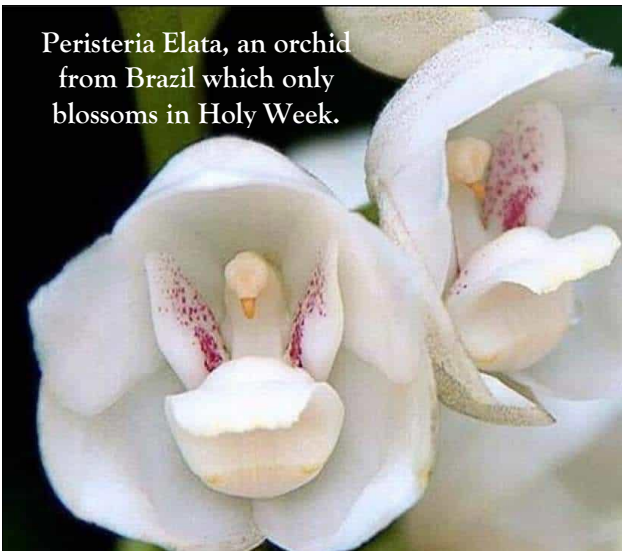


Peristeria Elata, an orchid from Brazil which only blossoms in Holy Week.



## The Eight O'Clock

# NEWS

April 2024 All Services, Christ Church, Kenilworth 021-797-6332

### I Am Tola'ath

- Author Unknown

Psalm 22:6 [Ps 22 is a prophetic/Messianic Psalm]:

*'But I am a worm, and no man;*

*A reproach of men, and despised by the people.'*

The Hebrew word for worm here is *tola'ath*.

This is the crimson worm that was very common to the region of old Israel and was used in the dyeing of garments to scarlet for the priesthood and the wealthy. It is somewhat round in shape and often mistaken for a berry.

**The life cycle of the tola'ath is just amazing.**

When the crimson worm is prepared to reproduce offspring, only once in her life, she attaches herself rigidly to a tree or a wooden fence post in such a way that she can never be removed without tearing her body completely apart. And when her young ones arrive, they feed upon the LIVING body of the mother—a decidedly painful sacrifice. Then, when the young are able to survive apart from the mother, she dies. As she dies, she exudes a crimson gel which not only stains the tree, but her young ones as well. Thus they are coloured by the mother's scarlet dye and remain so for the remainder of their lives.

For the next **three days** the worm can be scraped from the tree and the crimson gel used to make a dye—the same dye used in the tabernacle, the priest's belts, and by the upper class.

On the **fourth** day, the uncollected gel is no longer crimson, but has turned into a white wax and is used to make shellac, a preservative of wood. Also, the crushed *tola'ath* has natural antibacterial properties and was used to make medicine so that the heart beat smoothly. When Jesus said, *I am a worm* He was not saying, I am a nobody. He was saying, *I am a tola'ath*.

I will allow myself to be attached to a piece of wood.

I will give my life for my children.

I will bleed crimson and die so that they may live.

**My blood will cover them and take them from spiritual poverty to spiritual aristocracy.**

I will be crushed, but my blood will heal their hearts.

**My sacrifice will remove the dark stain of sin and forever preserve them, making them white as snow.**

**Isaiah 1:18:** *'Come now, and let us reason together,' says the Lord, 'Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; Though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'*



*a lot can happen in a week*

### Were you there when They crucified my Lord?

- Grace Pouch, Renovare

A beloved African American spiritual asks, *Were you there when they crucified my Lord?* Why ask this question? The answer is no. None of us was there.

The wisdom of the song is its invitation to imagine the events—one by one—and tremble. Let the humiliation and the horror sink in. Imagine your Teacher betrayed.

Consider God the Son on trial for blasphemy. Let His exhaustion and agony into your bones. Feel a mother's desperation at a son's torture.

Consider the fear and bewilderment of those who were sure until now that he was the One.

The Passion of Jesus isn't a metaphor. It is fact but not merely fact. It is eternal reality.

There is a way to hold the story at arm's length, to compartmentalize the events as critical information to possess, unfeelingly, like a formula.

But the Gospels invite us to enter, feel, and know at a deeper level—in a sense, to be there when they crucified my Lord—and to mind the mystery until our hearts respond.

