



Westmead Uniting Church - Parramatta Mission
Queens Road, Westmead
A Celebration of 30 years of Worship, Witness and
Service

Zoom: <https://uca-nswact.zoom.us/j/3958336709>
Meeting ID: 395 833 6709



Sunday July 25, 2021 - 9.45am

Welcome to our Celebration today!

We acknowledge the Burramattagal people of the Darug Nation, the first inhabitants of this place, as the traditional custodians of this land and pay our respects to their ancient culture, their elders past and present and their emerging leaders. We acknowledge the presence of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people who now reside within this area. We honour them for their custodianship of the all the lands on which we gather today.

Greeting and Acknowledgement of Country

Nathan Tyson

We welcome Nathan Tyson who joins us for today's service. Nathan works with the NSW ACT Synod of the Uniting Church in the role of Manager, First Peoples Strategy and Engagement. Nathan is an Aboriginal man who has spent most of his life in Sydney and is of Anaiwon/Gomeroi descent (with connections to the Brown, Munro and Sullivan families from the Tingha region in North Western NSW).

Call to Worship

Suzanne Stanton

Praise God for the gifts of the past:
For the witness of the people of God who went before us.
Praise God for the gifts of the present:
In all our struggles to be true to Christ.
Praise God for the gifts in our future:
In the Spirit we are led into crucifixions and resurrections. Amen
Let us worship God!

Hymn “Here in this Place (Gather us in)” (TIS 474)

Music by Northmead Uniting Church

1. Here in this place, new light is streaming,
now is the darkness vanished away.
See, in this space, our fears and our dreamings,
brought here to you in the light of this day.
Gather us in - the lost and forsaken,
gather us in - the blind and the lame.
Call to us now, and we shall awaken,
we shall arise at the sound of our name.
2. We are the young - our lives are a mystery,
we are the old - who yearn for your face.
We have been sung throughout all of history,
called to be light to the whole human race.
Gather us in - the rich and the haughty,
gather us in - the proud and the strong.
Give us a heart so meek and so lowly,
give us the courage to enter the song.

3. Here we will take the wine and the water,
here we will take the bread of new birth.
Here you shall call your sons and your daughters,
call us anew to be salt for the earth.
Give us to drink the wine of compassion,
give us to eat the bread that is you.
Nourish us well, and teach us to fashion
lives that are holy and hearts that are true.

4. Not in the dark of buildings confining,
not in some heaven, light years away,
but here in this place, the new light is shining;
now is the Kingdom, now is the day.
Gather us in - and hold us forever,
gather us in - and make us your own.
Gather us in - all peoples together,
fire of love in our flesh and our bone.

Lighting the Candles of Thanksgiving and Remembrance

**Margaret Cheah and
Lorna Porter**

God of Grace, we light this candle and give thanks for the people who answered Your call to plan and establish the early Methodist Church, later to become Uniting Church at Cotswold Street, Westmead. Those whose courage, faith and witness form the foundations of today's congregation.

We stand in the tradition of those dedicated people and remember, and are inspired by their faithfulness, commitment, and passion for the Gospel of Christ.

We light this candle and give thanks for those whose faithfulness, commitment and dedication enabled the re-location to and re-establishment of the Cotswold congregation at the Queens Road site.

We are grateful for the courage and wisdom they brought to Queens Road, which paved the way for the building of an inclusive and caring congregation within this medical precinct.

**We stand in the tradition of the Christian faith with all its diversity, hope and joy.
We serve together, 'Sharing the hospitality of Jesus Christ', seeking to be united with all who love and seek God.**

We light this candle and give thanks for all who have been part of this congregation since relocating to the Queens Road site.

For all those who serve our Lord faithfully seeking peace, justice, love and hope, we give thanks to God.

We stand in the tradition of those who served God faithfully in the past at Westmead and pray that the same faithfulness and commitment will be found in us now, and in future generations.



