



AUGUST 2009 ISSUE 124

The ENCOURAGER

EVANGELISE EQUIP EDUCATE

Magazine of the Christian Ministries with Disabled Trust



Joni Eareckson Tada

Devotion by Pastor & Trustee David Burge who has C.P.

CONFESSIONS OF A FORMER BLASPHEMER (1 Timothy 1:13-17)



I once went to visit a man who was interested in spiritual things. He was interested enough to begin reading the Bible for himself and even willing to do some Bible study with me. He had not yet committed his life to the Lord. One thing was holding him back. He understood that nobody was perfect but he believed that he had done so many wrong things - some of which he thought were so bad - that God could not possibly forgive him. I was able to share with my friend a testimony. It wasn't my testimony, though I can relate to it. It was the testimony of a man called

Paul who had a life-changing encounter with Jesus while on the road to an ancient city still called Damascus.

Paul wrote as many as 13 of the books of the New Testament. Many say he is perhaps the greatest missionary church planter who has ever lived.

But Paul was not always a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. To a young man named Timothy, Paul confessed that he was "once a blasphemer, a persecutor, and a violent man" (1 Tim. 1:13). Paul even called himself the "worst of sinners" (vv. 15, 16).

Despite his chequered past, Paul was convinced that God in His grace had saved him through faith in Jesus Christ (v. 15). Not only did God save Paul but He set him aside for a very special form of service (v. 12).

Why?

As an example to us! (v. 16).

In other words, God wants us to look at Paul's life and say: "If God can forgive Paul, the blasphemer, the persecutor, the violent man - the worst of sinners - He can surely forgive me!"

It took a while but my friend discovered that the grace of God in Jesus Christ is available to everyone! No one is too far gone, too sinful. No one's past is too sordid!

Maybe what you've done in life has made you think that God could never forgive you. You've been too bad, you've gone too far, you've been away too long. It's not true - Paul's life is proof of that. In many ways, to be able to see that you are a sinner is an advantage. If you can see that you are a sinner you will be more likely to accept Christ as your Saviour. When you do, following Paul's example, you can be free from the guilt and shame that attaches to the past and find new purpose and direction for the future.

CMWDT NATIONAL CAMP 2009

Totara Springs Matamata 23rd to 26th October 2009

- THEME -

**BATTLE FOR THE HEART
VICTORY FOR THE SOUL**



1. **CALLING EVERYONE** - we praise God for the camp. It is Fun, Fellowship, Friendship and Finding the Lord in a new deeper way.
2. **Come** - be encouraged and challenged. ALL welcome - folk with disabilities and helpers.
Send forms in **IMMEDIATELY**.

If you cannot come would you consider sponsoring someone struggling to afford the camp fee or with general costs?

COSTS: Adults \$135.00, but \$125.00 if paid in full before 1st Sept
11 - 14 \$100.00
5 - 10 \$ 70.00
Under 5 - Free

To register contact: Peter Townend
30 Kittiwake Drive, Albany, NSMC 0632.
Email townendpeter@gmail.com
Telephone 09-441-3522

Christchurch
CFFD will also hold
their camp at Labour
Weekend.

SEMINAR

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

HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES

When: Saturday 3rd 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

HUGH AND DI WILLIS DESCRIBE THEIR VISIT



TO THE NEW JONI AND FRIENDS HEADQUARTERS IN LOS ANGELES



AND THIS IS THE VIEW THEY LOOK OUT ON

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS

As one goes in the front entrance one is overawed by the magnitude and grandeur of the building. Directly in front is an amazing water feature. Black marble is covered in water with a scripture, Amos 5:24, etched in it. Water continually flows over it and falls down a waterfall in front. Above the scripture is a notable feature - a huge cross rising up through two stories, proclaiming the majesty of the Lord. Next to it is a second feature - a 1 in 12 ramp that goes far back in the building and turns twice before reaching the second storey. These two features clearly said that the Lord is glorified here, he is head of this ministry and that this place is fully wheel chair friendly. The display of flags from many countries stresses the fact that this is an international ministry.



As you walk along the passageways you come across one whole wall given over to Joni's paintings, and throughout the building there are outstanding photos of people interaction at family camps and Wheels for the World trips. Some are huge, even larger than life size, as seen in the photo on the right. Photography is a very important part of the ministry, one person is full-time in this role, and the high quality of the equipment he uses is shown by the clarity of this large photo even after the massive enlargement. A picture says a thousand words and these ones



show such interaction, feeling, depth and colour. They tell stories of teams ministering God's love in countries around the world where extreme poverty abounds and capture the joy of receiving a wheelchair and Christian literature. The reception is welcoming, and a volunteer takes visitors around starting with two videos and the helper himself supplying a fascinating flow of information. There are 102 paid full-time workers, 66

at the Centre and the other 36 working in field offices around the country. The mind boggles at the amount of support needed to cover this, but richly earned through the outstanding record of ministry their outreach has achieved.

The building took 6 years to plan and cost 12.3 million to construct, the last 4 coming in just before the opening, so that it was able to start debt free. 800 emails, letters and phone calls come in each month asking for help and advice, and these are dealt with by various members of the staff working in many open offices. There are separate rooms for heads of departments and for activities such as graphics, mailing out material, brochure production, videos, the Christian Institute on Disability (which includes the Public Policy center), church relations, internships, Wheels for the World, the Christian Fund for the Disabled, Family Retreats, Total Access Teams, international ministry, the sending out of DVDs for support to all the Field teams and CDs, one for direct response and another for creative media.

