

the Encourager



evangelise equip educate

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Magazine of the Christian Ministries With Disabled Trust



1 cross + 3 nails

A devotion by Mike Potter

WHAT REAL LIFE IS ABOUT



Three and a half years ago I had an accident in Egypt that left me a T12/L1 paraplegic and a long journey home to NZ.

After finally leaving the Auckland Spinal Unit (thanks again to all the staff if you get to read this) I went from blending in to my community to standing out, by virtue of a wheelchair. Yanked from one culture into another, encountering many barriers, attention both wanted and unwanted, a new language and frustrations, I feel like a toddler all over again, only with prior knowledge.

Auckland Hospital, a world authority on spinal injuries, told me to look forward to a "good life in a wheelchair". That is what the world says is hope. But true hope looks at disability and this prognosis differently. Jesus is a higher authority. He is a sovereign surgeon. He invites us to follow Him, offers forgiveness, and has promised to restore us to the Father. He offers more than just a good life in a chair. He offers real life.

In John 6 we read how Jesus had just miraculously fed five thousand people using five loaves of bread and three fish, then calmed a storm and walked across water. On www.youtube.com (search for "Jesus feeds the 5000" and try the Gospel of John version) we can listen or watch it to get a better idea of how we would react in the crowd. The people who had been fed followed Him across the Sea of Galilee looking for more miracles and more food. In response to their requests Jesus proclaims, "I am the bread of life; he who comes to Me shall not hunger, and he who believes in Me shall never thirst" (v36).

But what is this bread? Is it a physical thing? Jesus fed 5000 people in the desert just like Moses had done. But because He hadn't yet died or ascended to heaven, the crowd only saw His humanity, not His divinity. To them He was a prophet, son of Joseph and Mary, possibly the new

Moses, someone who could feed them in the desert and deliver them from oppression.

John had the benefit of hindsight in his writing. He is at pains to point out that Jesus was not a prophet like the crowd conjectured. Nor was he a spiritual man offering spiritual food and miracles to entice people to follow Him.

Rather, Jesus declares that those who believe in Him, those who take up His invitation to follow Him, have real life for eternity. Jesus was not on earth to do what He wanted. He wasn't here to perform miracles, change the government or wipe evil from the face of the earth instantaneously. He lived to obey the One who sent Him, God the Father. And God's will is that everyone who believes in Jesus will live with Him in community forever.

This is what gives true hope. To be fully healed today would be wonderful. I know that Jesus will do it in His timing for all who believe in Him. But real life is not about us. It is about the agenda of the Father, loving, forgiving, giving, and restoring all creation to Himself. We are all invited to participate in that.

CAMPS NEXT YEAR

Wellington CFFD

9-11 March at El Rancho, Waikanae

Auckland CFFD

27-29 April at Carey Park, Henderson

Kidz Connect (CBM)

16-18 March at Motu Moana camp, Blockhouse Bay

Joy Ministries National

18-20 May at Totara Springs, Matamata

CMWDT National Camp

19-22 October at Totara Springs, Matamata

A CELEBRATION OF 30 YEARS



Thirty years of coming to camp at Totara Springs, what amazing memories that evokes. Memories of people who have left their mark on the camp and of others who have now passed away, their names brought up on the camp screen in a very moving list that was scrolled down as we watched. It's interesting that the camp staff tell us that our annual camp is the event they look forward to more than any other camp. They interact with us so beautifully, cannot do enough for us, and often come to our meetings when duties allow.

Camp does all sorts of things for people. One said, "I so loved the total acceptance and unconditional love of one for another." One of the ladies said she found the whole atmosphere great, but the thing she liked most was being able to bring her whole family with her to the camp. Another found it an awesome opportunity to practice selfless love by caring for someone else. Others commented on the worship, one finding it so wonderful to experience "such uninhibited joy"; whilst another found it to be "so powerful, deeply moving and spine-tingling, it was so real". There are those who are challenged in their own life, such as the man who said "being present

in a camp filled with God's servants really made me think what I'm doing with my own life"

There were great visual displays on the back wall of the auditorium through A4 size enlargements that Jeanette Howden, Kevin Gill and Ian Sinclair had gathered together. They recalled many who have been baptised at camp, photos of unusual past events – the whole camp gathered round the shallow pool for the baptism of a man who medically couldn't be fully immersed, a game of "blind cricket", the occasion we had the "sit dance", wheelchair races, and so many more.

"I so loved the total acceptance and unconditional love of one for another."