Opening Service 1991

L to R: Rev. Alan Jackson, Rev. Geoff Stevenson and the then Moderator of the Uniting Church in Australia NSW ACT Synod, Mr. Bruce Irvine.

Prayers of Confession

Suzanne Stanton and Sarah Bishop

We bring our confession before God:

Holy God, you call us to be your people, to lives of faith and service, justice, and love. You call us to walk in the footsteps of Jesus and to extend your grace and hospitality to all.

We confess that we have not always loved you or other people as fully as we are able. We have not always welcomed others or extended your gracious hospitality to the stranger seeking comfort or hope in our midst. Forgive us, loving God, and help us.

Your invitation is to be a pilgrim people on the road to the Promised Land.

We confess that we have not always been willing to move, change or join Jesus on the way.

You have given gifts to your church for the building up of one another and to serve your mission in the world.

We confess that we have not always nurtured the gifts in each other, nor sought to build your church up in love, grace, justice and peace.

You have called us into the world to serve you amongst the poor, lonely, vulnerable, and afraid.

We confess that we have not always loved your world nor those we meet. We have, at times, feared strangers and closed our eyes and ears to the pain of others.

Forgive us, O God and help us to rise up as your people living out the faith and calling we have from you. Help us to be your people here, a community of love, justice, peace and life for all people.

In Christ, our hope is new every day and there is no condemnation.

Rise up and live as free people of God, forgiven, loved, and called into the way of Jesus!

Amen!

Explanation and Invitation to the Children...

Suzanne Stanton

The Story of Westmead Uniting Church

Rev Alan Jackson

Rev Veitinia Waqabaca (video and written reflection below)

Rev Christine Bayliss-Kelly

Rev Janet Dawson (written reflection below)

Westmead Reflection – Rev Veitinia Waqabaca

I was called by Parramatta Mission to Minister half-time to the Fijians in Parramatta and the other half, to the English-speaking, Multicultural group in Westmead. Rev Brian Smith was then the CEO.

The Sunday school kids were smaller, and it was good that they took part in reading the scriptures, or even put on plays. Or performing Action Songs. We had 14 different cultural groups belonging to the Church.

There were some families who needed to stay close to the Hospital because of their very sick child. One such family, a Tongan family that was holidaying in Oz - their daughter was run over by a car, and thru our plea to Parramatta Mission they were given Church Housing for close to a year. This Tongan family was able to enrich our Sunday worship with their singing and stories, and encouraging their handicapped daughter, to still sing the Lord's song in a strange land despite her injuries. This family interacted with us for over a year, before returning to Tonga.

We were aware that our membership was less than 60, and we needed to increase our income. We held a couple of bazaars every year, people looked into their wardrobes, kitchen, or garden (many of them were too old to drive), so I would drive around to collect stuff for our stalls. We also took advantage of the big Parramatta Park close by, conducted Walkathons there, to raise funds for our other projects.

The Westmead Church is situated right opposite just a stone-throw away, the Westmead General Hospital, that extends to the Children's Hospital. The Westmead Train Station is within walking distance. The Church, that is Parramatta Mission, also built a two-storey building right opposite the Children's Hospital, and called it the Wesley Apartments, (this is during my time) to house the families of extremely sick children admitted to Hospital. I remember that the Australian Navy contributed a big BBQ unit. Our Westmead Church would provide packs of soap, toothbrush, and the like, all ready, as the families arrive at all hours, to support their child. Right opposite the Hospital is the Mayflower Aged Care Home. Some of the residents, using their walkers/ simply walked up to Church to attend programs.

We formed a choir, and went out to sing Xmas Carols in Wentworthville, or in the Mayflower Home. Then 4 times a year, 14 of us would go on a bus trip, sight-seeing, having a picnic the whole day, with Pariss McDougal from the Leigh Congregation, driving the Church Bus, as his mother Gwen was a member of Westmead.