It was a special time with Joni and Ken, Judy Butler and CEO Doug Mazza and International Director Chip Kingery and his wife Jean who looked after us so caringly. Joni demonstrated the latest version of 'Dragon Dictate' which types out on a computer the words she is speaking. We were there for such a short time - just 24 hours, but have come away with a host of memories and great inspiration for furthering our NZ ministry.



We saw the recording studio where Joni spends a whole day once a month recording some 30 radio programmes and 60 one-minute features which are broadcast daily on over 1,000 stations throughout the USA as well as scores of countries overseas.

Lots of light comes into the building on all four sides and this is achieved not just by large windows but also by devices such as having a space by the window which allows the glass to bring in light even above the level of the ceiling!

We were very taken by the centrally placed chapel which is quite small but is left open so that when Joni goes in to sing there her voice reverberates throughout the whole building. It has a simple wooden table at the front and wooden pews, and others go in for a quiet time, and sometimes a group comes in and sings there. It has a serenity and a rich awareness of God's presence.

On the right is a photo of Chip Kingery, who is the director of International Field Services. He has been corresponding with us for a couple of years in this newly created role.



A very special feature was this cross hanging on a wall which had the names of Jesus in wire throughout as shown by the enlargement of one small part.



Space doesn't allow a description of all of the forty rooms given over to different activities, but more mention must be made of the one for the Christian Institute on Disability where

they have a full time managing director who develops curriculums and organises teams to teach in Bible Colleges about the Biblical base of disability as well as practical ways to encourage people with disabilities.

MARK GRANTHAM'S TANZANIAN TRIP

JULY 2009

By Leila Corban

"It was very emotional seeing my kids," says Aucklander, Mark Grantham. Mark's "kids" are two ten-year-old Tanzanian children he sponsors through World Vision. In July Mark, his father, Chris, and caregiver, Hailey, took the long flight to Africa via Dubai. It was quite a mission just getting on and off the plane. Mark has severe cerebral palsy and had to be carried off last at each stop.

He chose Tanzania because his mother, Jocelyn, was born to missionary parents and lived there until she was nine. But there is more. Two years ago Mark visited his three other World Vision children in India, being pushed through narrow slum alleys in his wheelchair.



Mark with 10 year old Dismass

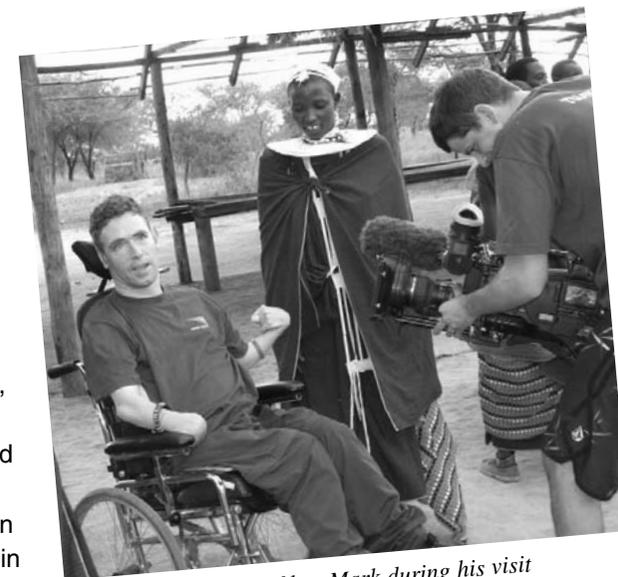
With daily support Mark is able to live independently in his own adapted flat, but how does he personally sponsor five children? There are several factors. Mark has his own meaningful relationship with God, his father has been in leadership in several missions organisations and, on the practical side, the 33 year old spends most Saturdays sitting in his chair in Newmarket's bustling Broadway selling chocolate bars. Mark's determination to make his life count led to two film crews joining the trio. Watch out for



10 year old Lokadia pushes Mark's wheelchair

Mark's story coming up some time on "Attitude", the very positive programme about people with disabilities each Sunday morning on TV1.

The twelve-day trip was full on and Mark was pleased to meet children with disabilities at a World Vision Centre. He felt the very bumpy roads and potholes, slept in a big safari tent, was welcomed at a Masai village and enjoyed a boat trip. Mark told the folk at the CMWDT Centre in Auckland how fortunate we are in New Zealand to have good food and water compared with East Africa, which is currently suffering from bad drought.



Camera man, Greg, films Mark during his visit

But, of course the highlights were meeting his "kids", Dismass, a boy, and Lokadia, a girl with a clubfoot. They live in separate areas and the team was able to spend about two hours with each family with the help of interpreters.



Masai women put a specially-made beaded neck band around Mark's neck, having already presented him with the wrist band.

Thankfully, one of the mothers has recovered from an almost fatal snakebite last February. Chris Grantham, currently New Zealand Director of the missions agency, MECO, has met countless people in many nations, but he noted how moving it was to see his son meeting with his special families. Chris was also keen to acknowledge the great personal assistance given by Hailey. Caregivers, you are important!

DYSLEXIC NO MORE

by Marie Anticich. (reprinted with permission from Daystar)

Sally Prince yearned to read. All through primary and secondary school she tried to read, but books, newspapers, labels and price labels were a mystery to her. Then at 35 she experienced a miracle at a healing meeting at Sandringham Baptist Church.



“Dyslexia affects thousands of New Zealanders,” says Sally Prince. “I was one of them, but I grew up not knowing its name.”

Sally was raised in Gisborne, the only girl among four older brothers. Her father was an alcoholic and when Sally was five her mother moved the family away. They moved often and lived in a tent for a year.

