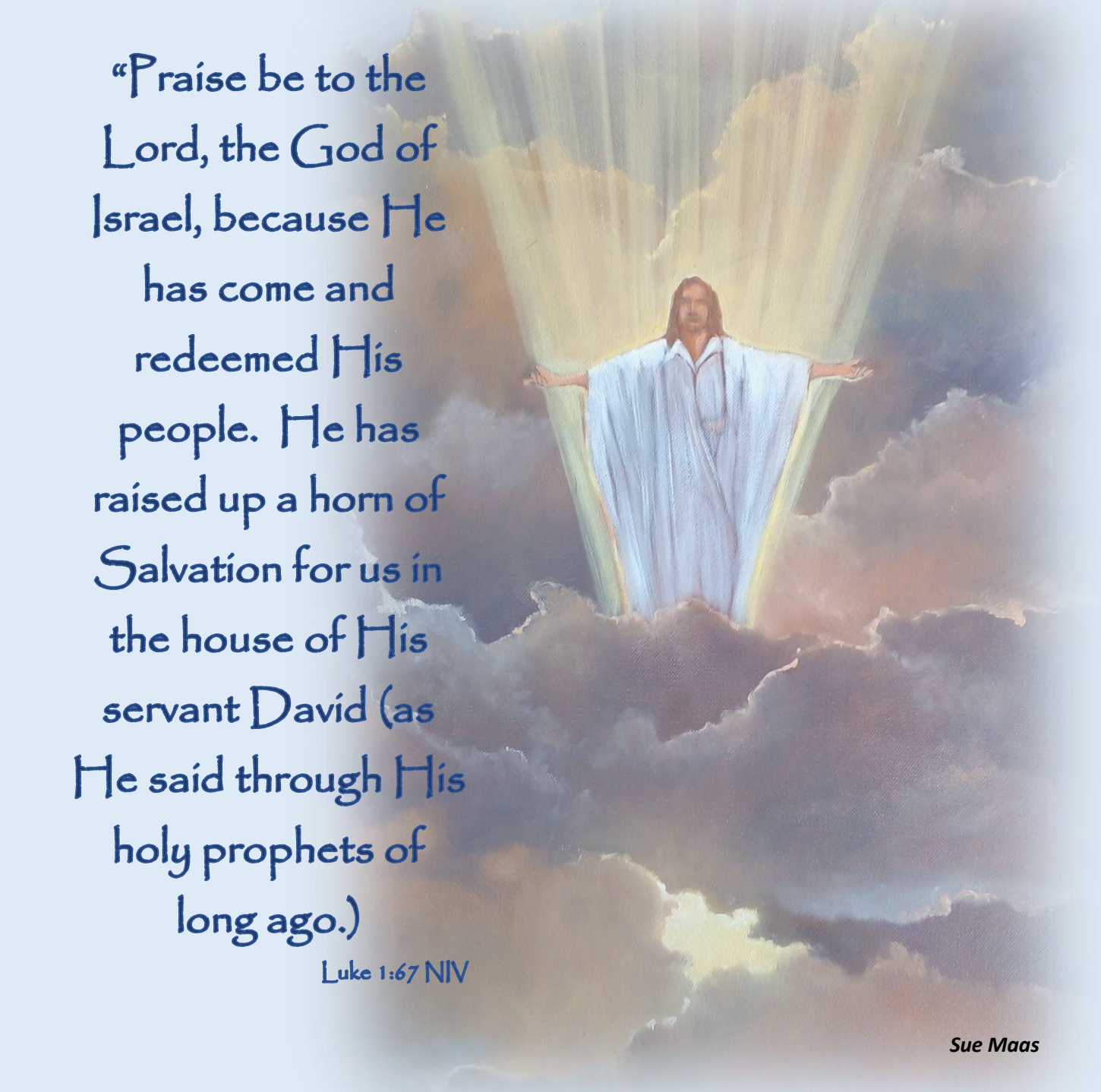
Easter 2023

Lakeside Letter



"Praise be to the Lord, the God of Israel, because He has come and redeemed His people. He has raised up a horn of Salvation for us in the house of His servant David (as He said through His holy prophets of long ago.)

Luke 1:67 NIV

Sue Maas

The Lakeside Chapel is a non-denominational fellowship to families who come from different backgrounds to worship God and to care for one another and serve Jesus Christ in the Hangklip area. It is part of the body of Jesus Christ on earth and welcomes all who seek to love God and their fellow man.

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A Word of Thanks . . .

It was with great regret that I did not manage to publish a Christmas edition of the Lakeside Letter at the end of 2022, due to a number of circumstances beyond my control and which came to a head around Christmas time. I would like to extend my apologies to our readers and hope that this Easter Edition will more than make up for the shortfall.

First, all glory and gratitude to God, my Father, to Jesus, my Saviour and to the Holy Spirit, my Guide, who carry me and guide me through this work.

Second, it has been a pleasure to receive such a high calibre of contributions for this edition, and I would like to extend my sincere thanks to all those intrepid writers who have, willingly and at times courageously, contributed to this edition. Without your commitment to this process, the Lakeside Letter would be a non-starter.

Third, I also thank my faithful proof-readers, Bienkie, Ian, Jane and the newest member of the team, Anne Fairey, for their willing and prompt support, and at times wise counsel regarding the proof-reading of all articles. Thanks also to Paul for his kind support.

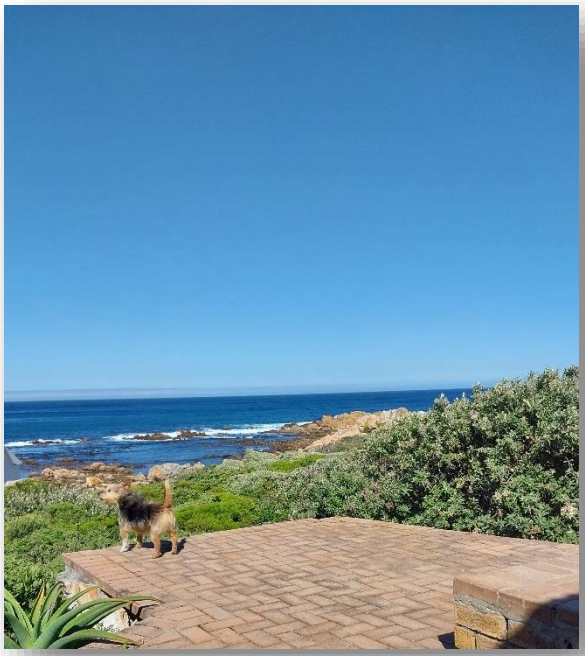
And finally, a huge thank you shout-out to Ian, who keeps us fed, and manages to hold me together throughout the production period.

As we celebrate the glorious resurrection of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, may we remain deeply joyful in the knowledge of His redemption for us.

May the peace of Christ be with each one of you, always.

Ed.

From my stoep . . .



Hello Friends!

I am getting old. I say this because I am finding that the whole world around me is changing and seems different to the past, more complicated, unfathomable, confusing, disturbing or just downright annoying. I find myself sounding like my mother sounded to me when I was in my twenties.

But these are different times. More challenging than ever before in my life, never mind in history. And therefore, I consider our congregation's current study of the Gospel of Matthew a really timeous, enriching, and enlightening journey in our lives.

This past week, we, in the Rooiels group, were looking at Jesus' words in Matthew 6 where He exhorts us not to worry. What? Not worry – with loadshedding, climate change, mixed-up gender definitions, crime, cost of living going through the roof – to name but a few? But Jesus spells it out: He calls His disciples (and us) "… you of little faith!"

When I stop to look at why I tend to fret over things, I realise that my faith is indeed little. I should have more, shouldn't I? But I forget this fact: God is faithful, and when I am weak, He is strong!

His faithfulness was made very clear to us early in November last year, when at 9.30 in the evening, three men attacked me outside our home, subdued us, tied us up and robbed us. As this was happening, both Ian and I called out to the Lord in our distress, first out loud, then quietly after being told in no uncertain terms to stop making a noise. I must be honest, I can't say that I was calm and utterly unconcerned, that would be a lie. But a number of things happened, or didn't happen, which are wholly due to God's presence and faithfulness that night.

Firstly, my brain still worked! After putting up a fight – which was a bit pointless, seeing I was tackled by two strong young men – I believe the Lord caused me to make a conscious decision to be as compliant as possible, so that we wouldn't aggravate the thugs in any way.

- Although we were anxious, we were not terrified – the Name of Jesus hedged both of us in with the assurance that all will be well – thank you, Lord!
- They were bossy, but never seriously aggressive – thank you, Lord!
- They didn't trash the house – thank you, Lord!
- They never touched, or even threatened to touch, Ian or me – thank you, Lord!
- They listened and complied with my request not to have something stuffed into my mouth – thank you, Lord! They took computers, cell phones, a camara and my hairdryer (?!), but not my jewellery, or the car, or keys, or knives, or clothes – thank you, Lord!
- When they had left, we were so aware of God's presence, His peace and His protection – thank you, Lord!

We are more careful now, but not afraid. We don't go out alone at night, we take the panic button with us, we arm the outside beams when it gets dark, but … we are not worried. Our God is for us. His faithfulness lasts forever. We have His peace – thank you, Lord!

And this presence of God in our lives, this peace that surpasses all understanding, this is Jesus. Immanuel – God with us.

May this Easter time be a time for the truth of His word to sink deeply into our minds and our souls, so that the anxiety of the present day will be replaced by the joy of His presence.

Wishing you all a blessed Easter!

Stephanie

Still He Walked

Submitted by Jane Forrester

He could hear the crowds screaming "Crucify, crucify!" ...
He could hear the hatred in their voices,
These were His chosen people.
He loved them,
And they were going to crucify Him.
He was beaten, bleeding and weakened ...
His heart was broken,
But still He walked.

He could see the crowd as He came from the palace.
He knew each of the faces so well.
He had created them.
He knew every smile, every laugh, and every shed tear,
But now they were contorted with rage and anger;
His heart broke,
But still He walked.

He searched the crowd for a loving face, and He saw very few.
Then he turned His eyes to the only One that mattered –
And He knew that He would never be alone.
He looked back at the crowd ...
At the people who were spitting at Him,
Throwing rocks at Him and mocking Him,
And he knew that because of Him,
They would never be alone.
So for them, He walked.

The sounds of the hammer striking the spikes echoed through the crowd.
The sounds of His cries echoed even louder,
The cheers of the crowd, as His hands and feet were nailed to the cross,
Intensified with each blow.
Loudest of all was the still small voice
Inside His Heart that whispered, "I am with you, my Son",
And God's heart broke.
He had let His son walk.

Jesus could have asked God to end His suffering,
But instead, He asked God to forgive.
Not to forgive Him, but to forgive the ones who were persecuting Him.
As He hung on that cross, dying an unimaginable death,
He looked out and saw, not only the faces in the crowd,
But also, the face of every person yet to be,
And His heart filled with love.
As His body was dying, His heart was alive.
Alive with the limitless, unconditional love He feels for each of us.
That is why He walked.

When I forget how much My God loves me,
... I remember His walk.
When I wonder if I can be forgiven,
... I remember His walk.
When I need to be reminded of how to live like Christ,
... I think of His walk.
And to show Him how much I love Him,
... I wake up each morning, turn my eyes to Him,
... And I walk.

Author known to God

Go Tell Jesus

Octavius Winslow, Go and Tell Jesus (1869),
submitted by Danie and Fransa van Straaten

Go and tell Jesus everything. You have much to disclose—tell Him all.

Tell Him of the world's woundings, of the saints' smitings, of the spirit's tremblings, and of the heart's anguish.

Tell Him your low frames, your mental despondencies, your gloomy fears, beclouded evidences, and veiled hope.

Tell Him your bodily infirmities—your waning health, failing vigor, progressive disease—the pain, the lassitude, the nervousness, the weary couch, the sleepless pillow, which no one knows but Him.

Tell Him of your dread of death, how you recoil from dying, and how dark and rayless appears the body's last resting place.

Tell Him how all beyond it looks so dreary, starless, hopeless.

Tell Him you fear you do not know Him, love Him, believe in Him.

Tell Him that there is not a being in the universe—none in heaven or on earth—whom you desire as Himself.

Tell Him all the temptations, the difficulties, the hidden trials and sorrows of your path.

Tell — oh! — tell Him all! There is nothing that you may not in the confidence of love, and in the simplicity of faith, tell Jesus — no temporal want — no spiritual sorrow. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." "Ye people, pour out your heart before Him!"

Tell Him your desolateness as a widow — your friendlessness as an orphan — your sadness and solitude as one whose heart is overwhelmed within you. Go, and lose yourself in the love of Jesus — hide you in the wounds of Jesus — wash you in the blood of Jesus — replenish you from the fullness of Jesus and recline upon the bosom of Jesus.

Think not this a weak, sentimental Christianity to which we are urging you. We know no other than this — no other which so appeals to the intellect, as to the most sacred feelings and affections of the heart. This telling Jesus everything in our individual history — this recognition of His government in all our ways, and this reliance upon His power and love in all our circumstances — is the legitimate employment of a faith at once the sublimest exercise of the mind as it is the loveliest and holiest impulse of the heart. Here is a faith that recedes from the objects of sense, and "beholds Him that is invisible"; that quits the region of illusions and shadows and entwines itself with infinite realities; that carries all the interests and relations, responsibilities and accountabilities of time into the solemn, awful, and unalterable decision of eternity.

In urging you, Christian reader, to the exercise of a privilege of personal contact and close transaction with Jesus, we have but endeavoured to simplify a principle, in its application to all the minutiae of life, the divinest, loftiest, and sublimest that can possibly task the powers of the human soul. All the splendour of human philosophy, science, and prowess, pales before the moral grandeur which gathers, like a halo, around a mortal man reposing at the feet of the Incarnate God — unveiling his whole soul in all the childlike confidence of a faith that grasps Jehovah. At this focal point must meet the profound philosopher and the untutored peasant; the matured man and the little child — all taught, counselled, and supplied at the feet of Jesus.

