



FEB - MAY 23

YOUNG

CHRISTIAN WRITER

Look INSIDE For :

Scriptwriting Competition
Winner!

The Fifth Commandment
by Abigail Murray

Article
Limericks by Ruth Linton

New Limericks Writing
Competition for writers up
to 25 years of age.

Short Story
Can You Believe It?
by Kathryn Paul

And more!

A magazine of NZ Christian Writers

Young Christian Writer

Feb – May 2023

ISSN 2703-3988 (Online)
ISSN 2703-397X (Print)

VOL 4. No1

Contents

<i>Page 3</i>	President's Note – Justin St Vincent
<i>Page 3</i>	"Hi!" From the Editor – Kathryn Paul
<i>Page 4</i>	Winner of the YCW Oct 2022–Jan 2023 Scriptwriting Competition
<i>Page 5</i>	<i>The Fifth Commandment</i> by Abigail Murray
<i>Page 8</i>	Limericks Article by Ruth Linton
<i>Page 10</i>	Limericks Writing Competition
<i>Page 11</i>	<i>Butterflies and Bees</i> photos by Max Carr
<i>Page 11</i>	<i>Joy in the Air</i> Limerick by Kathryn Paul
<i>Page 12</i>	<i>Film of Life</i> by www.freechristianillustrations.com
<i>Page 13</i>	<i>Can You Believe It?</i> Short Story by Kathryn Paul
<i>Page 15</i>	About NZ Christian Writers and How to Join

Send in your writing to be published in *Young Christian Writer* magazine! We will publish as many as space allows. Email your writing to Kathryn at ycwmag@nzchristianwriters.org

Website:

View our website for how to join and to view copies of past magazines. Paying subscribers with published items can have a free profile page on our site to promote their work. Please encourage other young Christian writers you know to join us via our website:

www.nzchristianwriters.org

President's Note

Welcome to our FEB-MAY 2023 edition of *Young Christian Writer* magazine.

At NZ Christian Writers we believe stories can change the world. Stories are at the heart of the parables that Jesus shared among His disciples and followers throughout the Gospels of the New Testament. Why have these powerful stories endured the test of time and been shared from generation to generation?

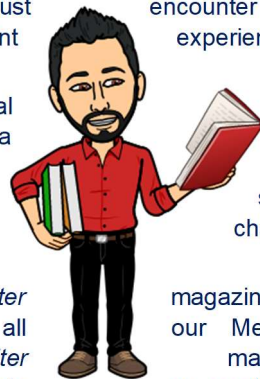
Perhaps stories resonate with every culture of the world because stories appeal to our emotions and our senses by attracting our attention and leaving an impact on us. This makes storytelling powerful in delivering any message. If you share a story right, as seen throughout history, it may just last a lifetime.

As The Empathy Museum's Clare Patey shares, "Stories have a transformative power to allow us to see the world in a different way than we do if we just encounter it on our own. Stories are an entry point to understanding a different experience of the world."

Stories cultivate curiosity, encourage exploration, reveal timeless truths, and more. I believe stories become a connective tissue between cultures, experiences, people, and time. Ultimately, Jesus' story of His miraculous birth, life, atoning death, and bodily resurrection is the most life-story of all. Stories really do change the world.

We encourage you to be inspired by our *Young Christian Writer* be the story that God wants for your life. Thanks again to all at NZ Christian Writers who make our *Young Christian Writer* possible. With their contributions and support we are able to publish this special magazine for younger members of our collective.

Justin St. Vincent, President, NZ Christian Writers



sinless
changing

magazine, and
our Members
magazine
co-create and

"Hi!" From the Editor

It's the beginning of a new year and this is a good moment to pause and celebrate all the writing goals you

achieved last year! Pat yourself on the back for a job well done!

Now that 2023 stretches ahead of us it's an excellent time to do some goal setting. What you would like to write this year? If you're stuck for ideas, have a think on topics you're passionate about. When we're writing about what we love, the writing often flows more easily.

One thing is certain, the more you write, the more your writing will go from strength to strength. Whatever we put our time into practising, that's what we get better at. A musician needs to practise to improve. So does an athlete and so does a writer! Have fun and write with all your might!

With love in Jesus Christ, from Kathryn



Note to all our magazine readers: Please continue to send in poems, stories, articles, devotions or any other kind of Christian writing you would like to share and have published in our magazine.