We talk a lot about God-in-the-flesh during Advent. But Holy week is another annual opportunity to move deeper into the wonder of Divine Incarnation. Christ poured out his life and took it up again so we can be *with* him—inside the healing, transforming, empowering embrace of Father, Son, and Spirit.

# The Thread of the Cherubim

— John van der Linde

By His death on the cross and His rising again, Christ, our Redeemer has opened our way to the Father. We will follow a thread—how that way was closed and then opened. It is a thread running right through Scripture from Genesis onwards. This thread is totally relevant to Easter, to us today and for all time. It is an angle on God's plans for the world through his Son, the risen Christ.

Cherubs are mentioned in several places in the Bible. In the plural form they are called cherubim—angelic figures who serve the will of God, performing divine duties for Him.

They are first mentioned early on in Genesis—the Lord God had said that Adam and Eve could eat from any of the trees in the Garden of Eden, including the Tree of Life, but only one tree was forbidden to them. God's exact words were, "but you must not eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for when you eat from it you will certainly die."

We know what happened next. Genesis 3:22 puts it like this: "And the Lord God said, "The man has now become like one of us, knowing good and evil. He must not be allowed to reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life and eat, and live forever."

That certain death promised by God could have been immediate. It wasn't. Instead, God, in His mercy let them live but banished them from the Garden of Eden.

Verse 24 "After He drove the man out, He placed on the east side of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword flashing back and forth to guard the way to the tree of life." That is the first mention of cherubim in scripture—as guardians of the way back to the Creator.

From then on people could sacrifice to God, they could pray to God, but they were separated from His presence. They had lost the prospect of walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day.

The way into God's presence was now closed, guarded by the cherubim. Later, God gave Moses the law on Mount Sinai. That law included instructions for building the tabernacle, including directions for making a curtain. In Exodus 26 we read: "Make a curtain of blue, purple and scarlet yarn and finely twisted linen, with cherubim woven into it by a skilled worker."

The purpose of this embroidered curtain was to divide between the Holy Place and the Most Holy Place in the tabernacle. The inner Most Holy Place contained the ark of the covenant, covered by the mercy seat, on which were two cherubim guarding the presence of God. This was the special place where God made His presence visible and from where He spoke, but only to Moses.

These were God's instructions to Moses, God had specifically instructed that the curtain that separated the Holy Place from the Most Holy Place should be embroidered with cherubim, because they were a reminder of the cherubim guarding Eden, keeping people away from direct

access to the presence of God.

God then allowed the high priest to go behind the curtain, (Leviticus 16) behind the guarding cherubim only one day a year. The way into the presence of God had been partially restored. The High Priest entered on behalf of the people, accompanied by the smoke of incense and the blood of sacrifices.

When Solomon's temple was built, again a curtain embroidered with cherubim was put in place. Its purpose as before was to set apart the Most Holy Place and as before, only the High Priest, and only once a year could he enter the presence of God. The curtain with its cherubim guarded the way to free access to God's presence. This situation remained until Jesus was crucified.

In the gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke we read that on that terrible day, at the very moment that Jesus breathed his last, the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom. At the very point of His death on the cross, not before and not after, the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom.

Through the crucifixion of the Son of God, the way into God's presence had finally been re-opened for mankind. Jesus is the way into God's presence. In John 14:6, Jesus says: "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."

The author of Hebrews tells us clearly that Jesus Himself, as our High Priest, has gone in behind the curtain into the inner sanctuary, the Most Holy Place—not of the temple in Jerusalem—but of the true Most Holy Place in heaven. Also, Jesus did not enter the Most Holy Place behind the curtain with its guarding cherubim on one day of the year only, as did the high priests of the Old Testament period. Instead, He entered permanently, once for all of His people (Heb 9:11-12).

Hebrews 9:12 explains more: "He did not enter by means of the blood of goats and calves; but he entered the Most Holy Place once for all by His own blood, thus obtaining eternal redemption."

From verse 19: "Therefore, brothers and sisters, since we have confidence to enter the Most Holy Place by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way opened for us through the curtain, that is, His body, and since we have a great priest over the house of God, let us draw near to God with a sincere heart and with the full assurance that faith brings, having our hearts sprinkled to cleanse us from a guilty conscience and having our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold unswervingly to the hope we profess, for He who promised is faithful."