Boundless Hope

Paul Hartwig

As I have been preaching through Romans since I began my pastorate at Lakeside Chapel, the reason for this great letter by Paul has become increasingly clear to me. And it became even clearer when we came to the concluding words of the main body of the book:

Now may the God of hope fill you (Romans) with all joy and peace as you believe, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit (15: 13)

It is clear here that Paul aimed at engendering huge hope in readers of his letter. 'Hope' appears as supreme and final in Romans. This was a real surprise to me. Yet there was more. The above verse not only aims at the goal of hope, but it is precisely the quantity of hope that is the goal of Paul's prayer for all joy and peace: "abounding" hope created by the power of the Spirit is the goal. Hope is not to be a mere cherry on the top but rather the growing child born within its pregnant readers. Notice how the Jerusalem Bible spotlights the incredibly liberal totality of hope Paul prays for:

"May the God of hope bring you such joy and peace in your faith that the power of the Holy Spirit will remove all bounds to hope."

Paul is laying hold of God and asking Him to supernaturally pour out into the lives of the Romans a limitless flood of hope that would explode within them to the praise and glory of God. There is nothing immoderate or measured about the language Paul uses! He would pray the same prayer for us today.

Let us then look at three aspects that will help to bring this prayer into focus for our own faith and prayer:

What is Hope?

Most of us have a basic idea of what "hope" means. It is essentially *a positive expectation for the future*. We have hope if we expect good to come to us. Hope is often born out of a dissatisfaction of the present and is a future-facing orientation of some coming happy delight. Paul, in the above text, distinguishes between faith and hope. He makes faith a servant of hope. How can we picture this? Imagine a father who often travels abroad and has to leave his son at home. On one of his travels, he is away for his son's birthday. So, he promises to bring back a gift, though the exact day of his arrival is uncertain. How does the son respond? With faith and hope. The son has faith that believes the promise of his father. His faith enables him to see invisible things, the birthday present and his father's imagined return. Hope, based on his faith, then sends him out every day to the garage door to see if this is the day when he will return. For those who love Jesus, and believe God's word, it is the same. We "rejoice in the hope of the glory of God" (Rom 5:2-3), looking forward to the future-grace that God will bring to us in Christ Jesus.

What is Hope rooted in?

A critical matter is to ground hope in something certain. If not, it is a mere "will o' the wisp", a whistling in the dark, "hoping" for the best. What are the immovable rocks under the saints' feet? What are the solid doctrines we can base boundless hope upon? There are basically two:

The Truth of Creation: Truths that we derive from God's creation is what we call Natural Theology. Romans 1:20 tells us that "from the creation of the cosmos God's invisible attributes are clearly perceived, being understood through His created handiwork". When we look at creation, we perceive the transcendent power of the divine Being. The macro and micro worlds speak of an Almighty and purposeful Creator. Can not the one who made all this give us great hope for the future? If He produced the world by His wisdom and set it in order, can He not help us and give us a reason for a happy future? The answer is certainly Yes!

The Truth from the Cross: As articulate as Natural Theology is, it is not enough. People infer all sorts of false theology and false gods from the data of the cosmos. We need more light. God has given us more, and this is what we call Special Revelation. The Bible builds upon Natural Theology and tells us more. The pinnacle of this revelation is the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. When we look at the Cross, we have huge reasons for hope. Consider Paul's "mathematics" of the Cross in Romans 8:32:

"He who did not spare His own Son, but gave Him up for us all – how will He not also, along with Him, graciously give us all things?"

This verse founds the hope of a future where God "gives us all things" upon the foundation of the past event of God's gift to us of his Son on the Cross. If God did the greater thing in the past (give His Son), it is certain He will do the lesser thing in the future (give all things). If elderly aunt Mavis at the church was helped to purchase a new car, is it unreasonable of her to think that the same church will not help her and come and

clean her windows? This is Paul's *theo-logic*: if when we were sinners, Christ died for us, how much more, now that we are reconciled, can we expect the grace of God to come to us in the future!

The truth of Creation and the truth of the Cross gives us solid grounds for a glorious and sure hope for our future in Christ. We have no grounds for wishful thinking.

Lastly, how does Hope glorify God?

If we compare Paul's two closing prayers in Romans (15:5-6; 13), we can conclude that to pray for the glory of God to be manifest, and our hope in God to abound, is not to pray for two things but for one.

Let's see how this works by asking the question: What does it mean to glorify God in our lives? It means something about living in such a way that He is shown to be the best good in all things and the supreme One above all things. We live to God's glory when people see these things in our lives. Now this glory of God in us is best seen when we hope in Him for our future good.

Hope glorifies God because we have no natural certainty for future good. We are in the dark as to any knowledge of what the future will look like. We are in the dark as far as what will actually happen tomorrow. So, if we do have a positive future expectation, it must be from a source and reason outside of our selves. Any human hope is not from man, and must be from God.

We can do nothing to secure a happy future for ourselves. The reality is that what all people want most they cannot produce or secure. We cannot even keep ourselves alive for one second! So, if we have a hope for a certain future, it must be based upon God's trustworthiness and security and not our own.

We can *expect* no good in the future from a good and holy God. Humans in their current moral state are unholy and not good in themselves. We are unlike God morally and so do not deserve good in the future. Not only so, we have also turned elsewhere for hope (religion, money, our selves, etc). This means that if we, sinful and unworthy creatures, have a sure and certain hope for the future, we magnify God in His grace and goodness by our hope.

How marvellous to know the truth of what Paul says in Ephesians 2:7, that it will take nothing less than the coming ages to express and unpack the grace of God that has been given to us in Jesus Christ!

Hope in God greatly magnifies Him. Not only so, the more we "put our hope in His unfailing love", the greater is His pleasure in us and the greater His glory.

These are some of the things that inform a boundless hope. We need to give long and deep meditation on the reasons for hope Paul gives in Romans. Chapter 8 is full of catalytic truth for such a hope. Yet, as we do this, I am also reminded of the essential work of the Holy Spirit in this regard. The Holy Spirit is the final person of the Trinity mentioned in the main teaching section of Romans. We look to the God of hope to give His Spirit in greater power and presence within us and the churches, so that by His agency and enabling power, all bounds to hope will be removed in us.

May the God of hope do it in us all!

Paul

God Answers Prayer!

Daphne Wessels

My name is Daphne Wessels. I am 76 years old, born in August 1946. I was told that my mother was Catholic. From when I was 6 years old, we lived in Kempton Park. When I was 11 years old, I broke my back. At that time, we were told that only the Priests had bibles, and there was no Catholic Church in our area. The only time I remember ever going to church was for weddings, funerals and christenings. But my mother told me that Jesus had died on the cross to save us. I only attended Sunday School twice with some friends. The one person who impacted my life most was my father's mother, who was a born again Christian. Always praising God – mostly singing 'Abide with Me' – and reading her bible. She unfortunately died when I was 8 years old, but I know she always prayed for me.

One day when I was about 12, my uncle Jock, who was a staunch Catholic, asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up? I replied: "A missionary." I had seen my mother searching for God in various denominations and religions, which prompted me to want to become a missionary. I didn't realise then that this was a call from God on my life as I didn't have any relationship with Him at that time.

I met and married my late husband when I was almost 18 years old and in December 1971, when I was 25 years old and had a 4 year old son, I found Jesus as Lord of my life.

Since being born again I have witnessed and experienced many miracles. On December 8th God delivered me from smoking, on the 25th of December I was baptised with His wonderful Holy Spirit and on the 26th of December, baptised in water. Oh, what a joy to know my Lord Jesus for almost 51 years now.

Many attacks have been made on my life, but God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit have always been there for me. When God's time is right, what a joy it will be to be forever with my Lord.

There was one other person who was praying for me, who was a wonderful child of God, and whom I didn't know. We met at a convention after I had met my Saviour and only when I saw and heard her praising God for my salvation, did I realise that for many years she had been praying for me. I give praise to God for the two Prayer Warriors who stood in the gap for my salvation.

I was married for 27 years and have now been widowed for 31 years, but God has been with me all the way. In 1996 I attended a mission school and in 1998 God called me to Swaziland where I had the privilege of working at 'Teen Challenge', where there were drug addicts, street children, homeless women and babies. Just some of the miracles I witnessed there were two boys who were unable to walk, and whom God healed, and they walked again, as well as three people who were raised from the dead. Now I stand in prayer for others for God's glory!

With love in Christ

Daphne

God Multiplies What You Give

Submitted by Lyn Goddard

Hattie May Wiatt, a six-year-old girl, lived near Grace Baptist Church in Philadelphia, USA. The Sunday school was very crowded. Russell H. Conwell, the minister, told her that one day they would have buildings big enough to allow everyone to attend. She said: "I hope you will. It is so crowded I am afraid to go there alone." He replied: "When we get the money, we will construct one large enough to get all the children in."

Two years later, in 1886, Hattie May died. After the funeral Hattie's mother gave the minister a little bag they had found under their daughter's pillow containing 57 cents in change that she had saved up. Alongside it was a note in her handwriting: "To help build bigger so that more children can go to Sunday school."

The minister changed all the money into pennies and offered each one for sale. He received $250, and 54 of the cents were given back. The $250 was itself changed into pennies and sold by the newly formed 'Wiatt Mite Society'. In this way, her 57 cents *kept on multiplying*.

Twenty-six years later, in a talk entitled, 'The history of the 57 cents', the minister explained the results of her 57-cent donation: a church with a membership of over 5,600 people, a hospital where tens of thousands of people had been treated, 80,000 young people going through university, 2,000 people going out to preach the gospel – all this happened 'because Hattie May Wiatt invested her 57 cents'.

The theme of multiplication runs throughout the Bible. What cannot be achieved by addition, God does by multiplication. You reap what you sow, only many times more. What you give to the Lord, He multiplies.

(Bible in One Year, Nicky Gumble)

God Still Speaks to Us Today Through His Creation.

One day as I was walking up a mountain slope towards the Children's home in Bulembu, the Nasturtiums were in full bloom, and the Lord spoke to me, saying that these flowers represent the feeding and healing of the orphans – the nasturtium plant is an antibiotic as well as being edible, in a salad for example. As I went further up the mountain, there was a white arum lily, and Father said that represents purity and holiness. Higher up the mountain again, was a flame tree in full bloom, and the Lord said to me that represents the blood of Jesus, my Son. Further up the slope was a jacaranda tree full of blue and purple flowers, and the Lord said that represents divine peace (blue) and kingly priesthood (purple). A while later I came down the mountain again, I saw a yellow lily and I asked what that would represent, and in my spirit, I heard the joy of Jesus.

After my husband died 31 years ago, I was in Durban watching the boats coming into the harbour. The Lord said to me just as the pilot boat is leading the ships into harbour, so our Heavenly Father leads us by His Holy Spirit so that one day we will reach our harbour in heaven safely. God speaks to us through His wonderful creation, He is always there for us. We need to keep our eyes upon Jesus, our Saviour, Healer and Provider, our Sovereign Lord. May He help us to hear His voice at all times.

Praise Him!

Daphne Wessels

Basalt, Banyans, and Bamboo

Lessons learnt while in Taiwan

Janice Anderson, Nov 2022

Going to Taiwan was not in my plans for 2022, but a call from my daughter and son-in-law changed that. They have lived in Taiwan for seven years, and the last four years have been a rough, hard road with struggles such as chronic ill health, heavy loads of responsibility, and my daughter Rachel trying to finish her Master's thesis in Linguistics. Her call in July at a heart-breaking low point prompted a radical step. Within three weeks, with amazing financial provision for flights, a special family visit visa obtained, and my schedule for the next three months re-organised, I was in Chaiyi, Taiwan.

My time in Taiwan is a gift that I treasure. I couldn't do much to fix my family's suffering, but the phrase "the power of presence" came often to me. Sharing and being an ear to both their sufferings and joys and offering my love to them by doing daily chores around their place, gave them strength and respite.

Being immersed in another culture gives one a unique opportunity to view and get a fresh perspective on your own culture and circumstances, both the blessings and adversities. This is an invaluable experience, especially as being in an earthquake zone such as this – in the tropics – tremors and abundant foliage are part of the county's character. Always thinking in analogies, I was also given fresh material for my imagination.

Towards the end of my time there, we had the opportunity to go to Penghu Island, an archipelago off the west coast. Swimming and snorkeling in warm waters were a treat, coming from our chilly seas. The volcanic basalt and fossilised coral that the island is made from is so different from our southern Cape geology. Standing next to a towering basalt column and feeling its solid firmness, brought a verse from Isaiah 26:4 to mind: "Trust in the Lord forever, for in God the Lord, we have an everlasting Rock." Having experienced two big earthquakes a few weeks before, with at least ten aftershock tremors, the solid firmness of the Rock was comforting.

In counseling, I have witnessed – and have experienced my own – earthquake moments in life where unexpected suffering (be it events, illnesses, or losses) shake your foundations, and that which you thought was solid, is now shaking and jolting. The shock, trauma, and grief disorientating your soul, leaves you perturbed, confused, and fearful in uncertainty, and you long for firm ground that you can trust to steady you.

Those living in Taiwan are remarkably calm in these physical quakes; knowing what to do from years of experience, training, and the country's remarkable systems in place. The ability to face adverse, unexpected sufferings doesn't come in the trying to react well in the moment, but in what comes before, what is already in place.

We have a tendency to fixate on not being anxious, fearful or grief stricken in these moments, and this creates the false perception that feeling those things is somehow a lack of faith. One's 'correct' performance is then the focus.