“Mum would give me Little Golden Books and I’d pretend to read them to the dogs,” says Sally. “That was as far as I got with my reading.”

She liked the pictures but saw letters back to front and upside down, and words and numbers were meaningless shapes on a page.

They settled into a state house in Hastings, but Sally still couldn’t read.

“I felt as if my friends had a ticket to life,” she says “and I’d been left on the platform.”

Outwardly popular and fun-loving, Sally suffered from anxiety and low self-esteem. Teachers would say “You’re just lazy” or “Try harder.” She remembers trying to copy The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog from the blackboard. Gripping her pencil like a vice, she struggled unsuccessfully to get the letters to face the right way.

When she started college at fourteen, tests revealed she had the worst form of dyslexia. Being the only teen among young children in classes for those with learning difficulties, she wondered if she would ever find a job, get married or learn to drive. A chronic nail biter, she was afraid of the dark and of being alone.

TURNING POINT

Sally had been considering suicide when a friend took her to a Youth for Christ meeting where she learned that Jesus loved and accepted her. She invited Him into her life. A friend explained the Bible to her and they later flatted together.

After leaving school Sally worked in a sewing factory. She also tried working in a florist shop but couldn’t write down orders. At twenty, while working as a nurse aide in a private hospital, she met Ian, her “Prince Charming.”

“Ian shared my faith,” says Sally “and he had a mature attitude towards life.”

They were married in Hastings when Sally was 22, and Sally looked forward to a bright new future. Marriage didn’t solve her problems, however. Unable to read recipe books or write shopping lists, she cooked bland meals. She couldn’t read labels or handle money and Ian had to take her shopping.

Daughter Kirsty was born in 1987 and son Daniel in 1989. Then Ian’s job brought them to Auckland in 1993 and, missing her mother and friends, Sally became increasingly dependent on her husband.

“I must have been incredibly frustrating to live with,” she says, as she constantly manipulated circumstances to hide her dyslexia.

Ian began to withdraw emotionally.

“I loved Sally,” he says, “but I was simply worn out.”

One Sunday in 1997 Sally heard a visiting pastor, Graeme Robertson, say he’d seen people healed of dyslexia. She went forward for prayer, but was disappointed when nothing happened. Two months later friends took her to Sandringham Baptist where Robertson was preaching.

“I went up for prayer for high blood pressure,” says Sally. “I wasn’t going to mention dyslexia, but it came out anyway. Graeme prayed the curse of dyslexia off my family history and I repented for lying and covering up instead of bringing it all to Christ. He also prayed against fear and confusion, and commanded my brain to come into order by the power and authority of Jesus Christ.”

Sally picked up a Bible and read from it effortlessly.

“Realising I’d had a miracle I laughed, cried, and shook all at once,” she says. “I read out the motorway signs going home and alerted the driver that she was heading south to Hamilton!”

Sally became hooked on reading. Weeping for pleasure she read Winnie the Pooh and then Milly Molly Mandy, Little Golden Books, and Dr Seuss. One day she found herself reading at three in the afternoon, still in pajamas.

NEW FREEDOM

Now an avid reader and a confident driver, Sally tells her story at meetings around New Zealand.

“I learned God wants us to be totally honest,” she says.



Old feelings of anger, resentment and rejection began to surface, but reading Christian books about emotional healing helped to change her old thought patterns. "The Bible came alive to me," she explains, "and I learned how to take every thought captive and make it obedient to Christ." [2 Corinthians 10:5]

Grocery shopping became a happy experience and Sally cried for joy the first time she read product labels. Getting out recipe books, she cooked fish and pork for the first time. A friend taught her to use an ATM machine and operate a petrol pump. Next, at a North Shore Aglow meeting, she overcame her fear of public speaking. "I felt ill," says Sally. "Then I sensed God telling me to rip up my notes. I did, and the words flowed." A woman asked for prayer for her dyslexic son and later reported a dramatic improvement in his reading. Each time Sally shared her story she felt more freedom. She learned how to listen to God and pray sensitively for people at healing meetings. Meanwhile Ian struggled to adjust to a wife who could read maps, go shopping and speak in public.

"We've both been on a journey of discovery," he says. "We've learned to deal with the damage caused by dyslexia and we've learned more about who we are as individuals and as a couple, and about our earlier unrealistic expectations of marriage."

They now minister together at Harbourside Church in Takapuna, and recently shared their testimony at their old church, Pirimai Baptist in Napier, on their 25th wedding anniversary.

"I love Sally more now than ever," say Ian. "Looking at her eyes and her smile, I'm reminded of our first meeting."

Meanwhile she works part-time for a health care agency and continues to speak at meetings. "God has healed me," Sally tells people "and He'll do it for you."

