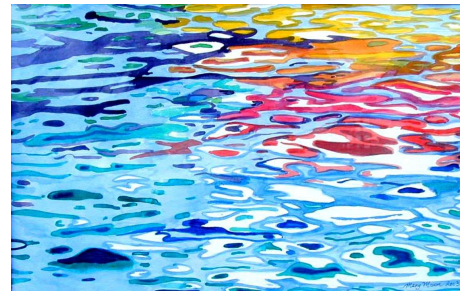




Galaxies
Gathering
23 February 2014
Service by Fergus Collinson
& Pete Cowley



Welcome:

The theme of our gathering tonight is “Reflections of Summer”.



A Summer Prayer

Long warm days...

The pace of life slows...

A time for picnics and rest in the shade...

Lord, help me to rest awhile

in the cooling shade of your presence.

Slow down my restless heart and fill me

with gentle compassion for all your people. Amen.

- Author unknown



Call to togetherness and sharing:

Leader: God, we are all part of you; your creation, your life, and your loving. We gather together to celebrate and to honour all that has been created

All: May all that God has created be honoured, nurtured and protected.

Passing the Peace:

Leader: Now that we are reminded that we are to honour all creation, let us start by honouring each other by sharing our peace and love with one another.

All: We open our hearts to the mystery of God's love in all creation. We carry in us the divine spark, the gift of love and care, which we share tonight, deepens us as people of God



Each person shares hugs, or whatever you are comfortable with, with those around them.

Reflections on Summer

... I love this - the Mexican fair ground jangle of orange, green and blue. Perfect for clutching a vodka or coffee on a bumpy Steam Incorp train veranda. My pre-pose stars my Kabuki Performer glasses from the \$3 shop, and Anna-Marie's FREE! Un-used, made in NZ using recycled material poster. This is amazing - nobody wants her instant colour blitz

Just noticed a green fairy clothes peg Anna-Marie's got to model. Bright pegs anchor my today's to do list to the top of my Screaming Turtle Brazilian coffee bag. Tonight they're part of a hamonious facescape.





Wow! What a shot! I've got lived in gutsy tenderness in your Big Mama hand. Recycling is fun! Its brave - we're up against obscenely powerful wealthy multi-nationals trashing our planet

Late arvo sundown in Hilltop Hideaways is the ultimate artist narcotic. Pink spunky North Afro colours hilltop ascend above Paekakariki's small is beautiful



urban centre. Trains rattle rumble thru - I hear them on my implant! A coffee, a Gitane from a long ago pack. Its Josephine Baker dance, sing that up-tempo Roaring Twenties beat. Every one knows her I'm Just Wild about Harry track. The one I want, the one I hear is from the bio-pic. Her Glenn Miller styled, fond one about Kansas City (?) and Paris



Golden Boy is different to anything else I've ever read. Max is an inter-sex high school boy. He tries to not stand out. Who wouldn't? He's in love with Sylvie. But his childhood mate Hunter rapes him, brutally, and he gets pregnant. Once again his body is open territory to surgeons and society who want to do gruesome homogenising ops so he will be "normal." One of my mates says "I have an inter-sex nephew. I've always wondered about what goes on inside him"

On Saturday I'm over this frenetic frantic biff bang every ninety seconds of the sun coming out, clouds roll over, freeze. But that wind down on the beach when I swim in a thermy singlet, a woolly jersey and my Alpine parka cold. Shelter up in the scrub, being hot is magic. I relax, write

Hot sand my arse/ warm.
My un-articulated next book is called. cLUTTER/
Clutter is colourful/clamorous.

In my photo I understand is/ coherent

Other reflections from those gathered

Please feel free to contribute your reflection of
Summer.

Walking My Path (by Annette L. Sherwood 2013)

Seeking God in my own time and place
there is something Holy in my seeking

My seeking -

the unknown path I walk

steady and slow my pace

sure - and steady

purposeful steps taken

I feel each one touch the ground

there is a holiness to it -

I feel it -

the confidence comes from

accepting my own rhythm -

with Grace of the creative universe

- slow - and constantly moving

steady, strong, sure

as obstacles come to me

I wait, pause, reflect,

and then take my own trusted

course of action -

not always welcomed

and yet - my assured path

step, step

I move again

comfortable within myself

assured that I have wisdom

in God's guidance

listening and leading

moving deeper within

leaving some behind

with a prayer for peace

and taking another brave step toward

Wonder, Awe, Unknown -

where God dwells

beyond my understanding.