Most find the messages memorable and life-impacting. We've brought outstanding people with disabilities here over the years, such as Jim Stallard (Aust), Jack Oppenhuizen (USA) and Jimmy Ritter (USA), but in between we've had our own people. This year was one of those years

with David Senior, Geoff Wiklund and Edith Morris (shown above right).

Lyn Spencer said, "Anticipation always rises when I know we are to be taught by speakers with disabilities, knowing inspiring testimonies will be shared of victory over adversity from those who are wise and humble. This camp my attention was riveted to Edith's teaching session on Saturday morning. She is so joyful, humorous, energetic and full of wisdom from the Lord.

The key points I'll be taking home are four workings of pitfalls in life which apply to all of us:

1. trying to live in our own strength,
2. losing focus from God in the busyness of life,
3. succumbing to self pity when things go wrong and finally
4. feeling forgotten by God. These honestly-presented pitfalls hit me fair and square

– yep, that's me!"



We don't change God's



THE CARNIVAL WAS A HUGE SUCCESS

30 camps at Totara Springs was something that had to be celebrated, so Nick Abplanalp and Jeanette Howden put in a huge amount of time organising this, and how brilliantly they succeeded. They made several trips to Matamata to meet up with schools, a teachers college, the Matamata newspaper and local businesses, organised a letter box drop to every home in Matamata, and made countless phone calls resulting in over 20 attractions being set up, and on the next page you can read the feedback we got on the evaluation forms.

Our folk with disabilities were able to take part in all sorts of activities they would never otherwise take part in (even to the extent of rolling around on a bouncy castle) and the rain just held off to result in a memorable afternoon. And not just for our people, for some 200 came from Matamata with their children and told us they were blown away that we would go to so much trouble to give their kids such a great time. They were amazed that every activity was FREE! Hawkes Bay CFFD were enterprising in bringing up all sorts of goods, including cakes and jams, that they sold on their stall and this raised over \$600 for their branch.

The attractions included a merry go round, a go-kart track, two bouncy castles, a model railway display, a shooting gallery, an auction, face painting, apalcas, horses, a puppet show, two climbing walls, a target throwing contest (and every direct hit resulted in a boy on the top plunging into a pool of water), outdoor chess, a dodgem circuit, as well as the usual ice creams, balloons and wheelchair races.





Evaluation comments

These comments taken from evaluation forms show just how much the carnival was appreciated:

- I was blown away. Something for everybody. A true celebration.
- Wonderful fun and fantastic organisation.
- Was amazing. Great idea to get the Matamata community involved.
- Lots of activities and stalls that kept us busy and having fun all afternoon.
- Really great, lots of variety and everyone I spoke to loved it.
- Fantastic – kids had an absolute ball and they got to go on lots of rides and tried things they were not used to.
- Fantabulous! The children and we too had experiences that were new and exciting!
- Five stars. I noticed it accommodated everyone's needs, likes and abilities .
- Really enjoyable. My buddy made it come alive with her great descriptions.
- Fantastic. A great way to get the community involved. Well thought out.
- It was all free. It was a safe environment. I knew I wouldn't lose my children.
- Well done – a huge undertaking that worked well.
- Wow! What a treat! Beautifully organised fun activities.
- It was Fun. I didn't realise most of it was free or I would have done more!

Worship

- Powerful, deeply moving, spine-tingling, so real
- Wonderful to experience the uninhibited joy

What I liked most at camp

- The awesome opportunity to practice selfless love by caring for someone else.
- I loved the whole camp. The whole atmosphere was great, but the thing I liked most was being able to bring our whole family to it.
- Being present in a camp filled with God's servants really made me think what I'm doing with my own life.
- There was total acceptance and unconditional love of one another .
- Seeing the CMWDT family from around the nation.
- The way buddies, helpers, general hands, leaders and everyone interact.





The greatest accomplishment is
not in never falling,

I DREAMED A DREAM

Given by Margie Willers at National Camp this year



One of the most poignant speeches ever has to be Martin Luther King, Jr.'s... 'I Dreamed A Dream'. Even today, when listening to a replay of that inspiring address, I experience goose-bumps. For me, it's spine-tingling stuff! What a visionary! What passion. What drive!

I'm convinced with a 'GOD-DREAM' it's absolutely imperative that the 'God-dream catcher' be a person who is task driven – goal orientated. Totally focused - like the eye of the tiger upon its prey.

