

WCF Connect



“The Year of Multiple Discoveries”

December 2008 - January 2009

The heart of the matter...



Welcome to the final edition of **Connect** for the year. Please note this edition also contains January's calendar as a January edition will not be published.

Christmas is around the corner, the school year is at an end and yet another year at WCF has come and gone. This has really been a life-changing and challenging year for me on so many levels. I have discovered a lot about what makes me tick and how intricately God is involved in every detail of our lives. He has brought our extended family through a really tough year and we are still standing - not just standing, but knowing and experiencing His goodness and provision despite the challenges and unexpected heartbreaks of life.

At this time of year we always need to be reminded to stop and ponder on the miracle of the incarnation of God. I always find it so amazing that the whole world stops to celebrate Christmas, yet so little of what it is actually about is celebrated or processed by people. To this end I have included the following excerpt from Max Lucado's God Came Near: The Chronicles of the Christ, pp 23-25

"Just a Moment..."



"It all happened in a moment, a most remarkable moment. As moments go, that one appeared no different than any other... But in reality, that particular moment was like none other. For through that segment of time a spectacular thing occurred. God became a man. While the creatures of

earth walked unaware, Divinity arrived. Heaven opened herself and placed her most precious one in a human womb.



The omnipotent, in one instant, made himself breakable. He who had been spirit became pierceable. He who was larger than the universe became an embryo. And he who sustains the world with a word chose to be dependent upon the nourishment of a young girl.

God as a fetus. Holiness sleeping in a womb. The creator of life being created.

God was given eyebrows, elbows, two kidneys and a spleen. He stretched against the walls and floated in the amniotic fluids of his mother. God had come near... For thirty-three years he would feel everything you or I have ever felt. He felt weak. He grew weary. He was afraid of failure. He was susceptible to wooing women. He got colds, burped, and had body odour. His feelings got hurt. His feet got tired. And his head ached.

To think of Jesus in such a light is - well, it seems almost irreverent, doesn't it? It's not something we like to do; it's uncomfortable. It's much easier to keep the humanity out of the incarnation. Clean the manure from around the manger. Wipe the sweat out of his eyes. Pretend he never snored or blew his nose or hit his thumb with a hammer.

He's easier to stomach that way. There is something about keeping him divine that keeps him distant, packaged, predictable.

But don't do it. For heaven's sake, don't. Let him into the muck and mire of our world. For only if we let him in can he pull us out...

It all happened in a moment. In one moment... a most remarkable moment. The word became flesh. There will be another. The world will see another instantaneous transformation. You see, in becoming man, God made it possible for man to see God. When Jesus went home he left the back door open. As a result, "we will all be changed - in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye"

Have a "momentous" Christmas and a blessed holiday season with family and friends.

Lindy

From Pete Watt's Desk



4 Weddings and a GAP Graduation (but no funeral!)

The end of 2008 is proving to be a time of increased activity, rather than a gentle slide into Christmas/ holiday bliss. Come to think of it, I cannot remember the last time that it was any different - although this year does seem to be particularly concentrated with activities.

Weddings are wonderful occasions – not only the wedding day, but all that marriage stands for and represents. It is always a privilege to be involved in the lives of young couples who are in the process of preparing for marriage. Normally, we do about 4 sessions of pre-marriage counseling, and then there is the (rather nervous) rehearsal, and the day itself.

Tayi and Thabiso got married on 15th November. Tayi is from Chesterville, and has been involved on-and-off in WCF for some years. Tayi has many warm relationships in WCF, and it was really a Men's Camp some years ago which impacted his life, and where he made a commitment to Christ. Thabiso has grown up in kwaMashu with her mother, who is a retired nurse. As the brand new Mr and Mrs Ndebele, they will be living in Ridgeview, and we look forward to seeing them develop into a flourishing couple within the church and community.

David and Kenny Juste were born in Mauritius, but moved with their parents to SA some years ago, and came into the church through the Naidu family. Julie's parents both passed away whilst she was growing up, and she has lived with the extended family since then. They got married on Saturday 29th November. It was a small and intimate wedding, but what a wonderful day it was. Once again, the members of WCF stepped in to assist with the day, making it really special, and making them feel that they belong to a church family. We look forward to seeing them playing a really meaningful role in the church in the future, as they mature as a couple, and eventually into a little family.

