

the Encourager



evangelise equip educate

JUNE 2011 ISSUE 131



Magazine of the Christian Ministries With Disabled Trust



God doesn't call the qualified



JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today, I won't let what I overheard bother me, because with God's Holy Spirit within me, I can rise higher than the mire.

Just for today, I won't dwell on the flotsam and jetsam of the adult life in its physical form with all its filth and depravity, because God has given me a mind full of intelligence above those things.

Just for today, I will lay aside my prejudices, opinions and whatever, because God has given me a spirit of love towards my fellow man and woman.

Just for today, I will look out of my window and admire the simple beauty of the stone wall in the dead of winter a-topped with grass, shrubs and dried twigs twisted together like the crown of thorns upon my Saviour's head as He bled and died for me.

Heydon Bailey brings this devotion based on Exodus 16:4,5 which is about God giving the daily manna from heaven and giving us enough grace for each day.

I WAS IN FOR A SHOCK!

I asked Jacqui Gardner if she would bring her CFFD team to take a service in the church I pastor – the Onerahi Christian Fellowship. I thought I knew roughly what it would be about, but I was in for a shock, for it had such a profound effect on me – seeing people with disabilities who could hardly raise their limbs glorifying God with the throttle wide open. It made me so humble, and I straight away asked if I could come along with Jacqui and Steve to the National Camp. There I was amazed at the love in Christ shown by the helpers, both to one another and also to those with disabilities. It was so overwhelming. It made me want to give as much as I can.

Pastor Ron Brewer

The cover photos: The Wellington camp committee showed great ingenuity in drawing up a games program that those with disabilities could enter into. For bowls they used real oranges, swim noodles were used as javelins, half cabbages stood in for shot puts, and the soft drink skittles were knocked over by soft mini footballs.

Qualified, He qualifies the called...



Magazine of the Christian Ministries with Disabled Trust



DISABILITY AWARENESS SUNDAY

Sunday 19th June | The 3rd Sunday in June

Several of the branches are having a special service in one of their churches

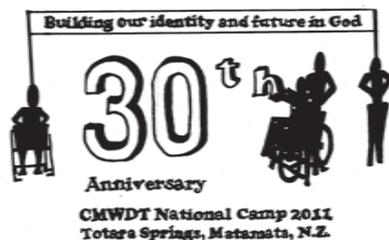
BUT what are you doing in your church?

To spread the word that people with disabilities are part of the body of Christ, we need to stir up our congregations.

Get the leaflet from the Centre or the Trust web page titled "Some ideas you might find helpful for Disability Awareness Sunday"

BUILDING OUR IDENTITY AND FUTURE IN GOD

CMWDT NATIONAL CAMP 21 – 24 OCTOBER 2011



This one, **our 30th at Totara Springs**, is going to be an amazing camp.

If you have been before you will want to celebrate!!!
If you've never been, come for the adventure, and experience, the fun and fellowship, meeting with God and deepening your faith. – you won't be the same again.

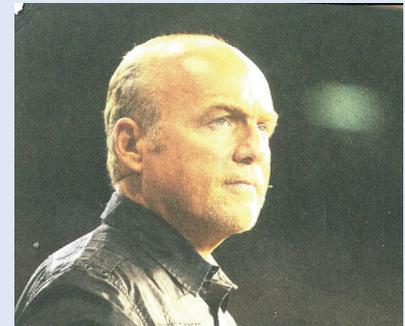
Adults 15 and over	\$145	(only pay \$135 if paid by 1 September)
Young People 11 – 14	\$105	
Children 5 – 10	\$ 70	

Registrar Andrew McLay
PO Box 6207, Wellesley St, Auckland 1141

His phone number is **(09) 480-0076**
The camp email address is **cmwdtcamp@gmail.com**

You can now for the first time register online by going to this website: **cmwdt.org.nz/camp.html**

COMING SOON!!!



THE GREG LAURIE CRUSADE

**Auckland Vector Arena
25 – 26 June**

Those in Auckland need to pray and bring friends, neighbours and workmates who don't know the Lord. - Including folk who have a disability.