1976 – I received a GOD-DREAM. Allow me to share something of that incredible journey:- I was 28 years of age. A graduate from Faith Bible College – Tauranga. The cushy-incubator era ended. Reality set in – it was time to put into practice those 'faith principles' I'd been taught in the classroom. I most certainly don't deny that the stepping out into new adventure proved both challenging and daunting.

Faith Bible College proved my training ground: The launching pad for future ministry. A 'ministry' that was born through inner healing – vision – teaching – and prophetic commission.

Te Puke is my home town. Surprisingly, I sensed the nudge of the Holy Spirit to 'kick-start' a Christian work in Auckland with disabled people. Courageous KIWI BATTLERS – people who lived with and overcame all types of disabilities.

I'd known Di Willis some years. Di with her Occupational Therapy qualifications and expertise with quadriplegic and paraplegic patients had long time expressed a deep hankering for such a work to be birthed. Understandably, she was more than enthusiastic that we connect – and together we 'Spear-head' a Christian Organization. A large question loomed. 'For Heaven's Sake' - where in this world would we begin? The task before us was enormous. GIGANTIC!!

Pursuing our 'dream' gave us an immense zealotness to strive for God's ultimate purpose and plan. The 'dream' opened our spiritual eyes. Though the ideas we dreamed for hadn't at that stage materialized – amazingly, they seemed more attainable – more real to us than the natural world around us. Now, isn't that FAITH? Our God-given dream gave us both a different sense of value. A fresh hope was born for the disabled. We knew that we knew, we'd been entrusted with an unfolding GOD-ASSIGNMENT. And, that surely ignited an excitement!



Margie typing
one of the very
early newsletters

The 'Dream-vision' wasn't wishful thinking. It was concrete. However, the reality of the situation was we most certainly couldn't go it alone. We needed HELP - An entire army of people to connect and help with fleshing out the 'dream' - if we were going to make an impact with meeting the depth of human need.

People differed with their physical needs. God didn't cut us with the same 'Cookie-Cutter'. Everyone involved came from a wide diversity of backgrounds with different gifting, emotions and taste.

but rising again after you fall



Magazine of the Christian Ministries With Disabled Trust

We aimed high. We believed for a fellowship where people had opportunity to come to a faith in Jesus Christ. A place from whence they could commit themselves to a personal journey with God. A place of common ground where a person would be challenged – cajoled – provoked to discover his/her own creative abilities, their God-given vocation and become a person of destiny. The potential was limitless...



Our dream with 'kick-starting' a fellowship-outreach became a living reality. 18 months lapsed. With bi-monthly meetings numbers escalated at an unbelievably, phenomenal rate. Disabled peoples' talents - abilities blossomed and bloomed. In depth discussions led to the planning of future programs. A Boat cruise – BBQ Picnics – Gospel Concerts – Evangelical Outreaches – Small camps led to larger Camp Conventions. And so much more!!

Believe me, 30 years back, our NATIONAL CAMPS were 'unforgettable'. For many of our first-time campers the programs here at Totara Springs proved life - changing. Both abled-and disabled have testified of experiencing unique and lasting 'spiritual breakthrough'. Many moved on into mission-outreach and other ministry service.

A vision must be progressive. However, we had to think practically. God wanted us to think big - REALLY BIG! Our spirits and minds went into overdrive. We envisaged a Christian Foundation with a building housing Offices – Tape and Book libraries – Recording studio – A Day Centre –Specialized vehicles for transporting disabled folk to and from activities - and, SO MUCH MORE!

In the natural – our 'Dream' seemed utterly absurd. PREPOSTEROUS!

We well remember, during the late 70's certain onlookers anticipating 'us' experiencing failure – and accusing us of unrealistic expectations – Day dreamers – dreaming the 'Impossible Dream'. Certainly, we confronted insurmountable odds: We were unskilled, untrained, lacking business acumen, dreaming lofty dreams with no known resources to draw from. We had nothing. TOTAL ZILCH.

Today, the 'dream' we spoke out in faith HAS MOST DEFINITELY materialized. We've proven if a dream is truly conceived by the Spirit of God, [as with Martin Luther King Jnr's] - God will watch over it – Stage by stage. Facet by facet. Process by process, He will bring it through to completion. Numerous times we felt 's-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d' - well out of our comfort-zone. Nevertheless, God grew us, developed us and moved us into maturity – like God did with Gideon- as we applied ourselves to each phase of the unfolding Ministry-journey.



