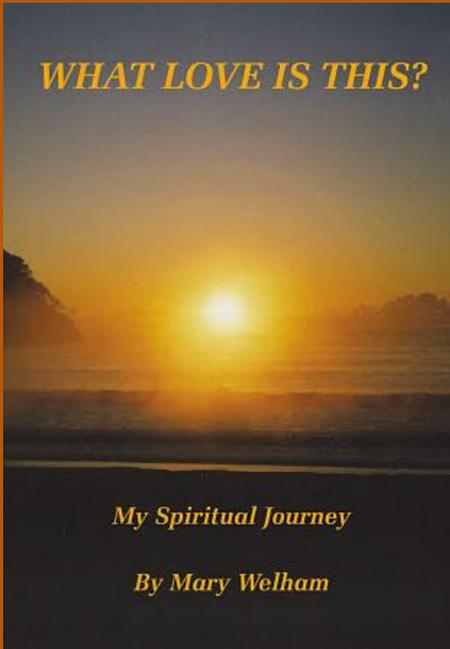


# THE CHRISTIAN WRITER



December 2015 – January 2016



Supporting  
Members' Writings

What Love is  
This?

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By Mary Welham

# *Rightly explaining the word of truth – 2 Timothy 2:15*

(New Revised Standard Version of the Bible)



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*(Highest rate of \$50 is under 14 cents a day. Student rates are under 5 cents a day)*

## **Membership, Subscriptions and Address Changes:**

Jan Pendergrast (email: [jan@roads-end.co.nz](mailto:jan@roads-end.co.nz))

**The Christian Writer** is published bimonthly by the New Zealand Christian Writers and distributed to all its members. Contributions on the theme of writing are always welcome. If you have some advice or encouragement for Christian writers, or an announcement of some event of interest to members, do send it to the editor for consideration by the 20th day of the month prior to the publication date. Submissions should be no more than 500 words long and hard copy manuscripts will not be returned unless a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed.

The editor reserves the right to condense and / or edit any contributions for reason of space. Ideas and opinions will not be edited, but editing of a technical nature may occur to maintain the highest quality of writing possible.

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# The Christian Writer

Dec 2015 – Jan 2016

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## Contents

Page 4	Vice President's Report – Justin St Vincent
Page 5	NZCW 1st, 2nd & 3rd Place Competition Winners for 2015
Page 6	Letter to the Editor
Page 6	Just Minutes to Go – Jan Pendergrast
Page 7	The Journey – Dianne Spain
Page 8	In Appreciation of Janice Gillgren
Page 8	Warm Welcome to New Members
Page 8	An Awesome Christmas Eve – Katherine Kehler
Page 9	Activity Page: No Punctuation at All
Page 9	John 3:16
Page 9	Looking for Professional Editing/Writing Services?
Page 10	Criminal Intent – Keith Willis
Page 10	The Three Wise Women
Page 11	Basic Punctuation Rules and Help – <a href="http://www.grammar.yourdictionary.com">www.grammar.yourdictionary.com</a>
Page 12	Solution to Activity Page
Page 13	Writing Briefs: John Stott, the Writer (Part 2) – Frederick Swallow
Page 14	NZCW Writers' Groups Details
Page 14	Holiday Fun Activity: Create a Christmas Poem – Kidspot
Page 15	Book Review: What Love is This? – Mary Welham
Page 15	Recent Library Additions

## CW Competitions

Page 16	Under 20s	Page 20	Level Two Results
Page 18	Level One Results	Page 23	Level Three Results
Page 28	Competitions for February 2016		

The views and opinions of authors expressed in this magazine do not necessarily state or reflect those of the editor.

## Website:

Our vibrant, user-friendly website is full of interesting information, such as details of workshops and copies of past magazines. It also gives each individual member an online presence. So please encourage other Christian Writers you know to join us via our website.

[www.nzchristianwriters.org](http://www.nzchristianwriters.org)

# From the Vice President

Thank you so much to the committee of NZ Christian Writers for appointing me as Vice President for our growing and vibrant collective of authors, editors, and writers throughout New Zealand. I've had the honour and privilege of connecting with many of our members through their brief biographies provided for our new website. This has given me a greater appreciation of the amazing heartbeat of our collective. I am also delighted and thrilled for this new season ahead as together we take our national group from strength to strength.

Perhaps just a little about me for those who may be interested:

I have self-published four books, including a worldwide trilogy exploring *The Spiritual Significance of Music* (2009 – 2012), and produced a free eBook, *Love Live Forgive: Insights from Artists* (2014), all available from [www.XtremeMusic.org](http://www.XtremeMusic.org).

My wife Sara-Maria and I have been married for three years, and are based in the beautiful suburb of Birkenhead, Auckland. I serve on the national Board of Promise Keepers New Zealand, am NZ Vice President of the Australasian Religious Press Association,

and Member of the New Zealand Society of Authors.

With over 15 years of media experience, I combine my passions for broadcasting, business, ministry, music, and Christian faith by serving as a Senior Account Manager—Media Sales with Rhema Media.

In education, I earned my BSc (Hons) degree in American Business Studies (2001 – 2005) from the University of Wales, Swansea and the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton in Canada. In addition, I graduated from Youth With A Mission's Discipleship Training School (YWAM DTS), China Focus (2005 – 2006), from the University of the Nations in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii.

I also write for Promise Keepers men's publication, *WiseChoices*, and my devotional writings were just recently published in Promise Keepers brand new group study guide, *God's Awesome Power*, available from: [www.PromiseKeepers.nz](http://www.PromiseKeepers.nz).

Blessings and Best Regards

Justin St Vincent



*Justin and his wife, Sara-Maria*

# Announcing NZCW 1st, 2nd & 3rd Place Competition Winners for 2015

## LEVEL ONE

### 1st Place

Eion Field

### 2nd Place

Karen Belk

### 3rd Place

Keith Willis

## LEVEL TWO

### 1st Place

Judith Powell

### 2nd Place

Susan Flanagan

### 3rd Place

Jean Shewan

## LEVEL THREE

### 1st Place

Julia Martin

### 2nd Place

Lois Farrow

### 3rd Place

Too few entries were received from other competitors to qualify for 3rd Place

## UNDER 20s

### 1st Place

Danella Smithies

### 2nd Place

Bonnie Smithies

### 3rd Place

Benjamin Smithies

## Congratulations to all Prize Winners

Eion Field, Karen Belk & Keith Willis will now move up to Level Two  
Judith Powell, Susan Flanagan & Jean Shewan will move up to Level Three

### Recommendation

Due to her consistently high standard of writing over the past two years  
Cindy David  
has also been moved up to Level Two on the recommendation of the Level One judge  
and the Committee Officers

*Do be encouraged to enter the 2016 competitions. Overall winners for the year in each level receive \$60 for 1st Place, \$50 for 2nd Place and \$40 for 3rd Place.*

## *Letter to the Editor*

Dear Editor,

*The NZCW goal is to encourage Christian Writers to excel in their craft. The Christian Writer magazine, competitions and seminars are tools to help achieve this goal.*

*This year I have been disappointed at the low number of entries into our competitions; several times only one person has entered at Level Three.*

*As judges, we go over every entry, giving encouraging and constructive critiques individually to everyone who enters as well as to those who gain places and are published in the Christian Writer. At present the best way to move up levels is by doing well in these competitions. (Personal assessments are available on request.)*

*We are all busy, but the discipline of producing something for the competitions every two months really builds self-discipline.*

*It would be wonderful if competition judges received 20+ entries for each competition next year.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Ruth Linton  
Level Three Judge.*

Well said, Ruth. Receiving 20+ entries per competition would be very encouraging. So come on members! Please give the competitions a go.