The way into the presence of God has been restored. The guarding cherubim with the flashing sword are gone. What was lost in Adam has been regained in the risen Christ. "For since death came through a man, the resurrection of the dead comes also through a man. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will be made alive". 1 Cor 15:21-22. Amen.

# Good Friday Meditation

Matthew 27-45-56

— Jessica McCarter

I am a bystander in this crowd having heard and seen so much of what Jesus has said and done over the last three years...

I ask you now to all ‘**stand by**’ with me as we try to really enter **in** to Matthews account of Jesus’ terrible death

## 1 Matthew 27:45-50:

I am, with many others, watching three men being crucified. At the head of the one in the middle is the criminal charge: “*This is Jesus, the King of the Jews*”. It is almost mid-afternoon now, yet it’s DARK; very dark; this darkness is eerie; it’s overpowering; overwhelming and has been enveloping us like *a dead weight* since noon...

and then I hear it... the cry, a strangled, desperate and guttural sound from the very depths of the being of the one called Jesus, in His native language of Aramaic: “*Eloi, Eloi, lamasabachtani... My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?*”

I see how Jesus is *wrestling and disorientated*... separated from His Father’s protective Presence for the first time since the beginning, *when Jesus the Word, was with God and the Word was God*; and yet Jesus now under the weight of OUR sin must be sensing Himself as a mere *worm*.

The crowd around me is *bestial... they are like bulls, like lions and like dogs*.

I can barely keep looking at His hands and feet so crudely nailed to the instrument of His death; and at *His tongue lolling so drily about in His mouth; His heart must be like melting wax*...

Yet He must keep on keeping on until it is done...

Wait...someone nearby to me also calls out; this one claiming that *the man named Jesus is ‘calling for Elijah’; another one runs for a sponge of vinegar to put on a stick for Jesus*...

‘*don’t be in such a hurry*’ I hear some others joking around me;

‘*Let’s wait and see if Elijah **does** come and save him!*’...

But no...I hear Jesus crying out again... *much more loudly now*; and then I notice that He’s not breathing any more... He has died and it’s over...

## 2. Luke 27:51-56:

But what is it that’s happening now? I see the *captain of the guard and others with him just ‘scared to death’ by the RIPPING of the temple curtain from TOP to bottom; by ROCKS splitting from an earthquake; and allowing believers ‘whose names must be written in the book’ to rise up out of their tombs*...

and then, as I keep looking I see some women who have been watching too, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Jesus’ mother and Salome the mother of James and John; and I wonder how Mary His mother, could have been able to bear watching her beloved Son’s life ebb away in so

much loneliness and isolation...

Finally, I hear the captain of the guard—a **Roman Centurion** saying:

“*Truly, this HAS to be the Son of God!*”

3. **Back to today**... In preparing and trying to live in this, I found Jesus’ cry of complete abandonment by His Father in **becoming** sin for us, the most heart-wrenching moment for me... I couldn’t continue in my preparation for the rest of that day last week - what must it have cost Him...

So, as we now conclude the part we have played in watching Jesus die, let us bow our heads in reverence and gratitude for the immense price that was paid for our redemption:

Lord Jesus, may we never forget the depth of God’s love displayed on the cross; and may we live **our** lives in humble obedience and service to the one who gave **His** life for us.

**Finally**, may the words of the Apostle Paul in Galatians 2:20 ring true in our own hearts today and always:

***“I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me.***

***The life I now live in the body, I live by faith In the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.***

Inspire us, we ask, dear Lord Jesus, to share the message of the cross with a world in desperate need of hope and redemption. Amen

## In the Garden Of Gethsemane

- Author unknown

Before the dawn of Easter

There came Gethsemane...

Before the Resurrection

There were hours of agony...