Get involved. Refer to the web site

www.nz.harvest.org

God promises a safe landing

NOW THIS IS THE LIVING BIBLE:

His name is Tim. He has wild hair, wears a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans, and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. He is brilliant. Kind of profound and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus is a well-dressed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students but are not sure how to go about it.

One day Tim decides to go there. He walks in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt, and wild hair. The service has already started and so Tim starts down the aisle looking for a seat.

The church is completely packed and he can't find a seat.

By now, people are really looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything.

Tim gets closer and closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just squats down right on the carpet. By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick.

About this time, the minister realizes that from way at the back of the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Tim.

Now the deacon is in his eighties, has silver-gray hair, and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, very courtly. He walks with a cane and, as he starts walking toward this boy, everyone is saying to themselves that you can't blame him for what he's going to do.

How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It takes a long time for the man to reach the boy.

The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane.

All eyes are focused on him. You can't even hear anyone breathing.

The minister can't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

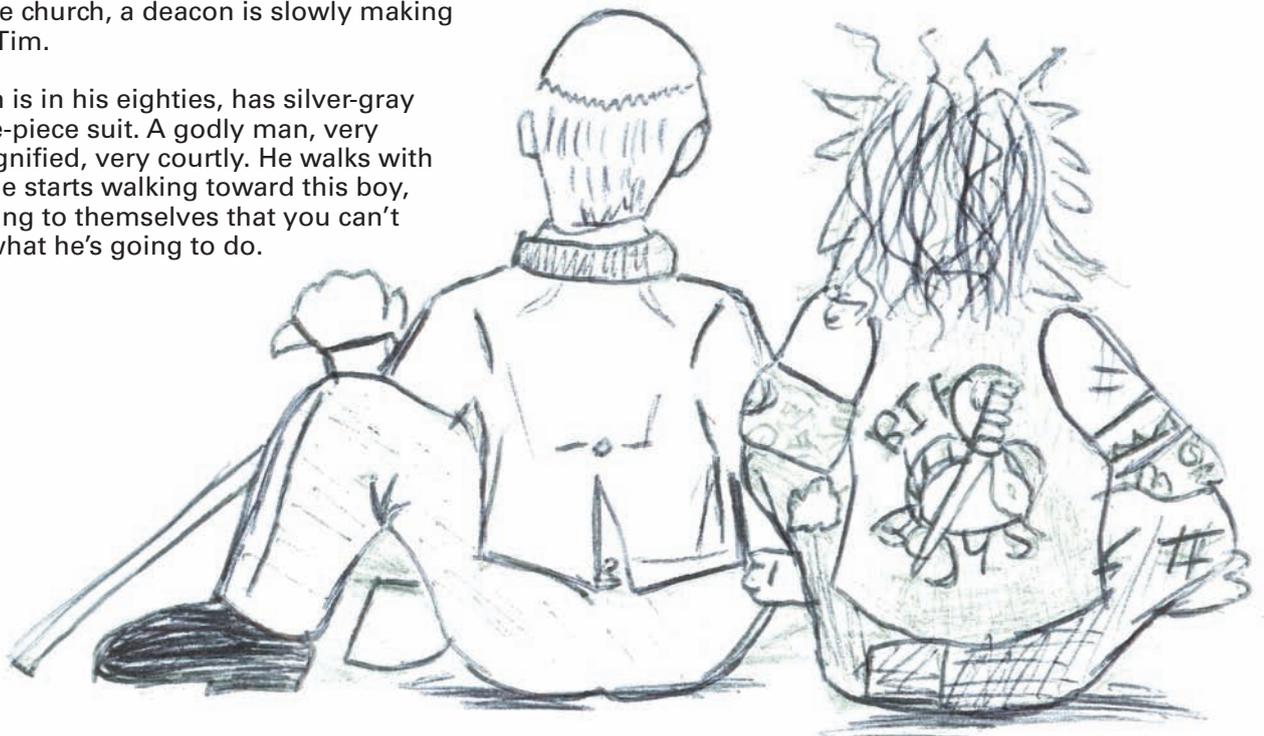
And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself and sits down next to Tim and worships with him so he won't be alone.

Everyone chokes up with emotion...

When the minister gains control, he says, 'What I'm about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget.'

'Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read!'

