

## Curiosity and Transformation: Luke 19:1-10

We are not alone.

This has been the greatest revelation of all for me in my Fourth Day journey.

I went to Cursillo a loner. A person not at all confident in how to interact with others and quite certain that, in any given situation, I did not belong. I resonated well with Zacchaeus.

So, when God spoke to me it was definitely a “Who.... Me???” experience.

The God I met at my conversion, not long after my divorce, (about 30)

was fairly stern, I didn't doubt that I had met Jesus, but I wasn't entirely convinced that he wanted to hang out with me.

My spiritual encounter at Cursillo changed that.

Through Cursillo, and my fourth day walk, I have come to understand what it is to be saved by Grace alone.

My life, post Cursillo, exploded. My Fourth day has been a time of insatiable curiosity; and ongoing, non-stop transformation.

Meeting the Holy Spirit at Cursillo ***was transformative***, of me,

of my understanding of God,

of what faith is.

Walking with God, through Jesus, in the power of the Holy Spirit

has left me to believe that it doesn't matter if you are, a 'Bishop from the Bush', or a pensioner from Pallara, the life that God offers is a cup, packed down tight and overflowing.

What has struck me though, is that this overflowing cup is offered to us, by God, in generosity of spirit- but with no compulsion.

We can shyly grab a few grains off the table; or grab the whole thing and run with it.

We can share it

or use it-

the only thing we can't do is hoard it.

The life of a Christian is a life to be lived and to be shared but definitely not to be hoarded.

The life changing aspect of Cursillo, especially the reunions and Ultreyas, is the affirmation that we are not alone.

I really took to heart the power of being a part of a Christian community.

Cursillo was my metamorphic moment - the absolute change in my Christian walk.

To honestly understand that I am a part of the body of Christ and have gifts to share offered me a true Christian rebirth.

This invigorated understanding of spirituality revealed to me a powerful vision of community which influenced my decision to move from teaching to school chaplaincy. My fourth day then became a series of fresh revelations.

I discovered that I am a bridge builder, a connection creator! I have a gift for recognizing need and being able to put people and groups in touch with each other. Within a very short time of being in my new position I had an amazing cooperative going; it is only retrospectively that I noticed its extent and the short time frame it was built in.

Not only did this powerful ministry confirm that I was no longer operating alone, but also that I was no longer the shy little thing who didn't speak up in a group.

To be fair, most of my work is still done one on one, but, as a transformed person, I had (apparently) accepted a generative place in the community.

I certainly recognize that I was not alone in the building of this ministry, and, like Paul, I would attest freely that it was not me but God who was operating in the community,

But this is the point. For the first time, I really understood that I was no longer alone.

My friends, Christian friends, spiritual friends and community friends had all contributed to my transformation.

To learn to trust, to invest in, to build boundaries with, people, groups, communities is all part of this journey for me.

And, prayerfully, gently, boldly, I grew in this space as well.

For the first time in my life, I have long term friendships with people I can call in a pinch - or to just say hi to.

But, as touching and mind blowing as all of this has been for me, the most fun has come from the spirit of curiosity that has been birthed in me.

This is not a “what happens if I poke this snake”? kind of curiosity.

It is “What is God doing, here, now, with me!?” type of curiosity”?

I was always ‘bookish’ as shy children often are.

But, the confidence to engage with people and the world has unearthed a plethora of questions.

My training rector and I developed a joke that I was allowed 3 questions a day; our associate priest was gob smacked and commented that she had never thought of many of my questions.

But, the most exciting outpouring of my curiosity has been seen in a “why not” attitude.

When my school asked me to escalate the community engagement work, I had been doing with students to incorporate taking a group to Cambodia

I responded, “why not?!” (Perhaps phrased a little more professionally).

The caveat I included was that such a trip would come with a “Group Formation Trip in Queensland”.

I explained that I did not want to be landing in Cambodia with a group who barely knew each other, let alone me and of whom neither they nor I understood the groups' capacities, personalities, and quirks.

I proposed some volunteer community work in Western Queensland as a practice run.

To be honest, I wasn't fully sold on the Cambodia idea and wasn't sure our community was up to that just yet but, I decided to walk ahead in faith and see what unfolded.

I sought out people who had done the Cambodia trip before (I am not alone anymore), I set about recruiting students, planned a development program, and held on for the ride.

And God acted.

The Cambodia trip did not go ahead. It found its own, natural termination point.

But the Formation building trip not only happened but it turned out to be one of the pivotal moments in my school chaplaincy.

The conversations that occurred within the broader community, with students and support staff, and the opportunities for our community to engage were brilliant. The program became an annual event with students actively seeking to be on "the next team".

I will share, however, that it was not all rosy.

On our second trip the school that we thought we'd had the best encounter with in our first year shared with me (as we left Roma to visit it) that they had concerns "after last year".

I mean, we are in Roma, the bus is loaded, we are driving off, now!

I didn't tell anyone, I just drove and prayed.

And prayed.

Halfway there I told the support staff and asked them to pray with me (I may also have had a mild rant). We prayed together as we drove along (we had time to kill).

And then, as peace descended upon me and the group, a pair of eagles started circling the bus.

There is nothing especially special about this in the West, yet, it seemed quite pointed. Quite Isaiah 40.31- "those who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like Eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

We were not alone.

When we got to the school, the liaison teacher (who had expressed concerns) met us joyfully, she'd come in on her day off to make sure everything went smoothly.

We had a great day there (I think?)

and all was well.

God showed up!

Notice, not only did I rely on God, but I also turned to my fellow team mates.

I had to gird my loins first, but, when the rubber needed to hit the road,  
I turned in faith- first to God, then to my friends in Christ.

Thank you Cursillo!

My fourth day has not been all excitement and plain sailing. But it has been transformative. My curiosity has yet to be satiated and, though I do still doubt God (I assume we all do at times) I have been blessed to see God work in my life - time and time, and again.

This experience has been born of faith, of growth, of the life changing action of God and of emboldening curiosity.

If Cursillo brought anything out in me, it has been to constantly ask the question "What happens when we simply show up?".

De Colores!