A very meaningful Scripture throughout those pioneer-days:-1 CHRONICLES Chapter 28 – verses 20-24 Here is Margie Willers paraphrase version. 'Be stouthearted - courageous... do the work of the Lord. Be not discouraged for the Lord's on-going presence and FAVOUR IS UPON YOU. He will NOT FAIL you, neither will He leave you Abandoned – He will be YOUR PROVIDER - until all the work of DREAM-VISION is finished..... And, He will provide you willing people, skilled in every professional trade to help YOU '...'

Today, we proclaim: God is not a man to lie. He has remained Faithful to the TRUTH and the fulfilment of that 'DREAM'. TO HIM BE ALL GLORY.

You can't cross the sea by standing

DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE WHO SAY YOU CAN'T

Colin Chitty, the speaker at next year's Auckland CFFD camp, writes:

I was born into a farming family and lived at Mangawhai. At the age of 13 I was riding on the back of a motorbike when we were cleaned up by a car and as a result I lost my right leg.

My parents were not believers but I was very sick, and in desperation they took up a suggestion to get the minister in to pray for me. There was a farming family who were regarded as very religious. They knew just how sick I was and it made a deep impression on me when I heard later that they had stayed up all night praying for me and my recovery. From that time on life was never the same.

When I started school I was on crutches, and suddenly found I was different to all the other kid. I discovered quickly that one of the cruellest things you come across in life can be people. I was made fun of, tripped as I went past, but one or two went to the other extreme and couldn't be more helpful.

The time came for me to spend time at the Artificial Limb Centre in Auckland and my parents, not knowing anyone, put me in an IHC Home. I was horrified at first by those I met there, but now I am grateful to God that I had that experience, for I discovered that people may look different on the outside but can be so cool on the inside. And there were others who often visited, like the lady who would take us out to all sorts of things and pay for it all with her own money.



I returned to Mangawhai and spent a lot of time with one particular family. The worst part of it was that they went to church and I resented the fact that it took two hours out of my day! However God touched my life, I responded to Him, and I've never looked back.

From 13 to 15 I spent much time in Auckland for assessments, and my big memory of it is being told over and over that "You can't do this" and "You can't do that." When I left school I got a job in the automotive industry where I worked for seven years. I then had the opportunity to go share-milking for my parents. When I suggested to others I was thinking of going share milking I was told that I couldn't because I was disabled. I met this attitude over and over again, but more and more I was learning that when everyone says you can't, you can! I noticed that there were three wheeler quad bikes, and I thought with one of those I could manage, and I did. I sold everything I had and bought some cows, and gradually was able to increase the size of the herd. It was during this time that I married my wife Anne.

We started a family, first a boy Sam and then a girl Hannah, all the while saving to buy the farm, which we have now owned for 25 years. We loved the church fellowship and got more and more involved in the leadership of it, and were surprised

one day when the church presented us with an offering so that we could go to a Hillsong conference in Australia. This was the defining moment in our lives. While we were there, God spoke to us and told us to "Go home and sell the cows. You can't take the church any further while you are dairy farming." We did this, working more and more for the church, and were eventually appointed as pastors. The church started to grow and now there are over 300 people. It has been an amazing journey.

I have learnt that one must never let circumstances dictate. Accept what you cannot do, but do what you can do. Truly, the joy of the Lord is our strength. Don't listen to the 'cant's'. Philippians says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." My disability has provided me with an opportunity to share with people I would never otherwise have met. I remember a man who was about to have a below the knee amputation who was cursing and swearing that life had been so cruel and unjust to him. I said how lucky I felt he was.

Amazed he turned to me. I pointed out that as he was going to have the amputation below the knee this would enable him to do so many things, whereas I had lost the whole of my right leg. He was amazed and his whole attitude changed from that day on.

CFFD IS THRIVING IN THE FAR SOUTH



Hugh and Di write:

We have been wanting to make a visit to the Dunedin Branch for some time, and were surprised and delighted when we attended their 35th celebrations to find it was such a vibrant and colourful occasion. Over 100 were present, and the enthusiasm and joy generated was most striking and infectious. Patsy and Alasdair Morrison, leaders of the branch have so much drive and love for their people, nothing is too much trouble and they spend hours in preparation for each meeting, even to the extent of Patsy going out and bringing people in whilst Alasdair sets up the meeting venue and leads the practice for the musicians.

They get help from a number of quarters. Bill Overton, given the Queen's Service Medal for his services to the community, is the owner of the United Taxi company. He is a keen supporter, makes his taxis available at very reasonable charge, and his support for over 20 years was recognised by a special presentation to him a couple of years ago. Bruce Geddes, minister of the South Dunedin Baptist Church where most meetings are held, makes a point of being present himself.

