

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2022

THE CHRISTIAN writer

SEE INSIDE FOR

Poetry by:
Carol Congalton
Eion Field
Debbie Bennett

Book Reviews:

A Royal Invitation
by Roz Innes

RALLY Past, Present & Future
by Graham Ashby

Messages From the Heart
by David Hollis

Journey in Wonder
by Wayne Graham

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Writing Competitions and more. . .

A magazine of NZ Christian Writers



Mission: *Connecting Christian writers in New Zealand.*

Vision: *To encourage and inspire Christian writers throughout New Zealand.*

Values: *Christian faith, God's Word, professionalism, quality and social outreach.*

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Book Review Requests: (current members only)

Mail a copy of your book to our Book Reviewer, Julia Martin

286 Karapiro Road, RD4, Cambridge 3496 or email: reviews@nzchristianwriters.org

The Christian Writer is our bimonthly magazine published by NZ Christian Writers and distributed to all members. Contributions from members are always welcome. If you have some advice, encouragement, or an announcement of an event of interest to members, do send it to the editor for consideration by the 10th of the month before the next publication date. Submissions should be emailed as a word document attachment and be no more than 500 words long, except at the discretion of the editor.

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 a high standard of writing. Views and opinions expressed do not necessarily state or reflect those of the editor.

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Contents

Page 2	Contact Details – Editor Membership Secretary Book Review Requests
Page 4	President's Report – Justin St Vincent
Page 5	Editorial: Are You An Imposter? – Kathryn Paul
Page 6	Notices
Page 7	Creativity Flows in Wellington – Sarah Richards
Page 8	Introducing Travis Orams, Illustrator – Travis Orams
Page 11	Book Review: <i>A Royal Invitation</i> by Roz Innes – reviewer Julia Martin
Page 11	Book Review: <i>RALLY Past, Present & Future</i> by Graham Ashby – reviewer Julia Martin
Page 12	Book Review: <i>Messages From the Heart of God</i> by David Hollis – reviewer Julia Martin
Page 12	Book Review: <i>Journey in Wonder</i> by Wayne Graham – reviewer Julia Martin
Page 13	The Covering – poem by Carol Congalton
Page 13	Historical Poem by the late James Kirk – Frederick Swallow
Page 14	From Everlasting to Everlasting – prayer by Lesley Edgeler
Page 15	Crossword – Eion Field
Page 16	Professional Writing Services – Free Advertising for Members
Page 18	The Wonderful U – poem by Eion Field
Page 19	God Has Not Forgotten You – prayer by Tishani Vanniasingham
Page 21	Find a Local Writers Group / Welcome to New and Returning Members
Page 22	Writing Competitions Points Board
Page 22	Strolling Down the Street – poem by Debbie Bennett

CW Competitions

Page 23	Level One Results	Page 31	Level Three Results
Page 27	Level Two Results	Page 35	Competitions for October 2022

Website:

Our vibrant, user-friendly website is full of interesting information, such as details of seminars and copies of past magazines. It also gives each individual member an online presence. We encourage all members to reach out to other Christian writers. Feel free to share our website link with them so they can join us. As a member you are the best advocate for growing our collective of NZ Christian Writers.

www.nzchristianwriters.org

President's Report



Welcome to our Aug-Sep 2022 edition of *The Christian Writer*. For those who are new to our growing collective, NZ Christian Writers publishes six magazines of *The Christian Writer*,

and three magazines of *Young Christian Writer* each year. A massive thank you to our magazine editor, Kathryn Paul, who does a brilliant job of coordinating, collaborating, and co-creating our magazines to help encourage and inspire our member writers.

Recently I've been studying what Jesus said about friendship in John 15:12-15: *This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends. You are My friends if you do whatever I command you. No longer do I call you servants, for a servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all things that I heard from My Father I have made known to you.*

This is a key passage in the Gospel of John that promotes friendship. As the model of friendship, Jesus calls the disciples to love as he has loved. He enacts and models friendship throughout the Gospel, and shows us that truly valuable relationships take time and there are places we can go to give and be a friend to others. Joining a local writers group genuinely connects writers together, making a difference to their world and making a significant difference to the lives of others. As part of a local writers group, especially in our Christian faith community, each and every writer can connect to a greater mission/vision larger than themselves (greater than the sum of the parts) and develop friendships along the way. If this is for you, feel free to discover more about local writer groups on page 21 and by clicking here: www.nzchristianwriters.org/groups/

I also want to congratulate this magazine's cover photo winner, Max Carr, for yet another stunning entry to our photography competition. Max took this photo while wandering through the Christchurch Botanical Gardens on a Sunday afternoon stroll.

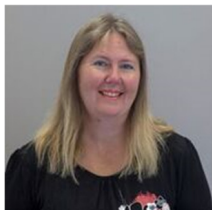
We trust you will be inspired and encouraged by the articles, interviews, competitions, reviews and writings to be discovered in this edition of *The Christian Writer*.

Blessings

Justin St Vincent

Editorial: Are You An Imposter?

by Kathryn Paul



Do you ever feel like an imposter? According to a search on Google: *Imposter syndrome is loosely defined as doubting your abilities and feeling like a fraud. It disproportionately affects high-achieving people who find it difficult to accept their accomplishments. Many question whether they're deserving of accolades.*

Often writers find it difficult to market and promote their own work and I suspect one of the things that can cause this is the feeling of not being the 'real deal'. I want to encourage all writers that no matter whether you've had your writing published or not and whatever it is you like to write – you are already the 'real deal'. The only true thing that celebrates and verifies your success as a writer is the fact that you wrote something. Anything after that is a bonus.

I recall my first goal before I wrote my children's novel *Dog Tucker* was simply to change 'One day I will write a book' into 'I have written a book'. I had no idea the Lord would later bless that effort and have the story accepted by Scholastic NZ. I have written the sequel and it wasn't accepted. I have struggled to finalise a rewrite of it ever since! I think both acceptances and rejections of our work are all part of the success story of being the 'real deal'.

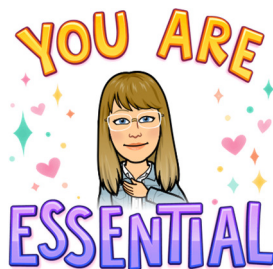
The Lord has been teaching me to learn more about my identity in Him. The more I know and understand who I am in Christ, the more secure I feel in any situation. He is the 'real deal' and in Him we can hold our heads high and stand strong.

If you ever feel like shrinking back, minimising your work or become hesitant about promoting what you do, remember it's a testimony to Jesus Christ that you have produced something on a page. Bring it out into the light and allow Him to decide how far He wants it to go.

Please don't hold yourself back due to false thoughts or lies (as Christians, we all know who wants us to believe those). Stop doubting your worth, ability or authenticity.

You are NOT an imposter; you are the real deal!

With love in Jesus,
from Kathryn.



I love to hear from our readers! Email: editor@nzchristianwriters.org

Notices

Will we see you there? Our 40th Anniversary Writers Retreat is in 2023!

Visit www.nzchristianwriters.org/retreat to book your space. The accommodation is already filling so be sure to secure your room today. We and our guest speakers are looking forward to it!