Debbie McDermott  
NZCW Editor and  
Level One Competition Judge

## **Just Minutes to Go**

By Jan Pendergrast

Heaven waits in silent anticipation.

Assembled angels hover in the clear, starry sky with lungs ready to burst in praise and thanksgiving. They have learned their chorus to perfection: “*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!*”<sup>1</sup>

They know why they wait. They know the Saviour is on his way; to appear as a baby in a dirty cattle stall, an abode fit only for the animals resting there. They know he is the King coming to rule and reign one day.

Their leader, Gabriel, suspends in the foreground, hands uplifted, ready to indicate the choir begin the moment he completes his God-ordered announcement when the baby arrives. He, too, finds it difficult to contain his excitement.

The news he will announce is on the tip of his tongue. He has rehearsed what he has to say to the chosen shepherds often, but each time he’s recited, “*Do not be afraid,*” (words he had already said before, to each of the Child’s parents, individually) “*for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign to you; You will find the Babe wrapped in swaddling cloths, lying in a manger,*”<sup>2</sup> he has become more and more thrilled.

From heaven the angels watch the drowsy, unsuspecting shepherds, lying on the cool grass, keeping an eye on their sheep flock. A ewe calls quietly to her companions. A shepherd sighs at the end of another long day spent in the same pastures where King David cared for his father’s sheep; another

stretches his full length on his blanket as he relaxes before a well-earned sleep.

In contrast to heaven's quiet peace, the streets of Bethlehem are frenetic, noisy, and bustling with travellers, there for Caesar's ordered census, looking for a night's accommodation. Men shout, donkeys bray, dogs bark, cats squall, children cry, doors slam and cart wheels rattle on the dusty, cobbled streets.

All, but two, of these tired, frazzled travellers are oblivious of the impending, momentous event.

In a stable of quietly watching animals, tucked away behind an inn too full to accept more guests, Joseph crouches over Mary as she strains in the last minutes of labour. Mary knows the baby she is about to 'bring forth' is a boy they will name Jesus. She knows she is blessed and favoured by God. She knows her baby is God's son, and according to Gabriel, God's messenger, *'He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God will give Him the throne of His father, David; and He will reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end.'*<sup>3</sup>

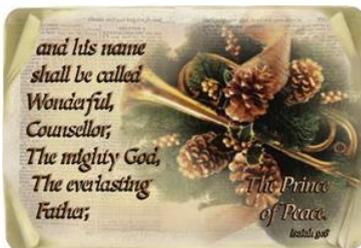
Any minute now her baby will be born. She takes the last big breath she needs to birth the Son of God.

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<sup>1</sup> Luke 2:14 (NKJV)

<sup>2</sup> Luke 2:10-12 (NKJV)

<sup>3</sup> Luke 1:32-33 (NKJV)



# The Journey

By Dianne Spain

*"Are we there yet?" the children cry out  
All feeling bored they fidget and pout  
The journey seems long  
with nothing to do  
They all start to fight and loudly argue*

*With unplanned hiccups along the way  
It feels like we've been driving all day  
Detours, flat tyres and bathroom  
pit stops  
Why can't our journey take five  
minutes tops?*

*We made all our plans, booked it all in  
Now we just want the fun times to begin  
Moaning and arguments, ungratefulness  
Our patience wears thinner as we  
progress*

*A bit like our lives as children of God  
We champ at the bit at anything odd  
We moan at the detours and pit stops  
of life  
Wanting the fun without all the strife*

*But God in his wisdom is growing us up  
To make us like him, to get us unstuck  
Changing our lives, renewing our mind  
The Bible is clear it's a race of  
some kind*

*A long distance one with its ups and  
its downs  
Eternal Life at the end and also a crown  
Growing our faith in his wisdom  
and grace  
It's a journey of faith not a  
five minute race!*

## In Appreciation of Janice Gillgren



At the recent end of year dinner for Northland Christian Writers Janice Gillgren was awarded a voucher and framed certificate for all her work for the NZ Christian Writer. Thanks Janice for your contributions. They are appreciated.

### **Warm Welcome to NEW MEMBERS**

**Anna Alder**  
Matawhero, Gisborne

**Leah Baken**  
Palmerston North

**Caroline Newings**  
New Lynn, Auckland

## An Awesome Christmas Eve

by Katherine Kehler

‘All who are oppressed may come to Him. He is a refuge for them in their times of trouble’ (Psalm 9:9).

My father was born in the Ukraine and spent his first fifteen years there. One Christmas his two older brothers bought a German-made Christmas musical wind-up tree stand for their parents. It was mechanical and played Silent Night. Their gift brought great delight to this family of ten.

Not long after, the region experienced the horrors of World War I, followed by the Russian Revolution. Many people endured tremendous persecution—women were raped, and fathers were kidnapped and murdered. Thieves would barge into homes, demand food, and steal what they could, including the horses.

It was during one of those raids that God used the Christmas tree stand to perform a miracle and save the lives of my father’s family. It was Christmas Eve and the tree was in the stand and playing Silent Night. The door burst open and a gang of ruffians stormed in, all brandishing guns. Terror gripped each member of the family as they feared what would happen next. However, their fear turned to astonishment as they watched these uninvited guests stop and become still. Then without saying a word, the bandits backed out of the house and closed the door. God had used the tree and Silent Night to save the lives of my father and his family. A miracle on Christmas Eve!