Malcolm Jacob (son of the late Lenny, and Patricia) will be getting married to Maggie on Saturday 20th December in Phoenix, and then Claudia Watkins (Les and Marilyn's daughter who has been living in the UK for some years), will be getting married to Gerald on Saturday 27th December. Exciting days and events for these couples, and their families!

GAP Year 2008 has come to an end, after a wonderful and exciting year of studies, travel, work, relationships

and ministry. There is no doubt that their absence is going to leave a big hole (or gap!) in the church, as they crept into so many people's hearts, lives and families. The members of WCF were incredibly kind and gracious to the students, and we really thank you for the amount of effort that was made in having the students over for meals, braai's and family functions. Once again, it has been WCF at its best!

On Wednesday 12th November we had the GAP Dinner/Graduation in Focal Point. It was a really special evening, where each of them were presented with their certificate, and they each made a speech – which had been rehearsed with Tracy, leading to excellence on the night.

We really want to extend a thank you to everyone involved with GAP Year 2008 – from the house parents, Corne and Cecile; Colin Coombe for being the handy-man-on-hand for repairs on the house; Brian Rea for basically giving us the house for a year; all the teachers who inputted into the students; Vanitha Govender for her day-to-day functions; Andrew and Bev for taking them to Roselands; Colin and Grahame for taking them to the berg etc etc etc. It was a wonderful year, which has enriched the lives of our five students, and has also enriched the life of the church.

Samuel will be the only student not returning in 2009, as he will pursue his studies in Xai-Xai. Ishmael will be attending at Varsity College. Thandi is planning to study Travel and Tourism Management. TK and Tarisai will both continue to study at Bible College. We look forward to their ongoing involvement in the church, and growing friendships within the church.

2008 has felt like a year and half squashed into 365 days. The Year of Discovery has been just that – a year of discoveries. The thing about true discoveries, is that it is something that you didn't know before, and sometimes they take you by surprise. I have no doubt that we have all discovered new things, but not necessarily always what we were expecting – about God (whether it be through the Word, life experience, or adversity), about the Body, about other people, and about ourselves. There is also no doubt that whatever we have learned in 2008, it is going to have built into us increased capacity, improved character, enlarged capacity and magnified vision. All of these augur well for 2009 and beyond.

In the meantime, 2009 awaits – to be named, lived and enjoyed to the utmost!

Love,

Peter & Sandy Watt



Congratulations to David and Julie who got married on the 29th November



Our year of DISCOVERY

Challenged by a few words Tryphina said at church one morning, about being willing to come and share her story and that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ with any of our domestic workers, I invited her come to my home and share with Lillian and John who work for us.

This little group together with Gladys and Tryphina has grown and become a regular Thursday 1.15 to 2.15 ladies meeting, (some ladies are missing from the photo) We have studied topics like “being set free from Egypt” “having a vision for the promised land” Disobedience and lack of faith, Ancestral worship, and seen a few DVD’s on relevant topics.

What have we discovered? There are many wonderful people out there who do not have opportunity to attend ladies meetings, to even easily attend church. There are those who do not understand English enough to receive the word on Sundays. There are ladies who work long hours and need to get home to family as quickly as possible; those for whom buying a book (let alone a bible) when food on the table is a priority is difficult; those who have never had eyes tested and cannot read; those whose schooling has been the minimal through no fault of their own.

We also discovered a group of ladies who have so much to teach us; who are so excited about the word of God, and are grateful for every opportunity given them; who will be able in a short time to teach and encourage others; who are truly women of Africa with hearts so big they can change a nation.

We also discovered a group of people who allow their domestic workers time off to receive the gospel. There is work to be done at home yet they release their helpers, even drive them to the venue. On their behalf we say thank you.