Writers Group Leaders Wanted

We need more writers group leaders due to high membership growth. If you are willing to host a group please get in touch. Email Justin at president@nzchristianwriters.org or Kathryn at editor@nzchristianwriters.org to find out more details. We'd love to hear from you!

Book Reviews Criteria

Members are welcome to request a book review of any of their published books, whether recently released or not. The main criteria is the book has to have some Christian relevancy. For more information on how to have your book reviewed in *The Christian Writer* please refer to page two.

Join the NZ Christian Writers Group on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/newzealandchristianwriters>

Submissions Wanted

Thank you for the great content we have been receiving! Keep it up because more content is needed for our magazines, *The Christian Writer* and *Young Christian Writer*. Send in your poetry, artwork, short stories, articles, cartoons, devotions or anything else you think may be suitable to share. It's great to have a variety of content from our readers. Send it by email to editor@nzchristianwriters.org



Creativity Flows in Wellington!

by Sarah Richards

More than twenty Christian writers—published, beginning and in process—gathered in Petone, Wellington during June to attend a New Zealand Christian Writers Event.

Authors Staci McClean and George Bryant QSM shared their wisdom and skills through five mini presentations. Staci taught on how to share your testimony through writing, speaking and casual chats, how to write a book fast, social media for authors and public speaking for writers.

George presented on frequently asked questions about writing and publishing. He also launched his latest book *NZ 2050* and ran the writer sharing time.

Attendees shared their inspiring ideas for upcoming projects, ministry, testimonies, novels and real-life stories.

"Thank you for welcoming me Wellington. It was a great day. I really enjoyed meeting everyone and hearing about the interesting projects and writing in progress. I loved the interesting questions and discussion time. I left feeling encouraged and inspired," said Staci.

"Everyone was enthusiastic and keen to learn. A number committed to registering with the NZ Christian Writers," said George.



Waitakere river ponding, Huntly

Photo by —
Wendy J. Carr

*"You will
keep him in
perfect peace
whose mind is
stayed on
you"*
Isaiah 26:3



Travis Orams, Illustrator
www.travisorams.art

Introducing Travis Orams, Illustrator

by Travis Orams

The world within a child's head is colourful, creative and beautifully chaotic. Part of our night-time routine involves telling bedtime stories to my two young boys (four years and two years). However, our stories are improvised, requesting characters, items and places from those around us. Our boys join in the fun, and their storytelling abilities are often quite surprising and full of unexpected twists and turns.

I'm Travis Orams, a children's book illustrator, husband, father, and student of the Bible. I've been drawing fun, cute, bright and colourful characters for decades before finally taking steps into book illustrating. Telling stories with my boys reminds me of why I love to draw; to hear about characters, events, bizarre creatures or lost artefacts – and visualise my interpretation of them.

Growing up home schooled, I was given ample opportunity to explore my creative tendencies with different mediums: pencils, felt pens, acrylic paints, oil paints, and digital art. I loved looking at art, reading *Asterix*, *Footrot Flats* and *Garfield* comic books. We had an extensive *Disney* and *VeggieTales* VHS collection. I soaked in written and visual storytelling like a sponge.

In my late teens, I decided to pursue this at LifeWay College where I studied the multi-faceted art forms involved in 3D animation for a couple of years before going on to work as an animator at Weta Productions on the second season of the *Wotwots*.



While I loved the art form, it didn't quite mesh with me. I moved into other digital media forms of work: designing online forms and surveys, being a graphics designer at a screen printing company, moving into commercial marketing and creating product videos, large product catalogues and developing marketing campaigns. On this journey, my passion for creating art got lost along the way.

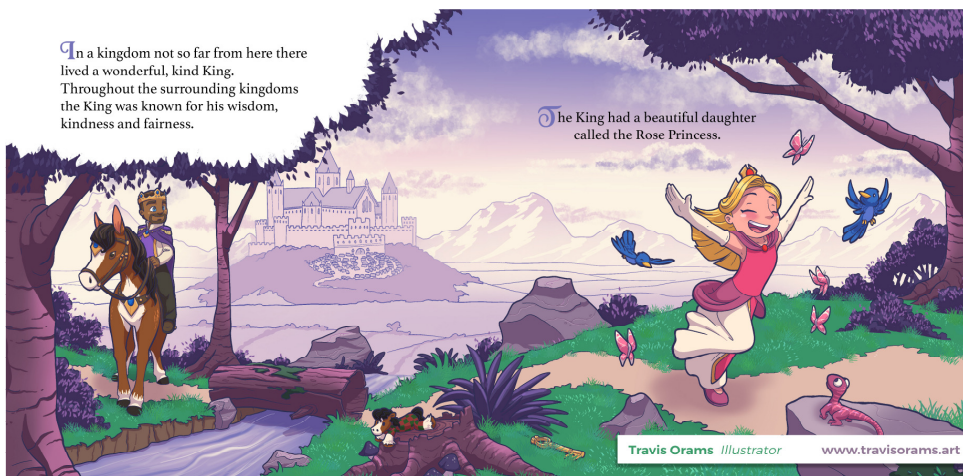
During my theological studies I was reminded of the original passion for art – to create beautiful Christian children's books and teaching materials that rival the best the secular world can offer. Coming back into line with the original

dream God placed in my heart in my early teens, I've experienced a revitalising of creativity and had the privilege of working on two amazing books, *The Rose Princess and the Special Gift* by Pastor Mike de Vetter, and *Brooklyn Builds a Bridge* by Stacey Mareroa-Roberts.



In a kingdom not so far from here there lived a wonderful, kind King. Throughout the surrounding kingdoms the King was known for his wisdom, kindness and fairness.

The King had a beautiful daughter called the Rose Princess.



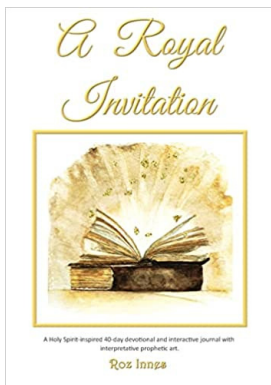
I originally illustrated Mike's book back in 2010 and I've had the privilege to revisit and re-illustrate it again over a decade later. While the print date for *Brooklyn Builds a Bridge* is unconfirmed, it is currently open for pre-orders with a July-August printing window.



If you have wonderful worlds and characters you want to share with God's precious children, I'd love to chat with you about how we can visually bring them to life together. Visit www.travisorams.art

Young Christian Writer magazine is out now! Sign up for a free digital subscription today! (Note this special offer doesn't include *The Christian Writer*.) Click here to sign up to *Young Christian Writer*: <http://eepurl.com/hSQOhX>





A Royal Invitation

By Roz Innes

Review by Julia Martin

Published by
Wordwyze
Publishing Ltd NZ
2022

A Royal Invitation is a 40-day anthology of devotionals which the author has compiled from her spiritual walk with God through the highs and lows of everyday life.

In her preface she writes: 'Like most of you, I have been faced with numerous tests and trials since committing my life to God. His Word and presence have strengthened me and enabled me to persevere.'

