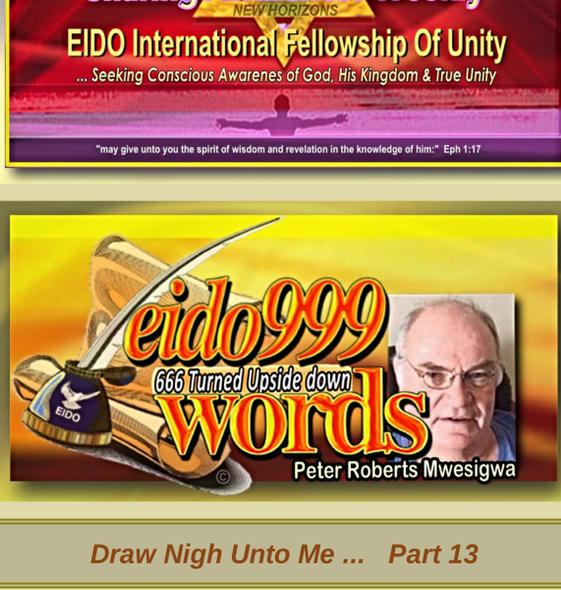


[View this email in your browser](#)

## Sharing Awareness 014

Issued 13th June 2017



### Draw Nigh Unto Me ... Part 13



Auntie Hill

#### Defaced - Week 5

I have a personal connection to Auntie Hill for the boy standing at the far right of the photo I shared last week is my father, Arthur Roberts.

Obviously, I was not around through the events described, but my family & I had the distinct privilege of knowing 'Auntie Hill' & so I can vouch that she was everything the story depicted & even more.

**Throughout my childhood, it was our family tradition to have a short visit with Auntie Hill every Christmas morning before spending the day with Uncle Jim & his family.**

We came from a very common working man's area & Uncle Jim lived in one of the elite areas of our city, so to spend Christmas Day with them was something unique & very special in itself.

Our family of six lived for many years in two rooms behind our shop, using a sleepout for a kitchen & a storeroom sink as a bathroom between our weekly bathings.

In stark contrast, our Uncle Jim, a greenkeeper, lived in a lovely Stone Villa where the lawns were like bowling greens & the gardens picture perfect. The backyard had a gigantic fig tree with a rope swing & a children's cubby house standing under the spread of its large branches.

Christmas lunch was traditionally a huge turkey with all the trappings, served up on fine crockery with the best silver cutlery while being seated in a separate dining room with beautiful Christmas tree & decorations throughout the house.

Even though we came from different 'ends' of town, there was much love & respect between both our families so Christmas Day was always a very special time for us.

In fact, any visit to or from them was highly regarded & anticipated.

**However, I believe, for all of us, nothing was more revered than the brief visitation with Auntie Hill every Christmas morning.**

Even as a small child these visits were unlike any other to family or friends & even now almost 50 years since her passing the aura that she generated remains as an enduring fascination to me & so many others.

We would arrive at her two-bedroom maisonette, the same home where she raised the nine children alone & anxiously await her answer to our knock.

Every year the door would open to reveal this refined, genteel, perfectly spoken elegant English lady, always dressed in the same manner as the photo seen above depicts her.

We would follow her into the dimly lit living room where she would position herself on the padded window bench with both her hands resting on the top of her walking stick.

Following her general greetings, both adults & children would stand across the room awaiting their moment of personal interaction with her.

**The atmosphere was thick with mutual respect & honour of the highest order.**

**When you had your audience with her, it was as though no one else existed in that room. You were the absolute centre of her attention.**

All I can say is that even as a child you knew that you were in the presence of a beautiful soul & experiencing something unique & precious.

Some years, from one Christmas to the next, that was all we saw of her.

In growing older, we came to know the marvellous testimony that her life was & to understand the awe & respect the adults around us always held for her.

All of which only served to engender the same from us, their children.

**Like discovering more of God, how precious it is when the revealing of Truth serves only to build upon the foundation already laid.**

Auntie Hill was never a part of our daily lives but rather always remained like a precious treasure revealed only on special occasions.

Even as I have been led to share her story, I have become aware of aspects that had never previously crossed my mind.