My trust in the Lord, the Rock, which is not shaken in earthquake moments, is formed from moments of trust in the small tremors of life and in daily connecting in solitude and silence with the Lord. His love slowly becomes imprinted, solidified, and fossilised into my being so that I can say with trembling trust: "God alone is my rock and my salvation, my fortress; I shall not be greatly shaken." (Ps 62:2)

Joni Eareckson Tada, in *A Place of Healing,* says: "When there is no light by which to read the music, those who know their God by heart, play

on." So, when earthquakes hit, those who rest in the embedded rock- solid love of God, knowing Him by heart, rest still in their hearts, while still experiencing anxiety, fear or grief.

My daughter and son-in-law's flat is on the 14th floor in a building on the edge of the city, with magnificent views of the mountains and a lake to the left, farmland and forest in front, with the city behind. Every morning and evening I would stand on the balcony praying, committing or reflecting on the day. The bamboo trees in the forest stood taller than all the others, gently swaying in the slightest breeze. Their movement seemed like a tender dance, each frond moving to its own rhythm in an unforced manner, yet somehow synchronised with the others. Bamboo is light but incredibly strong and every part of it is used in a wide variety of applications, from construction to furniture, food, biofuel, fabrics, cloth, paper, and improving soil. My daily morning prayer of surrender and receiving was praying that I may be like a bamboo branch, "living freely and lightly in the unforced rhythms of grace" (Matt 11: 8–30 MSG), sensitive to the breath of His Spirit so that I may move in synchronicity with what He is doing this day. Living from Him and with Him, He may use my life in what ways He will. My life is not a production, but a very way of 'being', from being rooted in Christ so that the fruit is a way of 'being'. At the end of each day, I reflected on what was seen and experienced that day, naming six bamboo branches - a pain lament, a beauty seen, a truth to stand on, a grace received, a hope to hold, and goodness treasured, all given back to the Lord in thankfulness of who He is, who holds me in His steady hand.

On the outskirts of Chaiyi City is a crumbling abandoned colonial house. Banyan trees have taken over, taking on the shape of the house so that it is a living tree house. "Unless the Lord builds the house, those who build it labor in vain" (Ps 127: 1) came to mind. I have a default struggle in my walk with the Lord, in relying on the 'bricks' of doing correct things for God (noble and good things such as the Christian disciplines), but in, and with, my own strength to get it right to be acceptable to God. It's a subtle shift of weight of a good thing made ultimate, and its deception blinds the Church. Within the house there is the frame of a window still intact, making the shape of a cross. As I stood beneath it with the enmeshed branches of the tree-house towering above me, the awe of life found at the cross once again humbled me. It's not of my own doing but by grace that He builds both me and the Church. At the cross, I find Life, living organically, being rooted and transformed into the living-hope house of grace of Christ, moving on from a life of 'colonial' legalism built from bricks of correctness and ought-to rules.

"So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live your lives in him, rooted and built up in him, strengthened in the faith as you were taught, and overflowing with thankfulness."(Col 2: 6,7)

A phrase repeated over and over in Scripture is: "The steadfast love of the Lord endures forever". This power of His presence is maybe the essence of the kingdom of heaven brought to earth that Jesus came to bring. This love is a gift there to be received, absorbed and overflowing to wherever I find myself, to whoever is near me each day, whether in Taiwan or Betty's Bay. This is the with-God life.

A Different Kind of Gifts

Gardiol Theron

When I was asked to open our yearly family gathering on the last Sunday of last year, I had a problem, which was how to find an appropriate message. The reason was, that this particular Sunday was also the 25th of December, Christmas day. I was not really willing to go to the usual Christmas message, the standard believer's message of Christmas, which every generation represented at our gathering, had already heard many times.

My thoughts went to gifts. How can I teach the greater family about real gifts. During my years of being a Christian and listening to, and helping people who needed support, who were searching for truth and who needed the Word more than they realised, I sometimes told them to hold onto three very important gifts.

And so I told the family that the birth of Jesus was not the only important historical moment which we celebrate on that day. I also told them about the three most important happenings which had, and are, to come.

Christ has died. Christ is risen.
Christ will come again.

The fact that the newborn Jesus received gifts from the wise men, should not be the motivation for the secular world to change His birthday into a money-making event, as it is these days.

Let us as Christians rather change our reason for giving a Christmas gift to a loved one, or maybe to a child or person who cannot return this gesture to us. Let us give for a different reason than just a jolly good party and lots of food. And let each gift go with the message of Christ who gave us the best gifts in the entire universe. This motivation can apply to any time of the year, not just at Christmas time.

Christ has died:

When Christ died on the cross, He knew He was fulfilling the Father's will. Through this selfless act, Jesus also gave us the gift of forgiveness for our sins, past, present and future.

Christ is risen.

When Christ had risen from the dead and, a short while later, went to His Father in heaven, He left us with the precious gift of the Holy Spirit. How can we, as Christians, survive today without this amazing gift?

Christ will come again.

We long for Christ to return, for the time that we all will live in harmony in a New Earth, where lamb and lion will lie together, and there will be no more tears. Our gift from God is everlasting life.

May we never forget how precious our lives are to God, for He gave His only Son – for us to receive His wonderful gifts.

Because of Your Grace

Only our loving Father can take the pain of trials and use it for a greater purpose. Every adversity has the potential of making us more like Christ. Difficulty causes our fears and impurities to rise to the surface so we can process them with the Lord. What we really believe is exposed when He is the only thing we have to hang on to.

None of us enjoy trials, but they have a way of teaching us about ourselves. They also cause us to run to the Lord with a desperation that is genuine. We carry no pretence when we're totally undone. In times of pain, we come to find His love in ways we would otherwise never understand. God is kind and merciful and limits the intensity and timing of the trials we face. He won't leave us in the fire forever, but He will use adversities to purify us and teach us of His love.

Father, every ounce of me wants to kick, scream, and beg you to make this pain end. But I also want you to have your perfect work in me. Use this trial for your glory. Keep me close and let's not let this situation go to waste. I will come out of this shining like gold because of your grace. Amen

Excerpt from "The Vision" by Brian Simmons and Gretchen Rodriguez

God Is Sovereign: He Sends Awakening Where and When He Chooses

A report on the recent 'Asbury Awakening' compiled by Lyn Goddard, edited by Stephanie Milne

Part One, February 2023:

On Wednesday 8th February 2023, a regular 10am Chapel service at a small Christian University, Asbury, in Kentucky USA, turned into a non-stop time of prayer, praise and repentance. The Asbury University Student Body President, Alison Perfater, said in an interview: "There's a young army of believers who are rising to claim Christianity, the faith, as their own, as a young generation and as a free generation … people can't get enough!" She said they were sharing amongst themselves the verse from Habakkuk 1:5 "Look at the nations and watch - and be utterly amazed. For I am going to do something in your days that you would not believe, even if you were told." She continued: "The Holy Spirit has interceded for us here at Asbury and across the nation." As at the time of this interview, the service of continual worship, song and prayer had continued practically non-stop for 12 days.

People from all over were queuing around the campus to get into the main hall, and several other buildings had to be opened for the overflow. Noah Benjamin reports: "The main thing here is Jesus Christ. There are no celebrities in this place. The only person who is being honoured, praised, and adored is our Saviour, Jesus."

Dubbed the "Asbury Revival", the around-the-clock prayer and worship service echoes a similar religious revival that occurred at Asbury in 1970, when worship, prayer, and singing continued for 144 consecutive hours. Evangelical Christians view revivals as "a reconnection with the divine after a period of spiritual drought."

Unfortunately, there is not enough space here to write about all the different aspects I have discovered while researching this phenomenon. Here are some relevant quotes:

"I think what's happening in this space is very reflective of what's described as Godly Wisdom in James 3. Pure, peaceful, gentle, willing to yield, full of mercy, full of good fruit, no impartiality, no hypocrisy. If the world sees us, that's what I want them to see - the presence of God." (Kevin Brown, Asbury University President.)

"It was totally organic and student-led … students in the Chapel seeking God's face and praying for revival on our campus. God is up to something!" (Sanford University's executive Director.)

"What we are experiencing now – this inexpressibly deep sense of peace, wholeness, holiness, belonging, and love – is only the smallest of windows into the life for which we were made." (Professor McCall, Theology professor at Asbury.)

"In each move of the Spirit, God clearly manifests in a specific way for that generation. I find it interesting that God would mark this outpouring with:

* A tangible sense of peace for a generation experiencing unprecedented anxiety.
* A restorative sense of belonging for a generation amidst an epidemic of loneliness.
* An authentic hope for a generation marked by depression.
* A leadership emphasising protective humility in relationships with power, for a generation deeply hurt by the abuse of religious power.

"What I love about this revival … is that it is nameless and faceless. It is not about personalities. It's just people getting desperate for God … Lord, let this hunger come to every church and let it spill into the streets." (Lee Grady, journalist.)

"I would far rather be gullible than cynical. Something sovereign does appear to be unfolding … maintaining the focus on Jesus. We *need* a sovereign in-breaking of the Holy Spirit. … and these awakenings always, always, always begin in precisely this way: with seasons of concerted prayer." (Pete Greig, co-founder of 24/7 Prayer.)

"(There is) no leader, no rival, no pride, all humility/meekness, gentle hearts, stumbling sinners, tender students serving thousands of curious visitors in their love for mercy, Christ is being honoured, God is being glorified, the Spirit is at liberty." (John-Paul Lotz, the nephew of Billy Graham's daughter, Anne.)

"It is clearly an outpouring of the Spirit, but beyond that we are reticent to call it anything else. (There is) no production whatsoever … There is a lot of prayer, there are testimonies given throughout the day. It is the Holy Love of God rising like a tide and rolling like waves. Jesus is the only celebrity here. Incredible humility characterises this whole move. This has been enormously disruptive to the life of the school, but no one seems to care. There is a vigilance of love supporting these students." (JD Walt, Asbury chaplain for many years.)

Another comment: "A focus on participatory adoration for an age of digital distraction."

Some Christian leaders, for example Amir Tsarfati, are advising caution regarding events which cause people to flock to a specific location. He reminds us that God is continually calling people everywhere to repent, and that God is Spirit and can be worshipped anywhere and everywhere, as long as it is done in spirit and truth. He encourages us to thank the Lord for all He is doing all around the world, and to remember that one doesn't need to physically be in a certain location in order to participate in this move of God!

No one knows how long this revival will continue, and if, where, and when it might spread to other communities, churches and countries. We can only pray that God will send revival worldwide! But we should never underestimate what God does and whom He will use to fulfil His purposes. If this truly is a move of God, then it will continue and grow; if not, it will collapse of its own accord - just as Gamaliel said to the Sanhedrin in Acts 5: 38,39.

Part 2, March 2023

Since the Asbury Awakening was brought to a close on campus on the 24th February, after 14 days of non-stop prayer, worship, confession, and testimonies, many people have been wondering "What now?", and some have questioned its authenticity.

Pete Greig visited Asbury to meet and pray privately with the University leaders. He believes what has happened is holy, and not to be "talked about lightly, analysed too quickly or touched without a certain reverence and awe." He reminds us all that the vision is not the revival – it is the Reviver!

Many experienced reconciliations – too many to recount here! Students were challenged to continue to water the seeds that the Spirit has planted in their lives, by reading the Word of God, praying and interceding, and by telling others about Jesus and what the Holy Spirit is doing in their lives. The atmosphere was described by some as serene, deep and at times rather quiet, like a veil has been pulled back and the students have seen Jesus for the first time, manifested in a new and powerful way.

This revival definitely seems to be about GenZ and its hunger for genuine worship. 94-year-old Robert Coleman, once a professor of Evangelism at Asbury for 27 years, says that the best way people can bring lasting revival in their communities is to make disciples, as this was the last instruction Jesus gave His church. "Just follow Jesus" he said.

Nick Hall, who led the final service, says many Christians tend to overthink their discernment, questioning if what happened is actually "revival". He reminds us that God moves in different ways in different space in different times. We dare not put God in a box!

An Israeli pastor from the largest Evangelical and Messianic congregation in Jerusalem visited Asbury recently. He said he felt the overwhelming love of God there and that God's Spirit touched his heart! He reckoned he has been personally impacted, and said: "My ministry and my life can no longer be 'business as usual'. God is doing some deep stuff, which is so desperately needed at this time." He reminds us that the Bible promises times of revival, outpouring, and awakening!

We're told that a genuine revival will be known by its fruit. God's ways transcend our ways and our limited understanding! We can hope that this awakening or revival results in radical social change, but maybe those who were present simply needed to feel God's love in their own hearts, knowing He meets them where they are.

And Pete Greig said this after his recent visit in March: "In Orlando, Florida, yesterday (8/3/2023) hundreds unexpectedly came forward, falling to their knees and confessing their sins. In Manchester, England, there's been a similar effect. Reports are coming in from prayer rooms and university campuses all around Europe and North America where people are pushing into prayer with fresh longing. … The thing that's fresh here is the frequency and intensity of desire."

We all desperately need a fresh touch of God's Spirit in our own lives! Let thanksgiving and prayer and worship flood your soul and pour from your heart and mouth – even in the private space of your own room. God will meet you where you are. He is faithful. He is willing. He will come – just like He promised. God is here, with us – Immanuel. Let us too, here at the bottom tip of Africa, be a light for Him in this dark and hopeless world.

Shine, Jesus, shine!

Dementia – From the Patient's Point of View ♥ …

If I get dementia … I'd like my family to hang this wish list up on the wall where I live. I want them to remember these things:

If I get dementia … I want my friends and family to embrace my reality. If I think my spouse is still alive, or if I think we're visiting my parents for dinner, let me believe those things. I'll be much happier for it.

If I get dementia … don't argue with me about what is true for me versus what is true for you.

If I get dementia … and I am not sure who you are, do not take it personally. My timeline is confusing to me.

If I get dementia … and can no longer use utensils, do not start feeding me. Instead, switch me to a finger-food diet, and see if I can still feed myself.

If I get dementia … and I am sad or anxious, hold my hand and listen. Do not tell me that my feelings are unfounded.

If I get dementia … I don't want to be treated like a child. Talk to me like the adult that I am.

