



AUGUST 2010 ISSUE 128

The ENCOURAGER

EVANGELISE EQUIP EDUCATE

Magazine of the Christian Ministries with Disabled Trust



Exuberant participation by this young SPED contestant

A devotion by Cherie Sullivan

WORSHIPPING AND TRUSTING GOD THROUGH THE PAIN



Sean and Cherie and their two boys

When our children were quite small, I came to the realisation that I actually didn't trust God. I knew I loved Him but wondered, did my heart actually trust Him? In the years before they were born and in fact ever since Sean and I got married, I'd hoped and believed that we would have children who didn't have duchenne muscular dystrophy. I thought that if we prayed the right prayers at the

right time then we'd get the 'right' result. However, whether we understand it or not, our agenda is not always God's agenda.

As I worked through mistrust to trust, God began to gently restore my soul. I found myself unloading my pain and heartache to Him during worship times in church and as I did, it felt like He was washing my heart. Week in and week out I could bring everything I was feeling to Him and knew that He would take that burden and replace it with love, joy and peace. I noticed too that the more I sang the words, the more I believed them and despite my particular circumstances God WAS trustworthy and would give me the grace to walk the road with Him. I could worship Him and trust Him through my pain and perhaps, because of it.

My way forward is taking my troubles to God, my everyday hang-ups, my failures and my disappointments because He IS my strength (Ps 27:1) and without Him I can do nothing. (John 15:5) God's Grace Is Sufficient, His Strength Is Made Perfect In Our Weakness! (II Cor 12:9) Wow! What a reality. What a liberating way to live. If we can surrender to Him, then He is able to take us through whatever life throws at us, with beauty, love and of course His never ending grace.

My husband and children are a gift from God and my family is a blessing to me that I cherish. The blessings that I have in this life and the things that God has so graciously taught me are real treasure. Surrender brings treasure!

CMWDT NATIONAL CAMP 2010

At Totara Springs Matamata

22nd to 25th October 2010

THEME : SEASON OF SIGNIFICANCE

We like Nehemiah are focusing on rebuilding the wall. This involves leaving behind some areas and walking in victory. People have come away from these camps describing it as a life-changing experience. Debbie Kennedy said, "Coming to camp years ago changed my life and brought me into the area of Joy Ministries I might never have known about."

Break through the fear barrier and come to give, and you will be blessed.



COSTS: Adults \$140.00, but \$130.00 if paid in full before 1st September
11 - 14 years \$100.00
5 - 10 years \$70.00
Under 5 - Free

To register contact: Andrew McLay
1/28 Mannering Place, Hillcrest, North Shore City 0627
Email: cmwdtcamp@gmail.com Phone 09-480-0076

If you cannot come would you consider...
sponsoring someone struggling to afford the camp fee or coming from overseas?

SEMINAR ON HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES

An ideal preparation for National Camp and useful for all to experience

HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES

When: Saturday 9th October

Where: "The Centre" 173 Mt Smart Rd, Onehunga, Auckland

Time: 9.30 am - 3 pm

Cost: \$10.00

Content: It covers different types of disabilities through testimonies, skits, practical demonstrations, and a time for questions. This seminar will introduce you to the world of disability and will show you how you can help and encourage those with disabilities to reach their full potential.

Contact the CMWDT Centre 09-636-4763

THE THREE YEARLY LEADERSHIP WEEKEND



39 came to leadership camp from places as far apart as Dunedin and Kaitaia. CFFD branches and other ministries met up with the Trustees in a great weekend of prayer, sharing ideas and relating the highs and lows of ministry.

These highs and lows were gathered together by Jeanette Howden, printed off and given to each branch, and she also sent out a summary of the ideas that came out in the discussion times. As these are carefully read through, the ministry of each branch should be enriched when these are followed up. In 3 sessions Pastor Geoff gave some stirring messages some of which are included in the next two pages and the quotes on page 25.



Long-serving Christchurch foundation member Brian Congdon is seen here with Richard West.

(below) Patsy Morrison from Dunedin explained how in their meetings they have a “prayer tunnel”, and this was quickly incorporated into the program.



Some excerpts from Pastor Geoff Wiklund's messages at Leadership Camp

NAMING OUR SITUATION

What are you calling your darkness? Are these ones naming you as the victim?

– injustice, disappointments, heartaches, failures or sorrow,
or are you naming them as **stepping stones to greatness?**

Name your darkness – night, because joy comes in the morning.

Name your barrenness Winter because Spring will surely come.

Name your difficulty, don't let it name you. Rom 8:28

The enemy would name you – victim, casualty, wounded, offended, bitter,
discouraged, or disenchanting.

Rather, get victory. Allow it to form you, grow you, stretch you, develop you, mature
you, deepen you, lengthen you, strengthen you. Allow it to enlarge you, by naming it.

Jesus named His Cross – Joy, Flogging - Forgiveness, Pain - Paradise, Suffering -
Salvation, and the Whip - the Will of God.

Name your darkness, but exchange your strength for His.

God gives good things James 1:17

He is merciful, faithful, forgiving, loving, understanding, eternal, and holy.

He wants to give us His Holy Spirit. He is the Comforter, and guide.

SHOULD WE FORGIVE OTHERS?

1. The way we forgive others is the way we will be forgiven.
2. If we don't forgive, then we cannot be forgiven. Matthew 6:14
3. We will be in turmoil until we are forgiven

Don't give excuses. Here are some excuses that are
often used:

I will pray about it.

I don't get a witness,

I think there is sin in that man's life

I'm waiting for a word

That is not my ministry

I'm waiting for confirmation



Pastor Geoff Wiklund

HOW VALUABLE ARE YOU?

Matt 10:29-31 *Are not two sparrows sold for a copper coin? And not one of them falls to the ground apart from your Father's will. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows.*

Nothing happens to you that is apart from His will unless you choose to go your own way!