-Taken from Internet



OUTREACHES TO CHURCH LADIES GROUPS

This year on two separate occasions the whole group at the Centre have taken an outreach to a ladies group. What a two way blessing!

Our folk led the worship, read a scripture, some gave their testimonies, Hayden Bailey brought the devotion we have included back on page two, the Ranfurly group brought a song; and the Agape group brought a stirring action accompaniment (see below) to "The wise man built his house upon a rock". Halina is also seen below as she, without notes, told the Easter story from the words of scripture, having memorized the whole passage beforehand.

Both churches did us proud with wonderful morning teas and drinks when we first arrived.



A testimony from Joanna Edwards



The Ranfurly group



The Agape group



ON FACEBOOK

A reminder that there is now a closed group on Facebook called "Friends of Christian Ministries with Disabled Trust" which you can apply to join.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

by Tonya Stoneham

Kristen Jane Anderson lives just a couple of blocks from the train tracks that changed her life forever. When she looks out of her living room window, she can see the Wisconsin Central Railway, which runs through the village centre. It's a heavily used freight line that also carries commuter rail traffic from Antioch, Illinois, to the Chicago Loop. If she's not near a window, she can hear the train's low whistle and steady rumble. Amazingly, these constant reminders don't bother her. She's steadfast and philosophical about the whole thing. She's 26 now, and 17 was a long time ago.

She'd been spiralling downward for a couple of years, and her parents didn't know what to do. There was the death of her grandmother, the suicide of a good friend, and two other losses. She was raped and bullied at school. When the stress became unmanageable, Kristen's body retaliated. She began throwing up every day and crumbling inside. Counsellors offered gentle rebukes and antidepressants that did little to help. Her parents took her on vacation and tightened the reins on their defiant daughter. Still the misery of everyday life pressed her until she broke.

Two days after New Year's Eve, Kristen went for walk in the park near her house and decided not to come back. She sat on a swing for an hour or so contemplating life and death and ultimately concluded nothing could take away her pain. It was the sound of an approaching train that propelled her into action. Without much forethought, she went to the tracks, laid her body across them – face down, fists clenched, eyes closed – and waited for the end.

Fifty-five freight cars rolled over her body. According to the laws of physics, she should have been sucked up and pulled into the train's steel undercarriage, yet she vividly recalls a heavy force pushing her into the ground. And she remembers the song "Amazing Grace" ringing in her ears – a sure indication she was in heaven, she thought.

But when the train had passed, she sat up, dazed, and looked at her legs lying about ten feet away. The shiny white sneakers she'd gotten for Christmas confirmed they were hers. Unable to process the information her eyes registered, Kristen reached down to where her legs would have been and brought up a bloody hand. That's when unimaginable pain shot through her body.

Awake to the awful reality of her circumstances, she began crying for her mother the way a small child would.

Her mother didn't hear her, though. She'd gone out looking for Kristen when it got late. There was a commotion of police cars and people down by the railroad tracks, and talk that someone had tried to take her own life. Struggling to force foreboding thoughts out of her mind, she told an officer there about her missing daughter. When he gave a description of the victim, she rushed to the hospital. Although Kristen had lost several pints of blood, she remained conscious throughout the entire ordeal until a doctor later sedated her for the first of numerous surgeries. She remembers the face of a fireman looking into her eyes and his hand brushing the hair from her forehead. She remembers the ambulance, the hospital room, the looks on people's faces – particularly her mother's.

Fragments of conversations with doctors and visitors stand out in her mind.

"I'm so glad we found you, honey."

"But they cut off my new clothes, Mom."

"That's okay, sweetie. We'll buy more."

"Am I going to live?"

"Maybe. We'll know more soon."

"My legs are gone."

"You don't need your legs. You'll be just fine without them."

The next three years were really hard for Kristen. Initially, she couldn't accept the fact that she had tried to commit suicide. Friends and family rallied around her and provided everything they could to make life "normal" again. During her first outing to church, a woman she'd never met walked up to her and said, "It's a good thing you didn't die. You'd have gone to hell if you did." Maybe it was the residue of shock, or perhaps she'd been through too much trauma to take offense, but Kristen chose to allow that statement to provoke a search within her. She knew that, logically speaking she should have died, and began to seriously contemplate what would have come next had that happened.