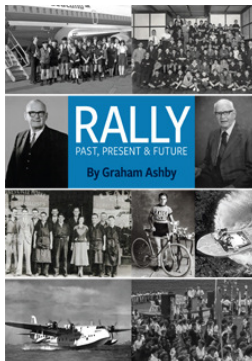
'My heart's desire is to see more people standing strong in their faith despite the stresses of life.'

Each devotional features a verse from scripture in a modern translation, followed by a short, insightful comment and prayer.

Roz then invites the reader to ponder these thoughts and apply them personally by writing them down in a space under the heading – 'God is saying to me.'

On the opposite page, each devotional is accompanied by a matching piece of modern artwork in water colour by Dominique Driver and Erin Innes.

At the back of the book, Roz outlines the details and scripture references of The Royal Invitation God extends to us all, so no one can be in doubt. It's a delightful devotional and interactive journal which will be a joy to read and share with others.



RALLY Past, Present & Future

By Graham Ashby

Review by Julia Martin

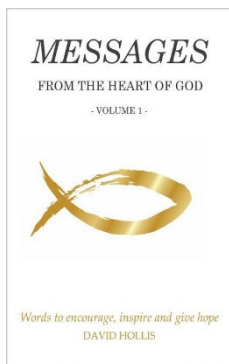
Published by Castle
Publishing Ltd 2022

In this brief history, the author traces the story of one of the Christian community's most successful youth outreaches. In 1944 two men belonging to the Open Brethren movement saw the need for a well-balanced programme of spiritual, mental and physical activities to meet the needs of boys in the difficult post-war environment.

Leo Clarke, owner of a successful bicycle business, and Les Harris, an experienced school master together formed a Christian youth movement known as the Every Boy's Rally. One year later, two women founded the Every Girl's Rally in Auckland. The primary focus of the Rally movement was to share the good news of Jesus Christ and to equip young people with life skills in a safe, caring, fun-filled environment.

Under God's control, the movement spread rapidly throughout New Zealand and then Australia, Fiji, Northern Ireland, India and many other parts of the world. By 1966, there were 332 Rallies in New Zealand with 11,545 children enrolled. As New Zealand's culture and times changed over the years, the number of Rallies declined.

Graham passionately exhorts Christians to take up the baton of faith and seek ways to adapt the movement to face the challenges of our modern society. Graham salutes the committed men and women who boldly strove to bring the gospel to thousands of young people and give them hope and purpose during the movement's 78-year history. 'Their legacy challenges our future', he concludes.



Messages From the Heart of God Volume One

By David Hollis

Review by Julia Martin

Self-Published 2021

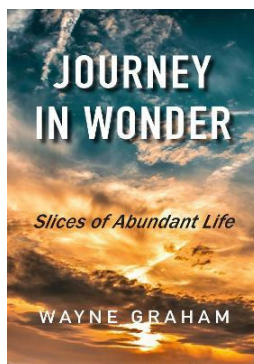
Self-publishing has proved to be a great means of sharing with others in a wider capacity the wisdom and insights derived from one's life experiences and relationship with God.

In this first volume the author has compiled a set of short, standalone messages in both prose and poetry. In his introduction David writes: 'I wanted to lay down a trail of words that would lead the reader on a journey of inspiration, encouragement and hope. To hear messages from the heart of God that would teach us, or remind us, of His great love, care and grace.'

The variety of his themes are drawn from biblical characters, his observations in the natural world, everyday experiences, quotations from Scripture, and the wise sayings of individuals.

I found David's messages both uplifting and challenging. He's not afraid to bare his soul concerning his struggles and challenges in life. But he also reveals a deep and intimate relationship with God which is the result of spending much time in prayer and meditation on His Word.

He offers sound advice such as: 'We don't like the storms, but there are some things we only learn in that place. When everything is flying to bits and you don't know what to do, find what God has to say about it. Then hold fast to that. Over time this will produce the faith and hope that will help you through.' I look forward to subsequent volumes David intends writing.



Journey in Wonder Slices of Abundant Life

By Wayne Graham

Review by Julia Martin

Published by DayStar
Books Ltd 2022

In his mid-forties, Wayne experienced what seemed like a mid-life crisis. Divorced and disillusioned with worldly success, he began to question the meaning and value of life.

After the miraculous healing of a physical ailment, which he believed was the result of God's answer to his prayer, he decided to give himself one hundred percent to God.

From that point on, he describes how his life took on a different dimension and a whole new world opened up for him with service in many spheres including overseas mission trips to Asia, Africa, America and the Middle East where he witnessed miracle healings and the power of God.

In each standalone chapter of his book he deals with stories, observations and life experiences which he describes as 'slices of abundant life'. From these varied topics he draws spiritual applications and insights backed up by relevant scriptures to encourage and inspire readers in their own journey of wonder with God.

The easy-to-read stories include humour such as his scary encounter as a child with Clucky, a bantam hen, which later in life helped him overcome his fears including public speaking. He writes: 'Sometimes your greatest fear can be your greatest strength.'

'What is your legacy?' is Wayne's final challenge to the reader. He concludes that, 'When we leave this planet the most powerful thing we leave here are our stories'. You may agree or disagree, but as Christian writers, it's a statement worth contemplating.



The Covering

by Carol Congalton

Love that covers, love Divine,
I am Yours and You are mine;
hidden within the Rock of Ages
my life unveiled through the pages
of the Lambs' Book of Life.

O love that covers, love Divine,
forget-me-not as You entwine
our hearts together as we ascend
the garden where Yeshua tends
the plantings of His love.

Love that covers, love Divine
I am Yours and You are mine
tapestry of purple Royal
I have found that You are loyal
to all who cling to Thee



Poem by the late James Kirk

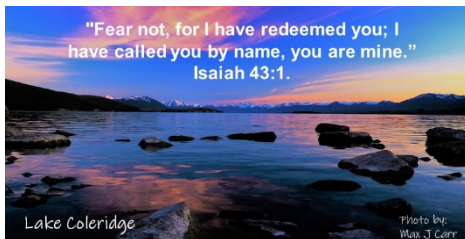
Twas in year eighteen ninety-six
The date of sailing I did fix,
In Tongariro, fine old ship,
I made that first initial trip.

From Wellington I sailed away,
On February the twentieth day,
We headed straight across the deep,
To Horn's wild Cape, so dark and steep.

Then to the north our course we made,
To land in Monte without aid
Of Spanish tongue or friend to meet
And guide me in a foreign street.
Alone, unaided, but by God,
Upon those foreign shores I trod.

From *My Life's History*, a poem by
James Kirk, Catlins – missionary to
Argentina 1896-1952

Thank you to Frederick Swallow for this historical submission.



From Everlasting to Everlasting

Prayer by Lesley Edgeler

Glorious Creator, everlasting God

You who made the tides ebb and flow

The moon to cast its light over the ocean swirls

The sun to rise and set each day.

Who are we to question Your unlimited provision,

Your splendour, Your glory and mighty power?

When facing life's issues do we come to You first?

Or try to problem-solve in our own strength?

When tragedy occurs do we look to You for comfort and consolation

Or lean on others' shoulders in our sorrow,

Placing You at the bottom of our emotional ladders?