For there can be no crown of stars

Without a cross to bear,

And there is no salvation

Without *Faith* and *Love* and *Prayer*

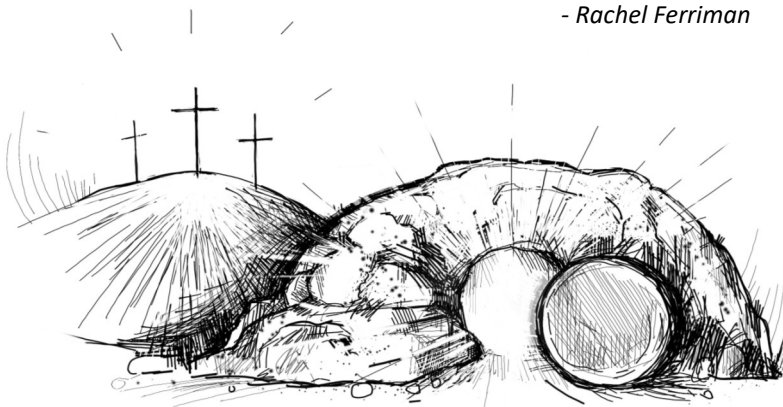
And when we take our needs to God

Let us pray as did His Son

That dark night in Gethsemane—

***‘Thy Will, Not Mine, Be done.’***

- Rachel Ferriman





# Malcolm (Andy) Andrew

11 June 1940—21 March 2024

— Sue Torr [photo taken on last Sunday before Andy's operation]

Dad had a servant heart. All his life, he served his family, his friends, community, and most importantly, his Church. A servant leader in the truest sense of the word, he found the greatest fulfilment in helping others, sharing his time, expertise, faith and wisdom, generously and unconditionally. Dad was a giver in a quiet and unobtrusive way—slipping pocket money to pupils who had none, helping family members financially, assisting those in need when it mattered most. He frequently drove across provinces to help his children, friends and family members who found themselves in testing circumstances.

More than once, Mom and Dad drove from the Eastern Cape to Cape Town to help us when Craig and I were juggling demanding careers with three boys under five. When living in the Headmaster's residence at Frank Joubert House, he regularly walked around the hostel corridors in the evening being a father to the fatherless or a counsel to those in need.

At the end of each day, he would contemplate who he needed to phone—his beloved sister, Rosalie, his sister-in-law Barbara, one of his children, someone who needed a friend to lean on or a word of wisdom. He was also a great letter writer with a gift for putting in writing what people most needed to hear—letters of congratulations, of sympathy, of encouragement—small acts of kindness that made a difference in many lives. I'm sure there are many here today whose lives were touched at some point by one of Dad's letters or emails.

He appreciated a well-delivered speech and assembly speeches at Dale College and sermons as a lay preacher in the Methodist Church in King William's Town were notable. With a passion for history, he had a unique ability to place the Bible in historical context and make the teachings come alive. Born at the start of World War II, Dad had enormous respect for the speeches of Winston Churchill—and often used them in history lessons. He had a thunderous voice that rose and fell as the lesson or speech unfolded: his volume and emphasis ensuring that no one ever fell asleep—least of all his pupils.

It is apt that Dad passed away on Human Rights Day. Dad was ahead of his time in a politically turbulent apartheid South Africa, advocating contentiously for open education during the fractious 1980s—a feat that he succeeded in

achieving in 1990 when he admitted the first young black pupils into Dale College—a brave and controversial move at the time. Through his efforts—and those of many others—Dale College became a nursery for young black talent. The College now ranks tenth in the country for the number of Springbok rugby players ever produced. Dad also appointed Dale's first black teacher, Viwo Nzima, to the Dale staff in 1993. Viwo, who has served the College for over 20 years, is now deputy headmaster and is here today representing the school that Dad loved so much. Dad worked tirelessly amongst the underprivileged schools in the Eastern Cape, mentoring school principals and educators, driven by a deep desire to ensure that every South African youth had the benefit of a quality education. As an active Rotarian and past Rotary president, he was awarded three Paul Harris Fellows and nominated for Port Elizabeth's Senior Citizen of the Year in 2012. His passion for education and his work in the field of education was never done. When our boys were born, Mom and Dad gifted them each an education policy to ensure that they would have access to tertiary education—and every December without fail, Dad would cart his grandsons off to Exclusive Books to choose books as their Christmas presents. When I wanted to study law, he personally drove me to Rhodes University to tour the law department and was my greatest supporter when I enrolled in the faculty. He was so proud that all three of his children graduated from his Alma Mater. He loved History and Geography, was an authority on World Wars I and II, was a keen philatelist, voracious reader, talented artist, self-taught musician and music lover with a wide range of music tastes, although it's safe to say that Elvis Presley will forever be the soundtrack of my childhood. He played A-team rugby at Selborne College, won the Border Schools' u19 mile at the age of 16, coached rugby, cricket and athletics throughout his teaching career, and was an avid runner throughout his life—most memorably, with his beloved German Shepherd by his side.