Sally's book and audio book are available via www.dyslexicnomore.org

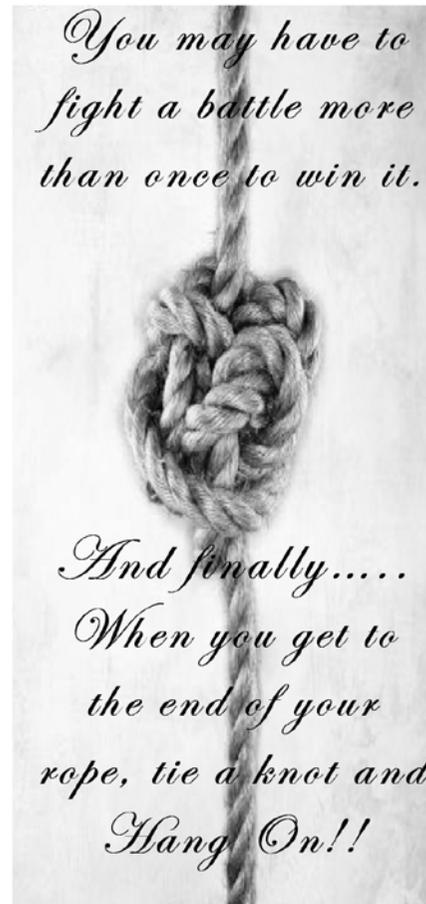
Side bar: Around one in ten people suffer from some degree of dyslexia -- that means 70,000 New Zealand children. Last year the Ministry of Education officially recognised dyslexia for the first time and some schools are using a computer based programme called Lexia and have joined the Dyslexia Foundation.



The best vitamin for making friends is **B1**

Of ALL the things you wear, your expression is the MOST important

You may have to fight a battle more than once to win it.



*And finally.....
When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and Hang On!!*

HOPE is the POWER of the powerless

The HEAVIEST thing you can carry is a grudge

HAPPINESS *is a voyage, not a destination; there is no better time to be happy than now.*

LIVE and ENJOY *the moment*

THE CAB RIDE

So I walked to the door and knocked. “Just a minute”, answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her nineties stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like out of a 1940s movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered by sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

“Would you carry my bag out to the car?” she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly towards the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. “It’s nothing”, I told her. “I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated.” “Oh, you’re such a good boy”, she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, and then asked, “Could you drive through downtown?” “It’s not the shortest way,” I answered quickly. “Oh, I don’t mind,” she said. “I’m in no hurry. I’m on my way to a hospice.” I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. “I don’t have any family left,” she continued. “The doctor says I don’t have very long.”

I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. “What route would you like me to take?” I asked. For the next two hours we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an operator. We drove through the neighbourhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newly weds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she’d ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner, and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

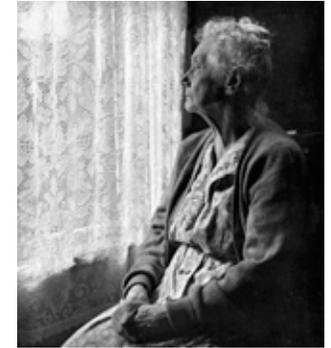
As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, “I’m tired. Let’s go now.” We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out of the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.



“How much do I owe you?” she asked, reaching into her purse. “Nothing,” I said. “You have to make a living,” she answered. “There are other passengers,” I responded. Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. “You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,” she said. “Thank you,” I said. I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn’t pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if the woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?



On a quick review, I don’t think I have done anything more important in my life. Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance. We’re conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware – beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

Source of article unknown

***People may not remember exactly what you did,
Or what you said, but
They will always remember how you made them feel.***

LONG TIME CFFD MEMBER IS NOW 100

Congratulations to Lorraine Saunders of the Christchurch CFFD. This lovely lady is renowned for her grateful cheerful attitude, and was a missionary in India for 40 years.

***When things get tough, always remember
Faith doesn’t get you around trouble,
It gets you through it.***

GREAT TEACHING AT AN EARLY AGE

Kerry Greenfield was born prematurely in Dunedin Hospital. She says she was given oxygen, but too much, and later she was found to be totally blind. When her family moved to Auckland Kerry received her schooling at Homai College for the Blind. Leaving there she took on a variety of jobs as a dark room technician, a switchboard operator and a job in telemarketing.



Right from an early age she loved music – especially playing the piano accordion and singing. When just 19 she made a tape, “No one ever cared for me like Jesus”, and last year she recorded a CD she called, “It matters to Him about you” using backings from overseas artists. This is an album of inspirational songs of encouragement done in a traditional style.

These days she spends her time entertaining folk in rest homes, and busking a couple of days a week in the streets of Papatoetoe and Manurewa in Auckland, singing as she plays the accordion.



Kerry says, “My dad taught me at an early age to always pray before leaving home, and it is amazing how God sends people along whenever I need help finding my way. Dad also taught each member of the family at a very early age this verse from Psalm 91 – *“He shall give His angels charge over thee.”*”

I am thankful to the Lord for the way He has provided for me and all the kind people He has brought into my life.

A NEED

Anton Kitione has cerebral palsy. His mother Emi came to NZ to see Conductive Education; she desperately wants her son to have it, but it costs \$5000.

If you can help, contact Emi at
Tamavilloi-Wai Village, Box 11704, Suva.

PHOTO EXHIBITION

Recently the Drop In centre was transformed into a photographic exhibition as Signs of Life Photography hosted their first New Zealand Photo exhibition in support of raising funds for Christian Fellowship for Disabled, Auckland.

The day started at 9am with the setting up of the venue, covering all the walls and setting up the exhibition. The exhibition was free of charge, with a gold coin donation to try some of the yummy cakes and filter coffee that was on offer. Cards and photographs were on sale, with the profit of each sale going to CFFD. Whilst CFFD received over \$600 from the event, members of the community were invited in to share our space and could learn about who we are, what we do, and about our ministry.

It is estimated that over 200 people came to the exhibition, which opened at 2pm and closed at 8pm. Other than one short lull during the 6pm dinner hour we always had at least 15 guests in the room looking at the photos.

