

DECEMBER 2012

Newcastle Spiritualist Church Inc



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DAY	TIME	FACILITATOR	DESCRIPTION
MONDAY	7.30 pm– 9.00 pm	Marcia Parkes	Meditation/Development
TUESDAY	10.30 am – Noon	Carmel John	Meditation/Healing
	Committee Meeting	**7pm**	11th December
WEDNESDAY	11.00am-2.30pm	Yvonne Warren	Meditation/Development
	7.30pm-9pm	Jo Burgess	Meditation/Development
THURSDAY	8.30am-1pm	Entry second side door	Reading
FRIDAY	7.30 pm - 9.00 pm	Carmel Colquhoun	Meditation/Development
SUNDAY	3.00 pm & 7.00 pm	Various	Services All welcome
CHECK	INSIDE FOR	DATES CIRCLES WILL BREAK	AND RESUME IN 2013

Our Philosophy is based on Seven Principles



(With liberty of interpretation)

1. *The Fatherhood of God.*
2. *The Brotherhood of Man.*
3. *The immortality of the soul and its personal characteristics*
4. *The proven facts of communication between departed human spirits and mortals*
5. *Personal responsibility.*
6. *Compensation and retribution hereafter for all good and evil deeds done here*
7. *A path of Eternal Progress open to every human soul who wills to tread it by the path of eternal good.*

Dear friends,



Well another year draws to close, and as always it seems time for reflection. Perhaps a reminder to contact those we care about, but seldom see. A phone call, email or card can brighten any day.

I wish each and everyone a bright, spiritual and prosperous new year, overflowing with love and friendship, shared with family and friends.

A number of our members are dealing with loss, health and family problems, as always, I ask they be remembered in your prayers and Circles.

Heartfelt "thank you" to those who quietly maintain our Church and affairs, to our bighearted Thursday Readers, for their gift of time and caring, so often they are the introduction for people new to Spiritualism, and our Church. Also those who come along to take bookings and make sure all go away satisfied. Debbie, you also do a great job, or actually you do lots of jobs well!

Our Circle facilitators are a special breed, coming along each week, taking responsibility for the function of their Circle, welcoming to all who walk through our door, to see just what we are about.

It is said that it takes a village to raise a child, but it certainly takes a lot of caring people to maintain a healthy happy Church, it is not enough to just show up when there is an interesting speaker, so much can be gained and given by taking advantage of Circles and workshops,

After three years, Rose Mayhew is closing her Mediumship Circle, her group has gained much experience, and confidence, and as Louise Hay tells us, when one door closes another opens. Rosie Connor is now taking groups as you would be aware.

Thank you Rose for all you have shared.

This time of year really is special, we give thanks for what we have, for those we love, and are reminded of the Source.

Truly the time to say "Thank you Lord"

See you in Church,

Carmel Colquhoun

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PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER 2012

<u>DATE</u>	<u>SPEAKER</u>	<u>CHAIRPERSON</u>
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2nd December

3pm	Rev Meg Faber	Arvid
7pm	Rev Meg Faber	Arvid

9th December

3pm	Friday Evening Circle	
7pm	Ginny & Greg	Charles

16th December

3pm	Louise Herman	Jo Burgess
7pm	Adam Price	

23rd December

3pm	Gary Hall followed by Christmas Afternoon Tea together. Bring along a plate to share.	
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No 7pm service

6th January Services resume with Rev. Meg

A great conclusion to a busy year, with popular speakers coming along to share.

Louise Herman has travelled around the world working with Spirit since her last visit.

I believe Adam Price will be singing Christmas carols, and have his latest CD available.

Ginny & Greg, Meg and Gary are always warmly welcomed.

IMPORTANT...KEEP...DO NOT LOSE...

Friday Evening Circle will break from 14th December and resume 11th January.

Monday Evening Circle will break from 17th December and resume 7th January

Tuesday morning Circle to be advised.

Wednesday morning Circle will break from 12th December and resume 16th January.

Wednesday evening Circle will break from 12th December and resume 9th January.

Last Thursday reading day 29th November resuming 7th February.

"Why We Shout In Anger"

A Hindu saint who was visiting river Ganges to take bath found a group of family members on the banks, shouting in anger at each other. He turned to his disciples smiled and asked.