If I get dementia … I still want to enjoy the things that I've always enjoyed. Help me find a way to exercise, read, and visit with friends.

If I get dementia … ask me to tell you a story from my past.

If I get dementia … and I become agitated, take the time to figure out what is bothering me.

If I get dementia … treat me the way that you would want to be treated.

If I get dementia … make sure that there are plenty of snacks for me in the house. Even now if I don't eat I get angry, and if I have dementia, I may have trouble explaining what I need.

If I get dementia … don't talk about me as if I'm not in the room.

If I get dementia … don't feel guilty if you cannot care for me 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. It's not your fault, and you've done your best. Find someone who can help you, or choose a great new place for me to live.

If I get dementia … and I live in a dementia care community, please visit me often.

If I get dementia … don't act frustrated if I mix up names, events, or places. Take a deep breath. It's not my fault.

If I get dementia … make sure I always have my favourite music playing within earshot.

If I get dementia … and I like to pick up items and carry them around, help me return those items to their original places.

If I get dementia … don't exclude me from parties and family gatherings.

If I get dementia … know that I still like receiving hugs or handshakes.

If I get dementia … remember that I am still the person you know and love.

It's not their fault – be kind to all who are suffering from Dementia/Alzheimer's.

♥

KYRIOS TRANSFORMATION CENTRE BETTY'S BAY 2023

mission statement : transforming communities through transformed lives

There is deep gratitude in our hearts to God for His amazing grace, provision and protection throughout the year 2022. The last term brought us much joy as we journeyed with

our precious preschoolers to Graduation Day. Four of them who had not been able to go to school due to lost birth certificates were finally registered with home affairs and could proudly graduate to primary school. We concluded our year with a bumper Christmas party for 150 children in the informal settlement of Kensington.

Just before schools reopened in January, we ran a camp for over 50 children from our three park ministries. What a blessing to see children and youth weeping their way to the cross. The highlight of the new year was seeing our preschool kids off to school.

Shoes, shirts, shorts, skirts and many other items were donated.

Abdalah just could not stop smiling on his first day at school!

Eleven-year old Angelique who had never been to school was assessed by the Dept of Education and allowed to start at Gr 3, thus skipping her first two grades. Hallelujah!! Please continue to pray for our school children as they settle down into a long and challenging year.

NEW OPEN DOORS

A three-day seminar touching on topics of pain, passion and purpose was run for 30 ladies, mostly mothers from the informal settlement and unemployed young women. What an awesome time of sharing God's love and healing with our women ... some still so broken and abused.

OVERSTRAND OPPORTUNITIES

It's a joy to be back in action in the Overstrand every second week, ministering to the physically disabled in Hawston, reaching out to the children at the Primary School and resuming our prayer breaks at Hawston High. We were asked by

the principal to assist with programmes for learners who have had a problem with drugs and praise God for a young man who found God in prison and is available to assist with outreach and mentorship in Hawston. Please continue to pray for divine wisdom and strategy as we join hands for lasting change and transformation.

HEARTFELT THANKS ...

To the Lakeside Chapel Leadership, friends and supporters for all your prayers, encouragements and donations received throughout 2022. We are also grateful to each one for your ongoing input and interest regarding the proposed Transformation Centre in Betty's Bay. Being heritage land, the ground has had to undergo many assessments but praise God, plans are finally underway!! May the rich blessings of Numbers 6:24-26 be our portion throughout 2023 as we labour together to save the lost and build God's kingdom in the Overstrand! *Denise Atkins & Kyrios Team*

Community News

Gerda & Izak

New Lakeside Chapel Members:

In the past few months, several fellow Christ-followers were formally inducted as new members of Lakeside Chapel. Last September we welcomed Lynn Thomson, as well as Stanley, Carla and Elijah Woods as new family members, while Izak and Gerda Smit from Rooiels, and Sue Maas' sister, Anne Fairey, were welcomed into the church family in November. Welcome to all of you and may your belonging to the Chapel be a great blessing to you, may you grow in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ your Saviour, and may you all be blessed abundantly as your presence blesses the community.

Lynne

Anne

And then we had the dedication of little Ava Viljoen, brought by her parents Mea and Stephen to be dedicated to the Lord at Lakeside. Little Ava, may you grow to be a beautiful child of God, full of grace, joy, beauty and fortitude, and find favour with God Almighty.

Mea, Stephen and little Ava

The Woods Family

We pray this beautiful blessing over all of you:

The Lord bless you and keep you;
The Lord make His face shine on you and be gracious to you;
The Lord turn His face toward you and give you peace. (Numbers 6: 24)

A Tour through the History of the Church

Grateful thanks to our Pastor Paul for walking us through the history of the Church, from the early church as described in Acts, through to the present day. As with all Paul's work, the talks were well researched, informative and well presented. I was reminded of the history of the people of God after they came out of Egypt. Forever going astray and turning their backs on God, pursuing false gods and manmade doctrines. Introducing their own traditions and rules and regulations in opposition to God's ways. It was no wonder we needed the Reformation! And yet, even from that same Reformation have arisen manmade traditions and beliefs which have corrupted the true Gospel of our Lord Jesus. Paul's talks were a clear reminder to me that it is so easy to go astray and we must make every effort to stick to the Word of God and be guided by His Holy Spirit always.

Thank you, Paul, for all your hard work and effort in presenting the series. It was well worth the listen!

Our Miracle Home

Jeanine Geugis

My story begins two years ago when we began to look at houses for sale in Betty's Bay. I was keen to eventually settle overseas, so didn't pay too much attention during those early years of searching. Last year when my husband said it was time for him to retire all that changed. Faced with the reality that it was going to happen, and happen sooner than later, I had to do some serious soul searching. I turned to God and prayed.

My first prayer was that He would send me someone to buy our home. Someone, after 22 years of safety and happy memories, I would be willing to give the keys to. And He did just that. Couple number three were a true blessing, falling in love with our home just the way we had, all those years ago. I was at peace.

It was then that I realised the clock was ticking. With less than three months to go before we had to move out, my second prayer was that God find me a home that I would be willing and excited about moving into. I remember laughing to myself, as I fell asleep one night, at the wish-list I had given God. I had asked for a double storey home on a large property. I wanted a workshop space for my husband to run his business from home and a double garage. I asked that this home to be in the Silversands area and, giggling, then also added that it must have a view! I asked for ALL this and for it to be in our budget!

In that same week 14 Wheeler Road came up for sale. God had fulfilled not one or two things on my wish list but ALL of them! All the things I had prayed for. In the middle of our frantic move into our new home, I took a moment to take in the spectacular view from our balcony. And as I looked slightly to the left, I saw the huge cross on the roof of Lakeside Chapel and knew it was truly a miracle and that I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

Since then, we have been welcomed into the community and I look forward to what other miracles God has in store for us.

Veg vir julle broers, julle seuns en julle dogters, julle vrouens en julle huise~ Nehemiah

Deon Maree

Dit was in die jaar 445 Voor Christus, in die twintigste jaar van koning Artasasta van Persië. Ek was in die vestingstad Susan. Ek was 'n banneling, ja, 'n gevangene, ver van Jerusalem af. Die wyn was voor die koning, en ek moes dit optel en dit bedien. Ek, Nehemia, was die koning se skinker.

My bedruktheid was nie iets waarvan die koning voorheen geweet het nie. Maar daardie dag sien die koning hoe ek eintlik lyk. "Hoekom lyk jy so bedruk? Is jy dalk siek?"

Ganani, een van my landgenote, het net vantevore vanuit Juda by ons aangekom. Hulle het my vertel: Die ballinge wat teruggegaan het, beleef daar in die provinsie Juda groot ellende en smaad. Die muur van Jerusalem lê om, en al die stadspoorte is verbrand. Hieroor het ek gaan sit en gehuil en dae lank getreur. Ek het gevas en tot God gebid: "Ek doen belydenis van die sondes wat ons teen U begaan het. Ook ek en my familie het gesondig. Ons het U nie geëer nie."

Daarom het ek die koning geantwoord: "Hoe sal ek dan nie bedruk lyk as die stad waar my voorvaders begrawe is, in puin lê en sy poorte verbrand is nie?" "Is daar iets wat jy my wil vra?" Ek het 'n skietgebed opgestuur na die God van die hemel toe.

"As die koning dit goedvind, as u dienaar op u goedgesindheid mag reken, stuur my na Juda toe, na die stad waar my voorvaders begrawe is. Stuur my as u goewerneur sodat ek die stad kan herbou." Hy was vir 'n rukkie doodstil. "Hoe lank sal jou reis duur en wanneer sal jy terug wees?" Hy was dus die saak goedgesind. Ek het vir hom 'n tyd aangedui. "As die koning dit goedvind, laat ek briewe aan die betrokke goewerneurs stuur, sodat hulle my vrye deurgang kan gee tot ek in Juda aankom. Ek het ook 'n brief nodig aan die opsigter oor die staatsbos, sodat hy my kan voorsien van hout om die poorte van die vesting by die tempel te bou, asook vir die stadsmuur en vir die huis wat ek sal bewoon."

My God het sy goeie hand oor my gehou, want die koning het my versoeke ten volle toegestaan. Hy het selfs offisiere en ruiters met my saamgestuur. Al die goewerneurs het die briewe van die koning eerbiedig en ons goed behandel. Ons het veilig in Jerusalem aangekom.

Na ek drie dae daar was, is ek die nag stilletjies uit met net 'n paar man by my. Ek het vir niemand gesê wat my God my in die hart gegee het om vir Jerusalem te doen nie. Daardie nag het ek die mure van Jerusalem nagegaan waar hulle afgebreek was en ook die poorte wat verbrand was.

Toe die oomblik reg was, sê ek vir die leiers en die ander mense: Julle sien self die benarde toestand waarin ons sit. Jerusalem lê in puin en sy poorte is verbrand. Kom ons herbou die muur van Jerusalem. Ek het hulle toe alles vertel hoe my God sy goeie hand oor my gehou het en wat die koning vir my gesê het. Hulle het gesê: Kom ons bou! Ons het die goeie werk aangepak.

Maar toe Sanballat die Goroniet, Tobija die Ammonitiese amptenaar en Gesem die Arabier hoor wat ons doen, het hulle ons uitgelag en smalend gevra: "Wat vir 'n ding is dit waarmee julle besig is? Wil julle in opstand kom teen die koning?" 'n reguit antwoord aan hulle was nodig: "Die God van die hemel sal ons laat slaag in wat ons doen. Ons, sy dienaars, gaan bou!"

Hoor dit, ons God! Ons word bespotlik gemaak! Ons het bly bou, want die mense se hart was in die werk. Ons teenstaanders was hewig ontsteld toe hulle hoor die herstel aan Jerusalem se mure vorder goed en dat die afgebreekte gedeeltes byna klaar opgebou is. Hulle het saamgesweer om Jerusalem te kom aanval en verwarring te stig.

Ons het tot God gebid en dag en nag wagte teen hulle uitgesit. Ek het die mense, gewapen met swaarde, spiese, pyle en boë, familiegewys ingedeel. Hulle moes hulle stelling inneem agter die muur onderkant elke plek waar die muur nog nie hoog genoeg was nie. Daarna, toe ek agterkom dit is nodig, het ek die vooraanstaande burgers, die ampsdraers en

die res van die volk toegespreek, hulle bemoedig en aangevuur:

"Moenie vir hulle bang wees nie. Dink aan die Here, groot en ontsagwekkend, en veg vir julle broers, julle seuns en julle dogters, julle vrouens en julle huise."

Dié wat boumateriaal moes aandra, het met een hand die werk gedoen en met die ander hand 'n wapen vasgehou. Die bouers het elkeen sy swaard om die heupe vasgegord gehad en ek het vir hulle gesê: "Ons God sal vir ons die stryd voer." Onthou tog, my God, tot my voordeel, alles wat ek vir hierdie mense doen!

Toe Sanballat en Tobija hoor dat die muur klaar gebou is, het hulle my 'n paar keer laat weet om hulle te kom ontmoed in Kefirim. Hulle plan was om my by te kom. Maar ek het hulle elke keer laat weet: Ek is besig met 'n groot werk. Ek kom nie!

Toe stuur Sanballat 'n amptenaar met 'n brief na my met die woorde: "Daar word 'n gerug versprei dat jy en die Judeërs 'n opstand beplan. Daarom bou jy die muur. Volgens die gerug wil jy koning word oor hulle, en jy het ook al profete aangestel om jou in Jerusalem tot koning oor Juda uit te roep. Die gerug wil dat die koning van Persië hiervan te hore sal kom. Kom nou, kom ons praat." Ek het hom laat weet: "Niks van wat jy sê is waar nie. Jy suig dit uit jou duim!"

Versterk tog my hande, O God!

Daarna het Semaja my laat weet: "Kom ons ontmoet mekaar binne-in die tempel, en dan sluit ons die deur van die tempel, want hulle kom nog vannag om jou dood te maak." Sal 'n man soos ek vlug, iemand soos ek tempel toe gaan om te kan bly lewe? Ek sal nie gaan nie! Dit was egter Tobija en Sanballat wat hom omgekoop het.

My God, onthou wat Tobija en Sanballat gedoen het, en ook die profetes Noadja en die ander profete wat my wou bang maak.

Die muur is voltooi binne twee en vyftig dae. Toe die muur voltooi is, het ek die deure gehang en poortwagte, sangers en Leviete aangestel. Toe al ons vyande dit hoor, was hulle grootpratery en selfversekerdheid daarmee heen. Hulle het toe geweet ons doen hierdie werk met die hulp van ons God.

Maar tot my groot ontsteltenis het ek daardie selfde tyd ook gesien dat van ons eie mense die wynpers op die sabbat trap, en vragte koring en ook wyn, druiwe, vye en allerhande pakke op donkies laai en in Jerusalem inbring. Dit alles op die sabbat! Ek het hulle gewaarsku om nie op dié dag kos te verkoop nie. Mense het ook vis en allerhande koopware ingebring en op die sabbat aan die Judeërs in Jerusalem verkoop.

