



Last year (2020) I went to O'Reilly's Rainforest Retreat for a week with a friend of mine. It is in the Lamington National Park in Queensland. We had a great time just prior to the Pandemic starting in Australia.

I was fascinated by the different types of fungi in the Rainforest and in particular this photograph. It reminded me of the old shuttlecocks we used to use in badminton. This one has an unpleasant name or names, bridal veil stinkhorn, veiled lady stinkhorn as well as a scientific name "Dictyophora". My understanding is that the

smell attracts insects, and they are caught in the net. Each fungi have a different purpose and deep in the forest they fulfil that purpose. I photographed many different types of fungi and maybe one day I'll find out a bit more about them.

It reminds me that we are all different, we are different shapes and sizes, have different coloured skin and speak different languages but the God who created us, created us in His image. God has a purpose for each of us.

Jesus says in Mark 12:30-31 New International Version that we are to:

"³⁰ Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength.' ³¹ The second is this: 'Love your neighbour as yourself.' There is no commandment greater than these."

Praying God's blessing on each one of you and your loved ones.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all, now and evermore. Amen.

In Christian love and service
Lyn Graham

Please enjoy this great hymn of praise.

[How Great Thou Art - Celtic Thunder - With Lyrics - Bing video](#)

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Chorus:

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Chorus:

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!