Dad loved being around young people and I know that the last ten years living on our property was a source of great joy for him. He relished being around our three sons, their friends, and the young people in our office—and was regularly caught testing the quality of our boardroom sweets. When the boys were school-going, come rain or howling South Easter, Dad was ready at 6:45 every morning to drive the boys to SACS. Those morning drives will be etched in the boys' memories forever— (ctd p11)



## Introducing 2024 Interns

### Hannah Aldrum

I'm Hannah Aldrum—I'm from Cape Town but I lived in Atlantis for most of my high school years and only moved back to Claremont in September 2023.

I have two siblings, my sister Rebekah who is 16 and my brother Harry who is 2. I am 19 and live with them and both my parents, Theresa and Anthony. I grew up in a Christian household but after moving to Atlantis I stopped attending church and subsequently moved away from my faith. Around August last year my school Christian Union was asked to volunteer helpers for the Youth Alpha hosted at Bishops and I asked to join. This led me to Christ Church Kenilworth and after hearing about my plans for a gap year, Keenan suggested I look at the internship.

In 2023 I made it my goal to come back into faith. Moving back to the suburbs made the opportunity at CCK to spend a year learning more about God and being intentional about faith and teaching too good to pass up. In Matric I was very fortunate to have Christian friends who were always happy to talk about God and discuss their faith which opened me up to Christianity again. Without them I probably would not have thought to join CCK or help at the Youth Alpha last year. My goal this year is to learn more about God and grow in my relationship with Him as well as be able to guide young people into faith just as my friends did with me.



### Paige Buxey

My name is Paige and I've grown up in Cape Town my entire life. I went to Wynberg Girls Junior and Herschel Girls High School. I matriculated in 2015 and went on to study Actuarial Science at UCT.

Unfortunately, I did not finish my degree as after two years I was no longer enjoying it. I

then took a gap year (which ended up being two years) and went to *au pair* in America—it was the best time of my life! I travelled so much and met so many great people. When I returned home in 2020, I registered for Chemical Engineering at UCT. After failing my main module in my second year, I switched back to commerce and am now pursuing a BCom degree.

I grew up in a Christian household but only attended church on special occasions. My grandma really influenced



my spiritual journey. In grade 10, I attended Youth Alpha at a church in Bergvliet and gave my life to Jesus on the Holy Spirit weekend. After that, I threw myself into church activities and became a junior and senior youth leader and I was involved in the worship team. I had a great time serving at my old church and made lots of really great friends. My church community was very strong. Through the years, my relationship with God has been up and down. When I went to the US, I couldn't find the kind of community that I had here and so stopped attending church. Since I've been home, I've tried to rebuild that relationship. That's also why I joined the internship programme. I saw the notice in church one day and I thought that it would be a great opportunity. I wanted to grow in my faith and rebuild my church community into what I had before going to the US.

I am currently involved in CCKids Connect with the grade 3-5 kids, as well as being a vocalist in the worship team. Along with that, I've been assisting with the church's social media platforms. I'm enjoying every minute of the internship so far. I've made great friends and have really grown in my love for Jesus.

CCK is a great church and I have felt so welcome here! As someone who only started attending church here last year, I can't believe how many people I've become friends with in this short time. I hope to be involved in the church for many years to come.

### Russell Dicky

I came to South Africa in 2003.

My mum and stepdad had moved here a number of years before as my stepfather had a contract in South Africa. Later my stepfather passed away and I came to visit my mother. After 9/11 I decided to move to South Africa. My mum was elderly and I felt I needed to move closer to



her. I did go back and forth a bit, but pretty much made Cape Town my home. I got into house-sitting through a friend of my mom's. She would have overflow pet-sits and would pass them on to me because I love animals. Most of the houses were in the Southern Suburbs. I ended up attending Christ Church Kenilworth because my background is Episcopalian which is similar to Anglican. As a child I would go to church with my dad. My mom actually planted the seed in terms of my Christian faith—she was a very strong Christian. I sometimes alternated between CCK and St James Church because I liked them both. I pretty much gravitated towards Christ Church and I attended whenever I was house-sitting. Sometimes my mum would come and stay with me and then she would also attend CCK. Then Covid happened and my mum at this stage had reached 92 and she had a stroke. For 18 months my mother was bed-ridden and I was her full-time carer. It was a major challenge for me but I wouldn't change a thing. My mum was at home where I wanted her to be and it was a privilege for me to look after her. On 23/11/2022