Email your items to ycwmaq@nzchristianwriters.org



Scriptwriting Competition Results October 2022-January 2023

Congratulations to Abigail Murray age 10. Your entry has won a \$30 Manna Store evoucher!

The competition instructions were:

Write a script to be acted out. This could be for anything such as a skit, stage play, YouTube (or similar platform) video treatment, movie scene, television show, news item, documentary, or puppet show. Give it a suitable title and say what the purpose of the script is. Name your characters/participants and include stage directions. Describe the setting. Include props if necessary. Remember as for any story it needs a beginning, middle and end. Include at least one Bible scripture in the script. See page 13 for one example of how to lay out a script. It doesn't have to be exactly the same but this gives you an idea of how to do it. Keep it easy to read and follow for the actors.

Maximum word limit is **800** words. Minimum word limit is **300** words.

The winning entry is on the next page.

The Fifth Commandment:

This play shows the importance of honouring your parents.

Characters:

Blossom

Daffodil (Mum)

Thorn (Dad)

Rose

Tulip

Daisy

Blossom is in the garage putting her shoes on and her dad Thorn is checking the car engine. Daffodil is hanging up washing in the garage.

Blossom: Mum and Dad, when I go for a scooter can I go and visit Rose's children, Tulip and Daisy?

Thorn: I honestly think it's too late. (gets back to fixing)

Daffodil: I agree with your dad, Blossom. (continues to hang the washing)

Blossom: Fine. (secretly smiles)

Blossom opens the garage door, clicks on her helmet and zooms off.

Blossom: (whispers) I'm going to do it anyway.

While scootering towards Rose's house, she sees some people she knows. Blossom waves.

Blossom: (smiling) Thank you, God...(takes a deep breath of fresh air)...for everything.

Blossom reaches Rose's driveway and starts scootering up it.

Tulip: (pointing out of their window) Look Mum!

Daisy: (also pointing out of the same window) It's Blossom!

Rose comes scurrying to the door and opens it with a worried look on her face.

Rose: Blossom! Is everything all right? Has nothing bad happened to your parents?

Blossom: (with a confused look) Rose, what are you talking about? Of course, nothing bad has happened.

Rose: (looks relieved) That's good.

Tulip: Mama!

Daisy: Can Blossom come in to play?

Rose: Not yet now go inside and finish your dinner.

Tulip and Daisy run into the house giggling.

Rose: Ok, Blossom, why are you around here so late in the day?

Blossom: Uhhh...

**Rose: (looks serious) Blossom...
(her voice raises)**

**Blossom: ... B-because I wanted t-to
come and p-play.**

**Rose: Do your parents know you're
here?**

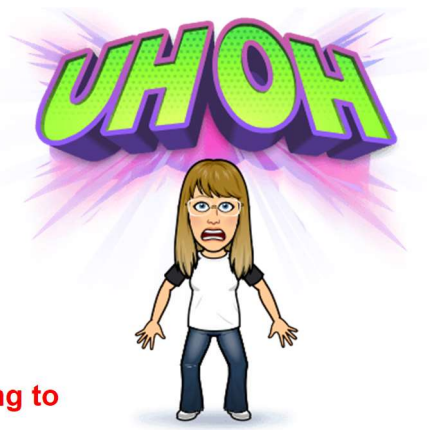
Blossom: N-no.

**Rose: (speaks softly) Ok then. I'm going to
message your parents, you just wait.**

Rose disappears into the house and a short while later she comes back.

Rose: Blossom.

Blossom: (holding back tears) Y-yes.



Rose: Remember this, in Exodus 20:12 it says honour your father and your mother, so maybe next time you should. Understood?

Blossom: (nodding)

Rose: Good, now go home.

Rose goes back into her house and Blossom scooters in the direction of her house. She sees her neighbour and waves.



*Image from
www.freechristianillustrations.com*

Blossom: (forcing a weak smile) Dear God, when I get home please make Mum and Dad not so angry, Amen.

Blossom reaches her driveway. Slowly she scooters up it and when she reaches the door she hesitates.

Blossom: (whispering) Please make me brave.

Blossom leans her scooter against the wall and unclicks her helmet. She takes her shoes off and opens the door slowly. Thorn and Daffodil are on the couch looking displeased.

Thorn: Come here Blossom.

Blossom sits next to her Mum and Dad.

Daffodil: I guess you've learnt your lesson, but we forgive you.