In my first 7 years in Westmead, we were very fortunate to have Rob & Elaine Ridding, a husband & wife team. Elaine was a great piano player. And they would invite the congregation to their home, where we would all sing, and some sang solos.

Rob was never quiet. It was thru him that we experienced the Scottish tradition of the 'Kirkin of the Tartans'. Rob came all dressed up, his Costume, kilt, tartan, bagpipes and all. He even cooked a haggis pudding where he put together the heart, liver and lungs of a sheep then mixed it with onions and other spices soaked it for 3 days then cooked it. He brought it to church that day for us to taste. The rest of us had to dress up, whichever way we wanted to.

Rob was always full of ideas. But it wasn't long after, that his wife Elaine died. We planted a banksia tree outside the front of the Church, in memory of Elaine. Rob became a qualified Lay Preacher, he was given a Parish, which he moved to, but he died soon after that. It is difficult to forget that we were blessed by this couple.

This picture (picture 8) is of the congregation invited out to Karen Banfield's home twice in Strathfield where we had a marvellous Garden Party, and would you believe it, we had home-made cakes and goodies for the 40 folks that came specially baked and prepared by Karen's Mum who had come from the country just to cook for us like the country rats providing for us, the city rats.

We lost some of our members through death, some moved away to other aged care facilities, some were too ill to come to Church, some moved interstate to be close to their family, as their time was drawing near.

Let me tell you about the residents of No. 28, Queens Street. 6 of them began attending our Church a few years after I became Minister. They only live 3 minutes walk away. Mary Vulaono, their Supervisor is a Fijian like me, she brought the residents to Church 9 years ago, and they have continued to attend until today, even participated in our Church activities, Praise the Lord, sometimes they even collect our Sunday offering. Earlier on, No. 28 had an Open House, and the congregation was invited into their home, and we had a wonderful tucker before dispersing. Church members would go out of their way to welcome No. 28, to make them feel they belong in our community.

I have always valued a young Dad by the name of Sena from Sri Lanka trying to bring up his 2 kids all by himself. They were already in the Church when I arrived. Sena gave his time to the work of the Church whatever the Church needed, he would provide things like big or small labels, photographs, in colour, always completed professionally. Then he wanted his family to be baptised. So, I went into their home, took lessons with them. 2 months later, I baptised the 3 of them. In my heart, I know Sena was a genuine hardworking Christian, they had been members of Westmead Church for close to 20 years, and God would be pleased and bless them abundantly.

We conducted some spiritual programs, apart from our Sunday Service, we catered for Bible Class with Jean Mitchell, Seniors Week, Tai Chi, Open Door every Wednesday, where Sue Dillion & Georgina continue to provide afternoon tea, plus a new program called 'Time Out Café where we encourage people passing to and from the Hospital to come in and have a rest, with a cuppa and a sandwich. And so much more. I had to finish 13 years later, to retire at 73, after working together and serving God's people with wonderful friends.

HAPPY 30th ANNIVERSARY WESTMEAD UNITING CHURCH

WESTMEAD MEMORIES FOR THEIR 30TH ANNIVERSARY
Rev Janet Dawson

Dear Westmead friends,

I'm sorry I can't be with you for this special occasion, but today is George's 85th birthday, and we have family celebrations going on. For those of you who remember our daughters Diane and Christina, they are both married with children of their own. George and I have five grandchildren (four boys and one girl), ranging in age from 19 to 6 years old.

I remember my time at Westmead with the greatest affection, and still tell people what a wonderful congregation you were.

I remember when we were going through the call conversations thinking that if these people had the faith and courage to move from their church building on the other side of the railway line down into Wesley Lodge to be available to people at Westmead hospital, they were the people I wanted to be with.

I remember that you lived out your mission statement "Sharing the Hospitality of Jesus Christ" with your whole hearts. Congregation members were from a great variety of cultural and ethnic backgrounds, faith backgrounds, sexual orientations, and all had a place.

