

Dear Friends,

Some time ago I went for a holiday to Central Australia. I had no idea what to expect but discovered that it was amazing. To see Uluru at Sunset and Sunrise in all its beauty and wonder was something to behold. To stand beside it made you feel so small and insignificant compared to its size and grandeur.

We enjoyed dinner under the stars. Each time we had someone who would explain which stars we were looking at and how they fitted into the Aboriginal History and Dreamtime. We learnt a lot about the Aboriginal culture, we have so much to learn from our First Peoples.

I thought I'd seen everything until we went into Kings Canyon. It was breathtaking. The colours and shapes of the rocks reminded me that they have stood the test of time, have seen many storms and yet still stand firm and strong. We read in 2 Samuel 22:3 (New Living Translation) "My God is my rock, in whom I find protection. He is my shield, the power that saves me, and my place of safety...."

In the storms of life, we all look for somewhere or someone to protect us. For me it is God, for others it is friends or family but in those difficult times there is someone ready to stand firm and strong with us. What rock do you hold onto? Can you say as did Samuel "My God is my rock"



Photo taken at Kings Canyon.

My prayer is that we will find our strength and our place of safety in God, who is indeed our Rock. Amen

In loving Christian Service

Lyn

Mobile: 0412 990 949

email: ldgraham43@outlook.com

[Rock of Ages, cleft for me - Bing video](#)

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