A soft-spoken seminary student helped steer her toward answers that rang true. He told her she had been created by God to spend eternity with Him – we all were – but sin had separated her from Him, and



that's why Jesus died for her. He explained that Christ died for every single one of us. He paid the penalty for our sins so we could be forgiven. But we have to choose to accept His priceless gift.

Kristen says she knew that something really important was missing from her life, and that if she accepted Christ's sacrifice for her, a lot would change. She sat on the floor in her parents' dining room that night, broken and humble, and said a simple prayer. She told God that she realized her life wasn't hers to take – and asked Him to come into her heart.

For the first time, she felt true forgiveness. She felt free. That was three months after she lost her legs, and while the struggle against suicidal thoughts and depression continued, Kristen moved closer to God each day. Her recovery came about through years of counselling, one day at a time, one issue at a time until, five years later, she broke her silence and began speaking honestly about her life.

That mountain, and a thousand others, were climbed as she learned to walk spiritually. When God asked her to depend on Him more than on her friends and doctors, she did. When He extended an invitation of friendship, she accepted. And when He steered her toward college and ministry, she eagerly pursued those avenues.

Kristen says she doesn't need her legs anymore – she's complete in spite of losing them. "Being in a wheelchair honestly doesn't bother me. I've learned how to live without them, and my life is a lot better," she says.

Initially, her biggest fear was what other people would think. That, and how she'd manoeuvre without legs. "I'm able to get around in my wheelchair," she says. "God has taught me a lot in my wheelchair – a lot about life and about me. When I lost my legs I found my value in Him. He's shown me how special I am, how beautiful I am, and how differently He sees me than I see myself. I don't need my legs because they don't make me who I am."

Kristen says God used her pain to bring her to where she is now. "How could I not be happy with the change He has brought about in my life?"

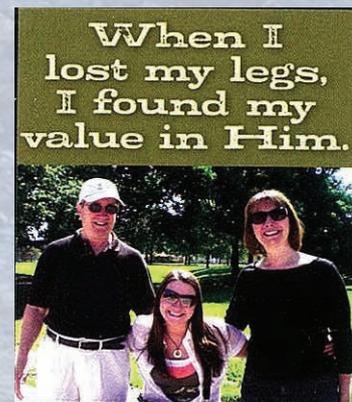
Today, ten years after her suicide attempt, Kristen dedicates her time to helping others who find themselves in the place she once was. Statistics tell us that 18 percent of teenagers in the USA

seriously think about or attempt suicide. And the numbers are no better in Christian homes. A graduate of Moody Bible Institute, Kristen founded Reaching You Ministries, an outreach to those struggling with depression and suicide. "I don't want to wait until people are suicidal," she says. "I want to help them now – before they get to that point – while they're struggling with discouragement and depression."

Though she can't walk, Kristen has travelled all over America, telling her story and ministering to others. She's appeared on the Oprah Winfrey Show and Larry King Live, driven alone from Illinois to Montana to reach out to others, published a memoir, and been featured by numerous media outlets all over the country. The joy in her is radiant and contagious. She's not even 30, yet the wisdom Kristen shares with others carries a weight of authority. She has gone all the way down to the bottom of life's darkest place and emerged with power and purpose. She has allowed God to completely transform her life.

It's strange that the depths of loneliness have brought Kristen so much renown. But her life is still simple and straightforward. She sits by the window in the home where she grew up and gives the press an interview. The train goes by on schedule. She pauses and asks a teary-eyed journalist if she's okay. When the lights and cameras are taken down she climbs piggyback onto her boyfriend's shoulders and he carries her out to the sidewalk, where he helps her into her wheelchair. They make their way, hand-in-hand, toward the park in the glow of a setting sun.

taken with permission from "InTouch" magazine Sept 2010



If you want to find Jesus yourself, you could use this prayer:
 Lord Jesus, I invite You into my life. I believe You died for me, and that Your blood pays for my sin. I now turn from everything I know is wrong. Thank You for the gift of eternal life. By faith I receive that gift, and I acknowledge You as my Lord and Saviour. Amen