I remember one Pentecost inviting people to come forward and light a candle for their place of birth; in a congregation of just over 50 people, we had candles for 17 different places.

I remember you welcoming visitors from the Psychiatric Hospital, even if they timed their visit nicely to arrive just in time for morning tea.

I remember the willingness to try new things in worship – sing new songs, try an activity.

I remember the love and acceptance for the children who inhabited the children's table.

I remember our agreement to have both wine and grape juice for communion, accommodating everyone.

I remember the love which surrounded those who were sick or grieving.

I remember our special services celebrating different cultures. I still have the beautiful sari given to me for one of those occasions by Cheryl Shyam's family. I also remember Rob Ridding, clad in full Highland regalia, declaiming Robbie Burns' Ode to the Haggis with such enthusiasm that his sword got stuck in the foyer ceiling. I wonder if the mark is still there?

I remember having fun together. A vivid picture in my mind is acting out David and Goliath, with George as Goliath perched on a chair waving a plastic oar covered with aluminium foil, whilst Ron Hunter as David boldly discarded his armour – a bicycle helmet which was too small anyway and perched precariously on the top of his head.

I remember Freda Maddox as the bossy choir mistress in my Christmas play where Santa Claus (Ron Hunter again) overhears the good news that Jesus is to be born and has to be included in the angelic choir so that he doesn't spread the news too soon.

I remember a small group of us gathering at the church to celebrate the beginning of the new millennium and thinking about all the things which had happened during our lifetimes.

I remember hosting the Ermington Fijian congregation, and their pastor Apisalomi Ranitu preaching to us. I didn't know when I invited him to do so that this would've been the first time he preached in English, and he was too gracious to refuse. I only hope that this opened more doors for his ministry.

I remember so many people I considered my friends as well as members of the congregation.

I remember feeling surrounded by love and acceptance.

These are difficult times and many of the things we remember with such happiness aren't taking place, but my hope and prayer for all of you at Westmead is that you will continue to find ways of living your faith with courage and enthusiasm. May you continue to Share the Hospitality of Jesus Christ.

Blessings and Peace,



Rev Janet Dawson

25th July 2021

Hymn

“Give Me a Place”

Video

Written by Julian Elia and Ben Cross, led by Julian and Kelly Elia

Give me a place within your house
To live all the days of my life
In your beauty and wisdom (x2)

Wait for the Lord
Be strong; take heart (x2)

I am still confident of this
I will see the goodness of the Lord
In the land of the living (x2)

Repeat all



The Ministry of the Word

Epistle Reading

Ephesians 3:14-21

Biju Chacko

14 For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, 15 from whom every family in heaven and on earth takes its name. 16 I pray that, according to the riches of his glory, he may grant that you may be strengthened in your inner being with power through his Spirit, 17 and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith, as you are being rooted and grounded in love. 18 I pray that you may have the power to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth, 19 and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, so that you may be filled with all the fullness of God. 20 Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to accomplish abundantly far more than all we can ask or imagine, 21 to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen.



