

the Encourager



evangelise equip educate

JUNE 2012 ISSUE 135

Enthusiastic worship at the Wellington Camp



Responding in the Philippines to the challenge thrown out by the visiting deaf evangelist



Magazine of the Christian Ministries With Disabled Trust



If nothing ever changed,

LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINE

Over the fence, in the house next door lives a well-fed cute little grey cat called Pink. Once a day Pink comes to my kitchen window and if she cannot see my cat Gussy boy, she will come in and eat his food. Pink then moves on to the next house, and the next house, to eat there. This reminded me of the words in Song Of Solomon. "Catch for us the foxes, the little foxes that ruin the vineyards, our vineyards that are in bloom"

As we journey with Jesus, with prayer and reading the Bible, this enables us to learn some lessons about fruitfulness in Christian living and in Christian service. Galatians 5:22-23 tells us that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law". These are the graces which should characterise us as Christians. The Holy Spirit has reached down into our heart, giving us new life and offering us new opportunities. Yet the little foxes, sometimes called the sins of the flesh, rob our lives of the fruit that the Holy Spirit is waiting and wanting to produce in and through us. These include such sins as jealousy, pride and anger. We also can be affected by the cares of this world, such as worry, fear and anxiety.

The good news is that Jesus is our High Priest, our mediator. He is our intercessor, our Advocate General and Lord and Head of the church. Hebrews 4:14-16 says, "That is why we have a great High Priest who has gone to heaven, Jesus the Son of God. Let us cling to Him and never stop trusting Him. This High Priest of ours understands our weaknesses, for He faced all the temptations we do, yet He did not sin. So let us come boldly to the throne of our gracious God. There we will receive His mercy, and we will find grace to help us when we need it.

Sometimes we just need to close the window of temptation so that little foxes are unable to get in to destroy the fruit; a lesson I learned in dealing with that little rascal Pink.



Robin Shirley as she was then known played a part in the very early days of the Fellowship. She now has the name Toria Newman, and is seen above, and in the intervening years has had a rich and varied life. Born with cerebral palsy, she has overcome many hurdles along the way, has obtained a degree in Spanish language and History, and is now studying Politics at Waikato University. She has contributed the devotion for this issue of The Encourager.



GEMS - NOT ALWAYS WHAT YOU SEE!



You might perhaps give a smile to Jo as you pass by her at church in her wheelchair, not giving any consideration as to what she may be able to do in the Body of Christ, but you would be overlooking one of God's gems!

Jo has Spina Bifida, but she is determined not to let her disability dictate what she can achieve in her life for God – she loves kids!

Pastors at her church recognised this and decided they would give her the opportunity to serve. She is now working in the mainly music team (an Outreach to the community), she is also in the Creche during Church on Sunday taking care of the babies so the parents can be free to enjoy the service.

Recently her Youth Pastor came to visit us at the Centre and commented on how blessed they were to have Jo in their church and her commitment to serving others – Wow! I

wonder how many other 'gems' are out there, just waiting to be found!

If your Church would like information on how they can reach out to involve or include people with disabilities, contact Jeanette at the office on 09 636 4763 or email info@cmwdt.org.nz to find out more.

NATIONAL CAMP

Speaker: our very own Spiritual Advisor, Ps Geoff Wiklund

'Your opportunity to have an unforgettable input into the lives of people with disabilities along with being blessed yourself.'

Welcome to those who have been before and to new folk with disabilities for a great weekend! After a weekend of fun and fellowship along with the servant-role, people come away from camp saying "That was life-changing!"

On line registration from 1st July see website

**At Totara Springs, Matamata
Labour Weekend 19 – 22 October 2012**

THEME "It's spring" -
A new day a new season

COSTS:

\$150 Adults

\$140 if paid before 1st Sept

\$100 11-14 yrs

\$70 5-10 yrs

Free under 5

Registrar: Richard Goh

118 B Sunset Rd
Unsworth Heights
Auckland 0632

Tel: (09)-444-3062

Email: cmwdtcamp@gmail.com

DISABILITY AWARENESS SUNDAY

AT THE LIFE CHURCH

60 ROCKFIELD ROAD, ELLERSLIE, AKLD

GOD NEEDS US ALL...

1 COR 12:14 -

Even so the body is not made up of one part but many

Sunday 17th June - 2.30 - 3.30pm

Join us for the service and stay for the afternoon tea.