my mother passed away very peacefully. I didn't go to church for a long time obviously because I was caring for my mum full time. We were kind of in lockdown. When I finally got back to church I ended up at CCK again and I was at the Easter service with a friend when Alpha was advertised. I thought I would like to do it. I was still very much in mourning (I still am actually—the loss of my mom has weighed very heavily on me and I still experience large pockets of grief.) But I did Alpha. I live in Tableview so it was quite a commitment but I felt like I invested good time doing that. I was in Guy's group and Guy obviously saw something in me which I didn't see because he told me about the internship programme and asked if I would be interested. I was really taken aback. My purpose for being here was caring for my mother, especially those last 18 months. Suddenly, my purpose had been removed and I was left wondering. I wasn't sure where or who I was. I am a hairdresser by trade. I worked on cruise ships out of Miami and Fort Lauderdale. I learnt my trade in the US. I was born in New Orleans. My homebase was San Diego but I lived in San Francisco, Honolulu, Seattle and New Orleans.

When I came off the cruise ships I decided I didn't want to be a hairdresser anymore. So I went to broadcasting school and I got a few gigs on radio shows. When I came to Cape Town I had my own jazz show on Fine Music Radio for three years.

I started getting clear messages that God has a purpose for me in this internship. I feel that it is going to grow my faith. I love CCK—it's a very spirit-filled church. I still live in my mum's house in Tableview—the estate is taking a long time to wrap up. But for this year I'm here and I'm embracing the internship – it's great. I'm grateful to the Lord for giving me the opportunity to do this. It's a really once-in-a-lifetime opportunity at my age—especially as I'm in the 60 bracket! Despite our age differences, the team of interns integrate so well. It's wonderful. I want to serve the Lord. I have a heart for the homeless as my mum did too, and I am happy to be serving.

### *Sam Frieslaar*

**My** name is Sam. I was adopted into the Frieslaar family at nine months of age. I grew up loving music and sports. I went to Rondebosch Boys, Westerford and then Abbots College. I had many different friends growing up but never really stuck with them. My parents have been a big influence in my spiritual journey and I have been at CCK my whole life. I feel like my relationship with God at the moment is growing and growing and I feel like I have drawn closer to Him. I am an intern right now and I would love to stay on



and work at the church. I look forward to seeing the team growing and taking more initiative.

### *Griffey Leonard*

I started coming to CCK and Ambies in 2021 when I was in Grade 10. I served at CCKids and helped at Holiday Club. I have a real passion for teaching young children about God. I started to grow closer to the Lord when I was in matric. That's when I decided to do an internship with the church. I'm very happy to be at CCK because it's a lovely community. It's so welcoming and warm. It doesn't feel like a job, nor does it even feel like I am doing an internship! I just feel like a member of a church doing my part. I feel so comfortable here.



### *Daniel Livesey*

I grew up with my parents and my older sister in Athlone. My parents were never very spiritual but I got involved with Scripture Union at High School. When I was 14, I went to Ambassadors Soccer Holiday Club and that was where I heard of St. John's Church, Wynberg and I've been there ever since. I decided to do an internship with CCK because I want to grow more in my faith. I'd like to think that my relationship with God has improved and continues to grow. I love being a youth leader at CCK. When I was at youth church, I always enjoyed the fun, games, worship and activities and I'm really enjoying leading those for others now. I want to have an impact on young people's lives in the same way my leaders influenced my life.



### *Ian Mathew*

About two years ago I felt a calling to get more involved in ministry, especially around sport. I got involved in sports ministry and from there I joined the Alpha course and also



got involved with Word on the Street (WOTS). I've got a particular passion for outreach ministry and that's my portfolio as an intern. I've been on missions as a student to Mozambique and I've been a youth leader and led on many youth camps. I've had a strong church involvement from when I was young. I was brought up in a Christian home and my dad worked for SU so we were involved in many camps, small group activities and church camps. I've had quite a few good Christian role models over the years in the various churches I have attended. My parents were influential in my faith, and my brothers and sister have always been supportive and encouraging. After school I did a Bsc in Property Studies at UCT and then I played rugby overseas. I wanted to pursue a career in rugby but that didn't work out so later I came back and did a teaching certificate and taught for a few years and coached sport. It was nice to be able to give back to the game. That's where my passion for sports ministry grew. I'm really enjoying this year and I am interested to see where this internship will take me next!