1 Cor 7:22, 23 *For he who is called in the Lord while a slave is the Lord's freedman. Likewise he who is called while free is Christ's slave. You were bought at a price; do not become slaves of men. NKJV*

The price was the Son of God's life! The devil would have you think that you are of no value. We don't look after things that have no value. But you have great value. Therefore He is telling us to look after that which is His.

Lev 27:28 *Nevertheless no devoted offering that a man may devote to the Lord of all that he has, both man and beast, or the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted offering is most holy to the Lord . NKJV*

It is in whose hands the gift is that makes it holy. When you give yourself to the Lord He makes you holy and that is where your value comes from and not of yourself!

Though you are one of the teeming millions in this world, and though the world would have you believe that you do not count and that you are but a speck in the mass, God says, "I know you." The devil will try and tell you that you are worthless. It is a lie. Remember he is a liar!

A gem dealer was strolling the aisles at the Tucson Gem and Mineral Show when he noticed a blue-violet stone the size and shape of a potato. He looked it over, then as calmly as possible, asked the vendor, "You want \$15 for this?" The seller, realizing the rock wasn't as pretty as others in the bin, lowered the price to \$10. The stone has since been certified as a 1,905-carat natural star sapphire, about 800 carats larger than the largest stone of its kind. It was appraised at \$2.28 million. It took a lover of stones to recognize the sapphire's worth. It took the Lover of Souls to recognize the true value of ordinary-looking people like us.

*The greatest accomplishment is not in never failing,
but in rising again after you fall.*

A TESTIMONY OF THE RESULTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Hi. My name is Dale Burdett.

I was born and grew up in Auckland. I have Athetoid Cerebral Palsy, which means for me I have involuntary movements which is why my arms and body are strapped in. I understand most things people say, and I can reply for myself. When I was born the advice given to my parents was to put me in Mangere Psychopaedic Hospital, but my grandparents looked after me along with another couple. I went to New Lynn Baptist church and when nine was baptized –what a very special time! My favourite Bible passage is Psalms 19:23. I enjoy listening to Radio Rhema and Southern Star and have these stations turned on 24/7 !



I haven't been able to attend events for 20 months as I've had 2 lots of surgery. It was only in February this year I obtained a wheelchair that I could sit in and drive myself. For the first time in my life I can now change my own position.

My Mum used to take me to church sometimes, and that's where Johanna Brens came into my life, Praise the Lord! She had first gone to a CFFD camp when she was 15 and a few years later was appointed to look after me there, and since then my life has never been the same. We complement each other, and she says to people, "You should never judge a book by its cover!" What she has done for me over the years is amazing. When I became too heavy for her to put me in her car she started a fund to buy me my own van. Two years down the track we were at National camp when I was given an anonymous letter, "The Lord my God has laid it on my heart to give you not \$5, not \$50, nor \$500 but \$5,000! to help you get your van." What a blessing that has been, given by God and His people for His work.

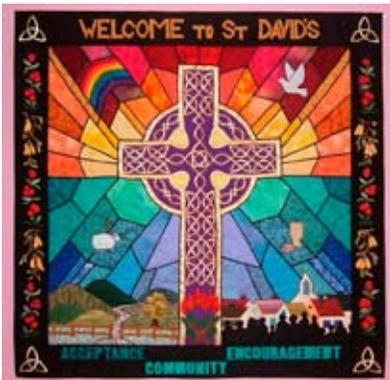
Over the years I have been given much encouragement. One person said, "When I see you, I see God in you", and Jack Openhuizen, straight after delivering one of his messages at National Camp, came down and spent much time on the floor with me when I was very sick and lying down listening to him talking. Thank you to all the people who have and are encouraging me. You are lifted up daily in my prayers.

Taken from Dale's message to the Lincoln Road Bible Chapel during a CFFD service

KUMBAYAH



Passing through Palmerston North on a journey back from Wellington it was great to be able to call in on the monthly half hour program of Kumbayah. (a Jamaican word meaning 'Come and join us'). Was it ever action packed! Such joy and love, lots of activity and involvement, plenty of action, and chorus singing. Everyone was given a scarf and shaker (they were all different) so they could join in and be part of the celebration. This was the brain child of Anne Bennett, the chaplain of Kimberley, (seen in the photo with her helper) who was so upset when it closed and the folk with intellectual disabilities were integrated into the community. Determined to develop opportunities for the people she loved to join together in fellowship and to worship together in their own unique way, she started the group, and so popular has it become that there were 12 vans (with and without wheelchairs) and buses outside that day having brought people from far and wide.



St David's Presbyterian church has made its building available, and those in the church have been really supportive, setting up the church, welcoming people, providing music and joining in the worship. Two years ago the church applied for and were awarded a Presbyterian Foundation grant that supports Anne to work 20 hours a month as a Community Chaplain in the Manawatu. How we appreciate churches so wonderfully responding to the call and catching the vision described by Pastor Russell on page 12.

*Success is all about the quiet accumulation
of small triumphs*

Hayden Bailey has been sending in for possible use in “The Encourager” a number of excellent spiritual articles he has come across. Here is one of these:

“The Count!”

(“The Count” on Sesame Street is known for saying, ‘I love to count.’ This poem reminds us to count those things and relationships that really matter.)

Count your blessings instead of your crosses;
Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes;
Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears;
Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean;
Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth;
Count on God instead of yourself.



~Anonymous~

As the Apostle Paul reminds us in Galatians 5:6 “...*The only thing that counts is faith expressing itself in love.*”

PRAYER: Gracious and loving God, you have blessed us in countless ways with Your presence and Your grace. Help us to be cognizant of all You do in us and for us as we learn to “count our many blessings (and) name them one by one.” Amen.



Where in the World is your Encourager??

We know it starts here in NZ, but where to from here? We would love to know just how far it goes – so, let us know who/where you send yours on to....