When we're feeling isolated, lost, abandoned and all seems hopeless,

Do we look for You or erect invisible walls of protection around ourselves;

Blocking others out—blocking you out?

Why are we humans like this?

In Your Holy Word, we read of Your people who made the same mistakes, coped in similar fashion, yet came back to You.

To Your welcoming arms of love, ready to be carried on Your shoulder like the Shepherd with the lamb.

We waste time and opportunities to get to know You more deeply.

Help us, Lord God, to understand Your unfailing, unconditional love for us and to be ever-grateful.

In Your glorious creation, may we marvel at the intricacies of a shimmering spider's web; at the outstretched wings of an eagle, the silvery trail of a snail.

May we rejoice in the sunrises and sunsets of each day; in the ebbing and flowing of our daily lives; gaze at the moonlight over the waters; see Your splendour in the waterfall, Your glory in the heavens and Your mighty power in the lightning flash.

Give us the strength to problem-solve with Your leading; to rejoice and wonder at each new birth; to place You at the top of our ladders so we can reach up and hold Your hand when loved-ones are taken from us.

Help us to knock down our protective walls with Your help and let You in to heal our hurts and bruises and fill us with Your peace.

Lord, we thank You for Your limitless provision; for Your wonderful Word and Your springs of Living Water washing over us and cleansing us.

Guide us in using our time wisely under Your direction; set us free to run into Your arms of embrace knowing that with You we are never isolated, lost or abandoned for there You are with us and beside us.

Lord, we praise You every day because You are deserving of our praise.

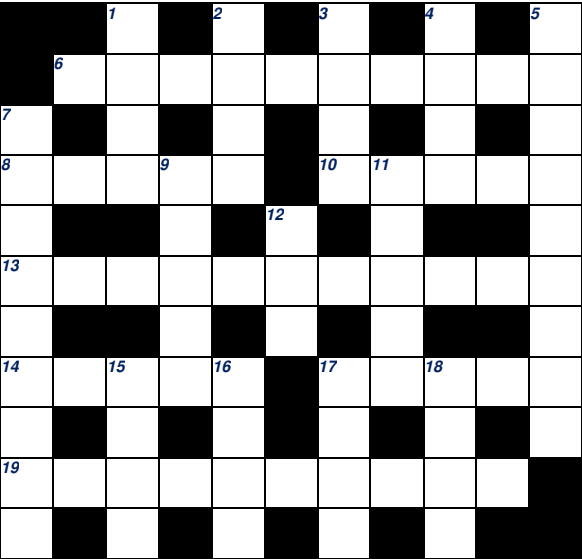
For You, and You only 'are from everlasting to everlasting!'

You are the Great I Am, the King of kings and Lord of lords and we exalt You.

Amen.

Reference: Psalm 90:1-2

Crossword by Eion Field



Clues Down:

- 1. Little explorer in children's books
- 2. Jesse had many, including David
- 3. Poetic word for island
- 4. Timbuktu is a town in this African country
- 5. Honouring
- 7. Suspended sentence with limited freedom (Law)
- 9. Heartbeat
- 11. Strap attached to a dog collar
- 12. In the past
- 15. Leg joint
- 16. Tidy
- 17. Rope wound in a loop
- 18. Prayerful widow mentioned in Luke's gospel

Clues Across:

- 6. Letter Paul wrote to one of the early churches
- 8. 'A man what he sows'
- 10. The most privileged
- 13. American evangelist of the 20th century; 5,6
- 14. A symbol or souvenir
- 17. A shackle
- 19. Surgical procedures

(Solution page 22)

Professional Writing Services

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A WORD ABOUT EDITING

I am a freelance editor having received a Diploma of Proofreading and Editing from NZIBS in 2012. I have edited a large range of documents including novels, biographies, magazine articles, websites, and university assignments.

In August 1968, while beginning teacher training, Jesus Christ changed my heart and the whole direction of my life. I am passionate about working with Christian writers, helping them polish their work until it shines.

I endeavour to read the writer's intentions, not just their words, helping them shape their writing into a more accurate, natural and pleasing form.

Graham Pedersen: 027 440 5851

E: gpetersen@hotmail.co.nz

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CHRISTIAN EDITING

My name is Lola Goulton and I run Christian Editing Services.

I hold a Bachelor of Commerce Degree in marketing and have over twenty years' experience in human resources, including writing and editing a company newsletter, developing a government website, contributing to a textbook, and writing and proofreading more client reports than I can count.

I specialise in editing Christian fiction and advising pre-published and self-published authors on the business side of writing, publishing and marketing. Find out more at <https://christianediting.co.nz/resources/> or <https://christianediting.co.nz/blog/> and sign up for a free two-week course on revising and self-editing your novel.

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Ray Curle: 09 439 5717

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WRITING ANSWERS

I have over 20 years of experience as a copy editor and proof reader. I work on non-fiction books/articles/memoirs and also academic editing/proof reading.

I work with authors to prepare their work for self-publishing. I make sure their documents are print ready and, for example, I tell them that they do need to use mirror margins on their documents and no, the printer won't do that for you.

I have qualifications in technical and professional communication, editing and proof reading, science and laboratory technology.

I am in my happy place when editing and thoroughly enjoy turning people's prose into award winning documents.

Janette Busch

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The Wonderful U

by Eion Field

Did you ever pause to think about the common letter **U**?

I suspect for most of **us** we seldom ever do

A **humble**, **unobtrusive** vowel, well down the alphabet,

A plainer ordinary **figure** would be difficult to get.

But though it's oft surrounded and besieged by letters tall,

The **U** endues a **value** and a **quality** to all.

In written **lingua franca**, (as long as spelling's **true**)

We **fully use** the good old **U**; just ask the letter **Q**!

We **utilise our U** constructing many an English word,

Don't blame the **U** if **rules** are inconsistent and **absurd**.

Trough and **though**, **thought** and **tough**, **plough** and don't forget **through**,

They're all articulated differently; it's not the **fault of U**.

Now in the Bible there's some words of scripture from Saint **Paul**

For the **guttu church** at Philippi, **faithful** to the call.

And can you **guess**, **our trusty U** turns **up** in chapter **four**

To help give reassurance, a **virtual treasure** store.

"Whatever things are **true** and **just**, **pure** and honourable,

Whatever's **luvly** (oops!), whatever things are seen as **laudable**."

Such good **stuff**, writes **Paul**, should **occupy our** very thoughts and hearts,

With peace "**surpassing understanding**" our **gracious** Lord imparts.

You may be **bruised** and **hurting**, it's not **unusual** these days.

God is your **refuge**, **source** of strength, **your guardian** always.

But if you're misdirected it's of **utmost** concern,

So get on board with **Jesus**, do the **ultimate U-turn**

God Has Not Forgotten You

Based on an intercessory prayer

by Tishani Vanniasingham

To all those who desire belonging, fulfilment and purpose. I pray for you.

To all those who seek answers, answers to creation, life.

Meaning.

I pray for you.

You are not alone.

You are not forgotten.

Heavenly Father,

You see these lost souls.

You see them trying to find you.

Meditation, crystals, psychedelics... our meek attempts to find wholeness.

Completion.

Lord, only you fill that void.

I feel this ache, Lord – why me? Why do I know this pain of the lost?