The task ahead of us is never as g

IMPACT ON TWO OVERSEAS STUDENTS



EYES TAUGHT TO SEE

by Rachel Morrison

I had my list of cleaning jobs to prepare for the Torch Camp, and as I swept and spent some time in prayer, God stirred my heart and I knew my life was going to be changed, and that He had something to teach me. My heart was so excited yet nervous because we all know that when God is teaching and moulding our life we are in close communion with Him, and that is such a special time. Little did I know how great a lesson He was going to teach me, or how much my eyes were going to be taught to see. Slowly the grounds filled with people, and the air filled with joy as the breeze carried voices calling out hellos and laughs of excited greetings. The weekend for me was one of guidance and being eyes for others, while it may have been the physical sight for many this weekend, God placed all those here to teach the eyes of my heart to see. People who I had never met trusted

me - one who had never guided before, to lead them everywhere they needed to go, and in three days they opened up their lives and welcomed me in.

God showed me more of my brothers and sisters, and through their spiritual eyes I was shown God's desire for me to trust in Him and His family, the body of Christ, His Son. The talent show night stands out as one of the best memories I have of my time here in New Zealand, and my life really. Every individual was encouraged in whatever talent God had given them to share, and there was a complete absence of fear. There was dancing, and music, and my physical eyes beheld a moment of what I am certain heaven will be like as we all joined in a conga line dancing to Christ's music, His joy and spirit radiating from every face, and my spiritual eyes were opened to an even deeper level of joy than I ever imagined possible.



A HIGHLIGHT OF MY TIME IN NEW ZEALAND

My name is Kristine, I'm 18 years old and am originally from Canada, but I have been involved in Capernwray for the past 8 months. The Torch Camp has been a highlight of my time here in New Zealand. The joy that everyone there expressed through everyday actions truly amazed me. I learned so much from everyone at the camp as we had many great discussions about the struggles of every day life and learning to rejoice in all circumstances through the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ. I was so inspired and my heart touched by the love everyone had for each other. Not to mention the witty jokes that were constantly being told. God's glory shone through everyone in a whole new way to me, their trust in the Lord was truly sincere. I am so blessed to have had the honour to help at this conference and meet the people I have met. What an amazing experience!!



WHAT GOES ON AT THE TORCH NATIONAL CAMP



David Senior was the camp speaker



Part of the worship team



Jacqui Gardner on the autoharp



Early morning prayer



One of the five study groups



A panel discussion



Bible quiz with Ken and Julia Brown



Discussing an answer in the team quiz



Christine is sure she has the answer



Talent quest concert



A walk by the lake



included feeding the ducks



Don't put a question mark in

FOUR YEAR OLD'S DETERMINATION TO OVERCOME

A four year old boy, Harvey Phillips, from Louth in Lincolnshire, is taking ballet lessons, which wouldn't be so unusual, except that he has no lower legs and only one arm. The boy lost his limbs after suffering meningitis when he was nine months old. His extremities started going black, and then the black began creeping upwards from his fingers and toes, getting worse every hour. Purple blotches appeared dramatically all over his body. His vital organs were failing and his parents were told to expect the worst. In a series of operations to save his life, Harvey's right forearm, the fingers on his left hand and both his legs were amputated at the knee. He did pull through, but after all that had happened, he was diagnosed as having chickenpox as well.

His mother, Lisa Phillips, says Harvey watched his older sister in dance class and was determined to take part, without the benefit of traditional prosthetic limbs. He wears plastic caps to protect his legs, and he runs, jumps and leaps with ease. His ballet teacher said, "We knew it would be a challenge, but we've found ways to overcome the difficulties by exaggerating the use of his head and things like that." "He doesn't understand the meaning of the word 'No', says his mother.

taken from the internet

THE TABLECLOTH

The new Pastor and his wife had been newly assigned to reopen a city church. They worked hard - repairing pews, plastering, painting, etc. but a terrible rainstorm lashed the area. A large area of plaster fell from the front wall just behind the pulpit.

After cleaning up the mess from the floor the pastor headed home. On the way he noticed a flea market, so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful handmade, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work including a cross embroidered right in the centre. It was just the right size to cover the hole in the wall, so he bought it and headed back to the church. An older woman was running to try and catch a bus. She missed it and the pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next one. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he put on the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. It looked beautiful as it covered the whole problem area. Suddenly the woman came walking down the aisle. Her face was like a sheet.