This little group has been a small candle burning in Westville and next year we hope to duplicate this meeting in other homes so make accessibility easier. We have a program set up which will be duplicated and given to each household/venue who hosts ladies from their area. We don’t want more than 8 people in a group so they are able to minister to one another, become friends and will be able to walk to the meeting and home as quickly as possible. So any out there who are willing to host and help teach (remember it’s all set out in a package and only requires an overwhelming desire and heart for people and God does the rest).

We also discovered a group of ladies in Chesterville who are equally excited by the word and we have started to share the same teachings once a week in Chesterville on Wednesday 1.15 to 2.15 in Nokulunga’s home. (Wife of Mthoko who interprets on Sundays’). There are only three young mothers who under great difficulty get together and they too will be the Women of Chesterville who can change a suburb.

What has been discovered this year? God only requires a willing heart and He undertakes the rest. “Here am I send me.”

Gladys, Tryphina and Brenda



A Tribute to Edward Bowen-Jones

27th August 1944 – 30th October 2008.



Edward (an ex-member of WCF) was a man who dearly loved God. His desire was to serve our Lord in any way he could. He had a revelation of our Lord at the early age of 13 and believed God was calling him to serve in the medical mission field. Accordingly he applied and was accepted for

training at Guy's Hospital for training in medicine. In order to be fully prepared he carried out as wide a training as he could. His degrees speak for themselves - MB BS (LONDON), MRCS LRCP, DLO, DObst RCOG, FRCS (ENG), FRCS (Plast), FC Plast SURG (SA), MD (Natal). A great friend and professional colleague of his described him at his memorial service as "a medical missionary, rural medicine advocate, gifted plastic surgeon, teacher and academic and the most kind and caring of physicians."

Edward's focus in life was to serve his Lord and Saviour to the uttermost and he loved his wife and family dearly. I remember when he took me under his wing to become involved in evangelism. This involved ministering in a little church in Clairwood where we assisted the pastor in running the home fellowships and Sunday services. The people there were the very poorest of the poor. Very late one night a man came in

desperate for prayer for his very sick wife. Edward did not hesitate, we walked for quite a few miles along a river bank and through bush in complete darkness. After much stumbling we eventually we came to a cardboard and tin hovel, where Ed crawled in and did a medical inspection by candle light. He wrote a letter to the local clinic for her and then prayed for her recovery. It was this kind of dedication and loving care that showed a love of God that shone and glorified our Lord.

He was a great lover of music and was overjoyed whenever he was called to play his trumpet. I believe that Ed will now be blowing his heavenly trumpet for all his worth to Gods glory.

2 Timothy 4:7-8 (from the celebration of his life) sums up the life of a man who excelled and was an example to many. His last days were a most valiant struggle to overcome the cancer, yet always full of faith and hope.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me that day – and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for His appearing."

Colin Bompas

Twenty-Five Questions for Mary

1. What was it like watching him pray?
2. How did he respond when he saw other kids giggling during the service at Synagogue?
3. When he saw a rainbow, did he ever mention a flood?
4. Did you ever feel awkward teaching him how he created the world?
5. When he saw a lamb being led to the slaughter, did he act differently
6. Did you ever see him with a distant look on his face as if he were listening to someone you couldn't hear?
7. How did he act at funerals?
8. Did the thought ever occur to you that the God to whom you were praying was asleep under your own roof?
9. Did you ever try to count the stars with him ... and succeed?
10. Did he ever come home with a black eye?
11. How did he act when he got his first haircut?
12. Did he have any friends by the name of Judas?

13. Did he do well in school?
14. Did you ever scold him?
15. Did he ever have to ask a question about scripture?
16. What do you think he thought when he saw a prostitute offering to the highest bidder the body he made?
17. Did he ever get angry when someone was dishonest with him?
18. Did you ever catch him pensively looking at the flesh on his own arm while holding a clod of dirt?
19. Did he ever wake up afraid?
20. Who was his best friend?
21. When someone referred to Satan, how did he act?
22. Did you ever accidentally call him Father?
23. What did he and his cousin John talk about?
24. Did his other brothers and sisters understand what was happening?
25. Did you ever think, *That s God eating my soup?*

From Max Lucado s **God Came Near: The Chronicles of the Christ.**

Ladies Ministry - Testimonies



"Battlefield of the Mind" (Joyce Meyer) has made an enormous impact in my life. It has brought me to the realisation that it's not about me. It is about Christ living in me, displayed through me, His

vessel. Taking my thoughts captive no longer seems like some far fetched idea, it is indeed possible!