Why don't you do something in your church for Disability Awareness Service



Luke¹⁴
EMBRACING BELIEVING CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES

God, Humanness and Disability Conference

With special Guest Speaker: John Goldingay, professor of Old Testament at Fuller Theological Seminary and other speakers. This seminar will show you how to make your church that special place that says "welcome to all"

Cost: \$45 but \$25 for unwaged

Prior registration necessary. **Phone: 0800 77 22 64**

Date: 6 July 2012

Venue: Laidlaw College, Henderson, Auckland

For more information call **cbm** on 0800 77 22 64

To belong means to be included and given the opportunity to contribute, if there's one place that should clearly reflect this Kingdom principle it should be the church.

"Have you considered that to some your beautiful church does not speak of welcome?"

LAIDLAW
COLLEGE
THE HENDERSON COLLEGE



cbm
together we can do more



Faith ends where worry begins

- George Mueller

PHILIPPINES REPORT



Group Dynamics

What a wonderful camp! Ed did a great job on the main notice with the theme, printing and publicity, Briccio attended to the multitude of financial arrangements, Monica put fellowship groups together and emceed most of it. Larry and Bhoyn ran the games, Leonisa and team cooked and served meals. America and Jessilyn handled the snacks. Leslie and Remy handled registrations etc. The deaf staff helped too. Everyone had a job!!

150 came from nearby towns and many were first timers. 78 disabled participants along with the carers brought the total to 150 – 50 being mainly physically disabled, 4 with visual impairments and 25 hearing impaired. The atmosphere was like that of Luke 14 where a king invited the poor and disabled people for a great feast, everyone was so excited to fellowship with us and eager for our prepared activities. After some welcome remarks from our leaders, with such a large number we were able to divide them into 14 groups for our group dynamics. Our theme “God Loves You” was really felt by everyone through the variety of our activities.



Arrival of Em Jay (CP) for his first camp

People were so appreciative, excited and cooperative etc. The atmosphere from the beginning was excitement at seeing each other again and joyfully welcoming every new or first time participants. Just the night before, there was a deaf camp here at Hebron with a very encouraging message by a lady deaf pastor, Lenie de Guzman, who was a very good evangelist. Briccio asked if she could stay overnight and challenge our deaf the next day. She did, being interpreted by her older son, and there was a wonderful response. Then at night a man with one arm spoke. After the first session almost all participated in different games and races – it was so full of fun and laughter that it really made the staff refreshed too, and all felt their joy in the camp.

The men and boys slept in the auditorium on squabs on the floor. Many talked most of the night! Some just don’t get an opportunity to get out to meet people! The next morning about 15 gave personal testimonies about coming to Jesus either at this camp or previous camps. Sadly there was just not time to hear all those who wanted to share. We are praying how to follow up these ones especially those from other towns.



Worship

Before dinner we watched a video film, “Every Child Is Special” from India. We were not expecting that many of them would be touched and could relate to the sad experiences of IMNU (the boy with dyslexia) having a disability. On the last part of the movie they had teary eyes, but in joy and inspiration that they too can overcome their disabilities knowing God loves them very much.

Then on the second day a highlight was swimming at Galilee Resort. Two big swimming pools, and as usual they enjoyed this rare opportunity to be in a swimming resort. We stayed at the resort up to 5 pm where we gave our goodbyes and “see you next retreat!”

We would like to thank all of you who have prayed and supported this retreat, and especially those at your National Camp where a collection for our retreat brought in over \$2,000.

Worry ends where faith begins



Magazine of the Christian Ministries With Disabled Trust

Richard Dacoycoy, one of those who shared a testimony, said, "I am so thankful every time I attend your camp for disabled, I am so refreshed. I'm a workaholic and I worry about how to earn money for my living. I am a Christian but am still struggling about my life with disability. Many times in my life I have asked, "God why did you let me live?" but when I attended this retreat I realized I had forgotten to thank God that He had never once left me, that He loves me so much, and that He has given me a talent and skills which is why I can work for my living. Thank God I learned computer programming, and I am training now another person with a disability too. Now I will go back to my world with a new trust in God and a desire to grow more in my Christian life.



Grabbing a puzzle piece in the team competition



"I love you" in sign



Tomato race



Prayer of Acceptance



Group Devotion

NEVER TOO OLD TO SPONSOR

When you ever think that you may be too old to sponsor, then look at these photos of the two oldest PCFFD sponsors who are both 90 years old!!

At the top to the right is Dorothy O'Dell and below is my mother Louise Jones at her 90th birthday. Both of these ladies have been sponsors from the outset of PCFFD and Dorothy was one of the founding members of Wellington CFFD. These two ladies have known each other for over 60 years.

