

*Dear Friends*



*What an amazing weekend I've just experienced, singing with 800 other voices in the Opera House. My head is still full of music, not only the melodies but the orchestral music as well. The harps, the flutes, violins, violas, cellos, drums, bells, pianos etc and the sound of that big Opera*

*House Organ resounding around the entire auditorium. This is what is called Chorus Oz and we arrive on the Saturday, rehearse all day, and again on Sunday and then put on a Concert at 5 p.m. The conductor was able to bring everything together over one weekend and was thrilled with the performance.*



*It made me think that we have a Conductor who brings out the best melodies from within our hearts and souls. Even when we hit the wrong note or our timing is wrong, he brings out the most beautiful music from our brokenness.*

*We are reminded in the Psalms about singing our praises to God, and the psalmist goes on to remind us why we are to sing.*

*95 <sup>1-2</sup> Come, let's shout praises to GOD,  
raise the roof for the Rock who saved us!  
Let's march into his presence singing praises,  
lifting the rafters with our hymns!  
<sup>3-5</sup> And why? Because GOD is the best,  
High King over all the gods.*

*96 <sup>1-2</sup> Sing GOD a brand-new song!  
Earth and everyone in it, sing!  
Sing to GOD—worship GOD!  
<sup>2-3</sup> Shout the news of his victory from sea to sea,  
Take the news of his glory to the lost,  
News of his wonders to one and all!*

*The song I've included today reminds us of the wonderful love of God. I pray that you will be able to sense the wonder of this love, that it is far greater than tongue or pen could ever tell and yet, this God loves you and loves me even in our brokenness.*

*In Christian love and friendship,*

*Lyn*

*0412 990 949*

[Bill & Gloria Gaither - The Love of God \[Live\] ft. Joy Gardner, Guy Penrod, David Phelps - Bing video](#)

**The love of God is greater far  
Than tongue or pen can ever tell.  
It goes beyond the highest star  
And reaches to the lowest hell.  
The guilty pair, bowed down with care,  
God gave His Son to win;  
His erring child He reconciled  
And pardoned from his sin.**

**O love of God, how rich and pure!  
How measureless and strong!  
It shall forevermore endure—  
The saints' and angels' song**

**Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made;  
Were every stalk on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the love of God above  
Would drain the ocean dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.**