We tend to cling to old habits as if it reinforces our identity in Christ. However, it leads us to be subjected to the devil's schemes. I really urge EVERYONE to do this course to be 'set free in your mind' and no longer to go around that same old mountain!

Much love,

Devona Naidu

It was an amazing and challenging time for me. Joyce shared her experiences, the importance of the word and to think positive on purpose. What we are thinking is how we are going to live tomorrow. Our actions are a direct result of our thoughts. In spiritual warfare, the mind is the battlefield. The devil will give you up when he sees that you are not going to give in.

When Lenny died, I felt like it was the end of my life. It was very hard to face reality - Lenny was no longer around. Just when I was starting to recover, four people that were also close to me died in the space of one year! What was taking place in my life at that moment was not good. Reasoning was not the answer. I had to trust God in all of this. The only way out was going through it. Phil 4: 8 and Romans 8: 35-39 were the scriptures that sustained me during that time.

Whatever negative you go through, deal with it quickly and be positive on purpose. Don't go around the same mountain like the Israelites who did not reach their destination. The eleven day trip took forty years. They did not learn that the antidote for complaining is to be thankful on purpose. We need to enjoy where we are while we are on our way to where we are going. Learn

to seek God's face and not His hand. Obedience is spiritual warfare. It is a far-reaching thing which closes the gates of hell and opens the windows of heaven. I encourage you all to watch the DVD and read the book. Thanks to all the ladies who were part of this amazing teaching. Love you all

Patricia Jacob

I would like to thank Bev and her ladies for making me so welcome at the courses she has run - especially the last course "Battlefield of the Mind".

This particular course has been a life-changing experience in the realm of the power of the mind, and many principles have been reinforced.

Thank you also to the ladies at our table who shared their hearts. I believe each one of us has been touched in some way and if we can be patient with ourselves in the process of renewing our minds in every area that we have been taught by Joyce Meyer, we will reap the benefits and live a victorious life

Yvonne Baker

The Oasis

Since "Battlefield of the Mind", God has challenged me in so many areas of my life. I have been challenged to become an "active Christian" - a true Christ-follower. To be effective for God, I need to take control of my negative thoughts and replace it with positive scripture. My journey **out** of the wilderness has started!

Elsie

Getting up from bed with a thought of God's goodness will start the day on a positive note. Change is hard, but I strive to make the right changes instead of going around the same mountain. The biggest change for me since I've done this course is to be especially careful what I say - especially to my family.

Bernice Naidu

Ladies Ministry cont...

Undertaking to study and complete "Battlefield of the Mind" was quite a challenge and the further I pressed on with this life-changing course, the more I realised I really needed to do this and wished it had been available to me at a much earlier stage of my life.

Things that really "jumped out" at me were:

Looking at Part 3: "Wilderness Mentalities, chapter 20, "Don't make me wait - I want it now" was written just for me. Because I am an energetic and highly-motivated person, once I've made up my mind to do something, I take hold of it, run with it, and usually see it through to completion. Patience was definitely not one of my "fruits of the spirit" (Gal 5:22) but I have always been aware of my impatience and over the years attempted to remedy this. So it was quite a revelation to learn that not only is "impatience" a fruit of pride, and is an area that needs further discipline and hard work on my part, but that without patience and endurance we will not receive the promises of God (Hebrews 6:12, 10:6).

Joyce tells us that we need to learn to enjoy where we really are, while we are on the way to where we are going. Sounds easy and fun?! Not really! What I had now to get to grips with was that if I am going to deal with my impatience I needed to understand that patience is not just the ability to wait (and waiting is part of life), BUT to keep a good attitude while waiting! And I think this has often been my demise in the past - allowing myself to get

"rattled", and yes, sometimes even stressed when things take too long to happen.