Images from Left to Right:
The music team.....The certificate presented by the Trust for the 35th ...Patsy helps Jeff Pyke cut the birthday cake



Newcomers are drawn to come again. Barbara Markby, there for the first time, said, "What a sense of loving and knowing and acceptance Patsy and Alasdair gave to each one as they arrived. The atmosphere was buzzing.

They sang and worshipped the Lord, and did they sing. If they couldn't sing, they waved their arms or nodded their heads or danced. Such a sense of joy and I felt I was the disabled one compared to these uninhibited worshippers."



*Faith is like a radar that sees
through the fog...*



LEAVE NO MAN BEHIND

Thirty-five years ago (July 4, 1976), an Air France flight was hijacked and diverted to Entebbe Airport in Uganda. Shortly after landing, all of the non-Jewish passengers were released and the remaining Jewish passengers were held hostage. One week after the hijacking, I commanded the first task force to land in Entebbe as part of a daring mission that freed 105 hostages.

Faced with immense challenges, we pulled off a thrilling (yet bittersweet) victory. At the time, we saw the feat as an illustration of the strength and vitality of the Israeli army and the Jewish spirit. Upon reflection (so many years later), it is clear that it also highlighted the importance of standing up for those who cannot stand up for themselves.

It should be noted that my participation in Entebbe was voluntary. After my brother, Eran, was killed in the Yom Kippur war (he was injured in the Golan Heights and bled to death after sitting untreated for seven days), I was given the choice of leaving my combat unit as a bereaved soldier. However, I chose to remain in the military in order to change the ethos of the Israeli Defence Force and make absolutely sure that no soldier would ever be left behind again.

It was this philosophy that drove me to participate in the Entebbe raid and numerous other military operations throughout my career and, ultimately, set the stage for the next phase of my adult life.

After our son was born and we named him Eran after my late brother – he was diagnosed with severe physical and cognitive disabilities. In an instant, my world was turned upside down. At first, I had a very hard time coming to terms with the fact that my beloved son would never speak or hold down a job, and would always be dependent on others to provide his every need. But my “no man left behind” philosophy prevailed, and I found the strength to be the father that Eran needed me to be.

In fact, my time with Eran allowed me to develop my philosophy even further, and I became committed to changing the way society views the disabled. I realized that it is not enough to make sure that these wonderful children don’t get left behind. We must ensure that they are given every opportunity to excel and reach their greatest potentials. For the Entebbe raid, our IDF battalions travelled 2,500 miles to fight for those who could not fight for themselves. It is time for us to harness that bravery, resolve and dedication to our fellow men, to turn our sights inward and focus on the urgent rescue missions in our own neighbourhoods.

These “hostages” are in very real danger every day of their lives and are often abandoned. They are the weakest members of our society and are completely dependent on the kindness of others. We don’t need to launch a complex tactical mission to set them free. We simply need to wrap them in love and help them integrate into our social fabric.

Make no mistake: our commitment to care for the disabled members of society remains immeasurably more difficult than any military campaign I have ever led. But we must stand up and fight to provide them with the care that they deserve. Because, in the end, our generation will be judged by how well we complete this mission.

Written by Doron Almog, the founder and Chairman of Aleh Negev a village named in memory of his son, that provides a continuum of residential care for children with severe disabilities as they grow from adolescents into young adults.

- Source Unknown

MAKING THE BEST OF OUR LOVE

It was a busy morning, approximately 8.30 am, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb at the emergency of St Bartholomew's Hospital in London. He stated that he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9.30 am. Nurse Maryann took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. Maryann saw him looking at his watch and decided, since she was not busy with another patient, she would evaluate his wound. On examination it was well healed, so Maryann talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, Maryann began to engage in conversation with the gentleman, and asked him if he had a doctor's appointment this morning as he was in such a hurry. He told her no, that he just needed to go to the Home for the Aged to eat breakfast with his wife. Maryann then enquired as to his wife's health. He told her that she had been there for a while and that she had Alzheimer's Disease.

As both talked and the dressing of the wound was complete, Maryann asked if his wife would be worried if he was a bit late. "No," he replied, "she no longer knows who I am. She has not recognised me for over five years!" Maryann was surprised and asked him, "And you still go every morning, even though she does not recognise you?" The gentleman smiled, patted Maryann's hand and said, "She does not recognise me, but I recognise her, and know who she is. I love her as always!"

