



# The Connector

The Meeting Place Magazine

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## THANK YOU!

We are living in (I believe the word is) unprecedented times. As many of you are aware, the Meeting Place has had to temporarily close its doors.

To all those who support us we say a huge **THANK YOU**. Whether it be prayerfully, financially, or other ways (eg watering and working in the gardens and yard, cleaning the pool etc ) we really appreciate your continued support. Despite not being 'open', there are still jobs that require doing and bills that require paying. So thank you to those who are able to help at this time.

However, we are blessed in that the Caretakers are still able to connect with many of our 'regulars' through phone, email, letters etc. We don't have everyone's contact details. So if you know someone in need of some help or you would simply like a friendly phone call, please contact us.

Stephen (chairperson)



May you determine to travel lighter starting now. Refuse to pick up old baggage and bad habits when this crisis passes. March into your next season with clarity, purpose, and conviction. Be ruthless when the enemy taunts you with fear and anxiety; shut him down immediately.

Be responsive when the Holy Spirit speaks to you about your life, your habits, and your default settings. Jesus has something precious and profound to teach you in this season; something you could acquire in no other way. So listen to Him. Do what He says. Fling aside your own self-condemning thoughts and wrap yourself up in God's beautiful grace and righteousness instead. May you march on from here, full of faith, empowered by grace, and awakened by God's love. Walk as one who's been spoken for by God above. May your latter days be far more blessed than your former days. Jesus is always up to something new.

**Bless you!** (adapted from Susie Larson Blessings)

Ephesians 3:20 (TPT) ~ Never doubt God's mighty power to work in you and accomplish all this. He will achieve infinitely more than your greatest request, your most unbelievable dream, and exceed your wildest imagination! He will outdo them all, for his miraculous power constantly energizes you.



A huge thank you to Fraser Coast Regional Council who have given a grant of \$5,000 towards the installation of our solar system



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# The Long Silence

At the end of time, billions of people were scattered on a great plain before God's throne. Most shrank back from the brilliant light before them. But some groups near the front talked heatedly - not with cringing shame, but with belligerence.

Can God judge us? How can He know about suffering? Snapped a pert young brunette. She ripped open a sleeve to reveal a tattooed number from a Nazi concentration camp. "We endured terror - beatings- torture and death!"

In another group a Black African lowered his collar. "What about this" he demanded, showing an ugly rope burn. "Lynched for no crime but being black!"

In another crowd a pregnant schoolgirl with sullen eyes. "Why should I suffer?" She murmured. "It wasn't my fault!"

Far out across the plain were hundreds of such groups. Each had a complaint against God for the evil and suffering He permitted in this world. How lucky was God to live in heaven where all was sweetness and light, where there was no weeping or fear, no hunger or hatred. What did God know of all that men had been forced to endure in this world? For God leads a pretty sheltered life, they said.

So each of these groups sent forth a leader, chosen because he had suffered the most. A Jew, a slave, a person from Hiroshima. A victim from the black plague and from covid 19. There was someone horribly deformed by arthritis. Another who served a life sentence for a murder he did not commit.

In the middle of the plain they consulted with one another. At last they were ready to present their case. It was rather clever. Before God could be qualified to be their judge, He must endure what they had endured. Their decision was that God should be sentenced to live on Earth as a man.

Let Him be born a Jew. Let the legitimacy of his birth be doubted. Give Him work so difficult that even His family will think He is out of His mind when He performs it. Let Him be betrayed by His closest friends. Let Him face false charges, be tried by a prejudiced jury and convicted by a cowardly judge. Let Him be tortured.

At the last let Him see what it means to be terribly alone. Then let Him die. Let Him die so that there can be no doubt he died. Let there be a great host of witnesses to verify it.

As each leader announced his portion of the sentence, loud murmurs of approval went up from the throng of people assembled. When the last had finished pronouncing sentence, there was a long silence. No one uttered another word. No one moved. For suddenly everyone knew that

**GOD HAD ALREADY SERVED THIS SENTENCE**