There are a number of other projects if people would prefer to give a one off gift rather than sponsor.

- The most urgent is a digital camera for PCFFD. This would be used to take photos of the sponsored children and Staff Workers and of PCFFD outings and activities. At present Briccio has to borrow a camera which is far from ideal.
- Another project is the PCFFD car and van which are getting old and costing a lot to run and large maintenance costs, so the suggestion is to trade both vehicles in for one 4 wheel drive van which can have a hoist fitted and be able to travel on the secondary roads which have many potholes.
- The other project is someone or a group to raise a one off gift for a Staff Training Day for the PCFFD Staff (Retreat). This would be very beneficial for the Staff Workers to all be able to go away for a day, and I know it would be much appreciated by the Staff Workers.

\$60 a month will enable you to sponsor your own child, or you may prefer to share your sponsorship with someone else at \$30 a month. Contact me by writing to 39 Durham Cres, Epuni, Lower Hutt 5010. Ruth Beale, PCFFD NZ Representative





If God is your co-pilot

permission granted by Leigh Hatcher and taken from "Australian Stories of Life"

GUIDED THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

When life is turned upside down, it can throw up some of the most profound questions. Where is God? Who am I?

I had followed the Christian faith for about thirty years, but it was in the midst of the wilderness of chronic fatigue syndrome that I believe I grew up in my faith and finally 'owned' it. I no longer believed in the reality of God and the truth of His Son just because someone said they were true. I now knew the truth of it all through a deep and rich and daily encounter with the living God.

God did not come to me through the power of positive thinking or an unrealistic 'Pollyanna' view of my experiences. In the midst of lots of tough stuff, I found out for the first time what it was like to have a personal relationship with God.

Quite simply God had to be one of two things in the midst of such suffering – He had to be real or He had to be fake. Every day I found Him to be entirely real. He was the Great Comforter. Throughout my illness, while I struggled continually for validity – especially in the face of unrelenting scepticism from those who questioned the reality of CFS – I still had an identity and a purpose. I had a sense of direction even when the road ahead seemed blocked and uncertain. I knew that whatever was going on in my body, God was still in control and working for my good.

My faith was authenticated in marvellous practical ways every day. Sometimes this involved material provision just when we needed it, or the arrival of exquisitely timed letters or visits. It was mostly the Bible that steeled and sustained me, leading me to new and deeper levels of trust in God in the midst of great upheaval.

One passage that burned itself deep into my consciousness through this terrible time was the story of Judah's King Jehoshaphat. When his small army of men came face-to-face with two huge opposing armies, he simply prayed, 'We do not know what to do, but our eyes are upon You' (2 Chronicles 20:12) In the end, the two armies turned on each other and obliterated themselves and Jehoshaphat was saved. His prayer put into action the one thing that in all of biblical history I believe God wants most from His people – trust.

I was also profoundly affected by the Bible's account of Abraham's life. His story is a powerful testimony to what remarkable things God achieves through the most unlikely people and events. Abraham was not a particularly impressive character, yet by faith he trusted in God's sweeping promises to give him a land and make a great nation out of his descendants. There are many twists and turns in Abraham's story, but in the end all God's promises are fulfilled. Again this spoke to me of the trustworthiness of God. Even when events seemed to be spinning out of control, even when my best-laid plans went up in smoke, there was still One in whom I could trust.

One of the most difficult things for me with CFS was the loss of all the challenges and rewards that came with my busy life. For twenty-five years as a journalist I had worked to tight deadlines, often moving mountains to deliver the instant news demanded by radio and television. Once my world had screamed to a sudden and shocking halt, however, the present seemed stuck and the future was shrouded in mystery. I inhabited a vastly diminished world. Yet remarkably, I was able to rest with all this as the Bible constructed for me an entirely new frame work of time.



Leigh Hatcher was one of the front line news reports for the Seven Television Network in Australia when his world fell apart. One afternoon in January 1998 he lay down for a ten-minute nap and woke up two hours later feeling as if he'd been hit by a truck. So began a long descent into a wilderness of sickness and confusion. Unable to work, Leigh struggled through months of medical tests until a diagnosis was confirmed: chronic fatigue syndrome (CFS). The mysterious condition left him physically debilitated for two-and-a-quarter years. However, through the long, hard struggle he experienced God's unfailing care.