I think her last sentence in that chapter sums it up beautifully and I shall endeavour to apply this to my life:

"Lord I want Your will in Your timing. I do not want to be ahead of You, nor do I want to be behind You. Help me, Father, to wait patiently on You!"

Sylvia Blumenthal

The three main things that touched me were:

1. Attend to the word of God. Confess and read the word.
2. Keep my door closed to wrong thoughts.
3. Knowing the word of God. Practise God's word in my life. Allow God to work and change my attitude - whatever the situation.

I have been encouraged that nothing is too difficult for God or so hard that He cannot solve it. My mind has to be renewed and determine to do what God wants.

Some other important truths I learnt were:

- Staying positive and never giving up
- The truth will set us free
- Pray and Praise using the word of God.

Nomakaya Mpambaniso

16 Days of Activism against Gender Violence 25 November - 10 December



It has been almost a year since WCF took to the streets to protest against the prevalence of Rape in our STOP RAPE Campaign. As our country once again calls for 16 days of activism against gender violence, it is vital that the church continues to speak out against rape and abuse. Keep praying and speaking out when you have an opportunity. It is imperative that we protect and care for the children in our communities, and create safe spaces for those affected by rape and abuse to go to for help. WCF continues to work towards a One Stop Crisis Centre in the Chesterville area.

Are you apple or pear shape?

The size of your waist can tell you far more about the state of your health than the number on a bathroom scale. Harvard Medical School researchers reported on a study of 44,000 nurses that showed even normal-weight women face twice the risk of premature death from heart disease or cancer if they are thick around the middle. Other studies have shown similar risks for men.

But many studies of both men and women now suggest that it is not how much you weigh but where you carry your weight that matters most to your health. Studies suggest that health risks begin to increase when a woman's waist reaches 31.5 inches and her risk jumps substantially once her waist expands to 35 inches or more. For men, risk starts to climb at 37 inches, but it becomes a bigger worry once their waists reach or exceed 40 inches.

However, those numbers are based on averages and are not always useful for very tall or short people, children or certain ethnic groups. Among the Japanese, for instance, health risks start to increase for men with a waist size above 33.5 inches, but for Japanese women, risk does not increase until their waists expand to 35.5 inches. The International Journal of Obesity suggested that, particularly for young people, the waist-to-height ratio might be a better indicator of overall health risks.

Put simply, your waist should be less than half your height.

Having a large waist means you are more likely to have fat around your heart, liver and even ordinary muscles, and it signals that you should be screened for other health problems, like insulin resistance and high cholesterol. Stress hormones have also been linked to abdominal fat. Doctors say that while diet and exercise can help shrink your waist, most people find it tough to succeed.

If you have a large waist, one's first goal should be to stop gaining weight. Exercise and improving the quality of the food you eat will lower your risk for heart and other problems, even if you never lose pounds or inches.

How many steps do you walk each day?

Maybe you have heard the recent guidelines about walking 10,000 steps per day. How far is 10,000 steps anyway? The word mile derives from the Latin word for thousand, because it was the distance the average

Roman soldier covered while walking 1000 paces. A pace is two steps, one with each foot, so for the average person 2000 steps is a mile. That makes 10000 steps about 5 miles for most people.



The goal of doing 10,000 steps a day came from a concept in Japan that started nearly 40 years ago. When you think of the Japanese, you think of a very fit, ageless group of people. We are aware of the Japanese diet that consists primarily of fish, rice and vegetables, and little, if any, processed foods. In addition to eating in a healthy way, the Japanese lead walking lifestyles. This helps them to achieve their fitness levels without additional exercise programs.

A sedentary person may only average 1,000 to 3,000 steps a day. For these people adding steps has many health benefits. A reasonable goal for most people is to increase average daily steps each week by 500 per day until you can easily average 10,000 per day. Example: If you currently average 3000 steps each day, your goal for week one is 3500 each day. Your week 2 goal is 4000 each day. Continue to increase each week and you should be averaging 10,000 steps by the end of 14 weeks.