**I was always fascinated by the overall story of the selfless giving of her life to these six children of a friend.**

Also, I suppose I was subconsciously aware of what her love & care prevented my father from experiencing & what those experiences may have made him to become if it were not for his Auntie Hill.

Her love & care extended even far beyond her 'nine children' as was related previously in her role as Welfare Officer for Legacy girls in trouble.

We also heard stories in the family that she would be seen boarding the tram 'alone' with all nine children & more than a dozen of their friends for a 'lovely' day at the beach.

At times she would even take them away for weeks at a time, again taking other children with her.

We wondered at the realisation that came with our maturing of how a single woman could raise nine children, alone, in a tiny two bedroom home, so soon after losing her child & husband.

All this was taken on in the shadow of the aftermath of World War 1 only to then struggle through the Great Depression of the 30's followed by the rigours of World War 2.

A war that was not only going to rob her of both her sons but also cause her to endure the knowledge that Jim Roberts, taken as a prisoner in Singapore, was now being held in the Burma Railway Prisoner of War Camp.

He was to spend four years there building the infamous Bridge over the River Kwai only to come home like a walking skeleton & bury his new bride that he had to leave to go to war.

As he was stepping back on Australian soil in Sydney, she died of meningitis in Adelaide.

So much tragedy & tribulation in one lifetime, yet she wore absolutely no sign of it on her countenance or her soul.

The woman I knew as my Auntie Hill was an impeccably spoken English Lady with a supremely peaceful nature that always enveloped you.

Honestly, she would have been perfectly at home in Buckingham Palace as she was there in her well-used maisonette on Cross Road.

**Her memory is an enduring picture of a serene human soul, her life a mirror to the very Character of God.**

Galatians 5:22-23 (NKJV)

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. Against such there is no law.

Love

Mwesigwa

[Continues Next Week]



Share to Facebook



Forward Email to a friend



**eido999 Words**  
**Full Transcripts Of Main Message**

[View / Download Text From All Issues](#)



EIDO International Facebook Page



EIDO International Fellowship Of Unity Website



**eido999 Words ARCHIVE**

#### EIDO is ....

not just a Ministry or an Organisation,  
it is part of an end time Spiritual Movement Of God

EIDO operates in a God Given geographical region  
whilst Spiritually being part of an overall Movement of God  
Destined to eventually cover The Church Worldwide.

EIDO was Spiritually assigned to an International Region comprising  
the East African Community & the Mid North of South Australia.

This region, therefore, embraces the nations of Australia,  
Uganda, Burundi, Tanzania, Kenya & Rwanda.

EIDO, therefore, is but one part of a Coming Worldwide Move Of God  
destined to uplift the Body of Christ through its Specific Anointing  
to a Conscious Awareness of God, His Kingdom & True Unity.

In accordance with His Divine Will & Purpose,  
it is intentionally designed to shake the True Church  
from its slumber, thereby releasing the shackles that have  
previously kept such clarity bound.

Through it, God shall position the True Church into its rightful place,  
thus enabling it TO SEE the dawning of His Bright Morning Star  
& TO KNOW that in His Hands it is to be the beginning of  
the final preparation of the Bride for Christ.

EIDO is a Ministry Birthed By God, but not a Ministry in the  
form we have grown accustomed to.

It's Apostolic in its nature & a vessel carrying a Message of  
God's Intent beating in & engendering from His Heart.

It is a Spiritual Movement.

An Impartation of Spiritual Power,

A Spiritual Shockwave

Sent out specifically designed

To engender an Awakening

A rapid escalation of deep desire

In the hearts of the Saints

It is part of A Reckoning, A Preparing, A Call To Arms,

The Final Assault.

It's the opening of the churches eyes to the Kingdom & its True Unity

& the Call God has placed on His Children to usher in

the Day Of His Son's Second Coming.

EIDO [a-doe] :

'TO SEE & TO KNOW'.

**EIDO**



International Incorporated

Revelation 21:3

Copyright © 2017 EIDO International Incorporated, All rights reserved.

Want to change how you receive these emails?

You can [update your preferences](#) or [unsubscribe from this list](#)

MailChimp