Gospel Reading**John 6:1-21****Mere Vulaono**

1 After this Jesus went to the other side of the Sea of Galilee, also called the Sea of Tiberias. 2 A large crowd kept following him, because they saw the signs that he was doing for the sick. 3 Jesus went up the mountain and sat down there with his disciples. 4 Now the Passover, the festival of the Jews, was near. 5 When he looked up and saw a large crowd coming toward him, Jesus said to Philip, "Where are we to buy bread for these people to eat?" 6 He said this to test him, for he himself knew what he was going to do. 7 Philip answered him, "Six months' wages would not buy enough bread for each of them to get a little." 8 One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, said to him, 9 "There is a boy here who has five barley loaves and two fish. But what are they among so many people?" 10 Jesus said, "Make the people sit down." Now there was a great deal of grass in the place; so they sat down, about five thousand in all. 11 Then Jesus took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, he distributed them to those who were seated; so also the fish, as much as they wanted. 12 When they were satisfied, he told his disciples, "Gather up the fragments left over, so that nothing may be lost." 13 So they gathered them up, and from the fragments of the five barley loaves, left by those who had eaten, they filled twelve baskets. 14 When the people saw the sign that he had done, they began to say, "This is indeed the prophet who is to come into the world." 15 When Jesus realized that they were about to come and take him by force to make him king, he withdrew again to the mountain by himself. 16 When evening came, his disciples went down to the sea, 17 got into a boat, and started across the sea to Capernaum. It was now dark, and Jesus had not yet come to them. 18 The sea became rough because a strong wind was blowing. 19 When they had rowed about three or four miles, they saw Jesus walking on the sea and coming near the boat, and they were terrified. 20 But he said to them, "It is I; do not be afraid." 21 Then they wanted to take him into the boat, and immediately the boat reached the land toward which they were going.

Reflection on God's Word**Rev Geoff Stevenson****- Chairperson, Parramatta Nepean Presbytery of the Uniting Church in Australia****Space for Grace and Food for Life!**

A bloke wandered into our church office one day, a hard worn bloke with a worried, confused expression. His head was down, and he looked anxious, as if he wasn't welcome and would be sent packing. He nervously tried to ask for help but wasn't clear and tied the well-meaning helper in knots as she tried to make sense of his mumbled ramblings.

I was called and took the fellow into a quieter room where we could chat, and he might say what needed to be said. He fumbled around at first jumping all over and unsure how to get where he wanted. I slowed him down and asked some questions, gave some space to talk. He began by saying he needed money for food, money for something else and kept going until I gently stopped him. There was no money on the site, and we didn't offer money, but food and other support was there aplenty.

We got him a coffee, some biscuits and cake, to lubricate his tongue and ease his mind. I helped him circle around the issues that were obviously part of his story, gradually spiralling inwards into the place where the heart of things lay; quietly burning away in the midst of life and disturbing his peace and ease of mind. As we floated into the inner place of story and life and

despairing reality, he shared snippets of who he was and why he was here. Food was the necessary start, the desperately needed reality that was easiest to communicate and ask for. Food to sustain the body. Food that would ease his hunger pangs, fuel his muscles and give his brain energy to think straight. Food that he needed.

Beyond the food for his body, this poor soul yearned for more. There was a longing, a helpless, hope-filled longing, in his being. His life had struggled and strived, suffered and lost. He was kicked around and felt the cold hard reality of loneliness, fear and exclusion. He lived with the stress of being and it was overwhelming to the point of exhausted, fearful despair. The daemons circled and filled his mind until escape was the only thing that afforded some measure of relief. Any form of escape, it didn't matter, and he tried anything along the way. Ultimately dependence on drugs held him in its oppressive grasp. The escape mechanisms gradually became the oppressive forces that controlled his life. He hung his head shamefully as he recounted the darkest moments of seeking drugs, no longer to escape the pain of life but to relieve the desperate craving and addiction. Drugs no longer brought 'high' feelings that were good but only relief from the chronic desperation that replaced the old desperation – and raised it to new heights. As he recounted his shame, I felt him releasing some of the inner angst and fear. I wasn't going to judge or throw him out. He could speak and share, and it would be held with respect; he would be always welcomed and acknowledged as a child of the Living God, whether he chose to receive this acceptance or not.

When he finished, I offered a prayer, a form of blessing this young man in whom life had been and was tough. He struggled to remain clean each day and he was doing well – it was brave and lonely, but he was making it through. We got some food and offered more when he needed it and any other resources that might help him on the way. He left and I pondered what we had shared – a coffee and biscuit that sounded bit like communion, actually. He'd been welcomed and received, and listened to; his story held in respectful grace in the ever-present love of God. I can't say that his life turned around that day. Perhaps it did but I'll never know. I'll never really know what that time and moment contributed to his life, but I hope that in the relational time of sharing stories of life he discovered something of the value of his life and who he is. I hope that the 'food' he needed, food of identity, acceptance and love, began to reach his inner being and these few moments on this day helped him live that day and find a moment or two of hope and joy.