"Pastor," she asked, "Where did you get that tablecloth?" The pastor explained and she asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials EGB were crocheted there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this cloth 35 years ago in Austria. The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came she was forced to leave. Her husband was to follow her. She was captured, imprisoned and never saw her husband or her home again. She asked the pastor to keep the tablecloth and he insisted on driving her home. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day.

They had a wonderful service on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighbourhood, continued to sit in the pew and stare, and they wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked the pastor where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war. He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he would follow her, but he was arrested and put in a concentration camp. He never saw his wife or his home again.

The pastor asked him if he could take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the house where he had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.



taken from the internet

A TEAM LEADERSHIP DEVELOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES

The ministry of PCFFD is part of the overall ministry of CBM Hebron Philippines. Since the devastating fire in 1997 when virtually nothing survived the flames, the growth of the ministry has been phenomenal. The building program is now complete, Hebron Christian College caters for pre-school right through to high school with SPED catering for the deaf and children with other disabilities. Today there are 350 children. Hebron Children's Home provides refuge for over 30 children, and a 2 year Bible College Training Course is run for workers all over the Philippines. With this huge workload Dianne Bayley, the Director of Hebron, has now set up a team leadership system along with the heads of the departments – Rio, Norma, Manny, Briccio, Grace and Melany.

28 SPED STUDENTS GRADUATE

The twenty-eight graduates are shown here giving a special song interpretation of "Two Hands, One Heart to Offer to God".

Deaf Pre-School (6):

Most of the 6 deaf preschoolers had taken 2-3 years to finish pre-elementary before they graduated. When they entered they knew no sign language. Teacher Jessilyn told us during their first year in school they were slow and showed no interest in their subjects, but as they developed their social skills and found this special school their second home, they just

wanted to attend school everyday and join every activity. Any deaf person who has zero sign language must start at pre-school level, but they don't even mind being older in a pre-school class. Thanks are due to their parents' perseverance in accompanying them to school every day and patiently waiting for them.

Deaf Grade Six (4)

Our four deaf boys in grade six will now move to the next level in the school, and are excited to be called high schoolers.

4th Year High School (10 boys and 8 girls)

This is the first batch of deaf high school graduates of Hebron Christian College. Some of them started here 10 years ago in elementary school. They really love the school and all the people at Hebron. They find this place a very big part of their lives because their intellectual development, maturity in personality and growth in spiritual lives has been formed here. They were all thankful to their parents, teachers, and to each other for all the sacrifices, love, patience and joy shared so that they could finish high school.

Please pray for these high school graduates that they will find a vocational or college course. This can be very difficult and costly. We are hoping to meet with another Christian group to establish a program of vocational courses for disabled here in Bulacan Province.



PCFFD PRAYER REQUEST:

A Licensed teacher for high school deaf.
Wisdom and planning for a wonderful retreat camp.
Repainting of classrooms.

God's financial provision for SPED teachers allowance.
Completion of floor tiling project for the upstairs.
Good teaching resources and materials for SPED.

A PhysioTherapist and/or an Occupational Therapist to visit us and build up our Center and resources.

ANGER is only one letter sh

IN KWON'S TONGAN MINISTRY IN ACTION

In Kwon writes:

We first met Haileni, a boy with severe cerebral palsy in June 2010. After having a hard time finding his home, what shocked us was the eleven year old boy's chest. It was bulging out as if a bowl had been placed upside down on it. The skinny little boy was lying sideways inside a stroller that was smaller than his body, watching his mother do the washing.

His mother, Eseta, had been working as a taxi driver but had lost her job when the car broke down. Manase, the father, was an alcoholic and had left Eseta. My wife and I persuaded Haileni's mother to send her son to our centre for physiotherapy. We prayed for them and then made our way home. However, Haileni's mother didn't bring Haileni to our centre. Not only was there no car for transportation, but she had no desire to bring him to the centre.



We continued to visit Haileni, pray for him and provide him with physiotherapy. He eagerly wanted to stay outdoors in spite of lying on the small stroller. In August 2010, we made a special wheelchair that met Haileni's physical needs so that he could spend more time outside. For the first time, Haileni was able to sit up, see people face to face and share a meal with them. Tears fell from his mother's eyes as she looked at her son.