Blossom: You do?

Thorn: Of course, we do.

Blossom: (thinking and looking up) Thank you, God.

Based on a true story.

Written by Abigail Murray.

LIMERICKS

Article by Ruth Linton

Many young children, especially before they start school, learn nursery rhymes by reciting them with their parents and grandparents. These nursery rhymes are short and have a strong rhyme and rhythm. In the past some were nonsense poems and others had hidden meanings. *Ring a Ring of Rosies* (in the 17th century) is one of the latter:

*Ring a ring of rosies
A pocket full of posies
Atishoo,
Atishoo
We all fall down.*

As the children chanted the poem they danced around in a circle holding hands. During the final two lines they pretended to sneeze and fall down dead.

According to Alan Trussell-Cullen in his book *A Pocket Full of Posies* (1) this was a reference to the Great Plague in Britain. One of the symptoms was a round, red ring under the skin. Another symptom was sneezing. Very often a person sneezed and dropped dead almost immediately.

See if you can find a copy of Trussell-Cullen's book, or others, on the meaning of nursery rhymes. It is very interesting to see what they may have referred to.

Another form of poetry I enjoyed later in childhood—and right into adulthood—was limericks. These had a set rhythm and rhyming patterns. Here are two of my favourites:

*There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.
He went, just for fun,
Dressed up as a bun,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.*



This next one was one my father told me and I have always enjoyed the play on words about the 'smile':

*There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.*

As you read these two examples you will notice there is a very clear rhyming and rhythm pattern for a limerick. Let's start by analysing the rhyme. The first, second and last lines rhyme. They should rhyme as you read the poem naturally. The third and fourth lines rhyme with each other and are a little shorter.

The rhythm is also very clear and easy to read. Try clapping the accented syllables as you read it out loud. Notice that it is the syllable, not necessarily the whole word, that is emphasised. You can mark the rhythm by putting a back slash (/) over the heavy syllable or by printing it in bold. I have done the first limerick for you:

*There **was** a young **man** from **Bengal**
Who **went** to a **fancy** dress **ball**.
He **went** just for fun
Dressed **up** as a **bun**
And a **dog** ate him up in the **hall**.*

For practise, see if you can mark the rhythm in the *Lady of Niger* limerick. (Answer at the end of the article.)

Some years ago, while I was marking the Level Three competitions in *The Christian Writer* magazine, one of the competitions was to write an original limerick. One of the entrants wrote this limerick about me, the judge of the competition. I thought she was very clever so I have kept it on my computer and here it is:

*There **was** a shrewd **marker** named **Ruth**
Who **fancied** herself as a **sleuth**
You may think it **absurd**
That she **counted** each **word**
To **check** if we're **telling** the **truth**. (2)*

See if you can find more limericks. School Journals used to print them and there are bound to be many in poetry books in a library near you. Then, when you have read a selection and have the feel of the rhythm, see if you can write a limerick about yourself, or a person, or place or pet you know well. Make it fun, and funny. I'd love to see what you come up with. You are welcome to enter our competition on the following page.

*(Example two for you.) There **was** a young **lady** of **Niger**
Who **smiled** as she **rode** on a **tiger**
They **returned** from the **ride**
With the **lady** inside
And the **smile** on the **face** of the **tiger**.*

(1) 1989 Shortland Publications Ltd

(2) Julia Martin. 15.03.2015

Limericks Competition

Join the fun by entering our next writing competition! Here are the instructions:

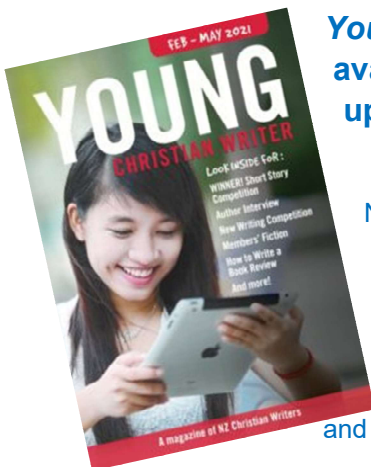
Write your own limerick and make it fun or funny. Use the examples given in Ruth Linton's article as a guide regarding length, rhythm and rhyme.

Send your entries by email to ycwmag@nzchristianwriters.org with *YCW Limerick Competition* in the subject line. Include your name, age and area you live in. Maximum age limit for entrants is 25 years old.