When his small army of men came face-to-face with two huge opposing armies, he simply prayed, 'We do not know what to do, but our eyes are upon You'

Through living accounts of real people's lives, it showed me ways in which God often rattled peoples' foundations so they could 'wait' on Him. The people of Israel's forty-year journey to get to the Promised Land was a good example. It could have been a journey of only three hundred kilometres, but God's plans and timing were different. He wanted to teach the Israelites to trust Him, to blow away their mistaken notion of self-sufficiency. If God wanted to use the long haul, even the wilderness, to teach me that same level of trust, I needed to be content in His timing. After all, His canvas is eternity – not the brief 'snapshot' of each day that we can only ever see.

My journey through CFS significantly enlarged my view of God and His ways. One of the anchors I held onto all through my illness was the words of Isaiah 55:8-

9: 'For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways,' declares the Lord. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts.'

I learnt powerfully that the true quality of our lives is not measured in terms of health, strength or success. Indeed, in many ways a life of trust and reliance on God in the midst of trials surely best represents the reality of life, where God is in

'For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways,' declares the Lord. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts.'

charge and we are dependent on Him alone. All this gave me a deep and abiding trust, whatever the outcome of my battle with CFS, in the merciful, powerful God I had come to know so personally He had shown me His reality and love over and over again.

My illness, and especially its long term nature, took me into an entirely different zone of life. I was no longer of any 'use' in ways that I had once been. In fact, I had moved into a place of significant suffering, vulnerability and need. Yet the more I read the Bible, the more I was shown how God is not primarily interested in how useful we are. His higher interest is in who or what we are, not in what we do. I believe that's a great challenge for many of our churches today, caught up as they often are in a frenzy of busyness, activity and corporate strategies.

Through the Bible, God's reality, compassion and kindness ended up investing my suffering with that precious gem of life – meaning. And I discovered that when we are able to experience that gift, we can have the one thing that will keep us pressing on through any of life's rich and varied tapestry 'in sickness and in health' – hope.

taken from "100 Motivating Anecdotes" by Bishop Percival Fernandez – Insight Books

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE

Sparky failed every subject in the eighth grade. He flunked physics in high school, receiving a zero in the course. Sparky also flunked Latin, Algebra and English. He was no good in sports either. Throughout his youth Sparky was awkward. No one cared for him. Sparky was a loser. He, his classmates and everyone knew it. So he lived with it.

However, one thing was important to Sparky – drawing. He was proud of his artwork. No one appreciated his work. In his senior year of high school, he submitted some cartoons to the editors of the yearbook. They were all turned down.

Upon graduating from high school, Sparky wrote a letter to Walt Disney Studios. He was told to send some samples of his artwork. He spent a great deal of time on this and submitted his works to the Walt Disney Studios. The reply came. His work was rejected. Another loss to the loser!

Sparky did not give up. He decided to work on his own, and finally his cartoon character became famous worldwide. For Sparky, the boy who had failed every subject in the eighth grade and whose work was rejected again and again, was Charles Schulz. He created the "Peanuts" comic strip and the little cartoon boy whose kite would never fly and who never succeeded in kicking the football – Charlie Brown!

So many of us give up easily, very easily! Charles Schulz teaches us a lesson in determination and perseverance. Never say die! Try again! There is something powerful within you that is planted by the One who created you. Remember, God does not create trash.





Kindness is difficult to give away

Taken from Daily Encounter by Dick Innes

SAYING THE SAME THING DIFFERENTLY

“And we, who with unveiled faces all reflect the Lord’s glory, are being transformed into His likeness with ever-increasing glory, which comes from the Lord, who is the Spirit.”
[2 Corinthians 3:18 (NIV).]

A blind boy sat on the steps of a building with a hat by his feet. He held up a sign which said: “I am blind, please help.” There were only a few coins in the hat. A man was walking by. He took a few coins from his pocket and dropped them into the hat. He then took the sign, turned it around, and wrote some words. He put the sign back so that everyone who walked by would see the new words.

Soon the hat began to fill up. A lot more people were giving money to the blind boy.

That afternoon the man who had changed the sign came to see how things were doing. The boy recognized his voice and asked, “Were you the one who changed my sign this morning?” and continued, “What did you write?” The man said, “I only wrote the truth. I said what you said but in a different way.”

What he had written was: “Today is a beautiful day and I cannot see it.”

Do you think the first sign and the second sign were saying the same thing? Of course both signs told people the boy was blind. But the first sign simply said the boy was blind. The second sign told people they were so lucky that they were not blind. Should we be surprised that the second sign was more effective?

Moral of the Story: Be thankful for what you have. Be creative. Be innovative. Think differently and positively. When life gives



you a hundred reasons to cry, show life that you have a thousand reasons to smile.