'Why do people shout in anger shout at each other?'

Disciples thought for a while, one of them said, 'Because we lose our calm, we shout.'

'But, why should you shout when the other person is just next to you?

You can as well tell him what you have to say in a soft manner. asked the saint Disciples gave some other answers but none satisfied the other disciples.

Finally the saint explained, .

'When two people are angry at each other, their hearts distance a lot. To cover that distance they must shout to be able to hear each other. The angrier they are, the stronger they will have to shout to hear each other to cover that great distance.

What happens when two people fall in love? They don't shout at each other but talk softly, Because their hearts are very close. The distance between them is either non-existent or very small...

'The saint continued, 'When they love each other even more, what happens? They do not speak, only whisper and they get even closer to each other in their love. Finally they even need not whisper, they only look at each other and that's all. That is how close two people are when they love each other.'

He looked at his disciples and said.

'So when you argue do not let your hearts get distant, Do not say words that distance each other more, Or else there will come a day when the distance is so great that you will not find the path to return.' — from Facebook

An old man in Miami calls up his son in New York and says, "Listen, your mother and I are getting divorced. Forty-five years of misery is enough."

"Dad, what are you talking about?" the son screams.

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," he says. "I'm sick of her face, and I'm sick of talking about this, so call your sister in Chicago and tell her," and he hangs up.

Now, the son is worried. So he calls up his sister. She says "Like hell they're getting divorced!" and calls her father immediately. "You're not getting divorced! Don't do another thing, the two of us are flying home tomorrow to talk about this. Until then, don't call a lawyer, don't file a paper, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and she hangs up.

The old man turns to his wife and says "Okay, they're coming for Christmas and paying their own airfares."

.....
Computers are incredibly fast, accurate, and stupid:

Humans are incredibly slow, inaccurate and brilliant:

Together they are powerful beyond imagination

It was only five days before Christmas. The spirit of the season hadn't yet caught up with me, even though cars packed the parking lot of our Houston area Target Shopping Center. Inside the store, it was worse. Shopping carts and last minute shoppers jammed the aisles. Why did I come today? I wondered. My Feet ached almost as Much as my head. My list contained names of several people who claimed they wanted nothing but I knew their feelings would be hurt if I didn't buy them anything. Buying for someone who had everything and deploring the high cost of items, I considered gift-buying anything but fun. Hurriedly, I filled my shopping cart with last minute items and proceeded to the long checkout lines. I picked the shortest but it looked as if it would mean at least a 20 minute wait.

In front of me were two small children - a boy of about 10 and a younger girl about 5. The boy wore a ragged coat. Enormously large, tattered tennis shoes jutted far out in front of his much too short jeans. He clutched several crumpled dollar bills in his grimy hands. The girl's clothing resembled her brother's. Her head was a matted mass of curly hair. Reminders of an evening meal showed on her small face. She carried a beautiful pair of shiny, gold house slippers. As the Christmas music sounded in the store's stereo system, the girl hummed along off-key but happily.

When we finally approached the checkout register, the girl carefully placed the shoes on the counter. She treated them as though they were a treasure. The clerk rang up the bill. 'That will be \$6.09," she said.

The boy laid his crumpled dollars atop the stand while he searched his pockets. He finally came up with \$3.12. "I guess we will have to put them back," he bravely said. "We will come back some other time, maybe tomorrow."

With that statement, a soft sob broke from the little girl. "But Jesus would have loved These shoes, " she cried.

"Well, we'll go home and work some more. Don't cry. We'll come back," he said.

Quickly I handed \$3.00 to the cashier. These children had waited in line for a long time. And, after all, it was Christmas.

Suddenly a pair of arms came around me and a small voice said, "Thank you Sir."

"What did you mean when you said Jesus would like the shoes?" I asked.

The small boy answered, "Our mommy is sick and going to heaven. Daddy said she might go before Christmas to be with Jesus." the girl spoke, "My Sunday school teacher said the streets in heaven are shiny gold, just like these shoes. Won't mommy be beautiful walking on those streets to match these shoes?"

My eyes flooded as I looked into her tear streaked face. "Yes" I answered, "I am sure she will."

Silently I thanked God for using these children to remind me of the true spirit of giving.