**First Prize is a Manna Store eVoucher
valued at \$30.00!**

**The last day you are able to send us your entries is:
15 April 2023**

Anyone up to the age of 25 is welcome to enter. There is no minimum age. If we receive a large number of entries we will split the age groups. More than one entry per person is permitted. There is no entry fee. Non-subscribers are welcome to enter. *Please note you can now subscribe to the digital YCW mag for free! See the link below.* The best entries will be published in the next issue of *Young Christian Writer* magazine.



Young Christian Writer magazine is now available in digital format for FREE! Sign up here <http://eepurl.com/hSQOhX>

Note: There is a subscription fee for a printed copy of *Young Christian Writer* magazine.

There is also a fee for digital subscriptions that include our other magazine, *The Christian Writer*.

Please see page 15 for those subscription costs and details.



Butterflies and Bees

Photo montage by Max Carr

Joy in the Air

by Kathryn Paul

(Limerick inspired by Max's photo montage above.)

**A butterfly said to a bee
Come along let's fly to that tree.
The bee said let's race,
And flew off fast pace,
And the butterfly giggled with glee.**



Film of Life

by www.freechristianillustrations.com

The movie star life has always been associated with glitz and glamour.



If you are the leading star of your own life, who is your director?

We may not think our daily existence is very glamorous but we are in fact the star of our own film called: LIFE and every moment we are acting in it. Our decisions will dictate whether our LIFE film will be a box-office smash or a flop.

Since we have free-will, we have a contract which allows us to choose who will direct our film. We may decide to star and direct LIFE on our own, but the stress of trying to control everything happening behind the scenes will be impossible. Inevitably our LIFE's performance will suffer and our film will turn into a B-grade tragedy or horror.

Alternatively, we can ask God to direct our LIFE. Only He has the right qualifications to properly orchestrate a combined story: thriller / adventure / romance. God is a perfect director and has a tailor-made script unique for each of us. He knows exactly how long a scene should last. He knows all the best angles. His knowledge of lighting and locations is incomparable and He handles all the problems arising behind the scenes with graceful ease.

But before we choose God, we should also know He is known as a tough director (Hebrews 12:6). He constantly chastens those under His charge to bring out their very best performance. On the flip side, God has promised that in every film He directs the leading star is guaranteed to receive an Oscar (eternal rewards).

Now, if we don't choose God to direct our LIFE and we don't have our own script to follow, we will quickly be employed by another director: Satan. He was the very first star to sack God and direct his own life. Satan wants all the credit, applause and rewards. He is now in the process of making the biggest box-office-flop of all time. Satan is very keen for us to take a supporting role in his picture. (1 Peter 5:8-9.)

Every day we must choose who will direct our LIFE. If our film is turning into a depressing B-grade flop, maybe it's time to change the director. If we choose wisely, our next film: ETERNITY will be all glitz and glamour.

Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall DIRECT your paths. Proverbs 3:5-6.

Can You Believe It?

Short Story by Kathryn Paul

I wrote this story for a competition last year and thought I would share it here.

I could tell something was troubling my girl, Haylee. It was the way her body drooped. She led me slowly, patiently by her soft hand, always mindful of the aches in my elderly joints. Eyes and head down, she sighed. I sensed her emotional pain and wished I could carry her and lift her spirits like I did when she was a child. Now I was too old and sore.

Faded memories of similar moments with her as a little girl drifted through my mind. She would skip along beside me, pale blonde hair straggly and knotty from the wind, blue eyes sparkling with tears until she was ready to unburden her thoughts. Back then I was athletic and strong, moving freely. Now it took all my effort and care not to stumble.

We passed neatly laid out garden beds and as was my habit I silently identified the edible plants. The soft, flat track we followed was covered in pine needles and autumn leaves. I was grateful that these days she took my tired old legs an easy path.

I tensed a little as we went out of view of my home. I felt less safe away from it. I worried about who or what might be ahead. I couldn't ask Haylee. I took deep breaths to calm my nervous thoughts. After all, I had done this many times with her before. I trusted her. Still, one never knew what could be ahead in life.

Haylee sighed heavily again and I anticipated the sound of her familiar, soft voice.

"I ended it with him today. I had to." Her voice cracked as tears came with the confession. "He's been lying to me. Stringing me along. It turns out he's married! Can you believe it?" She muttered sarcastically, "He kept *that* small fact well hidden." She rolled her eyes.