ROBBY'S NIGHT



At the prodding of my friends, I am writing this story. My name is Mildred Hondorf. I am a former elementary school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa. I've always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons - something I've done for over 30 years. Over the years I found that children have many levels of musical ability. I've never had the pleasure of having a prodigy though I have taught some talented students.

However, I've also had my share of what I call 'musically challenged' pupils. One such student was Robby. Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single Mum) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. I prefer that students (especially boys) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby.

But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano. So I took him as a student. Well, Robby began with his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavour.

As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary pieces that I require all my students to learn.

Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him. At the end of each weekly lesson he'd always say, 'My mum's going to hear me play someday.' But it seemed hopeless. He just did not have any inborn ability. I only knew his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled but never stopped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming to our lessons. I thought about calling him but assumed because of his lack of ability, that he had decided to pursue something else. I also was glad that he stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed, to the student's homes, a flyer on the upcoming recital. To my surprise Robby (who received a flyer) asked me if he could be in the recital. I told him that the recital was for current pupils and because he had dropped out he really did not qualify. He said that his mother had been sick and unable to take him to piano lessons, but he was still practising. 'Miss Hondorf... I've just got to play!' he insisted.

I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital. Maybe it was his persistence, or maybe it was something inside of me saying that it would be all right. The night for the recital came. The high school gymnasium was packed with parents, friends and relatives. I put Robby up last in the program before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he would do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my 'curtain closer.'

Well, the recital went off without a hitch. The students had been practising, and it showed. Then Robby came up on stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked like he'd run an eggbeater through it. 'Why didn't he dress up like the other students?' I thought. 'Why didn't his mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?'

Robby pulled out the piano bench and he began. I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen Mozart's Concerto #21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo. From allegro to virtuoso. His suspended chords that Mozart demands were magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by people his age. After six and a half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo and everyone was on their feet in wild applause

Overcome and in tears, I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in joy. 'I've never heard you play like that Robby! How'd you do it?' 'Through the microphone Robby explained: 'Well Miss Hondorf... remember I told you my Mum was sick? Well, actually she had cancer and passed away this morning. And well... she was born deaf, so tonight was the first time she ever heard me play. I wanted to make it special.'

There wasn't a dry eye in the house that evening. As the people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into foster care, I noticed that even their eyes were red and puffy and I thought to myself how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil.

No, I've never had a prodigy but that night I became a prodigy... of Robby's. He was the teacher and I was the pupil. For it is he that taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself and maybe even taking a chance in someone when you don't know why.

Robby was killed in the senseless bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April of 1995.

A RICHNESS ADDED TO MY CHURCH

Colin Winters writes:

It all started when the Lord very clearly led Bev and I to a new church at the end of last year – Riverbend Bible Church. As I was chatting one day with Pastor Russell, my involvement with Joy Ministries came into the conversation. He was gob-smacked, because the Lord had recently been challenging him about his lack of attention to people with disabilities, and he wanted to do something about it. Up to that point he knew nothing about Joy Ministries or CFFD. He also shared with me that in February he was going to visit Joni and Friends as part of a ministry trip to the States.

On the morning after his visit to J & F, he sent me an email – he was deeply impacted. The following is most of what he shared – it brought me to tears:

It is 6:30 am. I have been awake for over an hour - way before I needed to be - The Lord is not letting me sleep, and so I am writing this note to you before my day starts - but somehow it has already. Oh how I wish you were with me yesterday when I was at Joni and Friends. I underwent many emotions and my heart was incredibly challenged in so many areas. I believe what I heard and was challenged about was of the Lord, and I am just wondering what the Lord would have me do, and how my life will change as a result of yesterday's conference. I really was moved in my heart on a personal basis and also on behalf of the church. We need to be not just involved with those we call disabled but actively seeking them for Christ with love, friendship and the Gospel - we are presently doing none of those. But your both coming among us as a church has added a richness to us that is exciting and of great opportunity for all involved - and of course initially for what the Lord might be doing among the disabled whom we can reach out to. I was humbled yesterday as Joni reached her hand out to me and asked me to hold it - she said she could not feel anything, but it makes the contact that is so necessary in friendships. While she could not feel anything and her hands and arms are of no practical use - The Lord has been her hands and arms for over 41 years, and it is like I have had no arms or hands in comparison to what she has done... I feel that I have been the disabled person for all those years, and I don't want to be anymore."

The first Sunday after Russell arrived back from that trip, he shared with the church some of what had happened, and that he could envision the day when we would have to widen the aisles to accommodate wheelchairs. Since then a number of wonderful things have happened:

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THIS PASTOR CAUGHT THE VISION

1. Awareness of JM in our church, (about 500 strong), has grown;
 2. Church folk have started coming along to our JM meetings. At the last meeting there were 14 from our church apart from Bev and myself;
 3. Pastor Russell, who is an extremely busy man, has been to all of our meetings this year;
 4. Dianne Davies, who works at a special needs school, came to JM camp as a helper;
 5. Her husband, Rob – a guitarist – has committed himself to lead with the music.
 6. A whole family – Brad, Karen and 5 kids – have committed themselves to JM. At our last meeting the family did a Biblical skit which was enjoyed by all, and two of their teenage boys were back-up musicians;
 7. Ever since Mark left as worship leader we have struggled – with Richard and I doing our best to lead the singing. But it was difficult to say the least. But at our last meeting I felt to ask if there was anyone who would like to come up the front and help us. And wow – about 7 or 8 people came forward, and it was fantastic – so very different from what it has been over the past couple of years.
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LUKE 14 BRINGS A VITAL MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES



What can we get from the description of “The Great Banquet” in Luke 14?

People with disabilities are welcome!

Luke 14 is the name given to a new reach-out programme from CBM to the churches to bring those with disabilities into the action life of the church.