Maryann held back her tears. She had goose-bumps on her arm, and thought, "That is the kind of love I would want to have in my life!"

True love is neither physical nor romantic. It is acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be. The happiest of people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything that comes along the way.



These two articles are both taken from books by Bishop Percival Fernandez and included here with permission. The first is from "100 Motivating Anecdotes" and the second from "100 Challenging Anecdotes" – Insight Books

IS GOD AT THE CENTRE OF OUR LIVES?

In his book "I Believe", Grant Teaff, head football coach at Baylor University, tells a remarkable story. It is about a young man BRIAN STERNBERG who was once the world's greatest pole-vaulter. In 1963, Brian was the world's best pole-vaulter. Teaff tells us in his book how he watched Brian Sternberg perform the day he broke the world record. It was five years later that Teaff saw Brian again. The auditorium was totally dark. Suddenly a movie projector lit up and on the screen appeared Brian Sternberg racing down the runway and executing that

record-breaking pole vault. Every one in the audience oohed and aahed....

Then the auditorium went totally dark again, except for a single spotlight falling on a single chair on the empty stage. Suddenly out of the shadow on the stage came a huge football player, Wes Wilmer. In his arms he carried Brian Sternberg, now a cripple. Wilmer placed him on the chair and propped him up with pillows to keep him from falling over. Then the raspy voice of Brian Sternberg began to talk: "My friends, I pray God that what has happened



to me will never happen to any one of you. I pray that you will never know the humiliation, the shame of not being able to perform even one human act. It is my hope and my prayer that what has happened to me would never happen to any one of you, UNLESS, my friends, that's what it takes for you to put God in the centre of your life!" The impact of Brian's words was electrifying. No one present there will ever forget it!

An interruption - an unexpected

A RAY OF SUNSHINE

By: Joseph J. Mazzella

I had never seen a ray of sunshine walk before. Still, there it was walking into a local store ahead of me. As soon as this ray walked in too it lit up the whole room. The faces of everyone there brightened with joy. People who were staring down at the floor looked up with sparkling eyes. Mouths that were closed and frowning quickly opened with cheerful smiles. Voices that were quiet before suddenly spoke out with both laughter and kindness greeting this beam of light by name. Spirits that were feeling a little down were soon soaring skyward again. The entire store seemed happier, all thanks to this walking ray of sunshine.

This ray of light is my oldest son. In the eyes of the world he is seen as mentally handicapped. In the eyes of Heaven, however, he is seen as so much more. His concern, caring, laughter, love, gentleness, and good cheer light up the lives of everyone he meets. His bright and beautiful spirit touches the hearts of so many every day. When it comes to the essential things in life he is far less handicapped than

the rest of us. In the eyes of Heaven he is a shining angel on a divine mission to bring more love and more light into this world that needs it so much.

While my son happily goes about making this world a better place I do my best to follow his example. I do my best to love as simply, freely, enthusiastically, and unconditionally as he does. I do my best to brighten the days of others without any thought for myself. I do my best to live as a Child of God and a being of light each and every day here.

You too can be a ray of sunshine in this often cloudy world. You too can shine bright and light up the lives of so many others. Just fill yourself full of God's love and light and then go out and share it with the world. It isn't hard to do. In fact, it is the most joyous thing any of us can do. Live well, love others, and like my son you will make this world a little brighter today.

MY ANGER DRAINED AWAY

by Leslie Facoory from Dunedin

I started going to church when I was six years old, so started my journey with God, growing and learning about a wonderful God who loved me. It wasn't until I was at High school when I joined the Interschool Christian fellowship that I started to learn more about a personal relationship with God. At one of their camps I was deeply moved by the speaker who asked, "if you were to die tonight where would you stand before God. Would you be for Him or against Him?" That night I could not sleep, with the words running over and over in my mind, and in the morning I gave my life to Him. Over the 35 years since then when things have gone wrong and I have fallen on my face He has lifted me back onto my feet and has led me by my hand through mountain tops and deep valleys.



When I was 19 I went to see a specialist about my sore knee. He noticed I had weakness in my legs, and further tests revealed I had muscular dystrophy, that my legs would get worse to the point I could not walk and I would have to be in a wheelchair. As time went on I increasingly became angry with God because He didn't heal my muscular weakness, with my mother who had passed the muscular dystrophy onto me, and with the world

because it was not fair. For a long time God kept telling me that there was one thing that was holding me back from getting a mighty blessing - this anger that was eating me up inside. If I did not get rid of it it would destroy me. He used some verses in Matthew 7; 3-5, "Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye, and pay no attention to the plank in your own eyes. You hypocrite!" It was hard for me to take, that in God's eyes, I was a hypocrite.