Note: Keep in mind that it is one thing to tell people about Jesus, but a totally different thing to show people Jesus. May we always show before we tell.

Suggested prayer: “Dear God, please help me always to be sensitive to others’ needs, and help me to be ‘as Jesus’ in some way to every life I touch, so that I will ‘show or reflect You’, and may this open the opportunity to then tell people about You. Thank You for hearing and answering my prayer. Gratefully, in Jesus’ name. Amen.”

JIGSAW LESSONS

Here’s some lessons I’ve learned from jigsaw puzzles:



Don’t force a fit. If something is meant to be, it will come together naturally.

When things aren’t going so well, take a break. Everything will look different when you return. Be sure to look at the big picture. Getting hung up on the little pieces only leads to frustration.

Perseverance pays off. Every important puzzle went together bit by bit, piece by piece.

When one spot stops working, move to another. But be sure to come back later (see above).

The creator of the puzzle gave you the picture as a guidebook.

Variety is the spice of life. It’s the different colours and patterns that make the puzzle interesting.

Establish the border first. Boundaries give a sense of security and order.

Don’t be afraid to try different combinations. Some matches are surprising.

Take time to celebrate your successes (even little ones).

Anything worth doing takes time and effort.

A great puzzle can’t be rushed.



Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within. We will all, one day, be there, too!

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in Moosomin, Saskatchewan, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meagre possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital. One nurse took her copy to Alberta.

The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the St. Louis Association for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this little old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem winging across the Internet.

CRABBY OLD MAN

What do you see nurses? what do you see?
What are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A crabby old man not very wise,
Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food and makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice 'I do wish you'd try!'
Who seems not to notice the things that you do.
And forever is losing a sock or a shoe?

Who, resisting or not lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding the long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am. as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of Ten with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters who love one another.

A young boy of Sixteen with wings on his feet.
Dreaming that soon now a lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at Twenty my heart gives a leap.
Remembering, the vows that I promised to keep.

At Twenty-Five, now I have young of my own.
Who need me to guide and a secure happy home.
A man of Thirty my young now grown fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At Forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,
But my woman's beside me to see I don't mourn.
At Fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me my wife is now dead.
I look at the future shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of their own.
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.
'Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles grace and vigor, depart.
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass a young guy still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the joys I remember the pain.
And I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years, all too few gone too fast.
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people open and see.
Not a crabby old man look closer . . . see ME!!





Having truth decay?

CAN GOD HEAL?

Some interesting thoughts by Selwyn Hughes in a recent 'Every Day with Jesus'

God can and does intervene to deliver us from physical sickness and suffering, but it is more the exception than the rule. Not everyone who asks for healing gets healed, that is a simple empirical fact. Healing evangelists often receive critical media coverage – and some not without good reason – but the honest ones will tell you less than 10 percent of the people who are prayed for receive healing.

Does this mean we ought to forget the whole business of praying for people who are sick? No, for we must not measure the results of our prayers only by what we see. There may be no apparent or immediate physical changes, but who can measure the spiritual changes that come from prayer? Who can see what mighty things God does in the soul of a person when he or she is prayed for, or those who are the subjects of the laying on of hands.

It is right to ask for deliverance and healing for those who are afflicted (James 5:14 tells us "Is any one of you sick? He should call the elders of the church..."), but let us not limit our asking to physical changes only. The soul and the body are inextricably linked, and when we do not see evidences in the body, who is to say something powerful has not happened in the soul?

O Father, give me a balanced view on this perplexing subject of healing. Help me see that all prayer is answered. You say, 'Yes', 'No', 'Wait', or 'Here's something different.' Teach me how to accept your answer, In Jesus' name. Amen.



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This article below by Erin Gieschen was taken with permission from the In Touch magazine

PRAYER, PAIN AND SPLASHES OF HEAVEN

For almost 45 years Joni Eareckson Tada has lived an extraordinary life in a wheelchair. Her story and her ministry have inspired millions around the world to see disability and suffering in a redemptive way. While she's written extensively on these issues, an unexpected ongoing struggle with chronic pain led to her newest book, A Place of Healing. Joni recently spoke with In Touch about what she's learnt in this difficult season, and what God may be up to when He doesn't answer prayer the way we hope He will.

In Touch: What do you think God wants to accomplish when we've prayed for something that we know is consistent with His character – such as healing - but He doesn't give the answer we want?