It has great material:

- DVDs, testimonies, six Bible studies,
- A plan to help each church to have a vision
- How to reach out to people with disabilities

We encourage you to get your church involved

This is a joint venture between CBM and CMWDT

Your church needs to purchase this resource. Contact 0800 77 22 64 or see the website: www.luke14.org.nz for more details. The cost is \$50.

SAMUEL'S WEAKNESS – HIS STRENGTH

*“Reprinted with permission from Gospel for Asia’s Send Magazine 2qtr 2010
www.gfa.org.nz”*

Samuel can’t do anything without shaking uncontrollably, and he has difficulty walking. He suffers from frequent headaches. Doctors expected him to die years ago from “brain fever.” But Samuel, a Gospel for Asia–supported missionary, regularly travels to nearby villages to distribute tracts, visit homes, pray for the sick and hold prayer meetings.



‘I Was a Curse to Them’

The obstacles in Samuel’s life began to crop up soon after he took his first breath. After Samuel—the first boy after four daughters—was born, his parents visited a soothsayer. Their religious traditions told them that if their fifth child was a boy, he would be a curse to the family. Was this true? The fortune-teller told them that yes, the little boy’s future would bring them disaster.

But Samuel’s father, the village priest, would need someone to carry on his legacy someday. So Samuel’s parents let him live. But they never let him forget how they felt about him.

“My parents often told me I was a curse to them,” Samuel says about his most vivid childhood memory. “They said that because of me, our family wasn’t well.”

“I was totally terrified,” Samuel remembers, “and just kept to myself.”

But Samuel still bore the brunt of his family’s loathing. He was just a teenager when a relative was accused of robbery, but Samuel was the one who was locked up in a room and severely beaten to try to get information. No one in the community protected or defended him.

Then at the age of 18, he suffered a serious illness that left severe and permanent injury to his nervous system. Doctors told his parents to make sure he had complete bed rest at home, but as he suffered, no one in his family watched over him or cared for him. He was left to recover on his own, and he was given only five years to live because of the damage his illness had caused.

Samuel felt pushed ever deeper into despair, and suicide loomed as the only dark hope for escape.

Death seemed all around him anyway. He consumed poison three times, but somehow, mysteriously, he survived after each attempt.

Transformed by Love

After recovering from his illness, Samuel found a job, and this proved to be a turning point in his life. He met a Christian woman there who shared the Gospel with him

and invited him to come to church for prayer. Samuel was so touched to learn about Jesus and His sacrificial love that he chose to become a follower of Jesus that very day and received a love greater than he had ever experienced in his life. His new faith, however, resulted in total rejection from his family, and suddenly he was out on the streets. The next time while he was at church, without knowing what had just happened to him, two people asked him if he was facing problems at home. When the believers found out he had nowhere to go, the pastor immediately took him into his own family.

“In the sight of God, every soul is precious,” Samuel’s pastor told him. And that was the way he and his wife treated Samuel. For the first time in his life, Samuel saw that he was not just an unlucky source of problems. The truth of God’s Word penetrated his heart, a heart that had been hurt for so many years. It healed those moments of agony when people turned away from him. God didn’t turn away from him. He was shining His face upon Samuel. Samuel blossomed in his new faith. It wasn’t long before he realized that God was calling him into ministry.

When Samuel sensed God’s direction for his life, he didn’t hesitate. God’s love had totally transformed his existence. It was natural that he would offer that same love to others who were hurting without Christ. Samuel enrolled in a Bible college to prepare and train.

During his first year, another challenge came. He received news that his father had died, and the villagers started pressuring him to come back and take his father’s place as priest.

Suddenly, the people who had rejected him were trying to force him back. But Samuel’s resolve to serve the Lord remained strong, and he refused to return to his old life.

A Benefit, Not a Hindrance

But what about the permanent effects of his disease?

Would his shaking hands, his awkward gait and his headaches hinder him in his missionary work?

As the time of his graduation drew nearer, it was becoming clear that God was already powerfully working through Samuel. Far from hindering him, his weakness was, in some ways, a benefit.

“By having this weakness, I can share the Gospel,” Samuel says. “Being like this, I can share the Gospel and people are hearing. When they see me, they wonder how I am able to go out and share the Gospel. They see that because of God’s love, I do this. And then, people receive my words. I don’t hesitate at all to serve the Lord. He has entrusted this ministry upon my



shoulders.”

In his land, there are thousands who feel rejected. Low-caste people, widows, infirm, or those “cursed” as Samuel was - each of these knows the acute loneliness and despair that can come from being abandoned by family or scorned by society. These people find common ground with Samuel’s story. If anyone can testify to true and lasting hope, Samuel can. They can see that the transforming power of his God can turn their life around too.

“People are getting comforted by my words,” Samuel explains, “which are from God, and they are coming to Him.”

As a new missionary, he’s determined. He firmly believes that God will strengthen him to do great things through his ministry.

SOMEBODY SAID IT COULDN’T BE DONE

Somebody said it couldn’t be done,
But I with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn’t
But I’m not the one
To say until I had tried.

So I buckled right in
With a bit of a grin.
If I worried I hid it.
I started to sing
As I tackled the thing,
The thing that couldn’t be done

And I did it!

Anon

GOD TAKES DAVID BURGE HOME



It is with great sadness we record the death of David who was appointed a Trustee in 2007, although his connection to the ministry was established many years prior to this. It was through coming to an Auckland CFFD Camp that he first met his wife Tarnya. He was first a pastor at Wellsford and has been the pastor of the Takanini Church of Christ for 12 years. He has made a valuable contribution to the Trust and to the ministry and will be dearly missed. Our deepest condolences and love are extended to Tarnya and their 8 children at this time of their loss.

ALF RICHARDSON JOINS THE TRUST BOARD



Alf Richardson was born in South Africa. He established his own veterinary practice in UK and then later in South Africa. Alf immigrated to NZ in 1972 with his wife Margaret, where they settled in Christchurch.