Wearing a pedometer is an easy way to track your steps each day. Start by wearing the pedometer every day for one week. Put it on when you get up in the morning and wear it until bed time. Record your daily steps in a log or notebook. By the end of the week you will know your average daily steps. You might be surprised how many (or how few) steps you get in each day.

There are many ways to increase your daily steps. Use your imagination and come up with your own list:

- Have family walks or walk with a friend
- Walk the dog
- Use the stairs instead of the elevator
- Park farther from the store
- Better yet, walk to the store
- Get up to change the channel
- Window shop
- Plan a walking meeting
- Get outside to walk around the garden or do a little weeding

Continue to track your daily steps and/or mileage; and keep notes on how you feel, how your body is improving, or other changes you are making to improve your health. Ask Kericy as he wears one every day!

Christmas Stocking

- A story by Penny Mitchell

Donna wriggled her toes as she awoke to another November morning. What was this, she wondered dreamily, surely not? There it was again, a slight rustling and she felt something heavy roll over her foot as she shifted position.

Christmas had long since lost its appeal for Donna and life seemed all downhill to December once September had hit the charts. Her children were grown now and quite independent in the between stage before marriage (hopefully) and children of their own appeared.

She wriggled her toes again and allowed her mind to wander off back to the excitement she used to feel on Christmas Eve. She couldn't wait for midnight and strained her ears listening for her father who would don his Santa Claus hat and creep up the stairs with the stockings. Of course, she wasn't like other kids who really believed in Santa; she thought they were silly, after all, you only had to go Christmas shopping and you could meet stacks of them. But there was just something about that expectancy, the excitement and wonder of it all.

Only when she heard the rustling and felt the weight as her father's long sock dropped gently across the foot of her bed could she fall asleep knowing that Christmas had begun. Tomorrow they would open the last window on the Advent Calendar, light the candles on the spinning angel chimes, and set up the Nativity Scene on the sideboard.

After breakfast had been cleared away, they would all gather around the tree, put on the carols and open the 'big' presents. Then they would lay the table with the Christmas cloth and crackers for the special Christmas lunch. The turkey would already be in the oven and the ham steaming away merrily on top of the stove.

"Open your eyes Donna". 'Oh Lord, not just yet, let me lie here a bit longer and pretend'. Donna rolled over and hugged her pillow into the crevice of her neckline. As she did, there was a soft thud.

The morning light streamed through the window as Donna felt with her toes for the stocking. Finding nothing and having lost the familiar heavy feeling, she groped with her fingers down one side of the bed and then the other. 'No, it's not there'. There was nothing for it, she had to leave the warmth of her feather duvet and get out of bed. On her knees now, she felt with her fingers under the bed frill at the bottom of the bed. 'Where's my stocking?' she thought slightly alarmed.

"Open your eyes Donna". 'Lord please not yet, I haven't found it'. There it was, she tugged gently and Dad's grey lumpy sock emerged from the folds of her duvet that had slipped off one side to the floor.

"I want to show you something Donna". Her fingers slipped into the neck of Dad's sock and tugged on the first little parcel they found. Slowly she undid the bright red wrapping, savouring the moment of anticipation. There, in the palm of her hand, lay a small clay heart at the end of a bright red satin ribbon.

"Put it on and come with me". Donna did as she was told. As she did so, the walls of her bedroom disappeared and she was standing in the woods. She could hear somebody whistling with the birds and looked up to see an old wooden shed with an iron roof and a spiral of smoke drifting towards the treetops in the cool of the day.

A wiry man emerged from the doorway, his ebony skin glistening with the heat of the fire. "Hello little one", he said quizzically. "Are you lost?"

"I've bought Donna to watch you at work Sam"

'Lord, I've got to get up, I'll be late'

"Hush my child, all in good time"

"Come along then", Sam said cheerfully, "I'm just about to start". With that, he disappeared into the hut. Donna arrived just in time to see him throw a lump of clay onto the wheel and start to fashion a pot with his fingertips. She watched with awe as he smoothed and washed and gently



until the pot stood perfectly balanced and smooth no matter which way you looked at. He took the knife and eased it off the wheel.

