

Welcome to the Morialta Uniting Church Community Library

FROM THE LIBRARIAN

Journeying - Are We There Yet?

Night Journeys! Egypt! Lots of Cases, Travel labels, Postcards, Paddington Bear! Books about travelling, photo albums from the 1930's, souvenirs from all over the world!

Thank you to all who helped to make our high tea a memorable evening.

The literary delights were a great time of sharing our journeys and experiences of "Are We There Yet?", and our exuberant and enthusiastic guest speaker Raylene Pearce not only spoke to us but acted as well!

The Library raised \$338 which will be put to good use in purchasing books to be added to our aboriginal book collection.



LIBRARY WRITING COMPETITION WINNING ENTRIES

Faith and Journeying

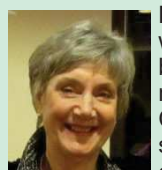


Everyone's journey in faith is different – from hiking the Kokoda Trail to morning mass. For some faith is a tradition. It's just something they have. For others they have to look for their faith. They spend many years looking for it. To have faith in God is to have faith in yourself. It's important to have faith as it helps you to grow as a Christian. Faith binds life.

It's the glue which connects your life together, but the question is, does your faith journey ever end? Theologians have been questioning this for years. When you die, does the journey end or does it continue somewhere else? Some Christians find hiking a good way to reflect on their journey. Others find mass and church services better to reflect. Either way the journey always needs to be reflected on. If it's the Kokoda Trail or mass it's part of God's journey for you.

Jordan Hall

Are We There Yet?



My grandchildren ask why I write so often and when I am going to stop. Presently, they are busy with just living and look ever forward to the next birthday, the next holiday, or the next Christmas. They show scant interest in family stories but one day I know they will become curious. They'll wish, just like me, that they had listened better, asked questions and knew more. And that will be the point when they begin to look back.

Looking back isn't always a negative activity, as long as we don't do it to just rekindle past hurts. It can be immensely positive as it shows how far we've come and how much we've learned. And sometime it even indicates how we have changed. Then we marvel at the person we used to be and are glad that we're no longer the same.

As I recall past events, pictures take shape and memories, at first like flecks in amber, become fluid and vibrant with shades of emotion. I carry genes created by people who lived astonishingly different lives, but loved, worried, angered and toiled like me. Though I may not feel the same aching experienced by my forebears, it all exists within my body cells and has unknowingly made me who I am.

One day I'll stop my 'jottings' and reflect on everything I've discovered about what makes me, but that moment has not yet arrived. There is still a distance to cover and many blank

pages to fill. With any luck, I'll enjoy more adventures along the way and perhaps even be part of some memorable times that others will recall.

Life's a journey. We are not all fortunate enough to travel first class, but the view will still be the same as long as we feel inclined to occasionally give the panes a polish. Once the grime has been discarded, the sunshine can warm us and what we observe might be encouraging enough to get us outside our comfort zone and into the world at large. That's the moment we stop being passive and feel the thrill of acting on instinct. Occasionally those impulses create discord, because not everyone enjoys the 'staus quo' being shaken.

Being true to oneself can be hard although it's never wasted time, and learning to live with the consequences is all part of the unpredictable route we take through life. We mustn't wait for others to dictate our path but should seize opportunities to forge our own way.

One day in the future perhaps one of my descendants will write about me. I'd like to think that what I leave behind is worth the time taken to record, and the paper used to document it. I cannot think of anything, just at this moment, which is memorable enough to leave for posterity, but give me time. The journey's still ongoing.

And are we there yet? Well I'm not. Not by a long chalk.

Jan Thornton

Book Review:



FRIDA Chosen to Die; Destined to Live
by Frida Umuhoza Gashumba
with Sandy Waldron

This book gives an inspiring personal glimpse into the tragic 1994 genocide in Rwanda (southwest of Lake Victoria and Kenya) when the Hutu tribe tried to eliminate their perceived rivals, the Tutsis. Frida's Tutsi family was devoutly Catholic, living in a friendly mixed community until the first signs of unrest, when Tutsi children were ordered by their teacher to

stand up in class, enabling their Hutu friends to jeer at them. Violence culminated as bands of Hutu men roamed the countryside and slaughtered all the Tutsi they could find. Frida was the only survivor of her close family after being left for dead in a burial trench. A long period of depression and denial of her faith ended when amazingly when she again surrendered to Jesus at the urging of friends. Back in the church, she married a pastor – mentor and was eventually even able to extend forgiveness to her Hutu persecutors and to see a happier future for her country.

Reviewed by Bryan Forbes

For more book reviews go to www.morialtauca.org.au/resources/library