His Church focus is in Pastoral Care and he became the CFFD Christchurch Spiritual Advisor in 1988 and the CMWDT South Island Spiritual Advisor in 1989. In 2010 Alf was appointed to the CMWDT Trust Board as a Trustee. His hobbies include:- Photography, Cycling, Travel, The Great Outdoors and Birding and Nature studies. Alf and Margaret have two sons and a daughter and 4 grandchildren.

A KEY ADDITION TO THE MANAGEMENT TEAM



Jeanette Howden has been appointed Operations Manager, and brings with her the outstanding organisational skills she has developed in the work place. She had already been involved in our ministry for 9 years.

She has made many improvements, and the transformation of the web page is an outstanding example of this as she worked on it along with Dean Brennan and Ian Lincoln.

WEBSITE WOW!!

We have just gone through a major overhaul of the website www.cmwdt.org.nz and it's looking great!

You can check out the latest news from the different ministries and areas around New Zealand and beyond.

A new Events Calendar helps you to keep track of What's Happening, Where and When!

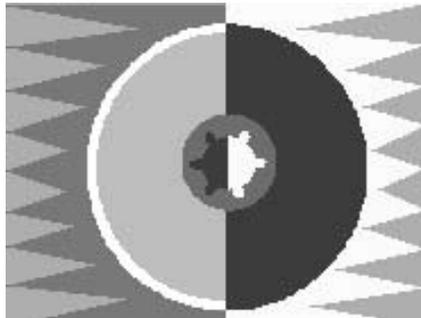
View the photo gallery; you might be surprised to find someone you know!

Find out what's available in our Resource Library or download the latest Encourager.

If you have an encouraging testimony or poem, or perhaps an inspirational anecdote to share, we might be able to put it up on the website. To submit your work for consideration, email Jeanette@cmwdt.org.nz

Whatever you need to know, it should be on the website. If not, feel free to use the "contact us" link on the website for more information.

SPONSORSHIP FOR A CD OR A DVD FOR OUR LENDING LIBRARY



We want to update the resources available from our Lending Library but
WE NEED YOUR HELP!

If you have \$20 you can donate towards a CD or \$30 for a DVD, we would appreciate your support. These funds will only be used in the purchase of Quality Christian Resources, to help others to grow with God.

(If you have high quality used or new Christian Resources you would like to donate, please email jeanette@cmwdt.org.nz in the first instance, thanks.)

Be fishers of men: you catch - He cleans

TRUSTING IN THE UNSEEN HAND

A young man was running at breakneck speed back and forth in a dirt rut. Moving closer, the picture was suddenly clarified - this young athlete was blind. As he ran he grasped a handle linked to a guy rope above. He was dashing back and forth, trusting completely in the unseen wire above his head.

This sight portrayed the faith we are to have. We must also put our hand out for leadership as we run the course of life.

Our guidance is not from a cold impersonal wire, but from God. His loving and capable hand is extended to us, offering direction above our confusion.

Watching this boy running with so much enthusiasm the thought came. What if he let go of the chain? He would be immediately frustrated and defeated by confusion. He would not know where he was going or what was ahead. Probably he would fall headlong over some obstacle or quit running altogether because of fear.



God used that unsighted boy to illustrate eloquently the need for constant faith. We can be thankful that God does extend His hand when we have fallen in blindness. He does reach out when we are paralysed in fear. He longs to lead us through Christ Jesus to excellence in the race of life.

An illustration from "I WON'T BE CRIPPLED WHEN I SEE JESUS" by Everett Lee Payton, born blind with cerebral palsy and water on the brain. Kingsway Publications

HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO BELIEVE IN JESUS CHRIST AND FOLLOW HIM?

Have you decided to trust Jesus as your personal Saviour? Do you desire a personal relationship with the One who created you and loves you no matter what? If so, tell Him in your own words or use this simple prayer:

Dear Jesus

I acknowledge that I am a sinner in need of Your forgiveness. I believe that You fully paid the penalty for all my sins by dying at Calvary, and that You rose from the dead. Thank You for Your grace to save me even though I am undeserving. Please show me how to start living for You.

*Mountains cannot be surmounted
except by winding paths*

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY FOR PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES IN TONGA

By In-Kwon Kim



At the age of 20 In Kwon met Jesus personally and felt deeply moved to devote his life to those with disabilities and the poor. For ten years he took care of disabled in Korea – he worked to educate them and worship Jesus with them.

At the age of 32 he met and married Jeong-Seok. In his own words he says, “Most men promise their wife happiness when proposing, but I asked mine to accompany me in my work for Him.” God blessed them with three children,

and in 1997 they got the opportunity to serve the poor when they were sent as missionaries to work in the slums of Kenya. There they took care of the sick slum dwellers and educated street children.

In 2002, God guided them to New Zealand, where In Kwon studied at the Bible College of New Zealand (now known as Laidlaw College) and his wife studied counselling. He finished his bachelor of ministry and became a pastor. These studies in New Zealand were one of the reasons for wanting to help the disabled in Tonga and the call came stronger when in 2005 he participated in the annual CMWDT Camp and the next year went to the CMWDT centre in Auckland to do volunteer work. Both of these events gave him insight and vision for the work he felt called to do in Tonga, and he went there and met some of the people with disabilities. One visit in particular had a deep effect on him and he describes it as he takes up the story:

“I made a home visit to an elderly mother who was living with two disabled sons. The air was very hot inside and there was a bad smell. The aged mother looked tired and the two sons were screaming. When I reached out to one of the sons and prayed for him, I started crying. It was too sad and moving for me to know that this family has been living in this condition for 40 years. When I came out of the house, God spoke to me suddenly in my mind: “In Kwon, that mother is me – I am very tired. I want you to help me.”

Responding to God’s calling, our family arrived in Tonga in February, 2007. Unlike New Zealand, Tonga’s government does not help the disabled. There is only one physiotherapist in the whole of Tonga. This leaves all the family to do all the work in taking care of their disabled child. The parents feel shame and guilt, and this

disconnects them from God and society. Helping them is a difficult job.