It has always been our intention that after the big exhibition we would then display some of the photos in people’s homes, similar to a ‘tupperware party’. We just need a lounge, and for you to be willing to invite your neighbours, family and colleagues to an afternoon tea or supper to look at (and hopefully buy) some photos or cards. If you are willing to host one of these ‘Signs of Life photo exhibition parties’ please contact me on nessa@ihug.co.nz

We wish to thank all those who were involved in the exhibition – Leila Corban, the Trust community liaison officer who helped by publicising the event to the community, to those volunteers who distributed 1,500 fliers to the community in the week preceding the event, and to our friends of CFFD who on the day came early, stayed late, baked cakes and purchased photos to assist us in our fundraising.

A special thanks to Signs of Life Photography for being so willing to donate their time, resources and profit to CFFD. More details about Signs of Life Photography can be found at www.signsoflife.co.nz You can make purchases from the website, as well as sending a free e-card to your friends. If you choose to buy an item from the website, please make sure that you mention Auckland CFFD if you wish the donation portion to be given to us.



Keri Moyle, photographer with her exhibition at the CMWDT Drop in Centre.

THIS COULD BE AN IDEA FOR ANOTHER GROUP SOME TIME

Jacqui Gardner writes:

Our Northland 2009 Passover event was a huge effort! but very rewarding. Along with our usual CFFD Northland bits and pieces, it was just a wonderful Holy Spirit led time of celebration.



Wayne Johns who took the service said that there are 2000 different Passover programmes to choose from. He designed one specifically for our group, so now there are 2001 to choose from! He made it so meaningful, and helped us understand what the four cups really mean to us today as Christians. We had a huge team of people involved in doing different things. From the setting up, to the cooking, to the serving, and the children had jobs to do in demonstrating some parts of the Passover and reading other bits for the ceremony. We also had a drama group of year 11s from Christian Renewal School, which is attached to our church. They did the drama "Hands". Some other ladies from our church taught us a Jewish dance, and we had folk volunteering to join in from the guests. The young men and ladies who were our waiters were dressed in white shirts and black trousers, they really looked so spiffing and made the night seem very special. I think we had about 65 there. It was a great night.

It started with a time of Repentance, two children then found the hidden leavened bread, put it in a basket and carried it from the room.

Then followed the Lighting of the Candles, the four Cups were introduced along with the relevant scriptures on the Four Promises of God and the song, "Standing on the Promises".

Before the main meal the first 2 cups, (Sanctification and Freedom) and (Judgment and Deliverance) were enacted with many scriptures, the Passover Story was read out, and after the meal the other two cups (Redemption) and (Ongoing relationship) were acted out.

Finally, a Prayer of Gratitude for our Salvation was given, the candles were put out and the leader closed in prayer.

Praise God!

*Mountains cannot be surmounted
except by winding paths*

LEO AS A COUNTRY PRIEST : An Unlikely Fit



Leo Te Kira is an Anglican Minister and one of the speakers at this years camp.

As marriages between parish and vicar go, the match contemplated in 2006 between St Mary's Waipukurau and Leo Te Kira looked unlikely. On the one hand, you had a Pakeha congregation – average age about 70 – in a Central Hawkes Bay country town. They were a group of retired farming folk and country people: conservative, surely, and not much contact either, you might think, with Maori.

On the other hand, you had a Maori priest in his early 40s. A Maori priest who had little experience of Pakeha rural life – or, for that matter, with Tikanga Pakeha. Leo was born and raised in Wainuiomata, in Wellington, and as long as he'd been an active Anglican, he'd been immersed in the Pihopatanga.

If that sounds like an unlikely matchup, there was something else, too. Leo also lives with a significant disability. He has cerebral palsy. He will never drive, he doesn't handle or serve the sacraments, and his speech has been affected. On the surface, Leo's fit to fill the vacancy didn't look entirely convincing.

Back in 2006, Shirley Wynne-Lewis had her doubts. She was on the selection committee to choose the new Vicar. "I'll be honest with you," she says. "I did a bit of research on Leo, as you do, and I thought: I suppose we could cope. But when he arrived for the interview, and was making his way to us from the car – I thought: 'Oh my goodness... No. There's no way.'"

"He'd been inside, talking to us for about five minutes, and I began to think: 'We've got to have this man, somehow. We're not letting him go. And by golly, I'm glad we didn't.' As you'd expect, there were doubts about how a priest with Leo's disabilities could get around the traps, and make his ministry calls. One somewhat sceptical examiner took up that theme: "Let's say I need you to make an 8am visit to my home. How are you going to manage that?"

"How far away do you live?" inquired Leo.

About 4km from the vicarage, was the reply.

"Well, in that case, I'd start walking at 7am, join you for breakfast at 8am – and I like my eggs sunny-side up."

The people at St Mary's liked that attitude.

ATTITUDES

Attitudes are built.

Attitudes are not developed in a day, a week, not even in a month. They are built into us over longer periods of time. Someone once said, “Up to the age of 40 a man is not responsible for his face. He got what he inherited. But, after 40 that is a different matter. For it’s how he lives that will show in his face. Now there’s a lot of truth in that.



The Apostle Paul writes: We must have an attitude that cares more about others than we care about ourselves. An attitude of humility was Jesus’ position. Being the Son of God didn’t prevent His coming and from being involved. Jesus’ attitude was totally that of a servant.

What’s our attitude? Do we demand people constantly be at our beck and call, to have someone hold our hand, butter us up, tell us how wonderful we are? Of course we all need encouragement, but is that what really drives us to gain that kind of response from people? This shouldn’t be in God’s people. We ought to be motivated by an attitude to serve – to help and to give, not to get.

Paul writes: Do it without complaining or arguing. Whew! Now isn’t that quite a statement?