“I see you’re wearing one of my hearts” Sam gestured towards a pile of them set neatly in a basket at one side of the shed. Sam chuckled “I’m not as good as the Master potter himself but He gave me this gift and I will continue to shape things of beauty for Him just like He shaped you and I, clay vessels meant for honour, shaped by His hands to be filled with His grace. He touched her nose with a long bony clay-covered finger. Just as the Master has given you a gift, give your heart to Him and your gift to the world for His glory”. He started his whistling again and Donna recognised the strains of Amazing Grace as she turned to the path that led down to the rushing stream below.

“Open the next gift”. Donna was back at the bottom of her bed, on her knees, one hand on the clay heart and the other gripping the neck of Dad’s sock.

She slipped her little hand into the sock again and pulled out a red plastic net bag, tied at the neck with a piece of shiny gold elastic. It was filled with chocolate money. ‘What would Christmas be without chocolate money?’ she thought.

“Come now Donna, I have someone for you to meet”

Donna had quite decided that this was far more interesting than getting up and going to work. She put her gown on. “Show me Lord”

“Allow me to introduce you to Ebenezer Scrooge”. Donna found she was standing in line at a counter filled with huge pots of steaming soup and large baskets of bread. She looked up straight into the face of a man who seemed to glow with kindness. His eyes twinkled spilling such joy that Donna felt warmed inside even without the soup.

“Pleasure to meet you Donna” he said as he laid aside his ladle, took up her hand and brushed it with his lips. “Can I offer you some soup and bread perhaps?” A little girl dressed in a grubby, tattered dress and barefoot, squeezed in front of her and lifted her bowl with eager anticipation.

“How kind of you”, Donna said “but I couldn’t possibly when there are those far more needy than I” “Besides I was just, err....., visiting”, fingers gripped the plastic net bag in embarrassment.

“Ah, I see”. Ebenezer’s eyes fell on the chocolate money and his eyes danced with amusement. He took out a large spotted handkerchief and dabbed at the sheen of soupy steam on his brow. “Let’s take a moment then”. He opened the little gate between the kitchen and dining area, and taking her elbow, guided her through a heavy door in the corner and into a small room furnished with a badly worn sofa and an old rocking chair. The door closed off the noise with a soft thud and they were alone with nothing but the ticking wall clock for company.

Donna, quite forgetting that she didn’t believe in fairy tales, looked around the room and fleetingly wondered if the walls held the Ghosts of Christmas Past. Ebenezer chuckled as if reading her thoughts. “I am so glad that the Lord bought you to visit me, Donna, it will be a privilege to tell you a little of my life. I really was a terrible person once you know, I was so mean with my money and it meant so much to me. All I could think of was what I was going to buy next. I had to have the best of everything; you name it a fancy car, a magnificent house, designer clothes. I dined at the best restaurants, had overseas holidays every year. I always had to have more money than the next person and thought I was Mr Jones himself. I would drive past the beggar in the street without a second glance and I would set the dogs on the carol singers at Christmas time. My servants travelled by taxi and walked a long way from the taxi stop to work early every morning including Saturdays and the wages I gave them were just enough to keep the authorities quiet but nowhere near enough to provide for their growing needs. They worked for me because they needed the job, not because they wanted to.

I never considered what it was like for them to witness my life of luxury and return home to their poverty each day, to wash and iron my designer clothes and walk home in their rags, to see me drive past them in my fancy car on my way to a good restaurant whilst they lugged their monthly bag of mealies home in the rain to cook and feed their families.

Whilst I worried about the gardener not cutting the lawn in the right way or the dishwasher breaking down at the most inconvenient time, others around me were wondering if they would have enough for bus fare next week or if their roof would hold up in the heavy rains.

And then the Lord came to visit me and took me on a journey. He made a story of my life. After that I gave all but the basic necessities and most of my money away and I am happier now than I could ever have dreamed. I thank God that he showed me my pride and my stinginess. Until he did that, I lived in my own world of greed but I wasn't happy, you know. In fact, I never knew whether people were being friendly towards me because of what I had and might give them or because they just liked being with me.