You are mine, and I am yours.

What are you trying to show me?

You guide me – your Holy Spirit fills me.

I feel your power course through me.

Empower me for what you ask of me now.

Families,

To all those couples, to those mothers.

Lord, you see them.

You see them suffer.

You've heard their cries.

You've heard their prayers.

They long for a miracle.

Lord, I feel it. I feel the pain of... a woman.

This ache in my heart; an unbearable feat.

Lord, I see her. Show me.

I see her now. Her chestnut hair - a blanket of protection from the wounds of her loss.

Blood, a flow of crimson – like a sacrifice at the altar.

Lord, this mother weeps for her baby.

Weeps for the little life you gave her.

The life she couldn't hold.

Why did you take it away? Lord, I don't understand.

A tear falls – rolls down with all my hope and dreams.

I did not fight. I did not resist. All I wanted was comfort.

I gave your Holy Spirit dominion then.

Lord, this is not my pain. What are you showing me?

This woman must feel it tenfold. You, a hundredfold.

God, you see her. You love her.

Show her. I pray she feels you now.

Feels the agape love only you can provide.

Let me intercede for her.

I see. That's what you want from me.

Heavenly Father,

I pray for this woman. I pray that she gets her miracle.

I pray that she sees the light at the end of the tunnel.

I can only imagine the depth of what she feels now, Lord.

But you know.

You know more than she ever could.

I pray for the baby, the little life that dwells with you now.

I pray the reunion will be sweet, full of bliss - worth all the blood and tears shed.

They will be reunited one day.

Mother, Father and child.

In your kingdom, in your time.

I feel the ache ebb away at its edges.

Thank you, Lord, for your mercy.

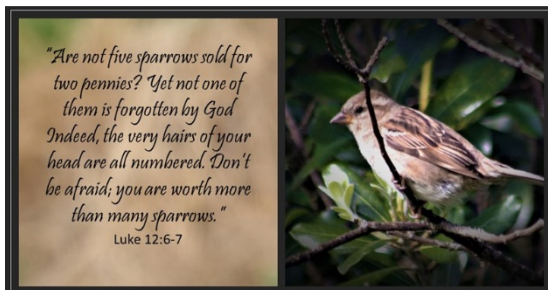
I don't know this woman. Who is she?

Who is she, Lord?

God, what is her name?

I hear the voice, your voice, Lord.

Sara. Sara. God has not forgotten you.



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For details email our NZCW president, Justin St Vincent:

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Crossword Solution from page 15

Across: 6.Colossians 8.reaps 10.elite 13.Billy Graham 14.token 17.chain 19.operations

Down: 1.Dora 2.sons 3.isle 4.Mali 5.esteeming 7.probation 9.pulse 11.leash 12.ago
15.knee 16.neat 17.coil 18.Anna

Writing Competitions Points Board

Level One		Level Two		Level Three	
Taylor Foster	15	Clive McKegg	15	Jean Crane	42
Lijlanie Stander	12	Kathryn Paul	15	Pat Kerr	27
Fiona Murray	9	Sue Shelton	12	Pauline Marshall	27
		Jill Clarke	9	Jean Shewan	18
				Heather Vincent	12
				Janet Fleming	9
				Ella Hamlin	9
				Ruth Jamieson	9

Competition entrants in Levels One and Two have started afresh collecting points on the writing competitions points board.

In each magazine, place getters receive points: 15 points for first, 12 points for second and 9 points for third. At the end of November, the highest points in Levels One, Two and Three will be awarded monetary prizes for first, second and third.

Prizes up for grabs are: **\$60 for First Place**, **\$50 for Second Place**, **\$40 for Third place**. These are now awarded as Manna Christian Store e-vouchers via email. Our next prize-winners will be published in the Dec 2022-Jan 2023 magazine edition.

All new members begin entering in Level One. To be promoted to Level Two or Three, contestants need to receive points at least three times on their current level. Our judges also require regular entries and improved writing. Entrants receive helpful constructive feedback via email from the judges.

Strolling Down the Street

by Debbie Bennett

I really love my walks
I'm never ever bored.
That's written down in chalk.

Pointy green-brown leaves in trees
Dead-still or swaying
Are littering the cracked footpath.
My sneakers meet the pavement,
Stepping, crunching,
On dead leaves.
It doesn't leave me.

The footpath is uprooted
Those tree roots pushing them up
It's all wonky and crooked.
My bike lives for that bumpy ride.
A bit like life, isn't it?

Competition Results

Level One

Judge: Debbie McDermott

Requirement: Write a story similar to an Aesop's fable on the topic of 'Daring to be Different'. Your story must contain only two characters who can be either animals or people. The moral of your story should also be based on Christian principles and be clearly conveyed to your reader in the final sentence. (400 words maximum)

General Comments

I was delighted to receive 13 good entries to this competition and congratulate the contestants for providing me with some excellent reading matter. All entries except one were written more or less in a style similar to that used by Aesop and yet were completely different in terms of content and the takeaway message (the moral of the story).

The strength of a fable is that it uses the familiar to communicate moral or spiritual truths and an outcome that will challenge the reader to respond. Nearly all the entrants did very well in this regard, but a couple of entries fell more into the fairy tale category where the outcome of the story was too incredible to be taken seriously.

Especially interesting were the various characters entrants chose for their fables. These included people, robots, lions, lemmings, zebras, a horse, a caterpillar/ butterfly, a snake, a weta, a kakapo, a porcupine, a pig, a pup, a cat and a dog. One of the tricks of writing a good fable is to personify animal/non-human characters so they appear to have human traits and characteristics to which the reader can relate and respond to. This was successfully achieved for the most part.

Despite receiving so many well-written entries, choosing the three winners of this competition proved to be easier than expected. Their fables were outstanding and they met all the key requirements of the competition with excellence.

*Unfortunately, several entrants who stood a chance of being placed lost marks for either exceeding the wordcount requirement of 400 words **maximum** or being more than ~5% (i.e. ~20 words) below it. I have previously commented on wordcount requirements in the April 2022 and June 2021 issues of *The Christian Writer* as well as in my personal critiques, so will not add anything further here except to urge entrants to take the time to read my feedback so that these unnecessary sorts of mistakes can be avoided. It is hugely disappointing to have to mark an entry down due to such oversights.*

First Place



Taylor
Foster
of
Tauranga

The Pig & The Pup

Once upon a time, a pig and a puppy lived on a farm. The pig was big, round and the leader of all the other farm folk, while Pup was small and gentle and only friends with the farmer. Pup, in his usual kind way, went to see Pig.

"Hello, Pig," he said from over the fence.

Pig tossed a lazy glance toward the young soul. If truth be told, Pig didn't like how different Pup was. Everyone else tried to be like Pig and do all the things he did. All except Pup. Pig wanted to change this and make Pup become just like him.

"Hello, Pup," Pig bellowed. "I heard you haven't rolled in the mud. Is that true?"

Pup's brow furrowed. "No, I don't think I have."

"Oh. Everyone here has done it. Everyone." His voice grew deeper. "Once they do it, they fit in. I do it all the time and everyone likes me."

Pup looked at the mud in Pig's pen. A lump rose in his throat and the world seemed to spin.