My opdrag was dat die poorte van Jerusalem, net voor dit begin donker word op die aand voor die sabbat, gesluit moes word. Die handelaars en smouse het 'n keer of twee net buite Jerusalem se mure geslaap. My waarskuwing aan hulle was: "Waarom slaap julle hier teen die muur? As julle dit weer doen, sal ek julle straf." Hulle het geweet dat ek die mag gehad het om te doen wat ek gesê het. Daarna het hulle nie weer op die sabbat gekom nie.

Onthou tog ook dit, my God, ontferm U oor my in u groot liefde!

Maar toe het ek nog 'n erger vergryp gesien: Daar was Judeërs wat getroud was met vrouens uit Asdod, en met Ammonitiese en met Moabitiese vrouens. Van hulle kinders het die helfte Asdods gepraat of die taal van 'n ander volk. Judees kon hulle glad nie praat nie. Omdat ek hewig ontsteld was, het ek met die mense geraas, hulle vervloek, party van hulle geslaan, hulle hare uitgetrek en hulle voor God 'n eed laat aflê: "Julle sal julle dogters nie laat trou met die heidene se seuns nie en hulle dogters nie met julle seuns of met julleself nie. Onthou julle nie, dit was juis hiermee dat koning Salomo van Israel gesondig het. Dit was juis vreemde vrouens wat hom laat sondig het. En nou moet ek hoor dat julle hierdie groot kwaad begaan het en ontrou aan ons God geword het deur ook vreemde vrouens te trou?"

Sterk tog my hande, O God!

The Way of the Cross

Ian Milne

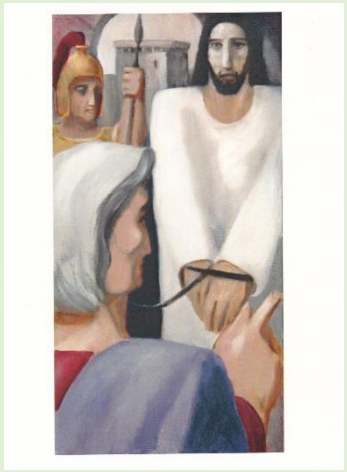
History:

During and after the time of the crusades (1095 – 1270) it became popular for pilgrims to the Holy Land to walk the route that Jesus followed to Calvary. Around the 16th century, as most people did not have the opportunity to travel to the Holy Land, a substitute was developed which became known as the "Stations of the Cross" or the "Way of the Cross." This became an important part of the devotions during lent in the Catholic, Anglican and Lutheran churches.

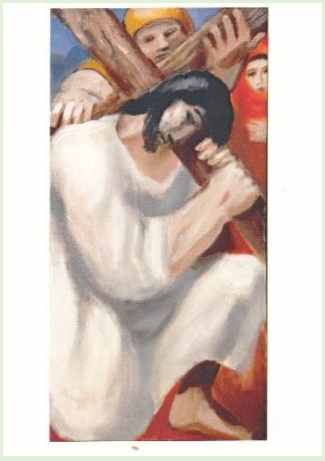
Generally, this involves some sort of "Icon" or picture depicting various places and incidents along the route as Jesus carried the cross. These are often mounted on the wall inside the church building, or sometimes, the route is outdoors and marked by stone tablets. Traditionally there were 14 "stations", from Jesus' condemnation to when He was laid in the tomb. Later a 15th was added, known as the "way of light" celebrating the resurrection. At each "station" the pilgrim (either alone or as part of a group) will pray and meditate on the suffering of Jesus.

These illustrations are from a set of paintings by Bill Chalmers, a theologian and well-known presenter of the early morning devotion slot on the English Service Radio station many years ago.

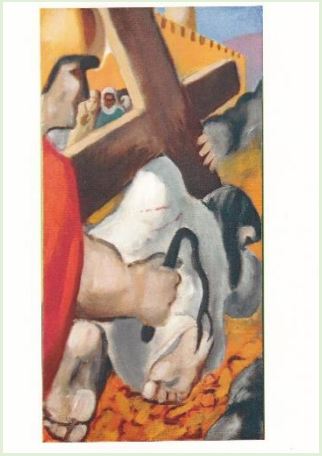
It can sometimes be extremely helpful to have a picture to meditate on and to think about the truth of Scripture and the reality of what our Lord suffered – for us!



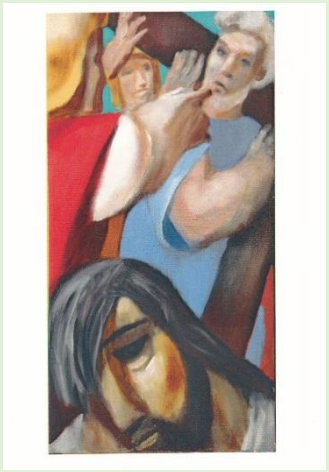
Jesus is condemned to death



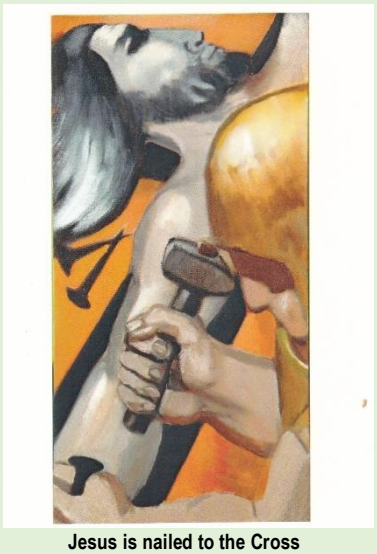
Jesus is given His Cross



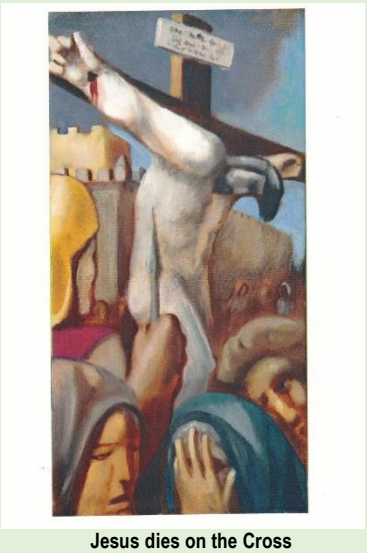
Jesus falls



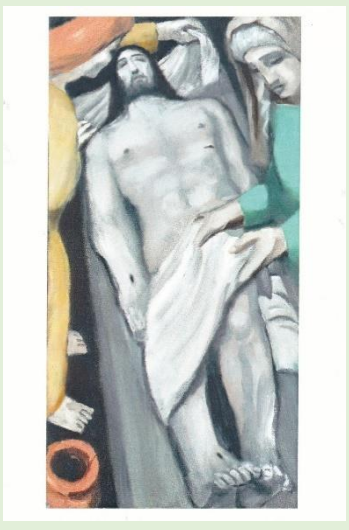
Simon of Cyrene carries the Cross



Jesus is nailed to the Cross



Jesus dies on the Cross



Jesus is laid in the tomb

The Lakeside Chapel Lectern

by Luke Botha, written up by Ian Milne

When Pastor Paul approached me to create a new lectern for Lakeside Chapel, because the old one was so heavy and dark looking, I went through quite a number of designs. I had seen something on the internet of people using plywood in new and creative ways. Paul's specification was that it should be light and not so heavy looking, with the bottom section open so that more of the preacher is visible. He also gave me the dimensions he wanted.

The plywood I used to build the lectern is all from one large sheet, which is made up of a number of very thin layers of various kinds of wood. The outer layer is beech, which is very light in colour, while the inner layers are harder and darker wood. This creates rather a challenge because the inner layers are hard and difficult to work with.

The sides of the lectern are made up from a lot of thin strips of this laminated plywood glued (laminated) together, so that what you see is a "lined" finish with the edge of the plywood exposed. This creates a far more interesting appearance than a plain sheet of beech wood would have done! I was afraid it would either be too simple, which would have been the case had I used the plain beech surface, or too complex and busy.

The top of the lectern is made up of small triangular strips cut from the main board. These strips are then glued together to make an irregular, almost circular, rod. This is then cut across into small, even pieces which are then glued together to form a sheet with a kind of honeycomb pattern. Although forming the pattern was very time-consuming, it makes for a fascinating surface effect. Of course, the people on the You-Tube videos work with the very best professional machines, so their end product is pretty much perfect, but using my little machines, the result is not quite as professional. However, wood glue is wonderful stuff, as one can fill any gaps with wood glue (which dries clear), let it dry and sand it down. Then one can't see the gaps.

The design for the front came from some amazing ideas I found on Google. The one that immediately grabbed my attention was the tree and I knew that would fit perfectly because the front had to be different to the rest of the pulpit. The carving itself was very interesting and satisfying, because as one carves on the plywood the lines of the laminate emerge, creating a wonderful play of light and dark with a three-dimensional effect. The actual carving was done with a router, but as a free-hand design. This was followed by a lot of careful sanding to smooth the edges. A lot of careful work!

For the finish on the front, I used a sealer with a slight tint followed by a lighter colour. I also sanded some areas more than others, creating different textures and depths. I didn't have a preconceived idea of the tree; I just liked it – I still can't say what it actually represents. Paul likened it to the tree of life, which makes sense. It could also be the mustard seed tree or maybe Jesus as the vine and we are the branches. I'm sure each of us will have our own view and picture in mind.

What has been meaningful for me is that the whole thing is made from one sheet of wood! So many different parts from the same piece. This can be compared to the Church: Each element is different, some very complex and intricate, some more straight forward, some just simple plywood, but all the same sheet of wood. It's all about what you do with it!

I was asked if I had had any spiritual experience while working on this project, after all it was done not just for Pastor Paul of Lakeside Chapel, but for the Lord!

We humans are all from the same origin, the same piece of wood if you like, some are like the top, some the sides or the bottom. Each part important in its own way! I must admit that this only struck me in looking at the finished product. I am happy with the result, although I know there are faults and mistakes, but as my wife, Dal, often remarks: "Only God is perfect." I am certainly not a perfectionist; I want things to look natural. Although this pulpit seems quite small, it took me about 8 or 9 months to complete. Sometimes I make a mistake or can't work out how to do a particular thing, then I have to zone out and stop. Then start again the next day, and it usually works.

I would like everyone to have a closer look at the pulpit after reading this and note that all the different parts are from one piece of wood!

Artists Among Us

Dal Botha

Dal is a passionate quilter, an accredited quilt teacher, and a national judge with the SA Quilters Guild. More recently she has concentrated on fibre art, participating in exhibitions both in Singapore and South Africa. She has curated the fibre art exhibits at the Fynarts Festival in Hermanus for the past 10 years, as well as other fibre art exhibitions in and around the Western Cape.

Golden Silk Thread Bowl

Dal says she is greatly inspired by nature and the sea, with its constantly changing moods and colours, and the myriad of small creatures which abound. Having lived in a number of different countries around the globe has added to her formation as a fibre artist, and she makes use of recycled sari-silk thread, various fabrics and textiles, creating beautiful original designs.

In The Beginning

Elna Uys

I have been living in Bettys Bay permanently for almost 8 years. When I lived In Tokai before we moved to Betty's Bay, I took art classes for about 12 years, and I found it very stimulating and exiting. We even had an exhibition every year.

Then after we moved here, I still carried on painting on my own, until my husband passed away in 2015. Sadly, although I did not stop painting deliberately, it sort of fizzled out. My Muse was gone.

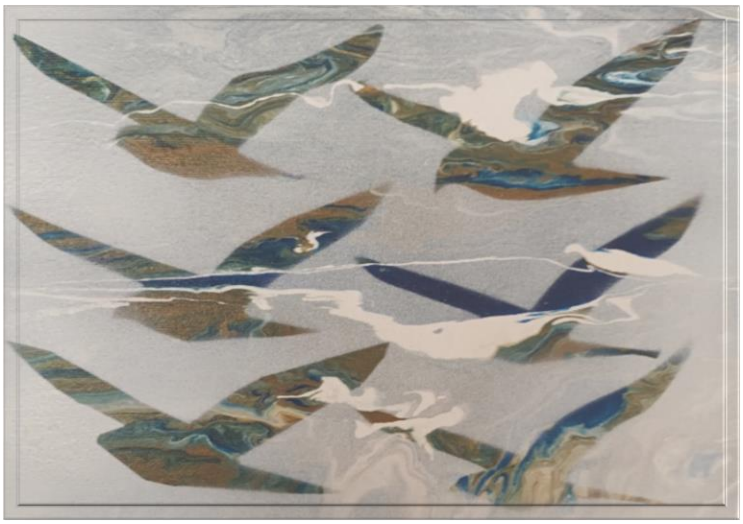
But then during lockdown, I started doing a few paintings. I really enjoyed doing this one, it is one of my favourites, as I love doing portraits. Maybe I will start painting more again, everything is ready, I must just do it!

Evelyn Du Toit

This glorious creation of God the Father which we are privileged to live in and take care of, in our small way, is my inspiration for my art. I try to portray nature. Nature soothes one's soul and feeds one's spirit as only the Word can. I have not had any formal training, just a few dear people graciously pointing me in good directions. What I paint is a depiction of what we are blessed with every day. A gift from our Saviour, and an expression of my love of nature.