This week begins a reading of John's story of Jesus through Chapter 6. It meanders along through a winding reflection on bread and life and eating of that which sustains us in depth and hope. It opens with Jesus and the disciples in the hills beyond the lake with a large, gathered crowd below. Jesus, in some humorous, testing way asked a couple of disciples if they could feed the crowd. Bug-eyed and shaking their heads, Phillip replied that it would take more money than they could make in six months to buy food for this lot. Andrew, always the door-opening, possibility-thinking disciple, brought a boy and his lunch before Jesus. Five barley loaves and two fish; enough for a growing lad. It would go nowhere and yet everywhere. Who knows what else may have been opened and shared that day but it was taken in gracious love, blessed, broken and given – and given and given... The bread and fish fed a crowd at this Passover time. It recalled wilderness wanderings and manna and quail in desert places, of gracious food supplied. It recalled a last meal in oppressive slavery in Egypt, when the Hebrew people longed for liberty and freedom and were about to journey into the wilderness of becoming, on the verge of a new thing – in God. Moses' ministry was reflected and amplified in Jesus and the poor crowd,

yearning for hope and life, freedom and promise were filled!

The story rolls on and the disciples depart across the lake, whilst Jesus moves into the hills to pray. In the darkness of a lake crossing, the wind and waves rise and threaten the weary disciples in the darkness of life. This scene recalls the dark moments of life and being when we feel overwhelmed, swamped, confused, frightened and desperate; when the pain and struggle of life or the choices we make take us down.

Into this dark place of struggle and confusion Jesus floated in; across waves he wandered and got into the boat of the disciple's life and sat with them in their angst and fear or stubborn helplessness. He calmed their being and journeyed with them through the swollen seas of life to the calm peace of the beach at sunrise – a new day.

Perhaps this fellow who came to our office in the darkness and hunger of his life encountered this same Christ in the food and drink, a listening ear, caring people who welcomed him and sat with his stories. Perhaps it was us who entertained the Christ in this man and his humble story, offering some crumbs and coffee, and held his pain in dignity and respect. Perhaps Christ was in the midst of our time, our moment, holding us all in our human vulnerability; in the spaces between us, the relational moment and the grace we felt in giving and receiving.

The original vision for the new site at Westmead was about creating a space and place within the significant, growing health precinct of Westmead. The old church sat across the tracks amongst several churches and had lost its way. The dream was of having a space within the heart of the growing area where people who were tired, weary, worn out by the struggle of life, with children, parents, siblings, partners, friends in hospital care for physical and mental health challenges. Each day brought different news and challenges for people of the precinct and staying in the motel. There would be people around who could provide an ear, a coffee and snack, a source of support or prayer or care in the midst of the struggle and journey of life. An oasis of care and grace open to the world in a rarefied place of intense emotions and experience; a gathering place where people can come and find a community of care, a listening ear and the grace of God. Christ would walk across the waters of our lives, through the darkness to get into the boats of our lives and bring peace in the storms. Christ would feed us with food for life and the journey.

Affirmation of Faith

Jan Robson

(Affirmation of faith from the 2016 NSW Synod Meeting)

Let us affirm our faith:

We believe in God the creator, who never holds creation at arm's length, who shares with us
in our joys and sufferings.

We believe that death, loneliness and injustice can never have the final word; for God
raised Jesus from the dead!

We believe that the Holy Spirit is moving among us, transforming our communities into
places where God's peace, love, justice are at work.

We believe God calls us to follow after the risen crucified Christ;
to love our neighbours,
to bear hope for our community,
to pray for the coming of God's Spirit.