We prayed for the restoration of Haileni's family, and for young Haileni to have an opportunity to study for his future. Finally, Haileni's family began to change. His father, Manase, was amazed when he observed Haileni's change, and returned to their family.

The 8th of February 2011 is a very memorable day for this family. It was the day when Haileni, now twelve years old, went to school for the very first time in his life. Although it was in a borrowed car, Haileni's father drove his son to the Inclusive Education class of a primary school. Eseta let out tears of happiness once again as she watched her son sitting in his wheelchair, studying with his fellow classmates and wearing his own neat uniform.

Jesus came to Haileni and restored hope to his family. He gave them joy and hope. Praise the Lord! Please pray for his mother and father, so that they can continue to lead the family into becoming one that pleases the Lord. Please also pray for transport so that Haileni will be able to go to school every day. Haileni can only borrow the car once a week.



ANAGRAMS

This has got to be one of the cleverest emails received in awhile. Someone out there must be "deadly" at Scrabble.

When you rearrange the letters:

PRESBYTERIAN:
becomes
BEST IN PRAYER

ASTRONOMER:
becomes
MOON STARER

THE EYES
becomes
THEY SEE

THE MORSE CODE:
becomes
HERE COME DOTS

DORMITORY:
becomes
DIRTY ROOM

SLOT MACHINES:
changes to
CASH LOST IN ME

SNOOZE ALARMS:
becomes
ALAS! NO MORE Z 'S

A DECIMAL POINT:
changes to
I'M A DOT IN PLACE

ELEVEN PLUS TWO:
not surprisingly becomes
TWELVE PLUS ONE

DISABILITY DOESN'T CAPTURE THE HEART



Braydon* is now nearly 18 years old. When he was born in January 1991 he weighed only 618 grams! He was malnourished, incompletely formed. Within six weeks, scans revealed that he had suffered massive neurological damage either before/during/ or soon after birth. The prognosis for Braydon was diabolical. Spastic quadriplegia, swallow problems, sight, communication difficulties.

All this came to pass. Huge abdominal problems; on home on oxygen, no verbal skills, cortical blindness; fed only through a stomach tube; no motor functions. But the prognosis – accurate as it turned out to be – could never capture the heart of Braydon. As an under nourished baby on oxygen, the first word he tried to mouth was in church – "Amen" at the end of prayers.

As the years have gone by his suffering has been great. His care has been a daily drain on the family. BUT – Braydon loves the Lord and everywhere he goes people notice this life pouring out of him. In church, he just about jumps out of his wheelchair when the gospel is spoken – whether forgiveness of sins, the return of the Lord Jesus, resurrection or the New Heaven and New Earth.

We look forward to the day when he is complete in the Lord's presence. In the meantime, our great God continues to use this young man in remarkable ways.

• name changed

taken with permission from Luke 14, part of CBM in Australia

BAY OF PLENTY CFFD PICNIC



We don't change the message; t

LOVE CASTS OUT FEAR

It is hard to believe that Pat Cooper-Jenkins once had serious mental health problems. Today the 80-year old grandmother lives in Warkworth and enjoys a rich and rewarding life with family and friends. But in her 30s, Pat lay curled in a foetal position at a mental hospital, awaiting a lobotomy. She had tried medication, hypnosis, deep narcosis and shock treatment, but nothing worked.

"Then I asked Jesus into my heart," says Pat, "and I was healed in an instant. I had a divine healing and deliverance from fear." As a little girl, Pat was often fearful. "I was fearful of everything, including witches," says Pat who came out in a rash after seeing the witch in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.



Born in Birmingham, England, she came from an unchurched family, but her mother was a believer and taught her to pray. Her father owned an engineering company and, during World War II, helped Sir Frank Whittle develop the jet engine. "Dad also did comedy routines in working men's clubs and took me along to dance and sing from age five," says Pat. "Dad was so proud of me, but I'd vomit from fear before going on stage and he'd give me aniseed to settle my stomach."