“Our centre is called the Mango Tree Centre. Mango Trees provide very large shade, and are good for comfort and shelter. Our Mango Tree Centre exists to provide shelter for disabled in Tonga. We help and serve them so that they understand God’s love for them and have hope in Jesus.

THIS MAN’S DISABILITY WAS THE SOURCE OF GOD’S BLESSING TO THE VILLAGE

Henry is a 24 year old, who lives in a remote village in the east of Tongatapu. He was born with cerebral palsy, and has been lying down his whole life. Due to no proper care, his condition is very severe now. Just imagine the pain the parents must feel watching their child twisted and living his whole life on a bed.

We have been helping Henry since 2007. As he suffers from malnutrition and bowel problems we have been providing nutritious food and diapers regularly. Near the end of 2007, a medical team from New Zealand visited us. We took them to Henry, and many people in that village got treated as well. Because the hospital is very far from Henry’s village, the villagers were very thankful for the treatment they received. Even the pastor of the village was treated.



We visited Henry again the next week, and his mother cried – but this time it was tears of joy. She said, “The pastor talked about Henry during his sermon. He said Henry has only been giving grief and sorrow to his family, but through him our village has been visited by angels and they have treated us. Henry is the source of blessing of our village.”

We cried and praised the Lord together. Seemingly non-existent in the village, Henry had helped the whole village – the medical team had come to the village because of Henry.

Society does not like weak people. People that are old, disabled and sick seem to be a burden for them. However God has a different perspective – He loves the disabled. He also gives them important jobs. Disabled help others through their weaknesses. God can work through them. Just as it says in I Corinthians 1:27b, “*God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong.*”

THE PASSION OF DISABLED PEOPLE TO MASTER THE COMPUTER

“We have a Computer Class Program at our centre. It started with 2 students in 2008. Now, we have 4 classes with about 30 students with disabilities. It is difficult to have any chance of learning the computer in Tonga. It is even harder for disabled, but their passion to learn is stronger than that of most able bodied. We started the class with a few donated computers. Learning computer develops their self-esteem. Additionally, using computers help them learn English, and ease the movement of their fingers and arms.



“Let me tell you about Finau: she is a physically disabled mother of four. Her legs are short and she can only use one arm, but she never misses a computer class. But one day, her absence at a class surprised me. I started to ask her friends why she didn't come – they said Finau had to go to the hospital due to childbirth. I was amazed at her consistent attendance even during her last stages of pregnancy. Astonishingly, Finau was present at the next week's computer class. I asked if she had given birth, and she nodded and said she was eager to come and learn again.

“George, who is 25 years old, suffers from paraplegia due to a traffic accident that happened 5 years ago. His paralysis frustrated him – but he overcame this and started attending our computer classes in 2009. However, in this year, his bed sores became so severe he had to receive hospital treatment, consequently missing the computer classes. A few weeks ago, the hospital dismissed him because his condition was so severe they couldn't treat him anymore. The bed sores were so severe that they infected the bones. We visit him every week and read the Bible and encourage him. Recently, he came to the computer class in a wheelchair – he said ‘I want to learn PowerPoint’. Their ambition that overcomes their disability is larger than we can ever imagine.

“There are a lot of paralytics in Tonga. They don't receive proper treatment, and spend their days lying on their beds. We install computers in their houses, because it is too difficult for them to come to our centre. Although moving their arms while sitting in a wheelchair can be difficult, the learning of computer provides comfort and encouragement to them. We are trying to also set up an internet connection at their homes, so they can freely surf the internet. We hope more computers are donated for our students, and also hope that more volunteers are willing to come and teach them.

AMAZINGLY THERE IS ONLY ONE PHYSIOTHERAPIST IN THIS COUNTRY?

“Those who visit our centre from overseas are surprised when they hear that Tonga has only one physiotherapist. It is painful for the family and disabled to live in these conditions, where there is no proper treatment and no professional advice. Those disabilities which can be prevented at an early stage only become severe. At our centre we provide early intervention for children. If there is no early intervention, the disability can become very severe in the long run. In New Zealand, the government provides these programs, but there are none in Tonga.

“Many parents visit our centre. Because we aren’t physiotherapists ourselves, we pray about how we can help these children. We met David, who suffers from cerebral palsy, at the age of 5. The only thing he could do was lie down and shake his arms and legs. He could only eat when his mother had chewed the food for him. He couldn’t even crawl. We endeavoured to train him so that he could eat by himself – in 6 months he was able to eat without his mother’s help. Now, at the age of 7, his next goal is to be able to walk. Although he doesn’t like the training a lot and feels tiresome about walking, we believe that he will surely be able to walk.



We receive helping hands from New Zealand. Altus Resource Trust, a group formed to help the disabled in the Pacific, has sent professional help numerous times. They have also donated many of the necessary mobility aids. God has been faithful and been providing us with everything we need.

“Prayer is the foundation for our ministry. I can remember very well the prayer time of the CMWDT centre in Auckland. Please remember our ministry and people with disabilities in Tonga in your prayer. God bless you all.

If you would like to know more about his ministry you could email him on inkwonkim@gmail.com or send donations through the National Bank account 06-287-0762378-00 (In Kwon Kim).

Nothing ruins the truth like stretching it

GOD'S ROSEBUD

A new minister was walking with an older, more seasoned minister in the garden one day. Feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do, he was asking the older preacher for some advice. The older preacher walked up to a rose bush and handed the young preacher a rosebud and told him to open it without tearing off any petals.

The young preacher looked in disbelief at the older preacher and was trying to figure out what a rosebud could possibly have to do with his wanting to know the will of God for his life and ministry, but because of his great respect for the older preacher he proceeded to try to unfold the rose while keeping every petal intact.

It wasn't long before he realized how impossible this was to do. Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold the rosebud without tearing it, the older preacher began to recite the following poem....