*For more stories and devotionals such as this, visit <http://www.thoughts-about-god.com/>*

## ACTIVITY PAGE: No Punctuation at All

*The following extract has no punctuation. See if you can insert punctuation in the right places. Answers may vary but, to my count, there will be 18 capital letters and ten full stops; 12 commas, one exclamation mark and four question marks; seven apostrophes marking contractions and two possessive apostrophes; three hyphens and one semi colon.*

theres a letter for you called her  
mother ive put it on the table Amanda  
rushed down the stairs tore open the  
envelope and found to her delight it  
was an invitation hooray ive been  
invited to james twenty first birthday  
party she cried there was a pause what  
am i going to wear you've got plenty  
of clothes dear replied her mother  
calmly sipping her tea theres  
absolutely nothing suitable for james  
party Amanda replied it will be very  
smart whats james like asked her  
mother suspiciously hes six foot tall  
with brownish blond hair huge brown  
eyes and a wonderful smile replied  
Amanda her mother sighed i meant  
what is his personality like is he hard  
working trustworthy kind and clever or  
is he selfish and mean

**GO TO PAGE 12 FOR THE  
SOLUTION**

## Looking for Professional Editing/Writing Services?

Then why don't you contact the  
following NZCW members?

### Janette Busch

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Mob: +64 21 233 7691

### Marie Anticich

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Mob: +64 27 533 0188

### Selina Chan

E: [selina\\_chan@hotmail.com](mailto:selina_chan@hotmail.com)  
Mob: +64 21 104 3686

For God so greatly  
loved and dearly  
prized the world,  
that He even gave  
His One and only  
begotten Son, so  
that whoever  
believes and trusts in  
Him as Saviour shall  
not perish, but have  
eternal life.

—John 3:16 (Amplified Bible)

# Criminal Intent

By Keith Willis

It's just as well she doesn't know what I am thinking because I am planning the most daring heist.

I have been planning this for some time but have encountered a problem. I am confident that, with my superior brain power, I can come up with a solution, but it is taking a lot of time.

The humans can do it, so obviously, with my super cerebral powers, I should be able to do it easily but for some obscure reason I can't.

I have repeatedly watched the humans, sometimes at very close range and I'm sure there is no mechanical mechanism involved, so fingers don't seem to be necessary. So why can't I, with my clever paws, do it? What is this strange closing force and how can I overcome it?

I have considered inviting the dog to help with the problem. I'm sure he would be delighted to be a co-conspirator. He has even more incentive to succeed than I have. Unfortunately he is not intellectually capable of this task. He could provide the muscle if force is required but this doesn't seem to be necessary. The humans do it with ease even with one hand.

The force seems to be acting very like gravity but in my experience gravity only acts vertically. This force is acting horizontally! Have humans found some way of turning gravity around so it acts sideways? I suppose that is a possibility. They seem quite clever in some ways.

I'll have to wait until they have all gone out before I can bring all my cognitive powers to bear on this problem. Hopefully they will take the dog with them. If he is here he will annoy me. Even his snoring is so distracting. To crack this problem I will have to concentrate really hard and call upon all the wisdom inherited from my ancestors. Surely one of my esteemed ancestors will have solved this problem and the solution is far too important to have been lost in time.

Failing that, maybe sheer willpower will open that fridge door.



## The Three Wise Women

You do know what would have happened if it had been three wise WOMEN instead of men, don't you?

They would have asked for directions, arrived on time, helped deliver the baby, cleaned the stable, made a casserole, and brought disposable diapers as gifts!



# Basic Punctuation Rules and Help

Since proper punctuation is an essential part of successful communication, remembering basic punctuation rules will make it easier for you to write clearly and effectively.

## Punctuation must be parallel

When punctuation is parallel, this means that interrupting a main clause with a long em dash or a comma requires using the same punctuation at the beginning and end of the clause.

**Incorrect:** The teenagers, students from Mrs Smith's art class—went on a field trip to the museum. **Correct:** The teenagers, students from Mrs Smith's art class, went on a field trip to the museum. **Correct:** The teenagers—students from Mrs Smith's art class—went on a field trip to the museum.

This rule also means that you may not use a semicolon to set off just one item in a list.

**Incorrect:** I have lived in Des Moines, Iowa, Seattle, Washington; and Boise, Idaho. **Correct:** I have lived in Des Moines, Iowa; Seattle, Washington and Boise, Idaho.

## A long em dash is a strong comma

Essentially, a long em dash is used for many of the same purposes as a comma. However, since it is more emphatic than a comma, a long em dash should only be used to add extra emphasis to an important piece of information.

A long em dash can be used to draw attention to the last item in a list.

For his birthday, Mark received a sweater, a jacket, a savings bond—and a new bike!

A long em dash can also be used to set off an initial position free modifier that begins with the word 'these'.

Pizza, chocolate, and ice cream—these are my favourite foods.

## A colon appears at the end of a completed main clause

If you have trouble deciding when to use a colon in your writing, it helps to ask yourself if a period or question mark would be appropriate in the same location. If the sentence is already complete, you may use a colon to add a list, elaboration, or restatement.

**List:** I have three brothers: David, Kent, and Jacob. **Elaboration:** I have decided not to move to San Francisco: I have been offered a job in Milwaukee. **Restatement:** Jenny couldn't decide who was to blame for yesterday's fight: She couldn't decide whether to blame herself or her best friend Annie for the argument.

## A semicolon is used for equal emphasis

In a compound sentence that has no coordinating conjunction, a semicolon joins related independent clauses that are of equal importance.

Sarah answered my question abruptly; she seemed preoccupied.

A semicolon can also be used before a conjunctive adverb used to join the two clauses in a compound sentence.

The restaurant was very crowded; however, the waitress took our order immediately.

## Parentheses show related, nonessential elements

Parentheses can be used to show elements in a sentence that are related, yet not

necessary to understand the meaning of the sentence. Parentheses can be replaced by commas in most cases, although the use of parentheses tends to de-emphasise a particular piece of information.

My family visited several countries (Italy, France, and Spain) on our vacation last year.

If the information inside the parentheses forms a complete sentence within the larger sentence, no punctuation is necessary.

The snow (April saw it when she passed the window) completely covered the trees.

### **Apostrophes show possession or indicate an omission**

An apostrophe is used to indicate possession or ownership. An apostrophe and an -s should be added to singular possessive nouns, plural possessive nouns that do not end in -s, and singular possessive nouns that end in -s.

Only an apostrophe should be used when showing possession or ownership for a plural possessive noun that ends in -s.

**Singular possessive noun:** Susan's book.

**Singular possessive noun ending in -s:** Chris's car.

**Plural possessive nouns:** the children's school.

**Plural possessive noun that ends in -s:** my parents' house

An apostrophe can also be used to show that a letter has been omitted from a word to form a contraction. For example, **it's** is a contraction for it is. **Its** is a possessive pronoun.

For further tips go to  
<http://grammar.yourdictionary.com>

## **SOLUTION TO ACTIVITY PAGE:**

"There's a letter for you," called her mother. "I've put it on the table."

Amanda rushed down the stairs, tore open the envelope and found, to her delight, it was an invitation.

"Hooray!" I've been invited to James's twenty-first birthday party," she cried. There was a pause. "What am I going to wear?"

