, transform our hearts
 Forgive us if we haven't loved you with all our being and others as ourselves
 Forgive us as we come before you in this moment of silence

Silence

Hear then Jesus Christ's words of grace to us
 "Your sins are forgiven"
Thanks be to God

YouTube Immortal Invisible
The Royal Garrison Church of all Saints, Aldershot 2016
Hymn Channel
<https://youtu.be/pfu1dqKCGd8>

Readings NRSV
2 Cor 3:12-4:2

¹² Since, then, we have such a hope, we act with great boldness, ¹³ not like Moses, who put a veil over his face to keep the people of Israel from gazing at the end of the glory that^[a] was being set aside. ¹⁴ But their minds were hardened. Indeed, to this very day, when they hear the reading of the old covenant, that same veil is still there, since only in Christ is it set aside. ¹⁵ Indeed, to this very day whenever Moses is read, a veil lies over their minds; ¹⁶ but when one turns to the Lord, the veil is removed. ¹⁷ Now the Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom. ¹⁸ And all of us, with unveiled faces, seeing the glory of the Lord as though reflected in a mirror, are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another; for this comes from the Lord, the Spirit.

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Luke 9:28-36

²⁸ Now about eight days after these sayings Jesus^[a] took with him Peter and John and James and went up on the mountain to pray. ²⁹ And while he was praying, the appearance of his face changed, and his clothes became dazzling white. ³⁰ Suddenly they saw two men, Moses and Elijah, talking to him. ³¹ They appeared in glory and were speaking of his departure, which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. ³² Now Peter and his companions were weighed down with sleep; but since they had stayed awake,^[b] they saw his glory and the two men who stood with him. ³³ Just as they were leaving him, Peter said to Jesus, "Master, it is good for us to be here; let us make three dwellings,^[c] one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elijah"—not knowing what he said. ³⁴ While he was saying this, a cloud came and overshadowed them; and they were terrified as they entered the cloud. ³⁵ Then from the cloud came a voice that said, "This is my Son, my Chosen;^[d] listen to him!" ³⁶ When the voice had spoken, Jesus was found alone. And they kept silent, and in those days told no one any of the things they had seen.

Young at Heart

Differences – family and friends are often complete opposites yet complement one another and bring the best out in one another. The story of Pearl Barley and Charlie Parsley

YouTube Hymn - Blessed Jesus at your Word

Johann Sebastian Bach (The Orchard Enterprises OCP 2012 Christopher Walker
Journey Songs Third Edit. Vol. 21
<https://youtu.be/IhbTXFHv5Uc>

Sermon - Transformation and Boldness

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, amen



God equips us for ministry, no matter what!

There are many people from Whitehorse cluster churches who inspire us with their ministry. This is one person's story.

Joyce Suto. In the midst of the lockdown in 2020 Joyce, then 96, decided it was time to have her book of poetry published. Joyce was legally blind and was beginning to struggle with cooking for herself because her eyesight had been deteriorating, in the past year. Her church friends had been caring for Joyce, visiting and keeping up her supply of chocolates. I had the privilege of getting to know Joyce over a period of two years and of listening to Joyce dictate her introduction, which I typed up for her. Her daughter who lived in Tasmania and a local publisher arranged for her book to be published and many people in her church and family in Wales received a copy and donated money to a charity in exchange for the book.

Not long afterwards Joyce had to go into hospital and then to rehab and then to a respite centre that was experiencing difficulties because of the pandemic. Joyce rang me from the respite centre, saying: Get me out of here! Her daughter arranged for a transfer to Strathdon and Joyce's friends were able to visit and we went to see her and she was happy. But Joyce was determined. She wanted to go and live in an aged care centre near her daughter and granddaughter in Tasmania, so just before Christmas 2020 Joyce was able to fly to Tasmania with her daughter and granddaughter and spend Christmas with her family.

Not long after this Joyce passed away.

Joyce migrated from Wales and married a man from Hungary. It was a culture shock for both, at first. We have some very strange customs in Australia.

This is one of Joyce's poems.

So, when they'd gone we drew breath,
We took a look at the date.
'Well, that's O.K.' said Mum, 'but hey!
It says PLEASE BRING A PLATE!'
'Well right' said Dad, 'When we're in town
Tomorrow, we'll get four,
One each, expect they've smashed a few,

And really need some more'.
 'You'd better ask the neighbour first',
 Said Gran, a wise old lady,
 Then we can get a few that match
 With what they've got already'.
 The lady from across the road
 Said 'anything's just fine!
 We're sure to like the plate YOU bring,
 I hope you like mine.'