Afraid of failure, she had a nervous breakdown at 13 and left school. At 14 she got a job as an office errand girl, and had lots of jobs, including being a professional chorus girl for a year. "It was fun," she says "but backstage conditions were terrible." Pat met her future husband at an afternoon tea dance at a Butlins Holiday Camp in Skegness in Lincolnshire. She was 19 and Cyril was a 30-year-old coal merchant. "I was confined to bed with TB (tuberculosis) for six months, but Cyril continued to court me," says Pat. They were married in 1951 and had three children. "We had a good marriage but I was consumed with fear — I worried about what might happen next year," she says. "Fear ruined my life."

Cyril contracted emphysema from coal dust, and in 1966 they decided to emigrate to New Zealand for his health. He found a job as an accounts clerk with UEB Industries, they bought a house in Auckland, settled the two older children into school, and Pat began attending a traditional church. "I knew there was a God," she says "but I had no idea I could have a personal relationship with Him." That year Pat had another nervous breakdown and was admitted to Oakley Hospital. "The psychiatrist said he'd never seen anyone so full of false guilt," she says. "I also struggled with jealousy, resentment, pride and avarice." Shock treatment was followed by deep narcosis with paraldehyde administered every four hours which knocked her out for 10 days at a time. Nothing worked.

"The next step was a lobotomy, but three doctors had to agree, and one was overseas," says Pat, who was sent to Ward 10 at Auckland Hospital where she was taken off all medication to see if she was epileptic. Addicted to prescription drugs, all Pat wanted to do was to die. Her family came to visit her and she said goodbye to them. "Somehow I survived," says Pat, who was sent home to await a lobotomy."

Then one day the phone rang. It was the wife of a workmate of Cyril's. A new Christian, this woman had never met Pat, but felt prompted to ring her. "Have you ever asked Jesus into your life?" the woman asked. "I go to church," replied Pat, feeling offended. "Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart. He wants to come in," said the woman. "I decided to pray as a last resort," says Pat. "I was terrified of having a lobotomy, and so I knelt by my bed and said, 'Jesus, my heart is Yours. Please come in.' He turned my life around in a moment. The weight lifted off me and all the fear left instantly," says Pat. "Perfect love casts out fear."

the message changes us!



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She went to Pastor Rob Wheeler's church in Auckland and he gave her a verse from 2 Timothy 1:7, which became the words she hung onto. "Jesus filled me with His wondrous love. Fear forced itself upon me, but Jesus was so patient and waited until I invited him in. With the love of Jesus in my heart, there was no room for fear." Pat ran a dress shop in Mt Albert for 13 years and became an active church member. After she interceded for Cyril for many years, he accepted Christ. "Cyril was a wonderful man who gave his all to God," says Pat. "A year after his conversion he gave up his job and his pension, and we sold our home and lived and worked at Hebron Bible College voluntarily as cooks."

Moving to Snells Beach in 1987, they became cooks at Parklands Christian Camp, and spent five years catering to thousands at church and school camps. When Cyril's emphysema worsened, they retired to Warkworth, and Pat nursed him until he died in 2001. Several years later Pat married widower Graham Jenkins (*above*) (92), who was a RNZAF pilot during World War II. Both are former elders at Mahurangi Presbyterian Church, are on the pastoral care team, and still drive. Pat has six grand-children and two great-grandchildren, and until recently she worked for Rodney Health, caring for elderly folk in their homes.

"Until Jesus filled the God-shaped vacuum in me, I wandered through life feeling lonely, although surrounded by friends and family," says Pat. "Forty-five years ago I asked Jesus into my heart. And that's when my life began. Fear had forced itself upon me, but Jesus was so patient and waited until I invited Him in. With the love of Jesus in my heart, there was no room for fear."

Pat Cooper-Jenkins

This article was written by Marie Antich and published in Challenge Weekly.

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AN EXTRA JOY MINISTRIES NATIONAL CAMP

Joy Ministries holds its National Camp every two years, but this year an extra one was held at Hawkes Bay. A very special time came when the whole camp attended a service at the Riverbend Church, and the camp attendees took most of the service. In the photos below the group is shown talking before the service, and also shown are the camp worship team, some of the folk performing a skit calling out to the Lord in our need and how he answers, and finally a craft activity at the camp.