"You've got plenty of clothes, dear," replied her mother, calmly sipping her tea.

"There's absolutely nothing suitable for James's party," Amanda replied. "It will be very smart."

"What's James like?" asked her mother suspiciously.

"He's six-foot tall with brownish-blond hair, huge brown eyes and a wonderful smile," replied Amanda.

Her mother sighed. "I meant, what is his personality like? Is he hard-working, trustworthy, kind and clever; or is he selfish and mean?"

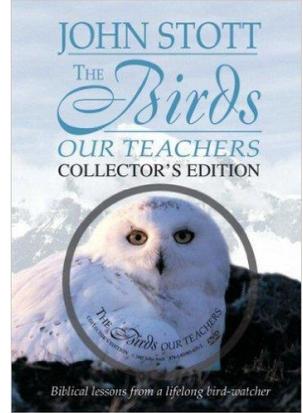
*(There could be some minor variations in this solution. For example, I deleted an em dash between 'delight' and 'it was an invitation' in the second paragraph. I also inserted an extra comma between 'I meant' and 'what is his personality like?' in the final paragraph.)*

Taken from *The Usborne Book of Better English* by Robyn Gee and Carol Watson. Usborne Publishing, UK, 1983.

## John Stott, the Writer Part 2



*John Stott at South Georgia*



*Collector's Edition*

\***'The Birds our Teachers'** by John Stott, Ornithologist and Curate of All Souls Church, London, tells the wonders of God's creations in bird life. His lectures during travels from the Arctic to the Antarctic are featured in quality colour pictures.

At the age of five, during walks with father Sir Arnold, a cardiologist and botanist, John was told to keep his eyes and ears open and mouth closed to observe birds in London's Royal Parks and countryside. His masterly writing tells the many lessons birds in Scripture and nature teach. The hummingbird, the tiniest bird at only 7.13cm long, has a wing flap of 80 to 200 times a second. Albatrosses can glide immense distances, holding their wings almost motionless for hours on end—apt illustrations of how Christians in all walks of life can accomplish God's purposes.

In 2011 John Stott entered Heaven aged 90.

\*The collector's edition includes a DVD on the cover from Mana Books

**Bibliography:** Wikipedia. 'The Birds our Teachers' Candle Books.

## NZCW Writers' Groups

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## Holiday Fun Activity Create a Christmas Poem

Writing a poem for Christmas makes the holidays all that more special as you and your child will have a keepsake to frame or put away to read again next year.

Kids love to get creative and Christmas time is a fabulous holiday to get their creativity going.

**Number of players:** 2 plus

**What you need:** pen and paper

### Activity:

Sit down with your kids and create a poem of your choosing. It can be a poem that rhymes or that is funny.

Poems come in all shapes and forms, they don't have to be long or serious—have a look at our poetry slideshow for some ideas.

Here are a few suggestions how to start:

Make a list of all the things that remind you of Christmas. For example; presents, Christmas trees, ornaments, etc.

Make another list of words that may rhyme with your original words and work from there.

*For more Christmas activities and carols, visit the Kidspot Activity Corner at <http://www.kidspot.co.nz>*

Promote your book in  
**Christian Life**  
< print run 15,000, est. readership 30–40,000 >

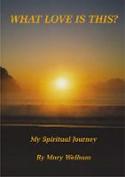
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Check out [www.initiatemedia.net](http://www.initiatemedia.net)

## Library Corner

### Julia Martin's Book Review



### What Love is This

By

Mary Welham

Mary's autobiography is a story of two halves. In the first part she traces her life from a difficult childhood as the youngest member of a large family in the North Island, dogged by hardship and tragedy, through to her teenage years where she struggled with constant family upheavals and personal feelings of inadequacy and rejection.

The storms of life continued to challenge Mary throughout her married life with the loss of a baby, the death of her mother, a daughter born deaf, regular relocations, and a failing marriage. All the while however, God was setting in motion a plan that would radically change her life forever.

In 1974 at age 44, Mary found new life in Christ. 'Here I was a fully grown woman of forty-four years and yet inside me was a new baby with a new nature, a new understanding, a new vision.' Thus began Mary's spiritual journey with seemingly endless trials and setbacks along the way, yet tremendous joy and satisfaction as she grew in her relationship with Jesus Christ.

Mary describes her spiritual journey with honesty and frankness—never giving the impression it's been easy, but giving God the credit for all her life's amazing experiences.

I recommend Mary's book and believe it will inspire Christians by showing them what God can do with an ordinary life completely surrendered to Him. Her powerful testimony makes her book suitable for non-Christian readers as well.

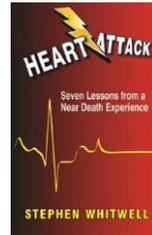
Copies are available at [Whatloveisthis@xtra.co.nz](mailto:Whatloveisthis@xtra.co.nz)

## Recent Library Additions

Received with thanks

### Heart Attack

By Stephen Whitwell



Available at \$23.99 Plus \$5 packaging and postage from <http://daystarbooks.org>

### Mothering Heights

By Keitha Smith and Susan Brereton



Enquiries about this book can be made to [www.motheringheights.org](http://www.motheringheights.org)

Our Librarian is now

**Julia Martin**

who will also be managing the reviews of any books members have had published.

If this is you, please post a copy of your book to her at:

286 Karapiro Rd, RD4,  
Cambridge 3496

# Competition Results

## Under 20s

**Judge:**

**Vicki Nogaj**

**Requirement:** You are standing in the manger scene. What do you hear and smell? 250-300 words.

### Judge's Comments

*Well done to all the under twenties this year. I have noticed huge improvement and growth in those who have been consistently entering.*

## First Place



**Danella  
Smithies**

of Christchurch  
(16 years old)

## The Promised King

I clutched my staff tightly as I gazed around in awe. To the side of the modest stable a young mother cradled her newborn baby. Her clothing was simple and bore the marks of days of long travel but her face was peaceful and her eyes looked so gentle. Her husband stood beside her with his hand resting on her shoulder. He reached down and carefully took the baby from her arms and laid him in the animal feed trough. "You look tired, Mary," he whispered softly.

A candle let off a delicate glow that made the shadows dance lightly in the corners to celebrate the precious new life. The air was sweet with the scent of freshly cut straw and a strange warmth filled the tiny room.

I drew closer to see the baby. He was sleeping now, his tiny form tucked snugly in cloth over the raw hay in the manger. He didn't seem to mind his meagre surroundings. He was lying perfectly still with a contented expression on his face, so vulnerable and helpless.

A smoky grey donkey stood nearby with bright eyes, keeping alert to guard the little family. A gentle bray chased away the silence and his soft nose quivered as if he were overcome at the simple beauty of the scene. A cool breeze drifted through the open doorway and brought in the smell of animal residue from the dusty street.