Paul could write as he did because he practised what he preached. In the Book of Acts there’s a gory story recorded. Both he and Silas were in Philippi preaching. We read:

“The crowd joined in that attack against Paul and Silas and the magistrate ordered them to be stripped and beaten.

After they had been severely flogged – PLEASE NOTE – they were thrown into prison and the jailor was commanded to guard them carefully. Upon receiving such orders he put them in the inner cell and fastened their feet in the stocks...”

Let’s visualize their plight. It was midnight. They’d been thrown into a dark and dingy dungeon. Cold hard rock to sit on – rats – repulsive stench.

Did they whine and complain to God, “I thought being a Christian was love, joy and peace, that everyone would be enthusiastic to learn about Jesus”?

Are you going through dark times? A midnight crisis? I figure the situation is nothing in comparison with that of Paul and Silas. What would be our response if we were thrown into similar circumstances? Remember, all liberties had been taken from them.

I marvel at their calibre. They glorified God. They praised Him. Thanked Him. What’s more, they didn’t do it quietly to one another in the corner.

No – they sang at the top of their voices.

The other prisoners heard them. They had responded Christ-like with servants hearts. They weren’t in for what they could get, they were in it for what they could give.

They didn’t ignore their plight by burying their heads, saying, “Well our backs aren’t really a bloody mess. We’re not really in this rat-infested hell-hole. This is all in our mind – all this pain and repulsiveness.

No! Paul and Silas had an attitude of gratefulness, in spite of, not regardless of, their horrendous circumstances.



How are we going to respond to the “stuff” that comes at us? Are we going to climb up on the surf board or go down with the submarine?

Are we going to develop a positive, healthy attitude and rise above our circumstances, or will we get all cranky, throw a wobbly, and finish floundering, thrashing around in the bottom of difficulties that life presents?



Let’s think about it!

Paganini and one string.

Victor Frankl and an attitude.

Paul and Silas and how they responded.

***Lord, help us that others may see
a Living Jesus being demonstrated by our attitudes.***

***When a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it’s done.
Be the labour great or small,
Do it well or not at all.***

GOD'S UNFAILING LOVE

Part 1

Shirley Jamieson

When I was born, just two weeks early, no one suspected I had congenital cataracts.

It was not until I held objects close to my face, and I banged into things in poor light when I began to walk, that Mum and Dad realised something was wrong. I didn't sit still long enough, though, for anyone to examine my eyes until I was 2 ½.

The eye specialist's diagnosis wasn't good. "We'll need to operate," he told Mum. Back in the 1950's operations for cataracts weren't straightforward. Patients needed to lie still and certainly not pull their bandages off. Mothers weren't allowed to stay in hospital with their children either. My parents loved me, and knowing I'd be traumatised by all this, decided to wait and pray for a miracle.

No one told me I had poor vision. It confused me that my older sister Margaret and the adults I knew were more 'in touch' with the world than I was. I tried to reason why. By the time I was four years old I decided that children must learn to see the same way babies learn to crawl and walk – but I hadn't. No wonder people laughed at me when I mistook people for someone else, I was different, weird.

As hard as I tried straining my eyes to see, they refused to improve. It was just before I started school that Mum and Dad talked with me about it. "Your eyes are not as strong as other children's," Mum explained. "You have cataracts." No one else we knew seemed to have them, just me. "We'll keep praying Jesus will heal you. He loves you."

I loved Him too. The stories in the Bible meant a lot to me - they were amazing. I wanted to be a good girl, and by giving my heart to Jesus, I hoped God would heal me. But as time passed the cataracts thickened; they had already prevented my optic nerves from developing properly.

In school, all the books were in large print at first so I learned to read. But by the time I was meant to go into the Standards the school decided I couldn't. "She can't read the books," the teacher told Mum flatly.



Homai, the school for the blind in Auckland, was not considered as I would need to live there during the term and only come home in the holidays. Mum, a trained teacher, decided to teach me at home part of the day so I could move up a class.

When I was 9 we shifted to another suburb and I started a new school. I took a long time to find my way round. Mum was still teaching me for half the day at home, writing work on the blackboard in big letters.

Finally, Mum and Dad agreed for me to have my operations to remove the cataracts and later I went with Mum to collect my new glasses. Everything seemed to bounce towards me as I put them on. I had never seen things so clear. I didn't know it was still far short of what fully sighted people could see but for me it was amazing. "Wow!" I said excitedly, "Mum, I can see."

The reaction of my family wasn't so positive. Mum, Dad and Margaret were unusually quiet at dinner, then Margaret burst out, "Shirley's glasses, they're so thick..." "Shhh," Dad shut her up fast. He'd tried to prevent me from being hurt, but realisation hit me hard - I was ugly. The children at school agreed with me. Only one other girl had wanted to play with me before because I couldn't see well enough to join in most of the games, and now I looked awful too. Teasing intensified. In Sunday School we were taught that Jesus wanted us to be kind to children who were teased. No one told us what to do if we were the targets.

School work was difficult. I couldn't see a lot of the blackboard and worksheets were often too faint or small to read and I was expected to join in with sports with everyone else. No one wanted Star Gazer in their team.

By the time I was 14 I felt desperate. "I hate my glasses," I told Margaret in tears. "What about contact lenses then?" she asked.

"How? My glasses are too thick."

"I'm sure it's possible," she said. "I'll talk to Mum."