She explained further, "I was at work serving a lady customer coffee and cake at a café table. She suddenly whipped out some cash and said sarcastically, 'Let me give you a tip, two actually,' then she pushed a one-hundred-dollar bill into my hand and says, 'I've found out about the dates you've been having with my husband, Michael. He's *my* Michael – I'm his wife. But I'm *sure* you already know that. Stay away from him!'

Haylee brushed her hair away from her face in irritation. "I was gobsmacked and so humiliated! I wanted to run out of the room and cry but instead had to force a fake smile and keep doing my job. I felt crushed!"

We walked on while her shoulders shook in silent sobs.

She took a breath and continued, "I thought he was so nice! This is so disappointing. He phoned me later. I said, 'I hear you're married?' He said, 'Oh. Yeah. Does it matter? Things are getting a bit old in my marriage; you know how it is.'

Can you believe it? As casual as that! I said, 'Let this be your answer, mate!' and I hung up on him. Then I blocked his number. Such a time waster! I'm not going to be any man's side-chick! Such a disappointment! And I hoped he was the one for me, you know? I almost fell for him big time." She tossed her head. "So angry."

We reached our favourite spot under the great old pines and stopped to rest. She placed her arm around my neck, pressed her forehead against my shoulder and cried until the tears were spent. Gradually her breathing became even and she looked me in the eye with a wry smile. "I'm so grateful I have you to listen to me."

I nodded and sensed her grief was easing. I wanted to tell her how special she was to me. I was unable to form the words. But I hoped she could see it shining in the softness of my eyes.

Then I glanced around uneasily as the breeze caused leaves to flutter across our path. Evening shadows were growing longer. I felt hungry. I shifted my weight from one leg to another. The daily walk always loosened my joints to move more easily but the aches, though less, were still present.

She spoke softly, "Life can be really tough sometimes, but I don't need to tell *you* that, do I?" She understood my history, silence and pain. I yawned and relaxed a little, enjoying the connection with her.

She brushed her fingers down my shoulder, smoothing out where her tears had mussed my coat. "I'm so grateful to God I still have you in my life. You've always been my best shoulder to cry on. Let's get you back. You're probably thinking about that stomach of yours by now if I know you." She smiled wryly again.

We began the slow walk back. Haylee was quiet on the return journey and patient with me as always. I sensed and felt satisfied that her emotional pain had eased.

We made it back to the gate of my home. "Here you are." She gave me a last hug and opened the gate latch for me.

The gate swung open and I shuffled through.

"Another day tomorrow, another new beginning," she said. "I'll bring you some of your special food in a few minutes."

I watched her for a moment as she walked away. Then I snorted, shook my mane and stretched my neck down, content to be back at the grass. I might be too old now to carry her, but never too old to help heal her heart.



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.

President: Justin St Vincent: president@nzchristianwriters.org

Editor and Membership Secretary: Kathryn Paul: editor@nzchristianwriters.org

For magazine contributions, address changes, membership queries.

Treasurer: For subscriptions, donations: treasurer@nzchristianwriters.org

Join Us! Annual Subscriptions—2 options:

- 1) Digital magazine: Full membership \$40 / Student membership (up to 25yrs) \$20
- 2) Printed magazine: Full membership \$55 / Student membership (up to 25yrs) \$35

Join us through our website: www.nzchristianwriters.org/join/

Credit/Debit card payment is available online or pay by bank deposit, phone or Internet banking to: NZ Christian Writers, a/c 12 3040 0547346 00, Reference: [Your name]

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

Young Christian Writer is our student magazine published three times a year by NZ Christian Writers. We also publish a bimonthly magazine, **The Christian Writer**. All members receive both magazines digitally. A printed copy of **Young Christian Writer** will be sent to all student print subscribers automatically and to full membership print subscribers by request. Contributions from members are always welcome. Submissions should be emailed as a Word document no more than 500 words long. If you have an item or an event of interest do send it to the editor for consideration by the 10th of the month before the next publication date.

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.

© Copyright 2023

This issue printed locally by

BookPrint.
Making Bookshop Quality Easy

Contact David at
hello@bookprint.co.nz
09 443 1775
www.bookprint.co.nz



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 create a vibrant community of Christian writers by connecting them to other like-minded writers in New Zealand. We welcome both beginner and experienced writers.

Cover image by diana.grytsku on Freepik

www.nzchristianwriters.org