"It is only a tiny rosebud,
A flower of God's design;
But I cannot unfold the petals
With these clumsy hands of mine."

"The secret of unfolding flowers
Is not known to such as I.
GOD opens this flower so easily,
But in my hands they die."

"If I cannot unfold a rosebud,
This flower of God's design,
Then how can I have the wisdom
To unfold this life of mine?"

"So I'll trust in God for leading
Each moment of my day.
I will look to God for guidance
In each step of the way."

"The path that lies before me,
Only my Lord knows.
I'll trust God to unfold the moments,
Just as He unfolds the rose."



He that
cannot **obey** cannot
command

Benjamin
Franklin



The fruit of the Spirit grows
only in the garden of obedience



Faith means
trusting in advance
what will only make
sense in reverse.

Philip Yancey



**You can have
peace in the
storms of life
if you know
who is in the
boat with you**



It is our
business to
see that we
do right.
God will see
that we
come out
right.



True faith
goes into
operation
when there
are no
answers

Elizabeth
Elliot

UNCLE JESSE

What kept him married for 30 years to a wife in a psychiatric hospital?

As a teenager I knew Uncle Jesse as the friendly uncle with the shock of white hair and warm smile whom everyone in my church respected. I knew that he had to raise his two daughters alone because his wife had been institutionalized for mental illness as long as anyone could remember, but I never thought much about that. His warmth and joy seldom betrayed deeper pain.



I've travelled a long way from the farmlands of southern Ontario where Uncle Jesse still lives. But in recent years my thoughts have more often returned to him. I've been married for 26 years now. As I have experienced the ecstasy, the pain and the renewed joy of a growing fulfilling marriage, I have considered what it must have been like for Uncle Jesse to live alone for 30 years of married life. I've watched marriages crumble because they were not "fulfilling," and I've wondered what kept him married while his wife, Lydia, lived 80km away in a mental hospital.

During Christmas 1986, while visiting my family, I decided to ask him. He told me his story – the story of a devout hard-working Canadian farmer and the woman he loved. Jesse had been friends with Lydia Winger since childhood. They went to the same Brethren in Christ church.

"I had strong attractions to her when we were both pretty young" he said. "We went together a little, broke off a little, and went together again. The second time around, she seemed a little hesitant. I had prayed about it, and I told the Lord I would not see her again unless she made some overture. "This happened – very unexpected to me. She wrote and invited me to come back."

After a five year courtship, they married, Lydia was 21 and Jesse was 22. "To me she was the one in the world," he said. "And I think I kept that right to the end." The first few years together were good. Two years later their first child arrived, and then a second daughter, Ruth, was born at home. The next morning, something was obviously wrong. Lydia was in great health physically, but she was behaving strangely. She would ask for something, then moments later ask for the exact opposite. The doctor recommended total rest.

For 2 ½ years Lydia continued to live at home, though she was clearly not normal. Her careless housekeeping and lack of concern for the baby were new and strange.

For a time, however, she remained fairly stable. But a year later Lydia ‘really let loose and became unmanageable.’ She had all kinds of ideas.

*“Well, Doc,” Jesse said.
I can go home and take care of the girls,
but I can’t forget about Lydia.
She’s part of me.”*

One morning she announced that I was not her husband. She said we weren’t lawfully married at all.”

Jessie took Lydia to the Hamilton hospital, one of the best psychiatric hospitals in Ontario. At first he checked with the doctors each week when he visited, believing his wife would soon be better.

“Your wife is not going to get any better,” the doctor announced one day. “I think you should go home and start over. Take care of your girls and forget about this woman.”

“Well, Doc,” Jesse said. “I can go home and take care of the girls, but I can’t forget about Lydia. She’s part of me.”

For over 30 years Jesse drove the two hours to Hamilton every two or three weeks to visit the woman he had promised to love for better or for worse till death would part them. “Usually Lydia was pleased to see me,” Jesse said. “Sometimes though, she would say she hoped I’d break my neck on the way home. “When that happened I’d go home and think, well, what am I going to do? No use me going up there anymore. And then I couldn’t help but think about her. And in a week or two I’d be back up again, and I could get an entirely different response.”

One day Jesse was praying for Lydia while he worked close to the barn, and he felt that the Lord heard his prayer. The next day he found a letter from Lydia in the mail box. She hadn’t written for years, but in her letter she took a very penitent attitude, saying she thought there had been a misunderstanding. “I’ve often wished I’d dropped everything and gone up right away to see her.” But since he was busy on the farm he didn’t get to Hamilton until a few days later. He took the letter to show to the doctor, thinking this was the answer to his prayer. “Don’t bank too hard on it,” the doctor warned. Lydia’s mood had changed drastically. “When she wrote the letter, she’d been outside. But when I got there, she didn’t know what she thought of me. Still, I think the ordeal strengthened me as far as the Lord was concerned.”

For many years Jesse hoped and prayed that God would heal his wife. “Why she couldn’t get healed, I don’t know. That’s one of the mysteries of this life” he said. Eventually the doctors suggested a lobotomy (an operation in which a lobe of the

brain is cut). It was scheduled the same day as their elder daughter's marriage, so Jesse couldn't be there when Lydia came out of anaesthesia. But when he saw her the next day he marvelled at the change in her. She asked questions about home and other things she hadn't talked about in years. "This was the first thing that showed any sign of helping her," he said.

Don't expect her to stay like this," the doctors cautioned. "She'll drift back, but we hope she'll come back up to this point again in about six months."

Jesse tried bringing Lydia home for a week or two, but it didn't work well. Once she wandered away and walked to my parent's farm 6 km away. Sadly we had to return her to the hospital, but months later we brought her home again. This time things went much better. The doctors had been trying different medications for Lydia and it had finally found the right combination. After 29 years, she was home again, but her sloppy appearance and religious indifference were painful reminders that Lydia was not the woman Jesse once knew, but she was reasonable and co-operative.