To my surprise it was soon organised. I had a contact lens for my right eye but I couldn't see out of my left except faintly at the left side. I now had reading glasses too. Physically I looked a lot better but deep ugly emotional scars lay hidden inside. Mistakenly, I believed God wasn't interested in me; He hadn't healed me and I was sure He thought I was useless, just not worth it. I drifted away from Him not realising He wanted to comfort and guide me, heal my hurts and bring good out of my trials to help others.

Years later God gently drew me back. He knew I'd need His strength just to cope each day. And with God's strength, I found I wasn't useless at all.

Grant Allely says:

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY THE AMBULANCE MAN CALLED

I was 17 at the time and what transpired that day was not so different in essence from what had often happened before, but was far more frightening and mind-searing in its long term effect, and all because no one told me what was going to happen.

I have a communication problem. Like many C.P.s (people with cerebral palsy) I have great difficulty controlling my tongue, and the words I formulate so clearly in my mind can be rather distorted when they come out. People have to listen carefully, and in those school years there were many in the special schools where I stayed who never attempted to find out what course of action I would prefer. Far worse than that, again and again decisions were made affecting me, and more often than not I was never told what was about to happen. I could only guess at the implications of what was happening around me. My young mind imagined all sorts of frightening possibilities. Each such event left me more fearful, uncertain and apprehensive, and the sum total of these experiences made me withdraw more and more.

Came the day when the ambulance man called. Well before he drove up I had sensed something was about to happen, but nobody mentioned a thing. I was hastily dressed, food was thrust into my mouth, I was hurried out into the hallway, and just left by the front door.

When the doorbell rang I was extremely agitated. "That's the one" were the only words spoken, and I was whisked off to the waiting vehicle. "Where are they taking me? What's it for?" I wondered. I yelled. I screamed. I kicked. The driver, baffled by my unintelligible attempts to speak, bundled me into the back and took off. By the time we pulled up in front of a great three storeyed building I was shaking uncontrollably.

Where are we going? Why is this guy in such a hurry to get me inside? What's that great cage-structure right in front of us? Looks like a prison to me! A great bang as the iron grill doors clanged shut on the lift. Confinement in that narrow enclosure heightened my fear. What relief as the door opened.

But this was quickly shattered as I caught a glimpse of four or five white-coated figures scurrying backwards and forwards.

At last someone spoke. Someone was about to put me in the picture. "Don't worry. They'll give you gas."

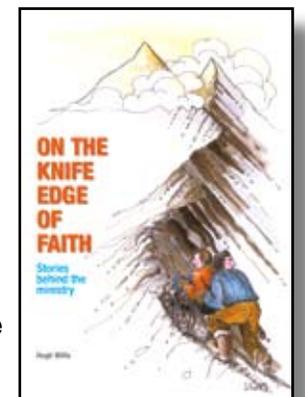
Gas! Gas!!! I recoiled in horror So that's what it's all about. They're trying to get rid of me. This is the end. That's why they rushed me into this building!

And all these fears were confirmed when, what looked like a corpse, face covered with blood, was wheeled out of the door we were moving towards. I kicked, I screamed, I sobbed hysterically. I lashed out with my hands and feet as the mask was applied. The room spun round.

My next memory was of the room coming into focus again, and a very caring young lady standing in front of me. My first thought was, I'm in heaven, but I was puzzled by the tooth in her hand that she was showing me. Then it all became clear. I'd had a tooth out! A harmless tooth extraction. But why had no one bothered to tell me!

This account first appeared in an early Encourager, and is one of the many short accounts of people in the fellowship in the book "On the Knife Edge of Faith" We still have many copies of this book left, so if you haven't yet got your copy it would greatly help us if you did buy one or possibly even another to give away to others, for this way the work of the ministry becomes known.

The cost is \$20 per book, and a book or books will be sent to you by writing to PO Box 13-322, Onehunga, Auckland. The Trust will cover the postage.



NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES!



Meet two very happy boys! On the left is 6 year old Ivan, on the right, 8 year old John Michael. Both boys have cerebral palsy. Neither can walk. One picture shows how they came to our SPED school each day, both from different towns quite distant. Pastor Ford and his group in USA decided to help these two, so we had a trip to Manila to the House Without Steps where they made a fitted sports wheeler type chair for Ivan, and a regular wheelchair for John Michael.



The next pictures show them in their brand new fitted wheelchairs... practising for their presentation next week! Praise the Lord for such a gesture! We have a few more regular wheelchairs (unfitted) to distribute to older people in the programme. This is National Disability Month.



In the SPED School Year we have 120 enrolled students. 85 are hearing impaired and the other 35 are slow learner, autistic, and those with other disabilities. A BIG THANKS and prayer of blessings for all our friends, donors and sponsors who make this all possible.

MS. TESS ESPLANA came to teach here two years ago, but became sick and had to go home all the way to Bicol (8 hour trip). We did not imagine she would want to come back! But she did, and here she is, very energetic, enthusiastic and well-liked by our deaf students! As a child, she studied in a school for the deaf. When she was 9 years old, a Bible teacher taught her the Word of God and she learned many things from the Bible. She came to know the need to accept Jesus as Lord and Saviour when she was 16 years old. At Deaf Evangelistic Alliance Foundation (college), she began to love teaching deaf children. Then an American missionary for the deaf assigned her to teach deaf children in

Nueva Ecija province and teach them about God... the first of many teaching experiences. We do need a sponsor for her. If you want to be part of her ministry, please contact our PCFFD-NZ Representative Mrs. Ruth Beale.