### Nika Mongwe

I grew up in a missionary home where my parents were committed to serving God by serving His people. We moved quite a bit through different areas of Zambia, Mpumalanga and then Tanzania, where I got to witness God move in incredible ways.



My relationship with God started in Zambia, where I decided that this faith of my parents, I wanted it to become my own, so I committed my life to Jesus. I have had a few ups and downs in my relationship with Christ, but am forever grateful for that decision. Through high school it was my dream to move to South Africa and explore life in Cape Town, so I worked towards that. At the end of 2020, due to political issues in Tanzania, we moved back to South Africa, and I met Jesse Mongwe and our relationship grew into a beautiful dating relationship.

My family moved to Switzerland and I felt the call to stay in South Africa and pursue my studies. At that time Jesse felt he needed to move to Cape Town, so he did and I stayed in Joburg.

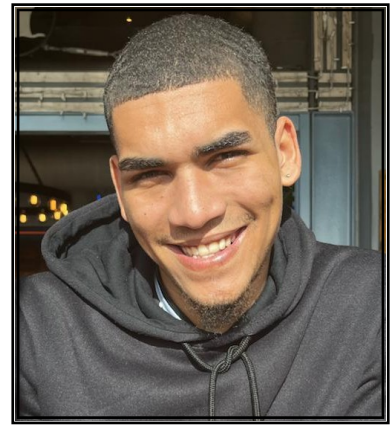
I moved to Switzerland to work temporarily and then Jesse and I got married, and the time to move to Cape Town finally came around.

Now I work here at CCK in operations, and have discovered talents and skills I didn't have before, and I really enjoy what I do, and where God has placed me.

### Diego Wyllie

I grew up in a dysfunctional household with my parents and my relationship with them was very detached which led me to be independent from the age of five. Due to

this, I contracted a disease called Gastroenteritis and I had to undergo an operation at the age of six, thus leading me to move in with my grandparents so that I could receive the proper parental care I needed. They cared for me and sowed the seeds of biblical morals and values into my life.



Growing up I had a very rough childhood: I was the only boy out of my siblings and never really had a lot of close friends, I became very sheltered and into myself. My grandfather who was my crutch and who always held my hand on my path to the Lord, passed away and this greatly affected me. When I was a teenager, I sought validation from others and found the wrong kind of friends who made me feel seen and heard as a person. I allowed them to lead me onto the wrong path and this caused a lot of hurt to my loved ones. Eventually after being expelled from two high schools, I ended up matriculating from Wynberg Boys' High with three distinctions.

I always knew God but our relationship was very surface level and I always longed for a better connection and relationship with the Lord. I was then introduced to the Alpha course in 2023. During this time, I finally found the connection I always longed for, and I encountered the Holy Spirit like I never had before. After that I gave my life to the Lord and feeling the conviction of the Holy Spirit, I made the decision to get baptised. Since then, I have felt the calling to do God's work intensely. When I heard about the internship at CCK, I did not hesitate as I knew this was the next step God so clearly called me to do.

I am now involved in the CCK children's ministry. I find it to be so fulfilling and I enjoy each moment of it. It helps me to define my own relationship with Christ when I teach others about the grace and love God has for all of us. I absolutely love my internship journey as it is growing me as a leader in Christ and I look forward to the next opportunity to showcase my love for being a servant leader, which I have learnt through the internship.

### A Prayer

- Diego Wyllie

They called to you in their hardship  
 You sent them me  
 I called to You in my time of difficulty  
 You sent me them  
 Their prayers were answered  
 And so were mine  
 As omnipresent as You are, in us all You move  
 Like vessels it may seem  
 You use us as angels  
 Bringing light to darkness  
 Significantly gracing us with Your presence  
 To reveal who You truly are.  
 A God of unconditional love  
 With whom none can compare.



## Making Palm Crosses

Top: L>R Isabella & Vivica Olivato, Jan Prendergast, Carol Allan, Sheila Clow, Roger & Jane Wood (obscured), Dave Allan, Ed McCarter.