I went to a meeting that was about people who had been broken and who needed God's healing power to make them free again. I believe Satan didn't want me to be at the meeting because for the week before I had the flu, but God took the flu away, and at the meeting I went forward, and as I was prayed over I felt all my anger drain from my body, and I felt the Holy Spirit take the place of that anger. What a feeling to be free of the anger.

The last 11 years have been an amazing journey with God because I have seen His power work in ways I thought was not possible. God's ways are higher than man's ways. In all that time God has kept His promise to never leave me or forsake me. Even though He has not physically healed me, inside He has healed me spiritually, which is better by far, to have my heart right with God. About that time I wrote this poem called, Why?

WHY?

A while ago
I said to you Lord, why?
It is not fair Lord
That I should suffer
While others are in good health.

Sometimes Lord
It is too hard to walk the faith,
But I know that I must walk this road
To the very end.

You said to me, "why not?"
Look at what happened to Me.
I was rejected by my Covenant people
Whom I love very much.
Then look at what happened at the cross,
My Father in heaven turned His back on Me,
Because of sin I had to pay the price
For your freedom with My life.

You see I never said
That it would be easy,
Because this world is not a fair place.
It is so full of heartaches and pain,
I know what it was like, because I had to walk
That lonely road myself all those years ago.

But I promise you that I will never
Leave you or forsake you
Because you are mine forever.
I will always be there to hold your hand
To the very end of your life.
Praise You LORD,
GOD Almighty.

DID YOU REALISE THAT

NATIONAL CAMP FEES ONLY PARTLY COVER THE COSTS OF RUNNING THE CAMP?

The \$41,000 collected from those who came to National Camp covered less than two thirds the total costs. These were:

Totara Springs charges	\$44,000	Hire of wheelchair vans etc	\$ 5,000
Cost of setting up the carnival	\$ 8,000	Other costs	\$ 9,000
TOTAL COSTS	\$66,000		

The costs of the carnival would have been so much higher had we not received considerable help from local businesses and for this we would like to thank; BDM Grange, Strata Networks, CDB Goldair, TC Marketing, Cookie Time, Parachute Music, Matamata Chronicle, Copy Solutions, Balloons Direct, Matamata Hire, Espresso Café, Strathallen Alpaca's, Te Aroha Riding for Disabled, Church, Herberg Caters and the Matamata Model Railways. Many thanks also to the Church of Christ Youth Team who came down from Auckland to help, to students from the Matamata College and the Matamata Christian School and to City Impact Church and their staff and volunteers who also came to help at camp. Thanks also to Brown's Bay New World who donated the tea, coffee, sugar and milo for the motels at camp.

Follow the ways of God... The light of His

“THE QUILT HOLES” - SOURCE UNKNOWN

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls. Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles; an angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that was our life.

But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in everyday life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all.

I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich colour and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened. My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally, the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth. The

others rose, each in turn holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me and nodded for me to rise.

My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life and laughter. But there had also been trials of illness and wealth and false accusations that took from me my world as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully, each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me. And, now, I had to face the truth: my life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was.

I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at the others who stared at me with wide eyes. Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light

flooded the many holes, creating an image: the face of Christ.. Then, our Lord stood before me with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, 'Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you.'

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through!

God determines who walks into your life ... it's up to you to decide who you let walk away, who you let stay, and who you refuse to let go.



A photo taken at the Auckland CFFD 35th Celebration of past and present committee members

WE HAVE AN ONGOING NEED

If you live in Auckland would you consider coming to be a helper at the Centre?

Days: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday during school terms

Time: 10 – 2 pm or part thereof

AN ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE

Mrs Jones sat in the lobby of the nursing home, 92 years old, poised and handsomely dressed, even though legally blind, waiting to be moved to another single room. Her husband of 70 years had passed away, making the move more necessary. After many hours of waiting patiently, she smiled sweetly when told that her room was ready. As she manoeuvred her walker to the elevator, a worker gave a visual description of her tiny room, including the window curtains. "I love it," she stated with the enthusiasm of a child who had just got a new puppy. "But Mrs Jones, you haven't seen the room," she said. "That doesn't have anything to do with it," Mrs Jones replied. **"Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time.** Whether I like my room or not doesn't depend on how I arrange the furniture; it's how I arrange my mind. I have already **decided to love it.** It is a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice – I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or **get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do.** Each day is a **gift from God,** and as long as I live I will focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away just for this time of life."