The night was unusually bright, the very stars seemed to be whispering secrets about this newborn child. High overhead a particularly special star illuminated the sleepy town. Surely this baby was a promised King.

### Judge's Comments

*I loved the intimate tone of this narrative and the consistent point of view. Your own intimacy with the Lord shines through here and I like the conclusion although I would change the 'was' to 'is' in the last line. Overall, this story was nicely done.*



## Third Place Equal



**Ben  
Smithies**  
of Christchurch  
(13 years old)

### Stable Story

A wisp of dry straw crackles as a contented ox enjoys its daily allowance. Musty smells drift lazily from the feeding trough and mingle with a sharp clear smell from the freshly ploughed earth outside. Their mixture is an incredibly vibrant aroma that paints a bright joyful picture in one's head. A quiet drawn-out creak from the old timbers give a reminder that the whole construction is not new. The same old rotten beams are omitting a faint barely detectable smell like that of rusty metal.

A quick succession of whines confirm that the donkey in the corner is awake and alert. Then the old ram in the sheep pen loudly proclaims his anger at being disturbed from a deep and pleasant dream. He and his noises are rudely interrupted by the winds whispering intermittently together to gain access to the large stable.

The manger to the side suddenly draws great attention by a low crying sound. Two people are bending down by the manger and the crying drains away to be replaced by a faint cooing. A sudden tap, tap, tap on the door draws the complete attention of the two people. One goes over to the door and slowly forces the old rusty hinges to squeakily open. One after the other a small bunch of rustic shepherds dump their staffs at the door and come in. They explain that

they had been tending their flocks when an angel came and told them that they were to go and see the new King that had apparently been born in a stable!

### Judge's Comments

*Ben, I know descriptive narrative is not your preference so I congratulate you on giving it a go. You have a few 'passive sentences' one of which is the opening line. The ox should be at the start of the sentence as the subject and the straw is the object e.g. 'A contented ox crackles a wisp of dry straw, enjoying its daily allowance.' The last two sentences in the first paragraph are repetitive and can be combined. The last paragraph needs the phrase 'away to be' removed and the final sentence needs the 'that' and 'that they were' taken out. The final 'that' should be replaced with 'who'. The word 'apparently' takes away from the authenticity of this account and should be left out.*

## Third Place Equal



**Bonnie  
Smithies**  
of Christchurch  
(16 years old)

### Manger Scene

I'm standing in an ill-lit stable cut into the edge of the Bethlehem hillside. There's straw on the ground and here and there clumps of ancient (and not so ancient) animal manure. It smells like animals – a combination of sweaty beasts and the pungent effluent they have disposed on the ground.

A young woman is lying on some sacks in the corner. Her face, while peaceful in sleep, looks tired. A young man paces

around in the stable. From the way he looks at the sleeping woman with such tender love in his eyes, it would appear the two are husband and wife. He paces between the woman and an animal manger in the centre of the stable, his sandalled feet making little noise on the soft straw surface of the ground.

In the manger sleeps a very young child. He is wrapped in linen swaddling clothes and must have been born only a few hours previously. He is sleeping, but his sleep has been disturbed, perhaps by one of the restless donkeys braying in the stalls. Now he stirs, his little chubby fist stretching heavenward, his eyes slowly flicking open. A soft cry comes from his mouth at first, then grows stronger as the babe awakes. The young man hastens to the child's side, hushing him gently, brushing the straw from his wrap and lifting him from the manger. He quickly quiets the baby and doesn't seem to want the young woman awakened. The child seems happy to be in the man's arms and falls silent once more.

The man resumes his pacing and watching over the woman sleeping, while gently rocking his child in his arms. His eyes turn frequently heavenward, his lips moving, as though silently praying.

### Judge's Comments

*Bonnie, in the first paragraph the words in brackets are confusing so can be removed and instead of 'telling' the reader 'It smells like animals' use the sense words to 'show', like the 'sweaty beasts and pungent effluent'. Paragraph two, last sentence remove 'of the ground'. Final paragraph: Instead of 'a very young child' use 'new born infant' which takes away the need for the phrase 'must have been born only a few hours previously'..*

## Level One

### Judge:

**Debbie McDermott**

**Requirement:** BIOGRAPHY—Write about the first time the true meaning of Christmas impacted you, and what it has come to mean to you since then. 400-500 words.

### General Comments

*Although Joyce Lobban was the only entrant in this competition, her high standard of writing, and the engaging manner in which she shared her testimony, earned her a well-deserved First Place. Well done, Joyce.*

*Hearing about someone else's spiritual journey is always a blessing to me, particularly when it is in writing and can be read over and over again. I really encourage other NZCW members to put their testimonies into writing, especially at this time of year when local newspapers are looking for good Christmas stories to publish. So why not give it a go?*

## First Place



**Joyce  
Lobban**

of Waitara, Taranaki

## Unwrapping Christmas

Until I was thirty years old I was an atheist, so Christmas 1977 felt different. I couldn't quite explain it to myself but somehow the tree sparkling with inherited decorations meant less about tradition than it had the Christmas before. The few presents we could afford seemed extravagant despite the noisy joy of children. The usual satisfaction at having cooked Christmas dinner without a mishap to the budget

was absent. Although I was conscious that no one else at that family Christmas celebration believed that God was real, when exactly did the true meaning of Christmas impact me, because it certainly did not that first Christmas as a new Christian.

Threads of understanding wove their way into my mind during the following years as I struggled with the Scriptures, listened to sermons, read books and asked questions. However I was impacted by the Cross more quickly. I had always had some dim childhood recollection of hearing about Easter from someone who knew it was more than chocolate, but for the first time, in 1978, I had an understanding of the magnitude of Christ's sacrifice as an actual event in real time. The horror of crucifixion deliberately undertaken on my behalf was mind blowing and I was completely undone by the sheer unexpectedness of His resurrection. But that was Easter. What about Christmas?

Today I found some old exercise books full of poems I have written over the years and it seems the first poems that I wrote reflecting the impact of the truth of Christmas on my life were written in 1985. Here they are:

“Mary with Child”

Your incarnation was not in the manger of Bethlehem, but clinging to the womb's wall newly formed with warm waters to nourish your growing and to shelter you. Turning and tumbling to the living rhythms of a mother's heart,

until the tiny form, in which all the Fullness of God was pleased to dwell on earth, swelled out the belly of her in whom you grew and proclaimed the time of birth.

And:

“On this Night”

Bethlehem is heavy with the promise of salvation  
and stars sing unheard in the cold light  
alive with the music of celebration!  
On this night  
God has spoken!  
When the cry comes  
the waters of redemption have been  
broken  
and labour has begun for a fallen  
world.

Whether I understood the true meaning of Christmas before 1985 I can't tell you.

