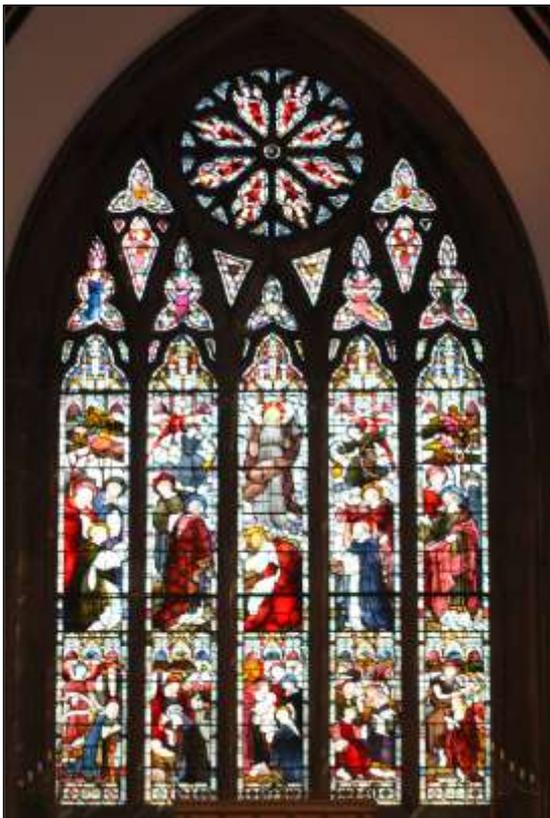


## Graham's Story - The Mystery in the Window

I always believed in God, I simply did little about it. I did enjoy going to weddings and believed deep down that you were not really married unless you were married in Church before God. I also enjoyed the Easter services, Harvest and of course Christmas, especially the carol service.

Later in life my wife many times said, "How about going to Church". Mary decided to try that church on Grenville St. I always had an excuse and eventually she went alone. She kept telling me how good it was so, now and again I came with her. I got to know people and began to attend more often and really enjoyed the services.

Then came the time when I decorated the interior of the Church. Most of the time I was on my own in the Church, but I never felt alone. After a day of painting the walls it got dark and time to go home. I was putting my coat on and looked around and at the main east window above the altar.



Now during the services I always looked at that window but this evening I actually 'saw' it. The main figure is, of course, Jesus, then I counted the eleven disciples. Just a minute, eleven? I must have counted them three or four times before I read what I was looking at. It is the ascension of Jesus into Heaven which explains eleven disciples. Judas would be missing, wouldn't he, as after betraying Jesus he had killed himself.

Then I also noticed the disciple covering his face. I was getting good by now and realised that this would be Peter, ashamed for denying Jesus three times.

I then started looking at the rest of the windows, each one telling its own story. Later on my way home still thinking of that beautiful window, I thought about how old it was, built in the 1850s when the majority of working class people had difficulty in reading, if they could read at all.

They would have done exactly what I had just done. And now I ask those of you who, like me, have looked at those windows. Have you seen what you were looking at?