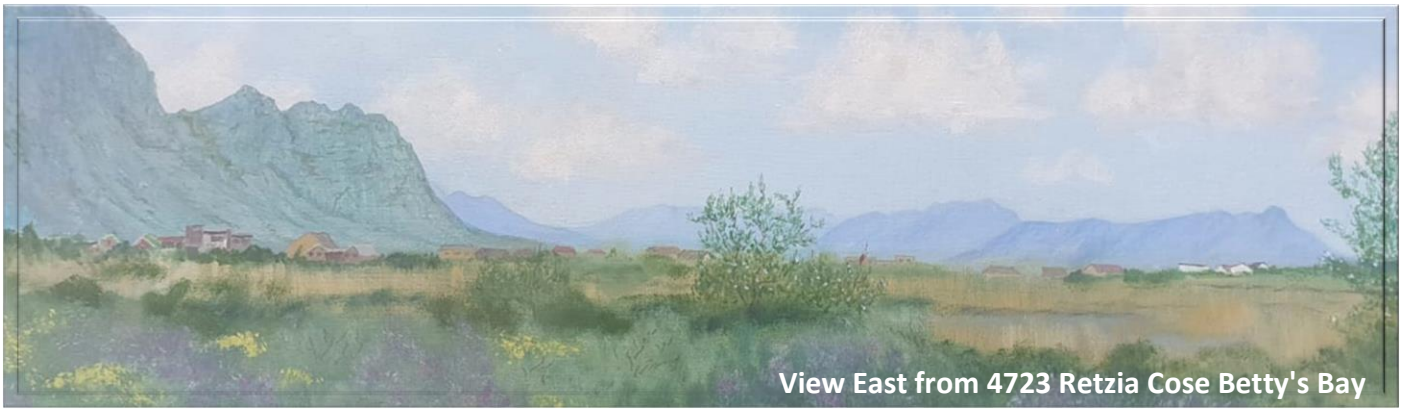
Rene Kaljee

In Betty's Bay I found my dream retirement, among an unbelievably diverse community and environment. There is a place for each individual, plant, animal, and bird. All created equally by God who has enabled us all to live free, love and worship God and His creations. If you allow yourself to be open, you can receive and give freely to all; you can live in peace and tranquility, and enjoy the inspirational nature and sense of community to be found in the Overstrand. This freedom leads to endless creativity in words and deeds such as painting something as simple as a bird, free but an integral part of the whole environment. I am thankful to be part of all this.



Jane Forrester

Although I come from an artistic family, I only started painting in oils just over two years ago. Previously I had done a lot of cake icing, using icing flowers for decorations, and I had also tried my hand at pottery and clay modelling, as well as various other crafts. In days gone by I illustrated the Lakeside Letter with some covers and "the Church-mouse family and friends" who crept onto the pages. I found drawing line-drawings of "tear-drop" mice easy but I still struggle to draw other things. I love landscapes but as I tend towards realism, my method is to photograph the scenes I like and then use a grid system to enlarge them to the chosen size. I always hope people may recognise the scenes, to remind them of the beautiful place we live in.



View East from 4723 Retzia Cose Betty's Bay

Sue Maas

Why do I paint? When asked this question, I sometimes find it hard to list all the reasons I paint as there are so many and they are so varied, constantly changing with each painting I work on. However, if I had to summarise the reason, I would say for the deep satisfaction of being able to capture just a minute portion of Our Lord's amazing creation on a piece of canvas. In doing so I hope I am directing the viewers' thoughts to the Greatest Creator of all.

Marion Green

My first oil painting of a photo I took on Clarence Drive, on my way home from Gordon's Bay early one evening. This sky and sunset spoke to me. It reminded me of a few verses in Scripture and of God's protection over us and that under His Wings we can safely abide.

Exodus 19: 4 " … I bore you on eagle's wings …"
Psalm 103: 5 "... your youth renewed, is like the eagle's."
Isaiah 40: 31 "Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength and mount up as eagles. They shall run, and not grow weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Oh, to always remember my place in Christ, through all life's trials and tribulations. "We are seated with Christ in heavenly places" Ephesians 2: 6 and "We are to set our minds on things above ..." and our "life is hidden with Christ in God" Colossians 3: 1-4. My Life daily depends on God's will, His grace and His omnipotence. He works in me to strengthen my inner being, to live for Him in complete trust and so I can rise above earthly matters and soar on wings of eagles, as He is in control. He is able to do more than I ask, think, and pray. I must let Him be all and do all. Let Him reign and rule over all. Let Him be everything. Let Him have everything. Surrender all to Jesus.

Oh, to soar on eagle's wings, with no self-effort, resting in union with Him in my new risen Life.
Thank you, Lord, for saving me.
Thank you, Father, Jesus is alive in me.
Thank you, Holy Spirit, for revealing Christ as my life (Galatians 2: 20) Him now alive, not me!
My life is in you Lord.
I rest in You.
I can soar on wings like an eagle! Let me rise higher!

Lynne Thomson

My creative journey began with a location. I grew up less than 20km from the biggest arts and culture event in the world, the Edinburgh Festival of the Arts. Each year the great city of Edinburgh would be illuminated, not just by beautiful coloured lights transforming the streets below the mighty castle, but by art, music and theatre performances to delight visitors from all over the world. Thus, an appreciation for the arts was present in me at a young age and activity in the arts naturally followed. I represented my school in song, learned various modes of dance and won prizes for creative writing. On moving to South Africa, the next stage of life had its focus on family life, corporate career and various voluntary teaching positions in the community. Each one demanding its own form of creativity! In my post corporate world there emerged a certain healthy frustration. A space I knew that art was to fill. I began to paint. Art is communication.

Through my work, I want to communicate the ability to see through a different lens. An artist must develop the muscle of the "inner eye" to see the mathematical precision, perfect design function, and breathtakingly generous beauty of both the common place and the rarely seen. I interpret this as bringing out the God colours in the world.

Michelangelo expressed this concept well: "The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection." May the artwork cause you to consider the artistry around you through a different lens. The lens of wonder, fun and love.

Freely and Lightly

Janice Anderson, November 2022

"March!" they said,
"It's the only valid way to walk.
Put on the uniform, ride in the cavalry, keep the rules, obey the commands to the letter,
Pay attention to the procedural manual, sing our power songs to the beat:
We are stronger than the others, we know more,
We will protect and keep you safe, we have might,
Your uniform says you're one of us;
We are better, we are right!"

So I marched to the beat of power, safety, belonging,
The method and successful achievement, an end in itself, found in the way you march.
This beat of Christianese legalistic moralism,
Wearing the uniform of behaviour modification, riding in the cavalry on a horse called Try Harder,
Under flags of self-righteous dogmatism, keeping all the 'Ought to' rules, a weighty yoke of requirement;
Memorising and reciting all the prescribed formulas of correct belief, raising fists with strident shouts of,
"fight, defend, correct".
Good things, made as a protective boundary, a pointer to move one to the One,
Now made ultimate, the identity.

But the power, safety, and belonging promised left me empty, fearful and judged.
Exhausted by my efforts to get it right, I fell off the horse.
Unable to march in time, I was punished in cold, subtle ways, discarded and rejected,
Invalidated, because I didn't produce as was required.

But there in the mud, in my shame, with the crusaders pounding beat passing by,
I faintly heard a melodious song filtering through.
A scarred hand reached out; a gentle one word invite offered:
Come.

As I raised my head, in one look,
I found Goodness, Beauty, Truth, Grace, and Hope.
As I cautiously put my hand in this Scarred One,
I found this flowing infusion of restored dignity, giving me courage to stand and take one step,
And another step.
The cloying mud lessened its grip as I found the strength in the ground beneath,
My tears joining the Scarred One's to wash the shaming mud away.

And as we walk together,
With the Arm of acceptance yoked around on my shoulders strengthening my staggering steps,
I lean in learning the new beat of the Song.
Long forgotten joy, peace and purpose gently bubbled up within me and I find this new way of walking -
Freely and lightly, in the unforced rhythm of grace.

Wearing clothes uniquely made to my fit, and given my own melody to sing,
Colour, views, and places passed often before, now emerge with a new dimension,
An unseen path unfolding.
Other mud dwellers are seen too ambling in our wounded, limping gaits on this Way,
Each with their own tailor-made garment and song, each one's song harmonising with The Scarred One
Creating a tender refrain of "Come; the war is over, it is done."
This both sets the prisoners of war free and provides a place of healing and restoring.
In the quietness and stillness of this Way of Walking,
I find the power, safety, and belonging I longed for.
And rest for my soul.
Hand in hand, we walk and sing;
And sometimes we even dance.

Lorna and Peter Trickey

LL Peter and Lorna, thank you for taking the time to chat to us. You live with your daughter, Lynn, but you haven't lived in Betty's Bay for very long, have you? Where did you live before coming here?

Lorna We lived in Rivonia, near Johannesburg, for about 45 years. Before that, we had moved around a bit.

LL Why did you come to Betty's Bay?

Lynn I wanted to move down here. I never really liked Joburg very much and due to Covid, and all that came with that, I just thought this would be a nicer place to be and to live in. Instead of being surrounded by four high walls, we can look out, and see nature, and breathe.

Lorna We came down to Betty's almost every year at Christmas time for many years. And we used to go to Lakeside for the Christmas Day service, which we really enjoyed.

LL Where did you worship while living in Rivonia?

Lorna We started off by joining the New Covenant Church in Bryanston. We were there for many years. But things and people change and we decided to move to a little Church named Ridgeway which was near our house. After a while, the ethos at that church became a bit too Methodist for us, and so we moved to Real Life Church in Sunninghill.

LL I have met Lynn now, but how many other children do you have?

Lorna We have two, Lynn and Simon, but unfortunately no grandchildren.

Peter (laughs)They didn't find out what to do!

Lorna Well, life is so hard in these times, you can't really blame the younger generation for not wanting children, I feel they are spared a lot of difficulties to come.

LL And where does Simon live?

Lorna Two houses from here!

LL Oh wow, that's great! So you are all close together. Do either of you have any hobbies or special interests you like to pursue?

Peter I used to be very interested in the outdoors, for example I loved sailing, and climbing mountains, but I haven't done that now for many years.

Lorna I haven't really found anything as yet here that I would like to get involved with. Moving here has been quite a huge adjustment, especially with the building work going on in the house while we are living in it.

Lynn I think the move down here has been very hard on my parents, they have basically had to start from scratch as far as making new friends, finding new doctors and pharmacies, etc. It is taking time for them to adjust to this new life and new area.

Lorna In Johannesburg, I was quite involved in various church activities. I actually trained as a teacher, but I didn't do a lot of teaching, although I do love teaching. I did a TEFL (Teaching English to Foreign Learners) course some time ago, and I have become quite passionate about teaching English, specifically teaching people to read who couldn't read. I worked at a school at a squatter camp, and helped out at the little school at the Leeukop Prison near Sunninghill. I taught kids from all over the world, as well as adults – I don't like teaching teenagers though! I don't follow a curriculum as such, but I love to help the person to develop as a person and grow, even with the language.

Peter For example, Lorna had this executive from a bank in Japan, who was here investigating sustainable energy, and he needed to improve his English.

Lorna I got to reading a lot of his stuff which he wanted to read to me to practise his English, and it was so interesting, I learnt such a lot about renewable energy.

Peter He was quite funny, because he was determined to read the Harry Potter books, only because JK Rowling writes extremely well and he wanted to learn that kind of English. The story, of course, is not very great from a Christian point of view, but the language is excellent! For example: "Harry threw up his hands!" "Hoh!" The Japanese banker would exclaim, "how does he do that?" (laughs) Lorna is very good at explaining that kind of thing. She is also a fantastic listener and is often called on to help and advise friends, because she has such great compassion and wisdom which she shares lovingly with others. People are forever calling her for advice.

LL That's wonderful. Do you have any training in counselling, Lorna, or is this just your heart?

Lorna It's my heart! Although we have done a number of courses over the years at the various churches, for example marriage guidance courses. We actually used to lead a marriage course in Johannesburg.

Peter I am a chartered accountant, having spent most of my life working for large corporations, and I've been on the board of many listed companies. The last four years of my working life, before I had my heart bypass, I was very involved with setting up a company developing solar panels in New Zealand, and we used to travel to New Zealand about three times a year.

Lorna When Peter wasn't terribly well, the doctor told me not to let him travel to New Zealand on his own. I loved New Zealand, it's very beautiful.

LL And Lorna, you are a teacher?

Lorna Yes, a primary school teacher. I taught at Redhill school many years ago.

LL So can you tell me how your journey as Christians began? Were you both born into Christian homes, or did you have some sort of Conversion experience?

Peter I was born in North Wales during the war. My father, who was in the Royal Navy, was eventually posted to Durban, to be in charge of the Royal Navy depot there. So I grew up in and around Durban. My sister went to college with Lorna, and she brought her home one day. As soon as I saw her, I knew this is it. We've been married for 59 years now. We weren't really a Christian family, although my uncle did establish a Methodist mission station in Nongoma many years ago.

Lorna Several of my ancestors came out here as missionaries, and I was born into an Anglican family, but I believe you still have to have an encounter with Jesus experience yourself. I gradually started questioning myself what I really believe, just as we were beginning to be exposed to people praying in tongues, and other spiritual experiences, and then one day I had an amazing experience encountering Jesus, just Him and me. Shortly after this, we attended a series on being born again by Cape Town Archbishop Bill Burnett. This ignited a spark in Peter. And then a friend invited us to attend Bryanston New Covenant Church, which was just wonderful. This was when the New Covenant Church was very new, around 1979 or 1980.

LL And what appeals to you about Lakeside Chapel?

Lorna We have loved Lakeside for many years, as we used to visit Lakeside Chapel while on holiday, and now we really enjoy the teaching and the fellowship there. People have been so welcoming to us.

LL Finally, which two Biblical characters do you think you would like to invite for dinner and why?

Lorna I think Esther! Because Esther was not afraid to do what God asked her to do, even though it was not the acceptable thing to do, she didn't allow fear to stop her from doing what God told her to do. And because of that she saved the nation of Israel. And in a small way I believe that God has called me to be the person He needs me to be, and that I am not to bow to the pressure that people put on you to try and make you a bit different. It is a bit hard and challenging but we were never promised that it would be easy. And another character would be Peter. Although he had made many mistakes, the Lord Jesus loved him and did not hold anything against him. And eventually Peter actually walked in the miraculous. He was taken from almost being unworthy into this amazing ministry. That is so encouraging for all of us.