So what does Christmas mean to me now? Christmas Eve... thinking of the hundred kilometre journey pregnant Mary endured, perhaps on a donkey, probably on foot. Knowing how heaven rejoiced when God's Son was born, the shepherds' fear that quickly became faith when the angels words were found to be true. Voices lifted in worship, song and celebration two thousand years later. The words, familiar but always new, of Scripture and prayer. Children's laughter on Christmas morning, gifts, the smell of pine, family, food, laughter, love... The unimaginable grace of God, who gave his son...

## Judge's Comments

*Apart from a couple of formatting issues and forgetting to include the word count with her entry, Joyce met all the requirements of this competition exceptionally well. She has given her entry a catchy title and there is a wonderful flow to the piece that makes it easy and interesting to read.*

*Joyce has also shared her story thoughtfully, honestly and in a manner that encourages both the Christian and the non-Christian reader to really think about the question, 'What does Christmas mean to me?' The art of good Christian writing is to somehow get people at all levels to consider the good news of Jesus Christ. I believe Joyce achieved this very well in how she presented her story.*

*Except for some of Joyce's sentences being too long (the optimum length is 12 to 17 words), her writing is of a particularly high standard. My only recommendations are as follows:*

- *Para 1—sentence 1: It is now common practice to use figures for numerals above ten. I therefore recommend rewriting 'thirty' as 30.*
- *Para 1—sentence 5: Delete the first and third 'that' so the sentence reads: 'Although I was conscious no one else at that family Christmas celebration believed God was real...' The sentence is also very long. I recommend putting a question mark after '...impact me?' Then delete 'because' and make 'It certainly did not that first Christmas...' a new sentence.*
- *Para 3—the first sentence is far too long. I recommend putting a full stop after '...over the years.' Then delete 'and' and make 'It seems the first poems...' a new sentence. NB: The word 'that' can also be deleted after 'poems'.*

- *Last para—sentence 3: there should be an apostrophe before the 's' in the word angel's to indicate only one angel spoke in Luke 2:10-12.*
- *Last para—sentence 4: 'two thousand' would be better written as '2000'.*
- *Last Para—final sentence: While it is not necessary to capitalise the pronoun 'his', 'Son' should begin with a capital letter, primarily because you are referring to Jesus. This will also be consistent with your capitalisation of words like 'Scripture'.*

*Apart from the above, this is an excellent entry, Joyce. I look forward to receiving more from you.*

## Level Two

### Judge:

### Jan Pendergrast

**Requirement:** IN BRIEF—Using 200 words exactly, (excluding title, word count, and your name), tell us how you believe Christmas or Easter should be celebrated today. Avoid commentary

### General Comments

*It's a lot of fun writing to a word count! We can become incredibly creative or ruthlessly cruel with our writing! My four entrants must have been 'one or t'other'! Thank you, all, for entering this competition. This is a wonderful way to improve your creative writing ability.*

*The entrants wrote about great ideas, but not all told us how they believed 'Christmas or Easter should be celebrated today'.*

*Judith and John gave us the basics about where to start and on what we build our 'should'. Jean's was a personal perspective.*

*We have the best news ever so we need to share it!*

## First Place



**Judith  
Powell**

of Oxford, North Canterbury

### Jesus is the Reason for the Season

The Lord says “Shout and rejoice... for I am coming to live among you”.’ As Zechariah prophesied, Christians today rejoice, especially at Christmas for it is when we celebrate Jesus coming to us as a baby. I believe there are three ways we should celebrate. We need to spend time seeking Jesus, thanking and praising Him, and then sharing Him with others.

We should reflect on why believers have a reason to sing and dance and praise God. We can begin by feasting on the Bible, mulling over the good news of Jesus’ birth. We are then able to thank Him for His sacrifice and great love for us.

God gave His Son to us and He is the best gift we can give others. Through our actions and our words we can introduce Jesus to those who don’t know Him. God will show us ways to share His love and tell others why we rejoice at Christmas.

As John R. Rice said, “You can never truly enjoy Christmas until you can look into the Father’s face and tell him you have received his Christmas gift.” That is how we should celebrate at Christmas for we have received His gift.

Bibliography  
*The Holy Bible, New Living Translation*  
Zechariah 2:10, 1996, Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

## Judge’s Comments

*Judith started with seek, thank and praise as the foundation of her reason for celebrating, then moved on to share, introduce and give. Our outworking of celebrating Christmas comes from our inward appreciation and gratitude—the ‘inside-out’ principle. Her word count was ‘spot on’. In paragraph three I suggest she wrap ‘and our words’ with commas. Good to have the bibliography, too. Her writing flowed well and logically toward a great conclusion.*

*Well done, Judith.*

## Second Place



**John  
Lindsay**

of Christchurch

### No Apologies for Celebrating Easter

Confidence, joy, anticipation.

Here is a solid basis for Easter celebrations.

Confidence: the facts were established two thousand years ago and despite many attacks on the reliability of the Bible, the original story endures.

Joy: we rejoice because the death and resurrection of Christ open the way to forgiveness and a new relationship with God. Through faith in Christ we are transformed. No longer enemies of God, but children.

Anticipation: Christ is alive and we are certain He will return and take us to live with God forever.

The wonder of Easter is defined, not by the form, but by the character of our celebration.

Generations of Christians have been moved by ancient liturgies and grand oratorios; modern youth respond to fast moving multimedia presentations and the strong beat of a band.

Different formats appeal to different people and I believe the greatest threat to the ongoing celebration of Easter is not style but attitude.

If we choose to keep Easter inside the walls of our churches everyone loses out.

But if we celebrate the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ with confidence and joy, and live in the expectation of His return, our enthusiasm and commitment will be noticed.

### **Judge's Comments**

*John began with sound basics on which to base our Easter celebrations. A suggestion of commentary 'snuck' in with his explanations of each attribute, but he rescued himself by then discussing the 'character' of our celebration, which is another 'inside-out' principle. As his last sentence said, 'our enthusiasm and commitment will be noticed'. I enjoyed his reasoning. Thank you, John.*

## **Third Place**



**Jean  
Shewan**  
of Christchurch

### **A Simple Celebration**

Each time I read Luke's account of the birth of Jesus I am reminded of the actual events of Christmas.

This Christmas I intend to focus more on the glory of God's gift amid the squalor of the stable, the enormity of God's sacrifice in the light of the magnificence of the gifts from the Magi, and the humility of the Christ Child as he accepted the offerings from the shepherds.

I will begin by experiencing the season of Advent when the church prepares for the coming of Jesus as a baby, and the coming of the risen Christ. Scripture, hymns and carols will remind us of the history of our faith, and the reason why we need a Saviour.

On Christmas Eve I will join my Church family in repentance and joy to welcome Christ, the baby in the manger, as we share God's gifts of bread and wine.