Pig preyed on Pup's confusion. "Everyone's been talking about it behind your back. They all said, 'Pup hasn't done the mud roll so we can't accept him.'"

Pup's heart was racing. He'd never faced such a choice. Farmer had said to him, very specifically, "Do not roll in the mud, Pup. It's not good for you." But Pig was saying it was the only way to fit in at the farm – and he did feel on the outside sometimes.

"Well, what do you say Pup? Come on in!" Pig yelled heartily.

Pup's eyes glanced all around. He could simply cross and roll, and Farmer wouldn't know. His heart beat faster and faster and his little paws began to sweat. He could see Farmer's face in his mind, his caring eyes, trusting him.

"No... no, I'm not going to roll." He stammered. "It's wrong. Farmer said not to and... and I will listen to him because he knows best."

Pig's face turned into a scowl. "You stupid dog! Always following the farmer. You'll never fit in here."

Pup ran away from Pig and realised that though he would not fit in with the crowd of the farm, and certainly not with Pig, he would fit in with the one who mattered most – his father.

Second Place



Lijlanie
Stander
of Wainui,
Auckland

Daring to be different

Early one November morning Chanya and Hasi went for a walk on the beach. Hasi was reluctant to go since the weather application on her phone predicted a fifty percent chance of rain. Chanya, on the other hand, was excited to go. The application on her phone predicted a fifty percent chance of sunny skies. Chanya arrived smiling. The orange and purple tint on the horizon harboured the promise of a beautiful sunrise. Hasi approached her frowning, glaring untrusting at the dark grey clouds.

Her frown deepened when Chanya turned around and started walking backwards next to her, albeit in the same direction. "Normal people face the direction they are walking," she mumbled as she zipped her jacket up higher.

Giggling, Chanya replied: "I am simply changing my perspective." Mesmerized by the kaleidoscope of purple, orange, pink and blue on the south-eastern horizon, she took a deep breath. She threw her arms in the air and exclaimed: "Thank you, Lord!"

Hasi shook her head in disbelief. The grey clouds loomed restless in the north-eastern skies and darkened her mood. They reached the rocks which are normally under water during high tide. The tide was rising, exposing various open patches of sand as the waves played 'Tag' with the rocky beach. "We should take the high road like the rest of the beach walkers," Hasi warned. Chanya quickly took off her trainers and socks. Before Hasi could stop her, she started running through the shallow waters, laughing, and jumping on rocks when the waves got to close.

"Why do you always have to see and do things so differently, Chanya? Can't you just be annoyed when dreadful things happen, like everybody else?" Hasi was now cold, uncomfortable, and missed the beautiful sunrise completely.

"My dear Hasi, I simply chose to ignore the gloomy skies and turned my back towards the looming storm. Instead, I watched the beautiful sunrise. When I saw high tide creeping up on us, I chose to overcome it by removing whatever could cause me discomfort. As a result, I had a free, refreshing foot bathe. We always have a choice: we can focus on the negative stimuli around us, or we can choose to take every negative thought captive and make it subject to Christ. We can choose to turn our backs on the dark, gloomy clouds and focus on the Son – pardon my pun!"

Third Place



Fiona
Murray
of Lincoln,
Selwyn District,
Canterbury

The Lion and the Porcupine

Every day the lion and the porcupine went for a walk together. On their walk they talked about many things – their homes, families, and friends.

One hot day they sat under an acacia tree on a hill. From their viewpoint they could see many animals far away. They carried on their conversation while looking at them down below.

“Look at those flamingos,” the porcupine said, “They think they’re so pretty with their pink feathers. They want everybody to notice them and think they’re beautiful. Well, they’re not.”

The lion smiled cheerfully at the porcupine and replied, “Flamingos are phenomenal. Did you know that a group of flamingos is called a flamboyance? They grow so tall and fly so fast and live for a very long time. What amazing creatures they are.”

The porcupine grumbled under his breath, then turned to watch the hyenas. “Can you see the hyenas? They are weird and have a terrible laugh. They laugh when there is nothing funny at all.”

The lion chuckled cheekily. “Hyenas are hilarious. Laughter is the best medicine. They whoop and yell and cackle. Did you know the sounds they make can be heard so far away? What fabulous creatures they are.”

The porcupine sighed and nodded his pointy nose towards some stink bugs nearby. “Those stink bugs are dreadful to be near,” the porcupine retorted, “Their smell is so terrible, I can’t stand being near those nasty things.”

The lion grinned gleefully. “Stink bugs are stupendous. Did you know that they come in all sorts of colours and patterns? They can provide quite the show! Stink bugs will use different smells for different reasons. What incredible creatures they are.”

The porcupine rolled his eyes and then noticed the elephants. “The elephant’s skin is so wrinkly and hairy,” whined the porcupine, “it feels disgusting, and I don’t want to go anywhere near them.”

The lion laughed loudly. “Elephants are elephantine! An elephant never forgets. Did you know they spend more than half the day eating? Which means of course they poo a lot, but that’s so good for the land. What marvellous creatures they are.”

The porcupine pondered on what he had heard. He frowned at the lion. “What do you think about me?” The lion gently replied, “I see a most magnificent creature, perfectly and wonderfully made.”

Where there is hatred, love one another. Dare to be different with love.

This story is dedicated to Trevor Armstrong, who was always our cheerful lion. Sadly missed by our children, Abigail and Ethan.

Level Two

Judge: Lesley Edgeler

Requirement: Write a description about an unusual experience you had during a lockdown. (350 words)

General Comments

Welcome aboard Sue Shelton and Clive McKegg. All the best to Ruth Jamieson as you participate at Level Three.

I received six well-written entries for this competition. Most points were lost for slip-ups re grammar and spelling.

The book of Ecclesiastes lists fourteen antithetical pairs of activities (or opposites) in chapter 3:1-9, beginning with ‘To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven’. For many, lockdown was made up of many similar contrasts—babies were born, many loved ones died; there was laughter and weeping, rejoicing and mourning, times to reflect, times to speak to those far away and times to try new things. Yet those of us in lockdown needed encouragement to defuse depression; hope to combat fear.

*For this topic, the key word was **unusual**. I awarded Clive McKegg first equal. His second opening sentence, ‘But today is different,’ gives the reader a sense of the unexpected to follow.*

Kathryn Paul’s description of singing Vegetales songs with her daughter illustrates the real need for release of tension during the lockdown. Kathryn came equal first with Clive.

Sue Shelton’s bike ride earned her second placing and Jill Clarke added an unexpected twist to her lockdown experience when she thought she’d been locked out. This earned her third place.

When writing about an experience, it is important to:

- 1. Begin with a good hook to capture the reader’s attention.*
- 2. Write in the first person.*
- 3. Preferably use past tense.*
- 4. Include humour, conflict or tension.*
- 5. Provide insight into the author’s life which can pertain to the reader’s own life.*
- 6. Give a convincing conclusion.*

Referring back to Ecclesiastes 3, this season of our lives which has affected the whole world has provided many new experiences and opportunities that need to be recorded for future generations. Any one experience of a human being is the second-by-second occurrence which incorporates all the senses and results in a pragmatic oneness with a particular event in life.