Christmas is not about the amount of money paid, nor the amount of gifts purchased, nor trying to impress friends and relatives. Christmas is about the love in your heart to share with those as Jesus Christ has shared with each of us.

Christmas is about the birth of Jesus whom God sent to show the world how much he really loves us. Please show this love as we think of the upcoming season.

from www.holytrinitynewrochelle.com.

On Santa's Team

My grandma taught me everything about Christmas. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," jeered my sister. "Even dummies know that!"

My grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me.

"No Santa Claus!" she snorted. "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumour has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days.

"Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbours, the kids at school, the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobbie Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobbie Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough; but all we kids knew that Bobbie Decker didn't have a cough, and he didn't have a coat.

I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobbie Decker a coat. I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. I didn't see a price tag, but ten dollars ought to buy anything. I put the coat and my ten-dollar bill on the counter and pushed them toward the lady behind it.

She looked at the coat, the money, and me. "Is this a Christmas present for someone?" she asked kindly. "Yes," I replied shyly. "It's ... for Bobbie. He's in my class, and he doesn't have a coat." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons, and write, "To Bobbie, From Santa Claus" on it ... Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy.

Then she drove me over to Bobbie Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobbie's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk.

Suddenly, Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell twice and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobbie. He looked down, looked around, picked up his present, took it inside and closed the door.

Forty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my grandma, in Bobbie Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumours about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: Ridiculous!

Santa was alive and well ... AND WE WERE ON HIS TEAM!

Rainbow Bridge

A journey into the world of Shirley Darby



GRATITUDE, PATIENCE and DETACHMENT.

These three qualities can help you to live a happier, more peaceful life.

Gratitude and patience people understand. But detachment seems to most people to be selfish. Our society trains us to think that we must be 'involved' with all the people and situations we are connected to.

We are bombarded by television and radio with all the horrors of the world.

Our Chakras and our Aurās are constantly taking in a huge amount of stress. The body does not know that it is not our stress and will create defences (sickness) to protect us from it.

Violent movies can also give us stress symptoms and headaches etc.

Taking this violence into the Aura has the same affect on the body as taking in bad food that can make you sick. All the major changes in the Planets and energy fields surrounding the earth now in this beginning of the Aquarian Age are aimed at helping us to evolve and to let go of the training we have had over the centuries. Naturally we feel sorrow watching dreadful things happening all over the world, but we need to learn to detach ourselves from situations that we can do nothing about. If you want to do something about the terrible things you witness send some money to a poor country or get involved with a humanitarian group such as World Vision, Red Cross etc. As spiritual beings we can send love and healing to those in dire situations but we need to realise that EVERYTHING is working together to move the planet forward into new energies.

We need to practice this detachment on our families, lovers and friends. We are all individual beings with a built in personality and hundreds of incidents in our lives that have shaped us into the person we are now. Loving with detachments means that you love the person as they are and learn to 'detach' your own conditioned way of thinking and behaving. This is where gratitude and patience need to be learned. Gratitude for all those people in our lives who love and help us. Gratitude for the wonderful country we live in and all the help we receive.

Personally I feel that the MOST important thing one can be grateful for is when you realise that you are a Spiritual being learning lessons in a physical body. The fact that we are provided with a doorkeeper to help us find our direction for this life and that many other wonderful spirit guides come along to help us on our journey is really something to be grateful for.

Patience seems to be the hardest lesson to learn.

Spiritually oriented people especially find this hard as they KNOW that there is so much more to learn and so much more work to develop themselves into the best person they can be.

We want to be that NOW.

However we continue to learn each day of our lives and so should be grateful for each thing that we do learn.

From Shirley's Blog ,Rainbow Bridge shirleyldarby

Thanks Shirley for sharing. Your articles really make me think.

Love is like the five loaves and fishes .

It doesn't start to multiply until you give it away.

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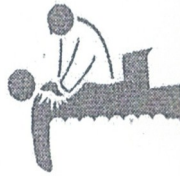
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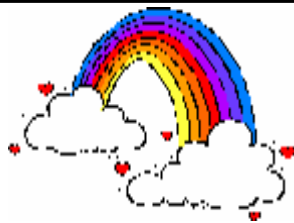
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