Joni: God is heaven-bent on making us more like Christ. He can use anything - be it a broken neck, a broken heart, a broken home. Suffering has a way of uncomfortably revealing to us the things inside us that need to be transformed. When I'm not in pain, I think I'm a very likeable individual. But when pain continues to squeeze me, it's like squeezing a lemon! Out comes this sour attitude, this pessimistic anxiety, this fear of the future. That's when I have to realise that these are things God desires to change in me.

How have your prayers evolved during this new kind of "desert experience"?

Joni: I've gotten pretty good at coping with quadriplegia, but getting "used to" constant, driving pain? That's something else. Before, I'd pray for grace to maximise each day. But with the pain, I was finding myself praying moment by moment for survival. "I need deliverance – for You to do something as quickly as possible." But I've also come to see pain as a sheepdog that snaps and nips at my heels down the road to Calvary. It drives me into the arms of Jesus every morning, where I otherwise



don't think I'd naturally be as quick to go. And that's where I know there's always something fresh and unique about Him that He wants to reveal.

So when I wake up to crippling pain I might say, "Okay, Lord, what do You want me to see about You that I haven't discovered yet?" The pain then becomes a fellowship of sharing in His suffering, and then I do something new. For me – and I think for most people – revelation happens in the ragged, sharp-edged world of pain and affliction. That's where we come to understand more of what the cross is really all about.

What have you been personally learning as you continue to wrestle with something you've prayed God would take away?

Joni: I had breast cancer last year. One day when I was coming home from chemo, my husband Ken and I were talking about "splash overs" of hell. I've always said that suffering is like a little "splash-over of hell, reminding us of what Christ rescued us from.- like a tiny taste of what life could be like for all eternity, were it not for God's graciousness. So we started talking about what "splash-overs of heaven are, the places or times when there's no suffering and life is breezy and things are going our way ... but then we decided nope, splash-overs of heaven are not that. They're not the mountain top experiences. Splash-overs of heaven are when you find Jesus in the splash-over of hell. It was so encouraging to suddenly feel that powerful little insight take root in my heart.

So instead of trying to be so quick to escape pain – even as I kept praying for change – I've been learning to be quick

to sit and wait and see what satisfaction the Lord will give. I know that yielding to Him and patiently waiting on Him is winning me "an eternal glory that far outweighs [it] all" 2 Cor 4:19 (NIV). When I stick with Him in "the fellowship of His sufferings" (Phil 3:10), I'm increasing my capacity for joy and worship and service, and that draws me closer to Jesus. It gives such meaning to the pain.

You talk with and receive so many letters from, people going through hardship. What do they need to hear most from God when He's not answering their prayer the way they want Him to?

Joni: I think that what most people are hungry for is assurance that God is listening and that He cares. We just want to know that He's involved, that He's compassionate. It's like when a little kid falls off his bike, he hurts himself, and cries out for Daddy. She can ask her father why he can't make the pain go away, but an explanation isn't really what that child wants most. That child wants Daddy to pick her up and say, "I'm here sweetie. I'm with you." I think that's what we really want. We don't want answers so much as we want to be assured that God is our Daddy and that He really, truly has heard us.

So maybe the heart of it all is seeking Him as the Healer rather than an actual outcome.

Joni: Yes, Much more than answers to prayer, we need Him to be our Answer. More than all the counsel or words – no matter how good and right and true – what we need to know the most is Jesus Himself as the Answer.

PASTOR BRUCE - YOU ROCK!

Amanda is nearly 50 now. She is Visually Impaired, has mild Cerebral Palsy and Intellectual disability. Most people that have met her will know her catch phrase of "Amanda's the name, Jesus is the flame"

Recently she was celebrating her birthday – you could tell she was excited about her day – she just wouldn't stop asking 'Who's at the door, is that my Dad?...'

Amanda doesn't have her real Father with her but, her Spiritual Dad makes sure she knows that she is his priority – especially on those important days – no matter how old a girl gets!

Every year, Pastor Bruce makes a special occasion of Amanda's birthday, clearing his busy calendar for that day to take her to her favourite restaurant for lunch – Every Year! What a blessing! "I know that my Pastor really cares for me as a person and does not look at my disability but at my heart for God and the Church. He shows the love of God in a very real way, I am so blessed to be in his church". What a great example - Pastor Bruce – we think you rock!



"One man with courage"

RICH AND VARIED ACTIVITIES AT THE CENTRE



The very popular outings each term, this one to the One Tree Hill domain.