I chose to include reality, uniqueness of experience and emotion as my prerequisites for the competition. This competition was an instrument to help in recording such an experience.

First Place Equal



Clive
McKegg
of Whangarei

Unexpected Blessings

We walk most days from our home, down the hill, up the next street and left towards the river track. But today is different. There is an immense quietness about the neighbourhood. No groaning trucks. No crescendo of cars. No shrieking motorcycles. The birds seem to be celebrating, taking up the slack.

Opposite the end of our street an elderly gentleman sits on his deck contemplating the stillness. Our eyes meet, he smiles, waves and we wave back. This is new. Along with the birds something else is emerging. Community. We are starting to need each other. We are all a little frightened, so we reach out with a smile – a reassurance that we are human, and that we need other humans.

Along the way we chat with others. Fathers are out adventuring with their children when they would normally be working. Families are playing together in their front yards. Soft toys peep cautiously out of windows. Despite the threat of the pandemic, we sense that people feel strangely alive in this new world without the hum and push. We keep physical distance, but there is a closeness of soul that we have never experienced in our community before.

We walk on the road instead of the footpath, celebrating a small victory over the techtopian world. Where vehicles and noise once ruled it is as if life is cautiously emerging from hiding. The old world of human pace and human scale is waking.

It has been said that atheism is the religion of the busy. There is something holy in this stillness. This new pace and re-connection feel like another age where we may again *“Cease striving and know that I am God”*. Psalm 46:10 (NASB)

While in prayer later that evening a small toy koala bear peeks out at me from a childhood memory. I remember holding the comforting fur to my face and neck and the ache of wanting to be held like that and to feel deep belonging. I sense my Heavenly Father saying “I am holding you close to me, close to my face. Do not fear.” My soul is restored another degree.

First Place Equal



Kathryn
Paul

of Northland

Silly Medley

Living off the grid in the quiet Far North rural area of Hokianga was a great place to experience a lockdown. Nothing changed noticeably locally because it was already a very quiet, isolated area. We were surrounded by high hills of native bush and on a gravel road, so isolation was nothing new!

It was 2020 and my daughter had left home to attend a six-month YWAM (Youth With a Mission) DTS (Discipleship Training School). She was disappointed when the lockdown caused her DTS to come to a premature end and she felt it was a real downer to be sent back home. I, on the other hand, felt grateful to have her company and not be completely alone during that first lockdown. Not knowing what was going to happen next gave me an unusual feeling.

We were sharing a small, solar powered caravan, sleeping on a set of bunk beds. Boredom (or was it lockdown-looniness?) began to set in one evening and spontaneously one of us began singing a Vegetales song. From there it became a turn-taking medley of all the Vegetales songs we could recall from her growing-up years. As we performed with remarkable accuracy all the lyrics and sound effects we were reduced to hysterical laughter along the way. At one point even our laughter landed unintentionally in the correct part of the medley when we were singing the television theme song! That made us laugh harder still. Our medley included the songs; *Oh Where is My Hairbrush*, *Somebody's Got a Water Buffalo* and *We Are the Grapes of Wrath*. These were just some of the evening's entertainment.

I look back on that lockdown and our silly medley stands out to me as a little out of the ordinary and a fun mother-daughter time. It was unusual how *'Silly Songs with Larry'* caused a fond lockdown memory!

Second Place



Sue
Shelton
of Hastings,
Hawkes Bay

The Joy of Freewheeling

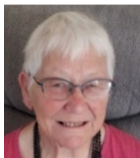
What I am about to tell seems very simple. An episode of small significance. However, lockdown provided me with an experience that I had not had before. The one I relate to you now is merely the experience of riding across town on my bicycle. How is riding across town unusual, you may ask? It is simply that the incident was transformed by the lack of other traffic on the road!

When I hauled my bicycle out from the back of the garage its tyres were flat and I had to walk it to the nearest petrol station to get air. Tyres inflated, I set out across town with a feeling of excitement and nostalgia. My poor bicycle had not been out for a ride for many months. What joy it was to sail down the road and not worry about breathing in the fumes of cars and trucks. The air had a clarity and purity that made it a pleasure to breathe. There was so much less chance of not being seen among a mass of vehicles. Less chance of being squashed by someone checking their mobile. I was clearly noticeable in my high-visibility vest on the mainly empty road. Quietness allowed me to hear the approach of any vehicle behind me long before it reached me. I could command the centre of the road as if I was the only one using it with plenty of time to move aside at the approach of a vehicle.

As I dawdled on my bike, I was able to enjoy the sight of teddy bears and other stuffed animals sitting in the windows of houses. It was as if the stuffed animal brigade had made a pact to cheer up the lives of passing children – and adults! The road was so quiet that I was able to practice a few tricks. I managed to ride nearly a whole block with no hands!

My bike is stowed at the back of the garage once more, tyres gradually deflating. I wonder when I will take for its next spin.

Third Place



Jill
Clarke
of Wanganui

Lockdown / Lockout

The newspaper article had ideas for filling time during lockdown. One suggestion was to use our five senses while out for a walk.

I needed fresh air and exercise. Lockdown seemed antisocial for someone who lives alone. A mask in my pocket I set off.

God had painted the sky in shades of grey/blue with blobs of white.

The breeze rearranged my hair and tickled my face.

I enjoyed the sun on my back as I took in big breaths of fresh air. Flowers released their fragrance, my favourite being the hedge of White Jasmine. I picked Lavender, rubbed the soft leaves and sniffed. How refreshing.

Birds chirped their morning greeting. Cars clunked over a metal plate in the road.

Noticing the tidy gardens and mown lawns I was aware that others were busily using the lockdown for catching up on work previously put aside.

A feeling of gratitude touched my heart as neighbours along the street called a cheery “Hullo. It’s good to see you out and about.”

I thanked God for the gift of my five senses; sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell.

Arriving home, I felt my pocket for keys. They were not there. I tried other pockets with the same result. Had I missed my pocket thinking they were safely inside? Had they dislodged with my handkerchief when I blew my nose? Would I need to repeat my walk while searching?

I entered the code in my lock box retrieving the spare set of keys. Noticing the security grill was unlocked I saw the main door was wide open. I had left my keys hanging in the door.

I breathed a huge “Thank you Lord for keeping the house safe while I was out.”

Thinking back over this experience I remembered the words of Jesus.

“Neither He nor the Father shuts anyone out.”

John 5:24 The Message

Level Three

Judge: Julia Martin

Requirement: Imagine you are a creature living in the zoo. Describe a typical day in your life. This can be serious or funny. (250 words)

General Comments

Not all the writing we do has to have a set purpose. Sometimes it's fun to let our imaginations and creative juices flow. This topic invites members to brainstorm and use their creativity to produce a serious or funny account of a typical day in the life of a creature confined in the captivity of a zoo.

To do this effectively, the writer has to take on the form and demeanour of the creature chosen – be it a bird, an animal, a fish, or some other creature, and relate its daily routine or experience. This will most likely, though not necessarily, mean writing in the first person voice and using the pronoun ‘I’.