One day, I prayed for happiness and God showed me what true riches are. They are things that cannot be bought like the love of a child, the respect of a friend, peace in your soul and a giving heart.

Well, I must get back now to the soup. Thank you for listening to my story, I hope you will tell it like I would". With that he was gone.

Donna realised that she had been holding the bag of chocolate money in her hand all the time. It had become soft and slightly melted out of shape. As she left the room, she opened the bag and started to give out the chocolate coins to the children as she went. The looks on their faces were all the

reward she needed, you'd have thought they were pure gold.

Donna opened her eyes and looked at the grey sock with wonder, this was no ordinary stocking. Right down in the toe she found a small symmetrical parcel, wrapped in purple tissue paper and bound with a red ribbon. She sensed that this, although the smallest gift, was to be the best gift of all. Eagerly she untied the ribbon and opened the folds of purple. Inside was a small gold box and, inside that, a perfectly carved little wooden cross on a string of tiny red beads.

"Yes my child, you have kept the best gift for last. This is a symbol of my love for you and you know what it means. My own Son, Jesus Christ, died on a Cross for you, so that you could have life and have it more abundantly and I gave you both my Son and then the Holy Spirit so that you could experience the greatest gift of all, the love I have for you. Christmas with its Santas, carols, trimmings, trees, party food and gifts all mean nothing without it. So use the talents I have given you, make history, tell My story, share my love so that others might choose life"

Donna stirred as the Hadidas squawked their rain warning. It was time to get up for work. A strange sensation bubbled up in her, was it excitement? She found herself humming Amazing Grace as she turned on the taps to run her bath. 'Christmas soon' she thought, 'I can't wait for the holidays and time to write.

Penny Mitchell



CHURCH ACCOUNT DETAILS

WCF Tithing, Offering, Giving

Account name: Westville Christian Fellowship
Remark: "Tithing" or "Offering" or "special offering for xx"
Account no. 25 25 19191 Branch Code: 04-54-26-44
Bank: Standard Bank Branch: Westville

Simunye Apostolic Ministries

Account name: Simunye Apostolic Ministries
Remark: "Specific Purpose for contribution"
Account no. 35 440 559 4 Branch Code: 04-54-26-44
Bank: Standard Bank Branch: Westville

Education Trust

Account name: Westville Christian Fellowship
Remark: "Education Trust"
Account no. 25 25 19191 Branch Code: 04-54-26-44
Bank: Standard Bank Branch: Westville

Building Fund

Account name: Westville Christian Fellowship
Account no. 05 492 8915 Branch Code: 04-54-26-44
Bank: Standard Bank Branch: Westville


Vukukhanye (NPO Reg No: 017-325)

Account name: Vukukhanye
Account no. 25 254 884 1 Branch Code: 04-54-26-44
Bank: Standard Bank Branch: Westville

December



Calendar

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
1	2	3	4	5 5:30am Intercession PETER WATT to Maputo	6	7 8-9am Intercession 9am Sunday Celebration 3pm Chesterville Celebration
8 PETER WATT returns	9 5:30 pm Intercession	10	11	12 5:30am Intercession	13	14 8-9am Intercession 9am Sunday Celebration 3pm Chesterville Celebration
15	16 5:30pm Intercession	17	18	19 5:30am Intercession	20	21 8-9am Intercession 9am Sunday Celebration 3pm Chesterville Celebration
22	23 5:30pm Intercession	24 Church Office closed. Reopens on 8th January	25  CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE 8:30 - 10am	26	27	28 9am Sunday Celebration 3pm Chesterville Celebration
29	30 5:30pm Intercession	31				

PLEASE TAKE NOTE

Cells on duty in December: Pillay, e44

If anyone is looking for **house sitters** or has **accommodation available between 12 & 28 December 2008**, please contact **Chalene Chetty** on Cell : 0828517649. We have some friends (a lovely couple & 2 kids) coming from Cape Town that are looking for accommodation.

1999 Renault Clio for Sale. Also **Defy washing machine** in working order. Please contact Mike (0824444369) or Lindy van der Meulen (0824646358).