Dad marched us to the hardware store
 Whose stock was none too bright
 We found four with big red daisies
 And thought they looked just right.
 But, at the hall that evening,
 Oh, what embarrassment!
 ONE plate with something tasty on
 Was what they really meant!
 'No worries' said our Aussie friends,
 We'll hang 'em on the wall'.
 Soon four red daisy plates hung high
 Above us in the hall.
 They hang there still and since that time,
 A souvenir they say,
 Of our first game of Bingo
 And the year we came to stay.

© Joyce Suto used with permission

You're probably wondering why I've told this story. First of all Joyce was feisty and bold and her ministry was poetry. It's pretty amazing for a 96-year-old lady who was legally blind to have a book published in the middle of the worst of the pandemic and lockdowns and then to decide to move to Tasmania to be with family and then go ahead and do it and then decide to go to the local church where the local minister came and met her. That's inspiring! And bold!

She had the boldness Paul spoke of in his letter to the church in Corinth. Joyce could no longer attend a church, but the church came to her, with faithful friends who cared for her and visited her and brought her things she needed and came and packed up suitcases for her hospital and rehab stay and respite. Joyce had her entire wardrobe with her and a continuous supply of chocolate.

For Joyce, the glory of God was revealed in the people who loved her. Never underestimate the value of pastoral care and being there for someone in your church community or a neighbour. Because we stand in for Christ for others, people do not lose heart. Because we see God's glory revealed in those who love us and care for us, we do not lose hope. We are bold in our ministry like Joyce was.

God equips us for ministry no matter what limitations and disabilities we have, seen and unseen, we have them and no matter what age we are, God works through us. Each of us is very different, in our perspective and identity; that is what makes us so rich and diverse as a community and in who we are and how we live out our faith and ministry.

Because of our faith and love for Christ, the veil in our mind is lifted and we come to see the Lord working through us. We come to know God in our heart and in our lives and it transforms us, like this little butterfly. The spirit is at work in our hearts, and we do not lose heart. We act with great boldness.



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Quiet Moment to Ponder



*Can you remember someone who has been bold in their ministry over the past two years?
How did their story help you become bolder in your ministry?*

YouTube Hymn O the Deep, Deep, Love of Jesus – Epic Version
2018 Simon Khorolskiy
<https://youtu.be/KLTu1xv2-US>

Offering prayer

(about offering up ourselves and giving thanks to God for all we have)

Lord and giver of every good thing we bring to you our lives and gifts for your kingdom all for
 transformation through your grace and love
 made known in Jesus Christ our Saviour, amen

Prayers of the People – Trevor de Run

Let us pray-

God of everlasting love, we praise you for your creation and for all that you richly provide. As we come to you in prayer, we thank you for all which you have blessed us with. We pray to you for one another in our need, and for all, everywhere, for peace in our hearts, in our home, and in our world. Hear us and receive our prayers that we bring to you in faith.

Merciful God, we pray for your world and in particular today, for the western European countries of France and Germany and the Principality of Monaco, a sovereign city-state that is home to some 37,000 residents. Give wisdom to the leaders of these countries and for all those who are in authority, to work for the good of their peoples. We bring our concerns over the escalation of tensions between Russia and Ukraine, where

Russian troops have invaded the Ukraine. We pray for a peaceful and diplomatic solution to the conflict, which places Europe on the brink of war.

We pray for the well-being of all the people throughout the world, as they continue to cope with the current Omicron variant of the coronavirus pandemic. In our own country, we pray for all the front-line workers, as they continue to work tirelessly to contain the spread of the coronavirus, which is proving to be one of the toughest challenges of our generation. We pray for all the families who have lost loved ones due to the pandemic, give them comfort in their time of grief.

In the Ecumenical prayer cycle, we pray for St. Phillips Catholic Church in Blackburn North and in our Presbytery, for St. Andrews Alphington/Fairfield Uniting Church, Gillies Street, Fairfield. Give their leaders the wisdom, that they will respond to Your will for them and for their respective communities. We offer our prayers for the staff of the Christian Research Association of Australia that is tasked to provide and promote high quality research, to enhance the mission of the churches in the country.