For three years Jesse gently cared for the woman he still thought of as his youthful sweetheart and bride. Then one Thursday, Lydia felt sick in the stomach. A few days later her appendix ruptured. Because of the lobotomy, she never felt the pain that would have warned her something was wrong. "Would you pray for me?" Lydia asked. "I'm sure she was a Christian before her mind got warped," Jesse reflected, "but afterward she could think most anything. While she was home those last years, she had never showed any spiritual emotion that I could see and now she had said, 'Would you pray for me?' I said, 'Sure, I'll pray for you.' Then the next day she died. I felt this was the Lord's time to take her home. It all went so peacefully."

I cried as I listened to Uncle Jesse's story. "Did you ever feel angry at the Lord?" I asked. "I did at first," he replied. "I thought, this isn't fair – she was 29 years old when this happened. But that doesn't get you anyplace. All those years never once did I feel that she was a burden. Oh, she was a burden, but it wasn't anything I should be relieved of. I loved her, and I did all I could."

"It looks like you've been asked to walk a difficult road," I suggested softly. "Yes, especially if I had seen those 30 years ahead," he said. "I took her to the hospital then with the feeling that she would be returning in three months or so. It just didn't work that way. We walk with the Lord one day at a time."

Uncle Jesse made a vow before God with the woman he loved to live in lifelong covenant for better or for worse. It got much worse. But he kept that covenant, by God's grace, one day at a time.

*Things turn out best for people
who make the best out of the way things turn out.*

MORE NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES CFFD

Briccio and Ed write:



What a great privilege to be chosen as co-hosts at the new Baliwag Mall for the 32nd National Disability Celebration. An especially fun-filled day programmed for those with disabilities, and the cover photo shows one of the SPED children giving 110% effort enjoying himself immensely in one of the ball competitions. Leslie Dela Ganar

and one of the mall staff (shown here) hosted the program, for Leslie this was her first opportunity to emcee such a big event.

Different groups of people with disabilities gave their special numbers showing their talents to sing, dance and play instruments. Our SPED children (see back cover) gave a cultural and modern dance while some of the little ones helped promote our SPED school at Hebron.



Our deaf high school students also got the admiration of the audience when they gave a hand interpretation (hand mime) of the song, "The Power of Love."

SUDDENLY I CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD GOD'S PURPOSE

Leo Te Kira writes:

When I first became a Priest 15 years ago although I knew that I'd be spending a lot of time in church houses, hospitals, marae and homes, I never imagined for a moment I'd be spending so much time in conference rooms. I admitted a few years ago that I've sometimes asked God if I need to be in meetings so much.

12 years ago I was at a particularly exotic conference as conferences go since it was being held at Auckland's Skytower! The 250 delegates from NZCCS were having their two-day Annual Meeting there. In amongst all the expensive rooms, expensive menus and expensive casinos I began to ask God again if I, as a humble Priest of God's message, really needed to be in amongst so much wealth and prestige. Certainly during the first evening of the conference I wrestled with some very mixed emotions of both enjoying and feeling guilty about the fine food, the king-size bed, the 12-Channel television and the marble bathroom provided for me.

It was during this first day of the conference that the 250 of us also began to think about our absent NZCCS President Richard Crawshaw. Richard had been a good, dependable leader for us at NZCCS. His tough resilient exterior hid a deeply compassionate and committed interior. Indeed he was such an ideal leader that apart from being our own President, he was one of Gisborne's most respected businessmen and a crucial Poverty Bay rugby administrator who had capably managed New Zealand's Hong Kong Sevens Team seven months earlier.

Richard, at 50, had suddenly contracted leukaemia 6 months earlier and had had to have a bone marrow transplant. We shared a slight concern for him on our first day in Auckland since we had heard that he had contracted a slight infection in Waikato Hospital. But we also felt a great feeling of optimism as we had heard that the transplant overall had gone just fine.

Nothing could have prepared us when awaking on day two of our conference to discover that Richard had died in Waikato Hospital overnight. The 250 of us were shaken and incredibly saddened.



Suddenly the conference was less concerned about its exotic location. Collectively we decided to put away our conference papers, submissions, workshops and remits and spend time remembering Richard's contribution to the organisation. We spent an hour and a half listening to fine speeches being made to Richard and his leadership. Then suddenly at the end of this very touching and healing session the delegates needed one small thing further. They needed something small to give them courage to carry on through their conference... they needed something assuring to see them through the deep sadness... they needed a Priest to say a small prayer, lead The Lord's Prayer and lead a hymn. And suddenly I clearly understood why God had sent me to a Conference at Auckland's Skytower.

Sometimes human thinking is so limited that we think that we can only serve God in a Church House, at a hospital bedside or in a Mission soup-kitchen. But God needs us to give service throughout the earth - whether it be in the humblest of homes or poorest of streets or the most influential of conferences in the wealthiest of hotels.

BRANCH NEWS

Congratulations to Corey and Miriam Scott (former missionary to Philippines CFFD) on their baby girl Seraphina. Condolences to family and friends of David Burge (Auckland), Mavis Jenkins (Bay of Plenty) Charles Kerr (Rotorua) and Lorraine Saunders (Christchurch).

TWO BOOKS THAT HAVE JUST COME OUT

These books, available from Christian bookshops, include testimonies by some of our folk:

1. Transformed Lives by Bev Montgomery with George Bryant. About the move of God in the 60s and 70s including a chapter on Di Willis - \$26.95.
2. Trial To Triumph by George Bryant. Inspiring stories of overcomers, including chapters on Margie Willers and Evan Clulee, and paragraphs on Joni Eareckson Tada and David Green - \$29.95.

If you would like to help with our costs you could send a donation to:

CMWDT P.O.Box 13-322, Onehunga, Auckland 1643

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A colourful combined performance by the different SPED groups.

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