Peter I would love to meet Daniel. He is a man after my own heart – to stand for what you believe. He never gave an inch. His whole outlook was: this is what God has called me to do and that is what I will do. And then maybe Barnabas. We don't know much about him, I'd like to know a bit more, as I am very interested in history.

LL Finally, do you have a word or a message for the congregation of Lakeside Chapel.

Peter What we would really like to say is: Let the Spirit flow!

The Peace of God

By Benjamin Cable, Elna Uys' nephew

I sometimes feel that when Paul says "And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus" in Philippians 4:7, people get the idea that the peace of God is some jar on the top shelf that we could only ever look at. We could try and jump and grab it, but it's just too far to reach so we are content to leave it on the top shelf, and only ever dream that we might one day be able to grab a hold of it. That's certainly how I saw the peace of God for a very long time. Until suddenly I realised that I am living in the peace of God right now. And Paul is right when he says, "which surpasses all understanding", because, despite now living fully in the realisation of this beautiful gift of God, it doesn't even make sense to me.

A bit of context:

At the time of writing this, I am 4 days away from turning 19, and my whole life has been thrown upside down. I have spent the last month in a hospital bed, and I have the next two and a half months of my life already planned for me, as I must go in and out of hospital to receive my treatment. You see, on the 8th of November 2022, I was diagnosed with B-cell Acute Lymphoblastic Leukaemia, and was told I have a month left to live if I don't start chemotherapy immediately.

That's one way to completely upend your life. My whole family had to move from George to Cape Town in a day for an undisclosed amount of time. I had to be in hospital and miss out on finishing my year at TMT, and I could've lost my life at any point in the last 2 months due to me having two blood clots in my brain that developed since having cancer.

Yet throughout the last month of my life, as everything has suddenly been called into question, I have never been more at peace. And this is where I fully agree with Paul in Scripture "*And the peace of God which surpasses all understanding …*", because I know I am living in the peace of God … and I have no idea how I did it!

But that's the beauty of the God we serve. Besides, it's not the peace of man I'm living in. It's the Peace of God. God's peace, that God gives to us. And that's where I find myself now. Living in this beautiful promise that I had always dreamed about.

I can say with confidence that I am living in the peace of God because from day one of being diagnosed with cancer, I have had no fear. I have not had one second of worry in me. Not a moment of "the whole world is spinning and everything around me is caving in as my world comes crashing down at the realisation I could die before I'm 20 and now my life is over". I never had that. When my parents sat me down and told me I could possibly have cancer, I was so chilled. My legs were crossed, I was relaxed in my chair and my only reply was "Okay". They were shocked at how calm I was, and thinking back, I shocked myself at how calm I was. That's why I can say it's the peace of God because there is absolutely nothing I did that made me so calm about the whole situation. It is all God!

The only thing I can claim to have done in this situation is that I trusted the Lord fully when I found out I had cancer. When I was diagnosed, I just knew deep in my heart that I was going to be alright. I knew without a doubt that God was in control of the situation and that I could trust Him. How did I know this? Because it says it straight in the Bible. Proverbs 3:5-6 is the most clear example: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths." And God does the rest, because God is the only one who can do it. Only God can make our paths straight and only God can give us a peace that surpasses all understanding. All we need to

do is trust. We got the easy end of the bargain because it literally is as simple as going to God and saying "God, I trust you fully with this situation".

This is where I continue to testify to the Lord's goodness, because there were days in hospital where I could barely move. I was so weak and sick from the chemotherapy, but the Lord carried me through. I can only say it is the Lord, because no matter how weak I felt, or how many hours I lay awake (where my mind was as busy as a bee, but my body felt like it had been whacked by 15 different trucks), my spirit always remained strong. This is because I knew in my heart that in the Bible it says the Lord goes before us, so why worry? Jeremiah 17: 7-8 says "Blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord, whose trust is in the Lord. He is like a tree planted by water, that sends out its roots by the stream, and does not fear (when heat comes, for its leaves remain green, and it is not anxious in the year of drought, for it does not cease to bear fruit." With full confidence I can say that this Scripture is a reality in my life because I trust the Lord with my life, and I love Him all the more because of it. And I trust the Lord because the Psalms tell us simply in so many verses that we should trust the Lord. I could list so many verses, but I will only mention a few:

> Psalm 62:8 "Trust in Him at all times, O people; pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us."
>
> Psalm 20:7-8 "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the Lord our God. They collapse and fall, but we rise and stand upright."
>
> Psalm 37:3-4 "Trust in the Lord, and do good; dwell in the land and befriend faithfulness. Delight yourself in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart."

I have seen these verses become a reality in my life as well. In Psalm 37 it says: "Delight in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart". Over this last month I have been blessed out of my socks. I have been overwhelmed with gifts from people I don't even know, with so many people in the church having felt the desire to bless me and my family. I even got a 6000 piece Lego Star Wars set from the charity organisation Reach For a Dream. That was a desire of my heart, which I have wanted for years but never thought I would have, and yet the Lord came, and He gave me the desire of my heart. So, all praise be to God! He is faithful to His Word. I could testify for days about all that the Lord has done in this time, and it's all the work of God. I did nothing because I didn't need to do anything. The God we serve is all-powerful, all-knowing and able to do abundantly more than we can ever think. And this peace of God is something that God wants to give every single one of us, that's why it is proclaimed in the Bible so often. All we need to do is trust Him. It really is as simple as that.

As I continue to walk this journey, I know the Lord has gone before me. Through the power of prayer and an amazing church family supporting me and my family, I know that no matter what happens, this story will testify of the Lord's goodness for the rest of my life.

The Lord says:
My beloved child,
I am the Lord your God, your Saviour, you are part of My body!
I have promised to be your God through all your lifetime.
I have called you by name, you are Mine – yes, even when your hair is white with age.
Remember, you are precious to Me, and honoured. And I love you.
See I have tattooed your name upon My palm.
Fear not and do not be dismayed:
I am with you and I will strengthen you and uphold you with My victorious right hand.
Trust Me. I will not forget you and I have blotted out your sins – they are gone like morning mist at noon.
You shall mount up with wings like eagles, you shall run and not be weary.
I precede and follow you and place My hand of blessing on your head.
You can never be lost to My spirit.
Your loving Father God
Various Scriptures from Isaiah and Psalms

My Journey to Betty's Bay

Anne Fairey

God is good! God is Sovereign and God is in control! And I thank Him for His guidance and grace in bringing me finally to Betty's Bay and Lakeside Chapel.

In 2003 my husband, Cleve, and I, decided to move to South Africa from our beautiful 6000-hectare ranch in the midlands of Zimbabwe. Following the Referendum held in 2000 when there had been a decisive vote against changing the Constitution – a change would have allowed land expropriation without compensation – the farm invasions began and farmers, and their workers, lost their farms, their livelihoods and, in many cases, their lives. We did not lose our farm but with things rapidly spiralling out of control, and as Cleve had been born in South Africa, we chose the southerly route. We left the farm to our partner, and he then partnered us in our new venture in the Eastern Cape.

We chose to continue farming and found a place near Kei Mouth where we grew tomatoes in greenhouses and ran a small herd of beef cattle. Kei Mouth and Morgan Bay had, and still do have, the most wonderful Christian community and we quickly became a part of it. In December 2011 Cleve was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukaemia and by October 2012 he had gone to be with the Lord. The little farm had not been a great success and so I decided to go to England to do caring. During that time, I sold my shares in the farm and as a result became homeless! Although I truly thank the Lord for being able to go overseas to do caring, England was never my home and I longed to return to Africa on a permanent basis. Each time I returned to South Africa for a holiday, it became more difficult to go back to England. I had

Sunset at Silversands Beach Betty's Bay by Jane Forrester

Sue and Anne

told myself when I started caring that I would do it for 10 years and then retire!

And so, the end of 2022 was 10 years, and I am back! And, God willing, it will be permanent. My youngest daughter lives in Durbanville and my sister Sue, who was living in Pringle Bay for a while, now lives in Betty's Bay. As I was no longer on the farm in Kei Mouth, when I came back on holiday I needed somewhere to stay and would stay with Sue for some of the time. It was during my first visit to Pringle Bay that she introduced me to Lakeside Chapel. I remember thinking, after that service, that I would like to belong to a church fellowship like that. So I started to pray about it, asking the Lord to give me a home in the Betty's Bay area. At the end of 2021 I was back for five months so started searching in earnest. I spent hours scrolling through websites. I went to view properties to buy and to rent from Durbanville to Hermanus and each time I found something I thought would be ideal, the Lord closed the door. And then, a few days before I was due to return to the UK for the last time, I had a meeting with Sue's landlord and he agreed to build an extension onto the house, thus giving me my own little apartment, and he would have it ready by the time I returned in November 2022.

And so it was! I now have a place I can call my own, near my sister and not too far from my daughter and most importantly, near the Chapel in which I have recently become a member. It is so wonderful to be part of such a welcoming, caring Christian fellowship again, after so many years of being in the wilderness. And now, if I happen to pass one of the properties that I looked at a year ago, I am amazed, and so grateful, for God's timing and His provision. He is good!

Carla's Testimony

Carla Wood

I was born again at the age of 14, which saved my life in so many ways, yet there were some fundamental truths that would take 20 years of living before being revealed.

I married young, and thus began my endeavours to be the perfect wife and mother. I lived under the philosophy that God was in my life to serve me, instead of me to serve Him. And so I would ask Him to help me with my plans, I would expect Him to bless my ideas and I would pray that all would go well with us.

My marriage was good even though I had disobeyed God by marrying an unbeliever. I just hoped that it would work out. Through good planning and hard work, we were financially successful, we lived a good life. I was the perfect mother, home-schooling my 3 daughters and diligently spending every afternoon driving them to their myriad of activities. I was very involved in the home-schooling community offering classes to children. I was studying through UNISA for BSc in physiology and biochemistry and had received a bursary. I was successful in the fitness industry, and I belonged to, and performed with, a dance company. I was so busy with my perfect life that I no longer heard the voice of God anymore, but that was okay because I was such a good person. My daughters and I were very involved with our church and enjoyed it. I took such pride in my efforts and my achievements. My efforts had built up such a sense of security, what could possibly go wrong?

All along though, there was always a constant niggle within me. Something was missing. I was existing instead of truly living. I was empty. My head understood grace, but my heart did not. Was I trying to earn forgiveness? Was I trying so hard because I needed to believe I was worth something? I had suffered from depression for so long that I was accustomed to its regular visits, although it was growing worse. Something had to change.

Then one day my stepsister's husband died. It was a freak accident and I cried out to God, "Please don't let me lose my husband!" I would never survive! In that moment – I can still remember where I was sitting – I heard God's voice again for the first time in a very long time. It was so clear as He asked me: "Will you jump off the cliff?" As He said that, I had a vision of standing on the edge of a cliff and looking over and I couldn't see the bottom. I received an instant revelation of how, by saying yes, I would not know or see what the future held; I would lose all the control that I loved so much, but I would come alive, and the emptiness and depression would be no more. He was inviting me into the unknown. I said yes.

That was in August. Two months later I was in a car accident and wrote off my brand-new car of which I was so proud. One month later we lost all our finances through an unwise decision. Three months after that my brother died. Two months later my sister emigrated to England. And three months after that my husband unexpectedly walked out on us. After another three months, my other sister emigrated to Australia. Four months after that we lost our house and had to move.

I had had my hands so tightly clenched to my world that God had to pry my fingers loose one at a time. I finally threw my hands up in surrender. To God, our own righteous acts are as dirty garments. I now understood that being saved is just the first step, but surrendering totally to the real Author of one's life is what God desires. In terrible times it's normal to lose one's appetite and this is what happened to me. God's word became my breakfast, lunch, and supper. Isaiah 54 and 55 became my lifeline.

The promises, the comforts, the love, the spoils, which I received from God during this time, and for years afterwards, could fill a book. He draws near to the broken-hearted – this is so true. There are no words to describe Him. He truly is the Lover of my soul.

The Garbage Law

Adapted from an article By David J Pollay, submitted by Anne Fairey

How often do you let other people's nonsense change your mood? Do you let a bad driver, rude waiter, curt boss, or an insensitive employee ruin your day?

David J Pollay tells his story in this way …

Sixteen years ago I learned this lesson. I learned it in the back of a New York City taxicab. Here's what happened: I hopped in a taxi, and we took off for Grand Central station. We were driving in the right lane when, all of a sudden, a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us. My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car's back end by just inches! The driver of the other car started yelling bad words at us. My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean … he was friendly! So I said, "Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!" And this is when my taxi driver told me what I now call: "The Law of the Garbage Truck."

"Many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger and full of disappointment. As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it. And if you let them, they'll dump it on you. When someone wants to dump on you, don't take it personally. You just smile, wave, wish them well and move on. You'll be happy you did."

I started thinking, how often do I let Garbage Trucks run right over me? And how often do I take their garbage and spread it to other people: at work, at home, on the streets? It was that day I said, "I'm not going to do it anymore."

Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets. Love the people who treat you right and as Jesus told us in Luke 6:27-29, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you. If someone strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other also. If someone takes your cloak, do not stop him from taking your tunic." Believe that everything happens for a reason.

Never let the garbage truck run over you again!

Wiskunde in die Woestyn!

Voorgelê deur Jane Forrester

Een van die grootste wiskundige wonderwerke sentreer rondom Moses en die Israeliete. In die woestyn moes die Israeliete kos kry, en hoe voed jy 3.5 miljoen mense?

Volgens die Kwartiermeester-Generaal van die Amerikaanse weermag, het Moses omtrent 1500 ton kos daagliks nodig gehad, 'n 6km lange goederetrein sou nodig wees om die kos te vervoer. Die kos moes gaargemaak word met houtvure en jy moet onthou, hulle was in die woestyn.

4000 Ton hout sou nodig wees per dag en weer 'n paar goedere treine, elk amper 2 km lank, om die hout te vervoer. Om te dink, hulle het 40 jaar in die woestyn getrek!