We are a pilgrim people. We are a Good News People.
We are a people who say 'yes' to God.
Yes! We will choose life!
Yes! God has already given us all we need to be the church!
Yes! We will enter the discipleship adventure, following Christ's way!
Yes! God's Spirit is already at work, calling us to faith and action.
We will dare to trust in God's future. Hallelujah! Amen!



Prayers of the People

Karen Banfield and
Suzanne Stanton

Let us celebrate and give thanks for our past, acknowledge together the green shoots and challenges of the present, and look forward with hope to our unfolding future, as we renew our commitment to share the hospitality of Jesus Christ.

Let us pray:

With Christ dwelling in our hearts, we will:

Sow the gift of **welcoming**,
And rejoice that strangers are no longer strangers!

Our inner being strengthened through the Spirit, we will:

Sow the seed of **listening**,
So hard problems are unravelled and gifts become known

Rooted and grounded in God's love, we will:

Sow the seed of **caring**,
So that hungry people are fed with bread, and roses!

Knowing that the love of Christ surpasses all knowledge, we will:

Sow the seed of **imagining**
Where truth is acknowledged
And forms the foundation for our unfolding future

Co-creating with the Spirit a dwelling place for God, we will:

Sow the seed of **telling**,

Where the good news of our lives is shared
And weaves a tapestry of community

Trusting in God's promise to create one new humanity through Jesus Christ, we will:

Sow the seed of **changing**,
Where that which is not of God can be released
And all become midwives of God's coming kingdom.

Amen

*(Ephesians 2:11-22, 3:14-21; A Sower Went Out to Sow, Iona Community prayer,
adapted)*

Final Hymn

“The Summons”

Music by Northmead Uniting Church

1. Will you come and follow me
If I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know
And never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown,
Will you let my name be known,
Will you let my life be grown
In you and you in me?
2. Will you leave yourself behind
If I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind
And never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare
Should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer
In you and you in me?
3. Will you let the blinded see
If I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
And never be the same?

Will you kiss the leper clean,
And do such as this unseen,
And admit to what I mean
In you and you in me?

4. Will you love the 'you' you hide
If I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside
And never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found
To reshape the world around,
Through my sight and touch and sound
In you and you in me?

5. Lord, your summons echoes true
When you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you
And never be the same.
In your company I'll go
Where your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
In you and you in me.

© *Words: 1987 WGRG, Iona Community, Glasgow, Scotland, G2 3DH (Admin. by Wild Goose Resource Group), Music: David Peacock - The Jubilate Group (Admin. by Hope Publishing Company)*

Words of Mission and Affirmation

Suzanne Stanton

God said,
"I am the Lord your God.
You shall have no other gods but me"
We will worship God alone.

Jesus said,
"Love one another
as I have loved you."
We will love and care

**for one another
in the way of Christ.**
Jesus breathed on the disciples,
Saying
“Receive my Spirit.”
**We call upon the Spirit
to fill us anew
so the world may be blessed
by this community of God.**

© 2017 “Wide and Deep” Amelia Koh-Butler

Song of Blessing

“For You, Deep Stillness”

Music by Northmead Uniting Church

For you, deep stillness of the silent inland
For you, deep blue of the desert skies
For you, flame red of the rocks and stones
For you, sweet water from hidden springs.

From the edges seek the heartlands
and when you're burnt by the journey
may the cool winds of the hovering
Spirit soothe and replenish you.

In the name of Christ, In the name of Christ

© 1997 Robin Mann. Words: Julie Perrin



20th Anniversary 2011

L to R: Rev Alan Jackson, Rev Veitinia Waqabaca, Rev Trevor Jennings, Rev Janet Dawson and
Rev Keith Hamilton

Following the service on Zoom photos from
the History of Westmead Uniting Church will be played on loop
There will also be time for those present to share their reflections.
First, please take a few minutes break, make some morning tea
and then come back to the Zoom meeting to
enjoy this special time together.