Christmas Day will be low key; small presents given and received with love; limited but tasteful decorations; moderate amounts of festive food shared with family and friends.

I hope that simple celebrations and greater awareness of the magnitude of God's sacrifice will be the keynotes of our Christmas this year.

### **Judge's Comments**

*Jean explained how she was planning to focus on Christmas. Hers is a personal approach rather than how we should celebrate Christmas in the market place. No doubt this focus will outwork itself in renewed passion for the 'reason for the season' and an enthusiasm to share and bring awareness of Jesus in her community. Although God, I don't think the baby Jesus 'accepted' the offerings or showed humility. His parents certainly did.*

*Jean's entry was well written and expressed, and her word count exact. Thank you, Jean.*



## Level Three

**Judge:**  
**Ruth Linton**

**Requirement:** SHORT STORY—Jesus said, in John 10:10, that he came that we might have life and life more abundant. Write a story (fiction, non-fiction or faction—a combination of both) to illustrate abundant life in a modern context. Avoid preaching; show, not tell. Maximum 500 words.

### General Comments

*Story telling is a powerful medium for conveying the Christian message; it holds the reader's attention in a way plain exposition does not. For this competition the story was to clearly illustrate what abundant life in Christ is, something I believe is more vibrant and desirable than mere religious activity.*

*I was pleased to receive three good entries for this competition. Two used scenarios demonstrating the opposite of abundant life and the third embellished a real-life experience to produce a faction-type story. Apart from the usual expectation of a well-written and interest-holding story I was looking for something that made me want to experience the abundant life revealed. For this reason I awarded Julia first place.*

## First Place



**Julia  
Martin**  
of Cambridge

### Living Life God's Way

As the cell door slammed shut and the key turned in the lock, Don fell to his knees and sobbed.

*How could it come to this? How could anyone sink so low?*

His mind flashed back to his childhood; it had been ordinary, but happy enough.

His big break came when he went to work at Jardens. He started on the factory floor but showed initiative and soon moved up the ranks.

Then he met Dolores – the boss's charming daughter. Despite the odds, Don managed to woo and win her and they were married in lavish style. He now had it all – a satisfying job, a beautiful wife and family, a lovely home and everything money could buy.

One fateful evening everything changed. Don was persuaded to stay on at work for a staff celebration. After a few drinks he forgot the time and the fact his wife was expecting him home for an important dinner date. When his cell phone rang, Don came to his senses. He raced to the car park and decided to take a shortcut home. Speeding along a poorly lit back street, he failed to notice a pedestrian until it was too late. At that

crucial moment he made a shocking decision. Instead of aiding his victim, he glanced around and sped off home.

The next morning the hit and run incident was headline news. Burdened with guilt, Don's life began to unravel. He couldn't eat, sleep or concentrate at work.

He started drinking heavily and taking drugs to get through the day. Eventually he lost his job and the strain on his family reached breaking point. The day came when they asked him to leave.

Destitute, lonely, and craving for his next fix, Don got caught up in the drug world. Now he was in prison facing a long sentence.

A few months later a stranger passed by his cell and offered him a Bible. Bored and restless, Don flicked through its pages and the Bible fell open at a Psalm which read:

*Then I confessed my sins to you;  
I did not conceal my wrongdoings.  
I decided to confess them to you,  
And you forgave all my sins.*

The passage of Scripture stabbed him like a knife. Overwhelmed by the weight of his crimes, Don fell on his knees and cried out to God for mercy and forgiveness.

The cell glowed with a strange light and a warm sensation crept over his body. Some while later he stood up and the great weight of guilt and shame was gone. For the first time ever he felt free, completely free.

The cell door was still locked, the bars were intact, and his long sentence in the horrible prison environment was unchanged, but Don's heart and mind were changed. He was a child of God. The old life had gone, the new had come; and despite his difficult circumstances, he could now face each day with victory, joy and inner peace.

### **Judge's Comments**

*Well done Julia. This is a good story, well-developed throughout and giving equal attention to the emptiness of life without Jesus and the change that came when Don entered into relationship with him. The importance of quickly confessing sin was also clearly demonstrated. It is a lesson we need reminding of as we all like to hide our mistakes!*

*There are several word changes I would recommend:*

*Paragraph 3, the final sentence: I recommend replacing the words 'The day came when...' with 'Finally...' It is not clear from the previous sentence whether it was his family, his work place or both that asked him to leave.*

*Paragraph 7, the first sentence: Replace 'passage of Scripture...' with 'words...'. We know from the previous paragraphs that it was the Bible.*

*Paragraph 8, first sentence: The words 'unchanged' and 'changed' are too similar for the same sentence. I suggest using 'the same' for 'unchanged'. The strength of the contrast is not weakened by this change.*

## Second Place



**Janet  
Pointon**  
of Auckland

### Living Life God's Way

Hey, cut it out,” Ann shrieked as yet another child’s foot scattered sand over her sun screened legs. Now, it’s stuck to me,” she moaned. “Bob, why don’t you do something?”

Her husband, perched on a chair and reading a newspaper, surveyed Ann over the top of his glasses.

“It’s a beach. What do you want me to do? Ban children from playing here? They’re just running to that boat being launched from the trailer.”

Ann leaned on her elbow and uttered a snort of scorn. “Oh, that’s the preacher’s boat. Look at his car—that must have cost about \$100,000. Those silly church people are paying for all that luxury. How dumb can they be? You should see his house—and his clothes...” Her voice rose higher as she sat up.

Bob lowered his paper. “I’ve heard that the pastor has given away several cars to people who have had a need. The guys at work say that the more he gives away, the more the Lord gives him. Even his house and some of his furniture was given. It’s not necessarily the people in his congregation who give him things. By the way, those children you were complaining about are from the Auckland slum area.”

“Didn’t know we had any slums in Auckland,” mumbled Ann ungraciously. “Anyway, they’re probably sick all the time. I don’t believe God really cares about all that stuff.”

“No, they are all well all the time. That’s what they say at work anyway,” he added lamely.

Ann lay back on the beach towel under the umbrella, listening to the seagulls screeching, the waves rippling on the beach and the sound of excited children as the boat engine began to roar. She vaguely remembered, from Sunday School, being told that Jesus said, in John 10:10, ‘that he came so that we might have life and life more abundant.’ She hadn’t thought about God for years but now she wondered... Perhaps there was something she had missed...?

Bob had paused in his reading and was also thinking. He thought of all the ways in which the preacher and his wife with the nice car helped the community. They worked hard. They didn’t deserve to be scorned and accused of using people’s money. He turned to his wife.

“Honey, I’m thinking of going along to that preacher’s church on Sunday.”

“I’ll come with you,” she muttered into her towel.

