



Greetings! May you be encouraged as you read my newsletter.

On Australia day we hosted a barbeque for Mensa. There were a lot of sausages left over so both Peter and I felt we should invite our street to a sausage sizzle. So I made a flyer and we did just that. It turned out to be a lovely time of getting to know better some we didn't know and others we are getting to know. I had the opportunity to share some of my spiritual journey with three ladies. I asked them if they would like to read more of my spiritual journey in my autobiography and they did. So I gave them a copy. If you don't have a copy and would like one you can order one from <http://au.blurb.com>



In the past, every time I have asked God about fasting He has pointed me to the verse that says the fast he wants is for us to feed the poor and bring the homeless into our home.

"Is not this the fast that I choose: to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the straps of the yoke, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke? Is it not to share your bread with the hungry and bring the homeless poor into your house; when you see the naked, to cover him, and not to hide yourself from your own flesh?" (Isaiah 58:6-7 English Standard Version)

Well it was on my mind again, so again I asked God if I should fast and again He reminded me of the homeless. My husband Peter suggested I go to the park where a few churches, including ours, feed the homeless. I shared this with a friend from church and she offered to take me to the park.

A few days before we went to the park, I prayed for rain because the ground was so dry. Well God answered me and it rained. It rained on the day went to the Park, but it not only rained, it stormed. Thunder and lightning made it unpleasant and rather scary. My friend introduced me to the people at the park. There were two homeless men there that day and they both exclaimed with big smiles, "You are from New Zealand!" I told them I was but I also told them I was an Australian. I asked where they were from and they told me. They also told me they were criminals. I told them they didn't have to be, but they said they did because everyone in Australia is bound by chains. I told them I wasn't bound by chains. Jesus had set me free. One of the homeless men told me he had been homeless for 20 years. I remembered the word about bringing the homeless into "your home" so I offered him a bed for the night. He declined my offer and later as the rain intensified I said to him, "Are you sure you don't want a bed for the night." He declined again but this time there was a touch of moisture in his eyes and it wasn't from the rain.

I wrote a sermon and put on my website at: <http://www.poyema.com> It turned out to be prophetic. It was about God filling the void and perishing waste places after hovering over them....and guess what I found? A great empty waste, perishing - getting worse - place under our house; a void that needed to be filled! There were great holes under the house! Probably made from the water falling straight through the down pipe where it doesn't join onto the storm water pipe in the ground! I discovered these holes after the plumber and I decided to redirect the existing storm water pipe so that it went over the bank instead of all the rain from the roof joining up into a small pipe that is far too small for the amount of water that it has to deal with as it takes it out onto the road. The photo shows what it looks like after I filled most of the hole in.



Lately every time I go out into the garden I come back with tiny seed ticks, so I began spending more time playing computer games rather than being in the garden. However it wasn't long before I was bored with this activity. I didn't want to waste my life on games so I asked God what I should be doing. The word He gave me was "serious study." So I decided to do an audit class in New Testament Greek through St. Frances College in Brisbane. I thought I would just sit in the class and listen but the lecturer said I needed to do the tests as well so it has indeed turned out to be "serious" study! I wondered about how I would go travelling on the trains at night. Someone let me know that the trains were not safe after 7pm. They told me I could stay overnight at the college. However the Lord reminded me not to be afraid because He was with me, so I decided to try the trains. That week a news broadcast showed the police out in force on the Brisbane trains. They were making them a safer place ... and indeed I have not been afraid on them!

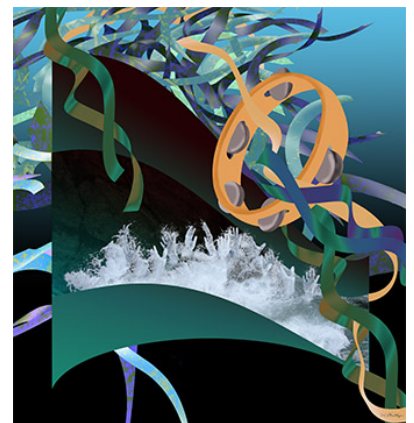
We bought some Wii fitness games in the hope that we would use them and become fitter! They turned out to be good for my balance but they made my knees hurt, especially going up or down stairs. Going by train to my Greek classes meant going up and down the many stairs at the train stations and suddenly this was difficult. One day I thought I wouldn't be able to make it to the lecture. I wondered if I would even be able to continue walking. I paused and cried silently to Jesus for healing and before I had said anything but "Lord!" the pain immediately left my knees and I have been fine ever since.

There were storm warnings and my lecturer sent an email that I just happened to look at before leaving. I don't normally look at them at that time. He suggested I give the lecture a miss (being only an audit student), however I decided to go as I was all ready to go. We were having a test and during the first test two weeks earlier, I had been so anxious, more than I have ever been before. So on the way I prayed about it. God immediately answered me saying, "My peace I give to you." God fulfilled His word and I found I had no anxiety during the test. Coming back on the train I was thinking about this and how anxious I was about driving home from the train station in the rain and dark. Ever since I had been in a car accident (the third one which occurred during a dark wet night) I have felt an extreme scariness when driving on wet nights. Because God had removed my test anxiety, I prayed that He would do the same for the last leg of the trip – travel by car from the station.

I left the train station around 11.00pm and it was raining harder than I liked but I did not feel afraid, cautious but not afraid...I came across an accident so I slowed down to 40k. Just in time! I then came across some large puddles of water. I slowed down again to 20k and made it safely home without fear. Jesus had given me His peace and kept me safe!

There are many ways and different words we can use to convey the concept of how wonderful life in Jesus is. There are many ways of encouraging one another to be glad in Jesus. Art is one way. I have been exhibiting my art works at Church and writing down the message behind the art. The message is printed in the pew newsletter.

Recently I felt it was time to change the art work I was exhibiting in church so I asked God what image I should create. Immediately an image of music and dancing came into my mind and the song by Vinyard, "Down the mountain the river flows....The river of God sets my feet a dancing..." ...so I made an art work on that theme.



The following scriptures are among many that informed the theology behind this art work:

"Let the rivers clap their hands, Let the mountains sing together for joy Before the LORD..." (Psalm 98:7- 9).

"Now on the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried out, saying, "If anyone is thirsty, let him come to Me and drink. He who believes in Me, as the Scripture said, 'From his innermost being will flow rivers of living water'" (John 7:37-38).

"Praise the LORD! Sing to the LORD a new song, And His praise in the congregation of the godly ones. Let Israel be glad in his Maker; Let the sons of Zion rejoice in their King. Let them praise His name with dancing; Let them sing praises to Him with timbrel and lyre" (Psalm 149:1-3).