Interesting Speakers – Here we see Lois, Ford, a missionary serving in Africa



Intense concentration at the Craft morning



Taking part in one of the many plays



"Bring along your teddy or a doll" day



For a whole year each person's birthday was celebrated with a huge card and a cake



John Penman is ecstatic as he competes in the Sports

Brenda Ieriko writes: A church I attended held a Disability Awareness Service which was fantastic! So uplifting! As I was thinking about the girls in wheelchairs who attended that church, and "disabled" people in general, I felt compassion for times when the folks in wheelchairs sometimes seemed ignored by the general church population, despite our Christian intention of 'inclusiveness'. I included myself in that - my own attitudes - seeing disabled people as a bit strange and scary when I grew up, based on what others thought and said. Then I'd realized how ridiculous it was, and how the Holy Spirit sees us and them as valuable and precious, to be loved not feared. So I wrote this poem from their point of view, to challenge the attitude of myself and others.

BOUND TO KNOW

Do you see me?
I'm sure you do,
Yet your look seems to
Pass right through.

It's ok, it's nothing new,
Although I'd love to talk to you,
Yes I'm different - that's hard to bear
When I sit low in this wheelchair.

Yes I have a brain,
Or didn't you know?
That I'm not thick
Even if I'm slow.

Oh sure, that's how I appear to be
But there is another side to me.
I can speak, if you bother to ask.
It just takes longer to complete a task.

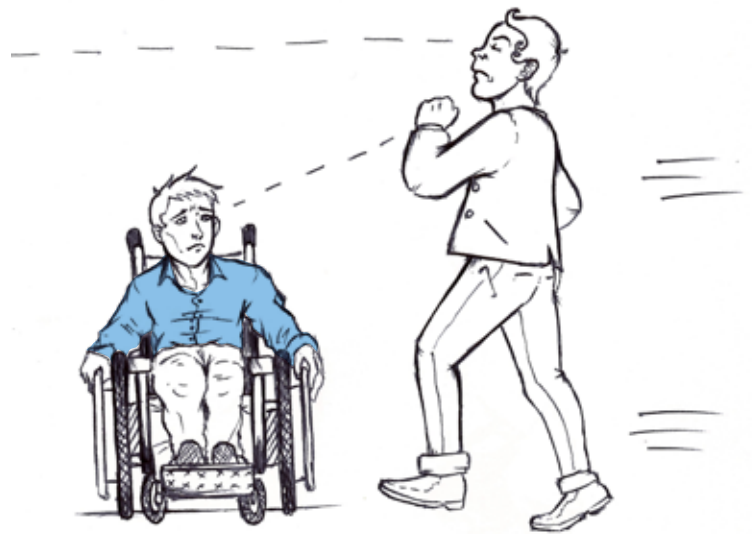
And I have a sharp mind
It's my speech that's slow.
You're so embarrassed,
How would you know?

It's the same every day
And I see it everywhere,
People take off double-quick,
When they see my 'scary' wheelchair!

No, you're not so special -
You're like all the rest,
Who save your greetings
For those you like best.

But, have you ever thought?
How you would find
If every group
Left you behind?

It's not a great feeling
I'm sure you'll agree.
Well, surprise surprise -
You're just like me!



WE HAVE CHANGED THE NAME OF THE TRUST

It has been decided to change the name from CMWDT to ELEVATE. There are many reasons for this. CMWDT in full is so long-winded, the 5 letters are quite a mouthful, and we like the concept of elevating folk to a higher level in God and other areas. The names of the ministries under the Trust umbrella will stay the same. The new logo is still to be decided on.

WHAT IS 333?

Exciting news! It stands for Jeremiah 33:3, and is the name of a group that has just started in Te Puke taking over the splendid work carried out by Big Chocolate at Bethlehem Baptist that came to an end at the end of last year. There will be a service at 2.30 pm on the 3rd Sunday of each month for those with disabilities and special needs.

All welcome. Contact Leslie Schwass 07-573-6421

DONATIONS NEEDED TO HELP WITH THE COSTS OF NATIONAL CAMP

Those who cannot attend can still play a big part in the success of National Camp. Each year camp fees cover just a portion of the money required to run the camp, and many thousands are needed to cover the remainder. Hiring of vans to carry wheelchairs is a huge expense, and along with other costs, help needs to be given to those who cannot afford the whole fee and otherwise could not attend. Receipts will be automatically sent out for all donations \$30 and over and for smaller amounts to those who request it. Such donations qualify for claiming back 1/3, providing your taxable income is greater than your giving.

For giving by direct credit to the camp account 01-0142-0029706-05, make sure your name is included along with the words "camp donation".

"Life is 10% what happens to me
- John C. Maxwell

A MOTHER WHO LOVED TO DEATH

It was just about bedtime when my phone rang. There had been an emergency call to the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, and I was the pastor on call.

