

**The Following Collect, Epistle & Gospel will be read during the Eucharist today in the personal Chapel of the Presiding Archbishop of the Australian Church of Antioch, The Most Reverend Frank Bugge.**

**The 2nd Sunday after Trinity**

**Green.**

**Intent - Our Inner Light**

**Candles 6.**

**The Collect**

Kindle our inner light O Lord, that we may burst into the brilliance of the splendour you have created within each of us, allow our lights to shine, armed with your word to go forth in thy name O God everlasting and true. Amen.

**The Epistle for the 2nd Sunday after Trinity is from the writings of healer Alan Young.**

There us one source of only one energy, and that is God. We can experience it in different forms such as heat, electricity, gravity, healing, disease and so on. We cannot create our own energy, nor can we destroy it, but we can use it by the thoughts we have, and can manifest it for good or evil, for health or disease, as we choose with our minds. This energy is life itself, and, wonders of wonders, at its source it is discovered to be a pure unconditional love. This power is the main key to healing body, mind, spirit, and emotions, and to life, happiness and peace of mind. This force of pure love is non-sexual, non-possessive, and without the slightest desire to control the other person. It is caring for others expecting nothing in return; but allowing them to follow their own pathway free in every way. Above it is trust in the divine plan for each of us as individuals, and the evolution of whole earth system.

**Here Endeth The Epistle.**

**The Gospel for the 2nd Sunday after Trinity is from the Gospel of Emerson.**

We cannot describe the natural history of the Soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which housed today in this mortal frame shall reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before you a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I do know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe: before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, but they penetrate the ocean, the land, space and time, form and essence, and hold a key to universal nature. Excite the soul, and it becomes suddenly virtuous. Touch the deep heart, and all these listless, stingy, beef-eating by-standers who see the dignity of a sentiment will say, this is good, and all I have I will give for that. Excite the soul and the weather, the town, the world all disappear; nothing remains but the soul and the divine presence in which it lives.

**Praise Be to Thee O Christ.**