Wat van water? Net genoeg vir drink en 'n bietjie opwas, sou hulle 50 miljoen liter elke dag nodig gehad het, en 'n goederetrein met tenkwaens, omtrent 19km lank, sou nodig wees om water te bring. Daar was net 'n paar putte in die woestyn. Hoe het hulle genoeg water gekry?

Nog 'n ding! Hulle moes oor die rooi see in een nag! As hulle met 'n nou paadjie, twee-twee, sou loop, sou die lyn 1280km lank wees en sou dit 35 dae en nagte neem om deur te gaan. So daar moes 'n pad deur die rooi see gewees het van amper 5 km breed sodat 5000 mense langs mekaar kon stap om in een nag deur te loop.

Nog 'n probleem, elke nag moes gekamp word: 'n Kampterrein van 1200 vk km was nodig, dit is 40 km breed en 48 km lank.

Dink jy Moses het dit alles haarfyn uitgewerk voor die trek? Nee, hy was net 'n gewone man met 'n onwrikbare geloof in God: God sou sorg vir alles!

Kom, skep moed, jy met al jou probleme. Raai wat? .... ons dien dieselfde God! Hy het nog NOOIT verander nie, en as Hy al Moses se probleme kon oplos, sal Hy joune ook oplos.

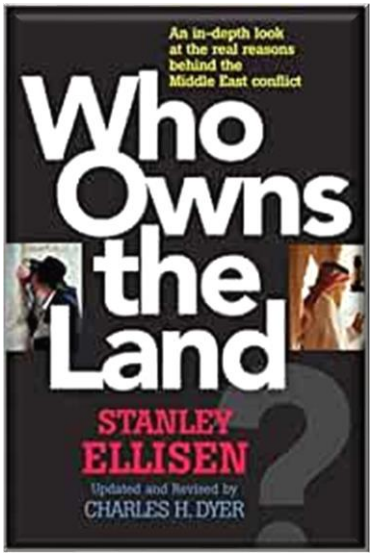
Al wat ons nodig het, is 'n onwrikbare geloof in God.

(Bron: algoagemeenskapkerk.com 19/07/2020)

Book Review

Who Owns the Land by Stanley Ellisen

First published 1991, Update by Charles H Dyer, 2003



Don Clark

Anyone seeking a quick synopsis of the Arab Israeli conflict and its origins in Biblical history is well advised to read this book. If one considers the centuries of history and writings associated with Christianity, Judaism, and Islamism it must surely be a daunting task for any author to encapsulate such volumes in a mere 193 pages, and yet the author has achieved this task with aplomb.

The book predictably starts with the first Abrahamic Covenant described in Genesis (Gen 12:7; 13:15; 17:8) and the second Covenant, the Palestinian Covenant with Israel, given to Moses 600 years later (Deut. Ch 28 - 30).

Thereafter the story moves rapidly into the dispersion of Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem in AD 70. The reader is led through all the various stages of persecution endured by the Jews over many centuries, including the Jewish Massacres during the Crusades. This is summed up by the following statement on page 27*: "From the time of the Crusades on, for more than 750 years, race hatred made them a hunted, persecuted people to whom life became something to endure and tomorrow something to fear."*

Lest we forget the book's true purpose, namely an objective assessment of who owns the land of Israel/Palestine, the narrative moves to the seventh century and the birth of Islam. Here the reader is shown the introduction of a new religion, namely Islam. A religion opposed to both Jewry and Christianity, inspired by a series of *supposed* visions from the angel Gabriel. As a minor criticism of the text, the author appears to convey disproportionately limited emphasis on the Islamic beliefs, in comparison to those of Jews and Christians. However, later on in the book, in postulating a potential solution to peace in the Middle East, Christians enjoy a rightful and meaningful place in the achievement of this aim.

This is followed by a superb summary of the status quo after the British defeat of the Turks, the Balfour Declaration, and the birth of Zionism, ultimately leading to the establishment of the State of Israel. The reader gets a very real sense of the inevitability of the formation of a Jewish state long before the emergence of Adolf Hitler and The Holocaust. The book, likewise, also reflects a world society so embedded in centuries of persecution against the Jews, that it partly (and tragically) serves to explain the manifestation of how the horrors of The Holocaust actually materialised. A powerful and haunting unleashing of evil.

In moving towards a more modern history of the formation of the state of Israel, the author describes the massively overwhelming odds against which the Israeli citizen army battled to achieve their dream. Whilst their circumstances were often fatal, they prevailed to exploit their advantage at a moment in history. It is also interesting to reflect on the reader's predictable temptation to interpret this a victory, as a return of the Jews to the Holy Land as prophesised in the Bible. The author swiftly discards this notion but looks rather through the lens of a Christian with adherence to the teachings of the Bible. A masterstroke of reality in the revelation of a historical truth.

It is also notable how the Arab world does little to alleviate the plight of the Palestinian people and how the Arab countries are accused of using the Palestinians as pawns in the geo-political game with little interest in achieving a sovereign Palestinian State.

The author acknowledges that countless other states have been established through conquest, boundaries drawn, and sovereignty claimed as in the case of Israel, but *"its people fall far short of covenant obligations."* He states further: *"The nation has never recognised the Messiah God, let alone mourned over his wounding."*

The book's concluding chapters, with multiple references to Biblical verses, provide a compelling argument that any biblical claims by the Jews of a supposedly justifiable restoration of the land of Israel are premature. A more honest attitude would be to rely on their physical conquest of the land by force to justify their occupation following the persecution they endured in The Holocaust of the Second World War.

A book that embraces the topics of war, religion, history, geography and politics is bound to attract controversy and criticism. And yet it seems to escape that. An interesting and thought-provoking read.

Poetry Corner

Sermons To See

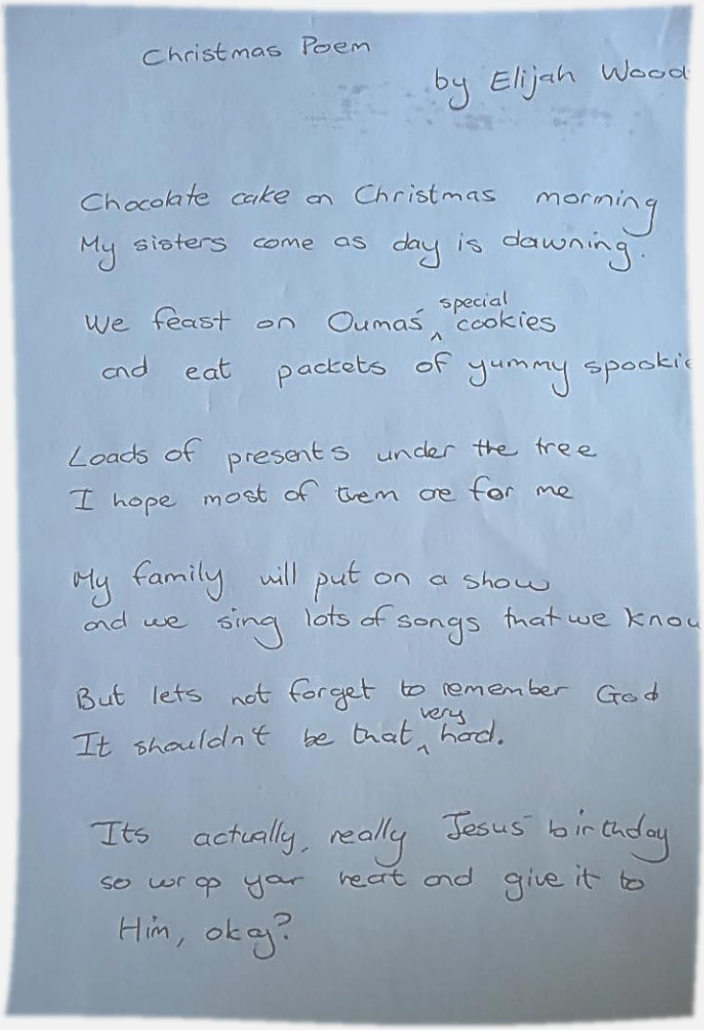
I'd rather see a sermon,
than hear one any day.
I'd rather someone walk with me,
than merely point the way.
The eye's a better pupil
and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing,
but example is always clear.

And the best way to be preaching
Is by living out one's creed,
For to see the good in action
is what everybody needs.
I can soon learn how to do it
if I can see how it is done.
I love to watch hands in action,
but just words may too fast run.

And the lectures so deliver'd
may be very wise and true,
but I'd rather get my learning
by observing what to do.
For I may misunderstand it
and the high advice it gives,
But there's no misunderstanding
how we act and how we live.

Submitted by Bev Green
(Original poem by Edgar Guest, edited)

Although not quite in line with the Easter Theme,
Elijah's beautiful poem is so appreciated !



Christmas Poem

by Elijah Wood

Chocolate cake on Christmas morning
My sisters come as day is dawning.

We feast on Oumas, special cookies
and eat packets of yummy spooki

Loads of presents under the tree
I hope most of them are for me

My family will put on a show
and we sing lots of songs that we knou

But lets not forget to remember God
It shouldn't be that, very hard.

Its actually really Jesus' birthday
so wrap your heart and give it to
Him, okay?

Friday

The night is dark, my heart was darker,
But I hide amongst the stones.
My Master has been taken captive -
I have left Him, all alone.

Where was justice, where is truth?
While they sentence Him to die.
Paralysed by fear, filled with terror -
Helpless! No, not Him, I cry.

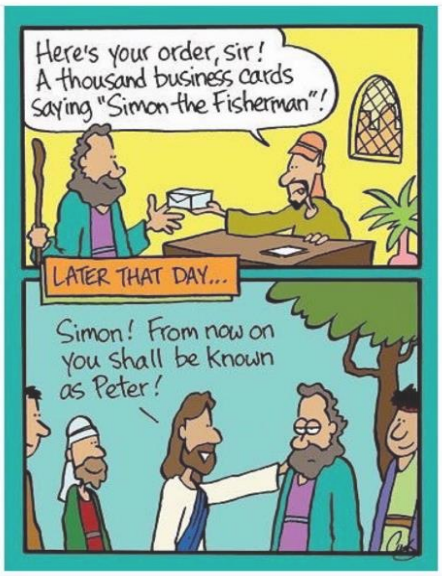
Bent under His heavy cross,
My heart despairs as our eyes meet,
His eyes are full of only love,
His forgiveness is complete.

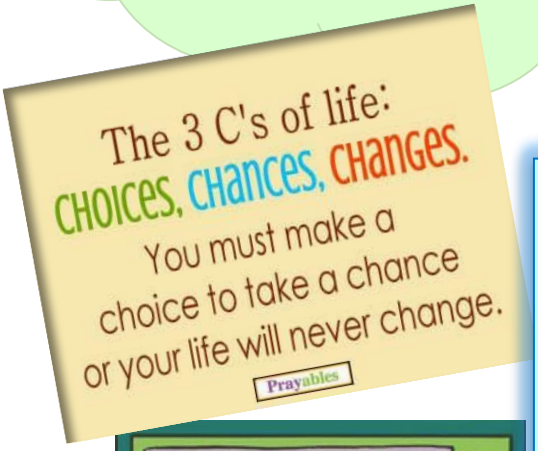
They have nailed Him to that cross,
Left to hang in utter shame.
I witness the horror and the suffering and the stench of death,
And know it is I who carries the blame.

But then ... Sunday came!

And Finally ...

The Pastor's wife walked into the kitchen to find her husband stalking around with a fly swatter. "What are you doing?" she asked. "Hunting flies" he responded. "Oh. Killed any?" she asked. "Yep, three males, two females," he replied. Intrigued, she asked, "How can you tell them apart?" He responded, "Three were on a beer can, two were on the phone."





A Senior Citizen's Thoughts -

Sitting on the couch the other day, I pondered some truths I've come to realise in recent years:

If walking is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.

A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, but is still fat.

A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years, while a tortoise doesn't run and does mostly nothing, yet it lives for 150 years. So, I should exercise?? I don't think so.

Just grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked, the good fortune to remember the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

Now that I'm older here's what I've discovered:

- I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
- My wild oats are mostly enjoyed with prunes and all-bran.
- I finally got my head together, and now my body is falling apart.
- Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
- Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
- If all is not lost, then where the heck is it?
- It was a whole lot easier to get older, than to get wiser.
- I wish the buck really did stop here, I sure could use a few of them.
- It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
- If God wanted me to touch my toes, he'd have put them on my knees.
- When I'm finally holding all the right cards, everyone wants to play chess.
- It's not hard to meet expenses … they're everywhere.
- These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter … I go somewhere to get something, and then wonder what I'm "here after".
- Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.

Directory Easter 2023

LEADERSHIP			
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Rob Bodley	Maintenance	bodley@polka.co.za	083 448 3497

WEEKLY MEETINGS			
HOME GROUPS	**TIME**	**VENUE**	**CELL NUMBER**
Hazel de Kock	Tues. 09h30	Lakeside Chapel	083 370 7911
McGill Group	Thurs. 18h00	Rotating venue, Betty's Bay	082 550 9108
Deon Maree	Wed. 16h00	Home of Deon Maree	081 360 7042
Paul Hartwig	Wed. 17h30	Rotating venue, Rooiels	072 186 0737
Paul Hartwig	Thurs. 10h00	Lakeside Chapel	072 186 0737
Louis van Heerden	Wed. 18h00	Van Heerden home, Pringle Bay	072 793 9133
Louis van Heerden	Thurs. 16h00	Van Heerden home, Pringle Bay	072 793 9133
PRAYER MEETINGS			
Lakeside Chapel	Tues. 17h00	Lakeside Chapel	072 186 0737
Ladies Meeting	Fri. 09h30	Home of Jeanette Spencer	082 448 3060
Sunday Morning	Sun. 09h00	Lakeside Chapel	072 186 0737

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