The operator informed me that Mary, a member of the church, had asked for immediate pastoral assistance because her child had just died.

Jumping into my clothes, I sped off in my car to a hospital several cities away. I was thankful that I had some idea who Mary was. In a church of over 4,000 members you couldn't count on this. But Mary had been involved in the young adult group, so I knew her enough to say "hello." Yet I couldn't ever remember seeing her with a child, so I was shocked to hear that her child had died.

When I got to the hospital I was directed by the night-time staff to a dark quiet corridor. There I found Mary, just outside her son's room.

"Thank you so much for coming," she said. "I really needed to pray with someone." As Mary and I sat in the hall, she told me the heart-breaking story of her son, Jimmy. He had been born with multiple physical and mental handicaps. His life of seven years had been marked with countless surgeries and therapies.

Mary had spent much of her life in hospitals and long term care facilities, comforting and encouraging Jimmy. He wasn't able to be around other people, so that's why I had never seen Mary with him at church.

After we talked for a while, Mary and I went into the room where Jimmy's body lay. All the tubes and wires were still connected to him, and I was shocked by what I saw. He was tiny, much smaller than a normal seven-year-old boy. His little body was badly twisted and deformed. I found it difficult even to look at him without wincing.

But not Mary.

She looked upon him with eyes of uncompromising love. She touched his face and spoke quietly to him, even though he couldn't hear anymore. She tenderly kissed his cheek many times. Mary told me how much he had meant to her, and how much she would miss him.

As I stood there, I realised that she loved with a kind of love that was far, far beyond any love I had ever given to anyone. It was the undeserved, unabashed, unquenchable love of a mother for child.

Whereas I saw Jimmy as someone marred in his appearance, almost beyond human semblance, Mary saw him as a beautiful, lovely human being. Jimmy had not earned her love with his handsomeness or his human achievements.

Mary loved him simply, freely, graciously, all of Jimmy's life. Had she been able to do so, Mary would have exchanged places with Jimmy that night, dying so that he might live. Mary loved her precious son with all she had. Truly, she loved him to death.

Sisters and brothers, in Mary's love for Jimmy I saw a stirring picture of God's love for you and me. God loves us, not because we're beautiful, not because of what we've accomplished, not because of anything we've done, but because He is a God of love.

In fact, God is Love, according to 1 John 4:8. ***This means that no matter how ugly you might feel today, no matter how unworthy, no matter how imperfect, God loves you. He sent His son to die for you. That's the proof.***

Dr Mark Roberts

John 3:16 tells us that
God so loved the world
that He gave his only
begotten so that we
would not perish but have

We all need to:

Realise God's great love for us as illustrated above.

Recognise that He gave His son's life for us.

Repent that we are sinners and are sorry for our sins.

Receive Jesus by asking Him into our hearts.

Why not do it right now if you have not done so yet?

THE BIG EVENT

In March this year, we took part in this amazing Event hosted at Auckland Show Grounds!

Jeanette Howden had the awesome privilege of opening in prayer before the event opened its doors – ensuring God was lifted up first and foremost in the proceedings.

The event was a great opportunity for providers involved in "Anything Disability" to come and share info with one another and also with those who wanted to know what is out there – either for themselves or for someone they know.

Many people came to our stand, some we knew and some we didn't. It was great to be able to talk to so many about the work we do at CMWDT. We had a great "fishing game" where people entered the draw for dinner for two as the prize.

The winners were Tu and his wife Lieu Nguyen who are the main caregivers for their 7 year old granddaughter Natalie. They enjoyed a lovely dinner (see below at lovely dinner) on the deck of the Brigham Restaurant in West Auckland.

The event has proved so successful that the ADPN (Auckland Disability Providers Network) have confirmed it will be an annual event – Thanks to all those at ADPN for bringing us all together.



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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:.....

FOUR CAMPS HELD AROUND THE COUNTRY



Joy Ministries National : The theme was “*Heaven*” – so appropriate along with the tribute to Richard Armstrong, one of Joy Ministries most enthusiastic supporters, who had just gone there. Cards of “Heaven” were made in the craft session and two campers are seen praying along with the camp pastor.



Auckland : Each person contributed points to the team total with their participation in different activities. Shown here: knocking over a series of tins, hitting a nail with a hammer and “fishing” from a pretend pond.



Wellington: Jordan Turner loved the camp, joining in with the band and along with the others in his team attempted to remember the objects that were about to be covered from sight, this being one of the team contests.



KIDZ camp – Heaps of fun together!