### Judge’s Comments

*Janet’s title was apt and added to the reader’s understanding of the word ‘abundant’. Her introduction caught my attention immediately and she maintained my interest throughout.*

The centre section (paragraphs 5-8) was not as clear as the rest. For the sentence 'Anyway, they're probably sick all the time' I suggest changing 'they're' to 'people in the slums are...' to make it clearer. Bob's reply, "No, they are all well all the time..." sounds as if he is almost converted already. For extra emphasis about the people's good health I suggest putting a comma between 'they are all well' and 'all the time'. In the following sentence change 'That's what they say at work...' to 'That's what my workmates say anyway...' which has the effect of distancing Bob from his workmate's comment.

In paragraph eight, change the Bible reference to 'the Bible' as Ann is most unlikely to have remembered the exact verse from her Sunday School days. In the same sentence change 'we' to 'people' because at this stage of the story she would not be identifying herself with believers.

Also in the final sentence of the same paragraph I recommend changing the words 'Perhaps there was...' to 'Was there...'.

Finally, in paragraph nine the words '...with the nice car...' make the sentence ambiguous. It seems almost as if he had a choice of wives and that day had the wife with the nice car. Of course the car was really jointly owned by the preacher and his wife but our writing needs to be clear in such instances. In fact, given the context, I suggest deleting these troublesome words altogether. In this paragraph also I would change the word 'using' to 'abusing' which gives a better sense of how Bob was thinking.

It is clear from this story that the preacher and his wife, and the children, had abundant life but Bob and Ann did not.

Well done, Janet, for producing this well-constructed story.

## Third Place



**Addy  
Coles**  
of Havelock North

### Abundant Life

"Oh no! Frank Smith from Timbuktu saw me! He's turning his Jeep round!"

Sally, on her bike, suddenly felt trapped. She hated the way Frank manipulated her in doing what she didn't want to do, but she didn't know how to handle his advances.

"Jesus help me get away - fast! I don't ever want to see him again. Don't let him find out where I live and work... I want to live for you!"

Desperate, Sally turned left into the first street and then right into another, racing. She pedalled so fast, her heart beat unaccountably until she reached the hospital where she worked. She spun down the drive and hid behind an outhouse, puffing.

"Phew!" she whispered. "That was close! Couldn't have done that without you Jesus!"

That evening while on duty, Sally pondered on all that had happened and how she managed to evade that fast vehicle on her slow bike.

Jesus must have helped me, she thought. Maybe he blinded Frank or created a shield over me while he pushed me along like a strong wind... However He did it, I'm so grateful...

“God please help me be like Jesus,” Sally prayed.

You helped me stay out of harm’s way, far from that shady character from my past... I feel so light, God, so peaceful. I don’t understand how you do it. I just want to stick close to you from now on.

Confidence to listen to God’s small voice reminded Sally of the true desires of her heart - doing right instead of wrong.

I didn’t realise Jesus would actually help me, she thought. I know I asked him to step in, but deep down I wasn’t sure if he really would...

“It feels so good he actually protected me. Me a miserable sinner! I’m not even worth helping... Yet he answered me when I really needed him! I’ve loved Jesus as a child, but this makes me love him even more.”

A warm glow enveloped Sally all evening and later that night she fell asleep peacefully.

It was as if Jesus wrapped his arms round her, holding her tight all night.

“Thank you Jesus for saving me,” Sally prayed. “I want to follow you always and be like you. Help me do that too.”

Today Sally reads her Bible and ponders on what she’s read. She attends church and at home listens to sermons and Christian music on the radio.

“Thank you Jesus for watching over me like a Shepherd,” Sally whispers. “Although I have my share of problems, you meet my needs and help me through. Thank you for accepting me,

warts and all, and giving me peace of mind and confidence through making me God’s daughter. Having a heavenly Father is the most wonderful experience.”

Sally still feels Jesus’ arms round her at night and wakes up singing a hymn or chorus.

To think it started when Jesus rescued me from the clutches of that shady character from Timbuktu!

### **Judge’s Comments**

*Addy was the only one basing her story on an actual incident in her life. This is an excellent idea. I was immediately taken by her first sentence and was ready for the action. By sharing her thoughts we get glimpses of her heart to live for God. Unfortunately much of the story is in thought or internal dialogue and much repeats her thankfulness to God for her safety rather than expanding the idea of abundant life.*

*We get hints of something in her past life that opposed godly abundance but don’t have enough clues to help us really compare. In my opinion Bible reading, meditation, attending church and listening to Christian music are all great habits but many would see them as narrow religious behaviour rather than signs of abundant life.*

*In the very first paragraph the word ‘jeep’ does not require a capital letter. There are many jeeps around. However, if it was a Toyota jeep, Toyota would be capitalised as it is a proper noun, the name of a specific car manufacturer.*

*Despite these criticisms I found Addy’s concluding sentence satisfying and it ties the article back to the introduction very nicely. Remember too that an original title always whets the reader’s appetite. I look forward to more entries Addy.*

# Competitions for February 2016

Due by January 10th

EMAIL ENTRY AS AN ATTACHMENT, COMPLETE WITH WORD COUNT AND YOUR NAME.

**Font:** Times New Roman, 11 points.     **Line spacing:** single.

**Spaces between Paragraphs:** 6 points     **Paragraph Indentation:** None.

**Please send a high resolution photo** of yourself in the event you are awarded a place.

## **Level One**—for members 20 years old and over

**Requirement:** REFLECTIVE — If you knew Jesus was coming tomorrow, what would you change today? Try to concentrate only on a couple of areas that are most important to you and remember to not be preachy. 400 words.

**Email entry to:** Debbie McDermott at:     sddp@xtra.co.nz



*Debbie*

## **Level Two**—for members 20 years old and over

**Requirement:** POETRY — Write a poem based on a favourite psalm. While a traditional rhythm pattern isn't essential, there should still be a noticeable rhythm. Rhyme is optional. 20-25 lines, or a maximum of 250 words.

**Email entry to:** Janice Gillgren at:     jangill1359@gmail.com



*Janice*

## **Level Three**—for members 20 years old and over

**Requirement:** NEWSPAPER ARTICLE — Write a newspaper article on a significant international, national or family event in the past month. Write from a clear Christian world view but without overt preaching. 250 words max. (*Resource article: Tips on Writing for Newspapers by Janice Gillgren, Page 13 The Christian Writer, June-July 2014.*)

**Email entry to:** Ruth Linton at:     ruthlinton2015@gmail.com



*Ruth*

## **Under 20s**—for members 7-19 years old

**Requirement:** What modern day item would you like to sell/ gift to a character in the Bible and how would they react? e.g. selling a pair of Nikes to Jesus so he can walk in comfort. 250 words.

**Email entry to:** Vicki Nogaj at:     nogaj@vodafone.co.nz



*Vicki*