Here in the Whitehorse Cluster of Uniting Churches, we pray for the ministry team of Rev. Tina Lyndon, Rev. Peter Cannon and Rev. Pete Rivett, as they work to provide for the Blackburn North/Nunawading, Forest Hill and Mountview congregations.

We bring our concerns for those who are grieving, distressed, depressed or afraid, that they may be comforted, and their hearts lifted and filled with hope.

Keep us safe during the coming week and be with us in all that we do. Accept our prayers through Christ Jesus our Lord, who taught us to pray...

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen.

Lord, the light of Your love is shining (Shine Jesus Shine Big Sing at Royal Albert Hall London 2012 HiMaachen)

<https://youtu.be/D4hXJ9ax2FY>

Blessing

May the Lord reveal his glory to us and make us bold in our ministry
Amen

Hymn 778 Shalom to you now - tMt video

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2oqiFenpWxY&list=PL5dbbdzyKBag-mEd9qTgdyYNQLsLD2rC&index=35>



Pastoral Care Tips

This week's story comes from a friend named Rosemary Beavis

Contemplating What I Can Still Do

One summer afternoon, I watched ants rushing up and down the grey trunk of our gem magnolia tree. The column of ants going down the trunk barely stopped to look at those coming up. They acted like there was no time to stop. I looked for the destination of the upward line of ants, but they were going so high in the tree that looking for them made me dizzy.

Now I've reached the age when going slow and steady suits me. I much preferred watching a spotted turtle dove which alighted on the cream pavers in front of me and flopped down in the warmth to fan out its tail feathers. It reminded me of the way I stretch out in bed warming myself on a hot water bottle on cold nights. When the dove flopped down it displayed its white tail feathers. I never knew they existed.

Later I looked up from my computer and saw the same dove beyond the open bi-fold doors of our large kitchen cum family room. The dove, gently cooing had moved into the shadows created by the maple tree and the glossy leaves of the star jasmine hedge. I could also see the abandoned tea tray on the wooden table flanked by two green steamer chairs. My husband of over 51 years had sat with me on these chairs to enjoy a cuppa.

I can relate to the peaceful dove more than the frenetic ants. Not that I don't have bursts of activity that caused me lament one day that there is no such thing as 'retirement'. But then I went to the hairdresser who was running late for my appointment as he cut the hair of a young, bearded man. I had time to watch from the comfort of my seat on the lounge while a female hairdresser finished shaping the long tresses of a young client and then took a photo of her styled hair. The client looked like a model in her colour coordinated attire.

I, on the other hand have a spare tyre now around my middle and I've trouble fitting into my size 10 clothes. To aid my balance, I now walk with a black stick around which I've tied a red ribbon, so I don't lose it. I've christened the stick 'Dolly'. The hairdresser put the stick on the shelf in front of me when he was ready to cut my wayward hair.

Unlike the tall, model-like girl I was dressed in sensible blue trousers and a blue v necked sweater over a white blouse. Even though I have passed the age when I aspire to look like a model, I still want to look 'nice'. So, to look stylish, I wore my new red foot-hugging shoes with flat white soles that were made in Portugal. They have smart zips on each shoe. I've decided there's no need to look frumpish in my dotage. It makes me feel good to be well-turned out. What with aging there's a lot to contend with like stiffening limbs, balance that is questionable, and slowing speech due to a neurological condition.

I avoid younger people with their heads down looking at their mobile phones oblivious of what's around them. Similarly, I'm wary of young children on bikes whizzing past on the footpath. A few years ago, I was felled in a park by a bike ridden by a grownup that left me with a broken elbow. It had to be wired and screwed back together again! I'm also wary of gambolling dogs for the same reason. I feel safest in a steamer chair on our veranda watching ants or a turtle dove in the warm summer sun, as well as contemplating what I can **still** do and what might God want me to do now.

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Travelling at a slower pace

I walked the Camino in 2015 with three friends and very quickly learnt not to rush. When I returned, I met a woman who had written a book about her walk and had a snail tattooed on her finger to remind her to slow down.



Tennyson wrote: *Travel at the pace of nature* I always felt a bit slow in the way I study until my granddaughter said: *Gran, when you read you don't just read quickly, you find out the meaning of a word or how to say it or what things are about.* I felt much better. I think this is an approach to life that's about living in a contemplative way. There are millions of hares in the world and very few tortoises. I'd rather be a tortoise and find joy and deeper insights in travelling at a slower pace. It's much better than running through life.