Do we have an attitude of gratitude? When we think of the joys in our life – and the sadnesses – do we have an attitude of gratitude? When we think of the money and possessions we have – or our inability to have as much as we would like – do we have an attitude of gratitude? When we go through a difficult phase in our life and cannot understand a particular event that causes a lot of pain and suffering (physical or moral), do we have the knack to look at the several other events in our life that give us joy and happiness?

From 100 Motivating Anecdotes by Bishop Percival Fernandes and included with permission. Insight Books

Contact Addresses

Christian Ministries with Disabled Trust
PO Box 13-322, Onehunga,
Auckland City 1643, New Zealand
Phone 09-636-4763, Fax 09-636-5307
Email Address: info@cmwdt.org.nz
Web page: www.cmwdt.org.nz

The Centre, 173 Mount Smart Road, Onehunga, Auckland.
Magazine Editor and Ministries Director
Hugh and Di Willis
87 Deep Creek Rd, Waiake,
Auckland City 0630, New Zealand
CFFD Branches or Contacts*

Northland - Jacqui Gardner	09-438 4952
Auckland - Jean Griffiths	09-555 1947
Coromandel-Hauraki - Don Watson	07-862 7174
Hamilton* - Atheline Morris	07-855 7008
Bay of Plenty - Ken Miller	07-579 3003
Gisborne* - Sandra Crashley	06-868 8827
Hawkes Bay - Joan Parker	06-877 8026
Taranaki - Richard West	06-753 9466
Manawatu - Lyn Spencer	06-357 0045
Wellington - John Hawkins	04-569 9096
Nelson* - Lyn Harris-Hogan	03-547 2337
Christchurch - Dave Palmer	03-313 2201
Dunedin - Patsy Appleby - Morrison	03-482 2505
Southland* - Mike Hamill	03-217 2665

Ministries

Emmanuel - Nigel & Penny Shivas 09-846 2046
Joy Ministries - Jan Bridgeman 09-818 3858
Branches: Auckland (3 areas), Whakatane,
Hawkes Bay, Taupo, Masterton and Blenheim

Torch - 09-636 4763

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

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

I wish to give \$.....for the magazine

\$..... for general running costs

Name:.....

Address:.....

HOW THE LORD USES ME NOW - BY HAYDEN BAILEY



How many of you remember this stunning photo of a young boy with cerebral palsy being baptised at National Camp back in 1986. It is as though a ray of light has come down from heaven and illuminated his face. That young boy was Heydon Bailey, now twenty five years later a Salvation Army officer, and he tells here of the ministry God has given him from his wheelchair.

"I live by the Bible, its teachings, principles, and precepts. The wisdom of God supersedes all of human wisdom, philosophy, and ideology. Being non-verbal is a blessing as it gives me time to think before I communicate whatever I am thinking.

"Every day I try to send at least three or more encouraging, inspiring, thought-provoking messages, devotionals, poems and, stories via e-mail to as many others as possible. I will never write an autobiography because it would take too long and be too long. All I will say is that I came into existence and appeared in the Christian faith. One day I appeared in a Salvation Army Corps. That is when I regard the true beginning of my existence. Like an enigma, I rose to become a new power in God's army and Kingdom. ... Now, God has given me great power through the internet - power to spread His Holy word throughout the world.

I don't seek the power of leadership or rank. The power I have is a silent power. A power to encourage, comfort, admonish, and bless others with God's love... and hopefully bring souls to God through our Lord Jesus Christ into full salvation. A loving power, but also a mighty power. A power to fight Satan, to fight alongside my comrades also in Salvation Army uniform and others in the Christian faith."

UNIQUE CARD OFFER

Packets of ten cards featuring two of the Graham Braddock's card of Jesus with people with disabilities along with seven of his other paintings, all different except for one which is repeated.

Three of the cards are shown below



We have also had people asking if they can buy more of the 30th Anniversary cups and T shirts from camp.

ORDER FORM

I WISHTO PURCHASE

___ packs of Braddock cards at \$15 a pack \$ _____

___ 30th souvenir mugs at \$5* a mug \$ _____

___ 30th souvenir T Shirts at \$25 each \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

PHONE NO

*Postage on a mug is \$6 so they would need to be collected from the Centre (or you could add an extra \$6 for postage)