A REVIVAL IN OUR DEAF HIGH SCHOOL In our Values Education our deaf high school students learn about God, His Words, and how to be a good person. But most of the time they don't understand it in their heart, some were just learning knowledge in their minds. Considering that the deaf persons relate more to visuals, we decided to show two video films entitled "666 is Real" and "Hell is Real". They discuss God, man, Satan and the future. After watching the film one of the teachers explained more about it and led them in a prayer of acceptance. We were praying so hard that God would touch our students and we felt the Holy Spirit with us in this. Our students started praying, we heard them sobbing and crying, we saw them on their knees as fifty asked forgiveness for their sins and accepted Jesus as their Lord and Saviour. Others prayed for their loved ones who are not Christians. We were so amazed at the work of God in their lives and in us too as workers of PCFFD which He is using as instruments. Later, people around the school who heard and saw them crying asked what had happened. We answered, "The Lord has moved our students and they have opened their hearts to Jesus." Many of our students now don't just know God but love God. There are lots of changes in their lives that we are witnessing. They have become more responsible, mature, and most of all are going deep with God. We pray that they will have a good church to attend to help them grow as children of God.

A TRIP FOR LESLIE!!

Many of you know that Leslie has been with PCFFD since she was in Elementary School. She was one of the first to have a sponsor, and she went right through to College. She is still here....as an admin staff in our office, and has helped her younger sister get through a 4 year college course in teaching. She has developed herself too along the way. She says, " I used to feel shy and hesitant in talking to people, and very embarrassed about my English." Dianne Bailey says "She can now talk to anybody, and can capably handle many situations. Last November when I was at the Auckland Centre I thought, 'Oh, it would be great if Leslie could come here to National Camp, attend some training and visit and thank her sponsors etc .' But before I could voice it out, Aunty Di whispered... Could Leslie come next year?!"



So, we are praying that God will make a way for Leslie to come to National Camp and be in New Zealand for about two weeks. Leslie says, "A verse sticks to my mind, *I will never leave you nor forsake you*. God has been good and faithful in my life since I started at PCFFD. I have become more confident in myself, closer to God in my Christian life, and have come to have meaningful involvement in the PWD sector. I am excited for unexpected things like travelling that God puts in my way." It's going to cost about NZ\$1700.00 return airfare for Leslie. If anyone would like to help out, please contact Mrs Ruth Beale.

BIBLICAL HUMOUR

The minister was preoccupied with thoughts of how he was going to ask the congregation to come up with more money than they were expecting for repairs to the church building. Therefore, he was annoyed to find that the regular organist was sick and a substitute had been brought in at the last minute. The substitute wanted to know what to play.

'Here's a copy of the service,' he said impatiently. 'But, you'll have to think of something to play after I make the announcement about the finances.'

During the service, the minister paused and said, 'Brothers and Sisters, we are in great difficulty; the roof repairs cost twice as much as we expected and we need \$4,000 more. Any of you who can pledge \$100 or more, please stand up.'

At that moment, the substitute organist played 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

And that is how the substitute became the regular organist!



One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it. The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.' 'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque. 'Pastor, what is this?' The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.' Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, 'Which service? The 8.30 or the 10.30?'



A Sunday School teacher began her lesson with a question, 'Boys and girls, what do we know about God?' A hand shot up in the air. 'He is an artist!' said the kindergarten boy. 'Really? How do you know?' the teacher asked. 'Why, everyone knows that' he said. 'Every day we say, 'Our Father, who does art in Heaven.'



THREE REASONS WHY YOU NEED JESUS

1. You have a past. You can't go back, but God can. Read Hebrews 13:8. God can wipe the slate clean, and give you a new beginning.
2. You need a friend. Jesus knows everything about you and wants to be your friend.
3. He holds the future. In Jesus you are safe and secure. See Jer 29:11-13

If you decide you'd like to have a personal relationship with Jesus you could pray this prayer.

Lord Jesus, I invite You into my life.

I believe You died for me, and that Your blood which You shed on the Cross pays for my sin.

I now turn from everything I know is wrong.

Thank You for the gift of eternal Life. By faith I receive that gift.

I acknowledge You as my Lord and Saviour.

Amen

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A GROUP OF JOY MINISTRIES FOLK VISIT CANADA



Dave Hayward (bottom right) will be leading a team to NZ next year, and clockwise from him are his father Dave, Matalena Moliola, Michael Stoneham, Ruby Hayward, Kim Jameson, Norm and Amanda Sutherland, and the leaders Jan and Kevin Bridgeman.

After nearly 2 years of hard work fundraising, the team finally left for their missions trip to Joy Fellowship in Canada and were welcomed by a great contingent of folk waving NZ and Canadian flags. Our team found it exhausting at times and were glad to be able to take “mini naps” to recuperate. What a blessing Joy Fellowship were to our team showing love and acceptance all the time, going the second mile to be sure we were included in all the services and visits. As most of our team were musical they were included in all the services and expected to serve others as well as using their talents. Fellowship and team work were the highlights of each day and we can never express on paper the wonderful love and servitude shown by the helpers and folk of Joy Fellowship towards us and one another. It was amazing to see the people helping each other in small ways such as pushing wheelchairs, turning the pages of the Bible for someone, and holding the music sheet for Matalena as she played.

At “Kiwi Night” at the Joy Fellowship Camp, we sang and taught a Maori song which was much appreciated, also, “Joy, Joy, Joy” written by Norm, and everyone painted stones and added a Bible verse on the bottom, and then on the Sunday evening split up into 5 groups “planting” the seed stones around various areas of Crescent Beach where the camp was held. This had a real impact both on the campers and helpers as they realised that this was a way they could sow the seed into others’ lives. In fact some helpers went away hoping to use the same idea in their own churches.