Writing in the first person creates a close relationship with the reader and the narrator. There is a sense of familiarity and intimacy as the creature, in this case, shares its actions, emotions and experiences. The first person voice gives the story credibility as the account is told through the eyes of the character who is essentially telling the reader its story directly.

The story can be biased and even untrue, so it's up to the reader to decide what he or she believes.

I received seven well-written entries. Some of them were amusing while others were more matter-of-fact and educational. I was looking for a balanced mixture of facts and entertainment.

As a result, I awarded first place to Pauline Marshall for her amusing account of a typical day in the life of an ostrich in the Auckland Zoo. The behaviour of Homo sapiens is observed from the ostrich's point of view and is entertaining.

Second place went to Pat Kerr who created an air of mystery as to what was annoying the King of the Jungle. I loved the lion's description of the 'car full of live meat'. Third place went to Ruth Jamieson for her first entry in level three. Well done Ruth!

My thanks to all the other writers for their interesting stories and I look forward to receiving more entries in future competitions.

First Place



Pauline
Marshall
of
Christchurch

Struthio's Swagger

Hi there Homo sapiens. I'm a Struthio camelus. **You** named me that because you think I'm an ostrich that looks like a camel. Pathetic! My eyesight's definitely superior to yours.

I live in the Auckland Zoo's attempt at a savannah with my three females. I've just finished the night shift egg-sitting, so now I stride around displaying my splendour. A female does day shift.

I'm the largest bird in the world, and the fastest runner you know! Right now I'm pacing back and forth; I've spotted a young Homo sapien with his parents. He's trouble; he has just picked up a stone. My lethal kick would be handy right now. He should read the warning, 'The ostrich is a large and hazardous animal.'

Ah, the Homo sapien family has moved on, and here comes the keeper with our food. Fruit and seeds today. Excellent. Foraging here is zilch.

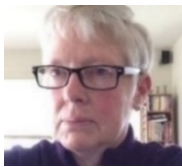
All day long, noisy flocks of Homo sapiens rave over us, pointing. Sometimes they laugh at us, especially when I perform my flirty dance with a female. I don't see what's funny; my girls think I'm the sexiest male around. (The **only** male actually.)

It's early evening now and the egg-sitting female is restless. The Homo sapiens have gone home to their permanent dwellings. **They** need protection, not like us. I can perform **diversionary injury displays** if necessary, when my eggs are threatened. Brilliant!

And my top credential? Unlike all other birds, I pee and poo the same as you!

Thank you!

Second Place



Pat
Kerr

of Roxburgh

My Visitor

So there I was, minding my own business, leaving everyone alone as usual, having a quiet drink at the waterhole when this thing swam slowly right up to my lips. Cheeky little beggar. It didn't look scared, or tasty.

I lapped on, eyes clapped on it, but the twerp kept swimming into my, MY, personal space. I was King of the Jungle. Here I'm King of the Walk, here in this zoo, menagerie or retirement centre.

I moved aside. Lap, lap. It cozied up again. I resisted swatting at, stamping on, roaring at or gobbling it up. And moved again. I've nearly assuaged my thirst. It has nearly snapped my patience. What is this thing? It's got an unappetising shell, a long thin neck, beady eyes...I give up.

I saunter back to the sunny spot behind the glass where, all day, these humans gawk at me. I pretend to be asleep, occasionally opening an eye to assess the situation. In the jungle I'd have roared and tried to catch one.

Every afternoon two wardens release me and my girls into this car park to feed us. Seems crazy as the cars are full of live meat but they throw chunks of meat on the rooftops. There are shrieks from the cars when we jump up to eat.

We amble to the waterhole. Fed and watered I saunter to my siesta spot. I yawn, jaws wide, teeth bared, then snuggle and snooze, dreaming of a shelled snack...ahhhh!

Third Place



Ruth
Jamieson
of Whakatane

A Day in the Life of a Monkey

"Sun's up Mama." Junior wriggled out and stretched.

"Wait." Mama's pawed his hair and back roughly.

Junior didn't always appreciate the daily grooming when adventure called.

Soon he was up his favourite tree.

"Hippo's awake... now he sure needs a bath. Croc's still asleep," Junior reported as he reached for the nearest missile, a dried fruit stone, and hurled it at Croc, almost losing his grip on the branch.

"Be careful." Mama's warning registered briefly in his monkey brain.

"It's called fun Mama. You should see Croc's smile now."

Giraffe ambled over to their adjoining wall. "Listen to your Mama, Junior. Your uncle Sam was mischievous just like you."

"What happened to him Giraffe?"

"He got too close to Croc's wall...and wasn't seen again. See that tree stump over there?"

"Yeah. Mama calls it Sam's stump."

"That was his favourite tree...I hear the food trolley coming." Giraffe left Junior to his thoughts.

"Going to join us for breakfast Junior?" Mama called.

"Um...I don't feel hungry right now... I need to perfect my moves."

Junior hooked his tail onto the branch below, swung, leaped and climbed up and down.

Having an audience was the highlight of his day and they would be arriving soon. The little ones would laugh and clap at his antics.

A slip of his hand caused Junior to hit Croc's adjacent fence.

"That was too close," Junior chided himself as Croc's open mouth snapped shut.



*"The grass withers
and the flowers
fall, but the word
of our God
endures forever."*

Isaiah 40:8

Competitions for October 2022

Due by September 1st 2022

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

Font: Arial, 10 pt **Heading:** Bold Title Case, 18 pt **Line spacing:** Multiple 1.2

Spacing between Paragraphs: 6 pt **Paragraph Indentation:** None

Alignment: Justified. **Send a photo** of yourself for publishing purposes.

NB: If you are not sure which level you're on, email Debbie McDermott at: level1@nzchristianwriters.org

Entries are judged on: Entering, format and layout 15%, Topic requirements 25%, Creativity, flow and impact 25%, Grammar and punctuation 25%, Spelling 10%.

Level One—for members 16 years old and over

Requirement: Using the King James Bible as your point of reference, rewrite Psalm 46 in contemporary language a teenager would be able to understand. (250 words maximum)

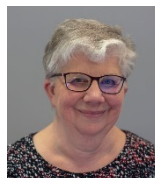


Debbie

Email entry to Debbie McDermott at level1@nzchristianwriters.org

Level Two—for members 16 years old and over

Requirement: Choose a character from the Bible and write a monologue for him/her to deliver to another Biblical character. No more than 400 words including stage directions.



Lesley

Email entry to Lesley Edgeler at level2@nzchristianwriters.org

Level Three—for members 16 years old and over

Requirement: Write a Christian tract entitled 'Finding God' that is suitable to share with non-believers. Bible verses may be included but avoid preaching and theological jargon. (500 words maximum)



Julia

Email entry to Julia Martin at level3@nzchristianwriters.org



NZ CHRISTIAN WRITERS is a nationwide collective of authors, bloggers, editors, lyricists, poets, publishers, songwriters, storytellers and writers throughout New Zealand. Along with our bi-monthly magazines and competitions we offer inspiring seminars and writers retreats to encourage, inspire and upskill people in their writing.

NZ Christian Writers' vision is to cultivate a vibrant community of Christian writers by connecting them to other like-minded writers in New Zealand. We welcome both beginner and experienced writers.