Below: Jan Prendergast, Bushy (Matt) Ash (visiting from CHS), Tessa Ferrandi.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Please would you join Gary's family to remember his life

FRIDAY 5 APRIL  
11AM  
CHRISTCHURCH KENILWOTH

"Gary has loved so well and is so well loved"

PLEASE SHARE THIS INVITATION WITH EVERYONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM

Robyn Axelson celebrated her 65<sup>th</sup> birthday and retirement at the end of February. MJ and her helpers baked a 65 Carrot Cake and all the Axelsons, especially the grandchildren were involved in catering for the guests. Robyn and Rafe are leaving soon to tackle the Camino and visit UK family.



HAPPY  
SPECIAL [DECADE]  
BIRTHDAYS  
APRIL 2024

5<sup>th</sup> Warren Gatche  
20<sup>th</sup> Denny Bunn—90  
26<sup>th</sup> Tessa Wood

'Let us Fix our eyes on Jesus,  
Looking to Him, the Author  
and Finisher of our faith.'

- Hebrews 12:2



# WOTS Dinners—What's Next

- Di Hewitson

Many years ago, the Church's 'Word on the Street' ministry (WOTS) started offering free monthly dinners for women working as sex workers in our area. This was intended to be a welcoming space where they could safely and freely speak about their lives, be encouraged and receive prayer.

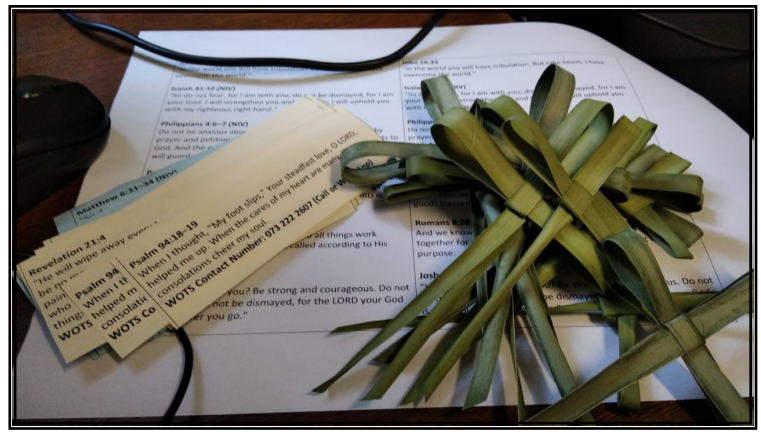
There were always some accompanying male friends or partners attending, who were accommodated and given a meal separately from the women, to maintain it as a completely unthreatening place for them. Over the past two years there has been a growing number of men attending, chiefly people living on our streets, unemployed, and grateful for a meal and encouraging conversations.

The dinners have been held on the first Thursday of every month. More than a year ago Emma Brewster of the WOTS team invited The Good Portion (TGP—Christ Church's online bible study, also meeting on Thursdays) to assist with food preparation and hosting of the evenings, the WOTS team being rather small and struggling with the growing numbers. TGP has several groups of about 8-12 people. They eagerly accepted the challenge, along with Beulah and two CCK home groups. Each group was assigned a particular month to both fund and organize the simple dinner and then to attend and serve the meal, and to interact with the guests alongside the WOTS team. What an enriching experience it has been for the groups to work together in person on a project, and to get to know some destitute people living in our area and the difficulties they face. As ever, God does more than we ask or imagine: what started as a problem (too many guests) has become an opportunity with great potential to serve God's Kingdom as we pray and trust God to lead step by step.

But we've hit a **problem**: The Church has been receiving complaints from homeowners with security concerns about the number of men walking the streets late at night after the dinners. WOTS has reluctantly agreed to put the dinners on hold for a few months while we seek the way forward. We do want to take the concerns of our housed neighbours seriously, while continuing to support our unhoused neighbours. This has resulted in meetings with UKID (Upper Kenilworth Improvement District), the Community Policing Forum, with our Ward Councillor, and also with many who would normally attend the dinner. It has also initiated meetings with partners who are working with homeless people in the area: U-turn, Victory Outreach, and Rea Thusana.

The most important outcome of all these meetings has been the realisation that to address the huge social issues of homelessness and unemployment we have to collaborate with all concerned, and not to compete or fight.

**The potential:** Please pray for the process over the next few months as we:



- \* Learn from other churches and communities who host similar community dinners (St. Peter's Mowbray, CHS Kirstenhof, Rea Thusana and YWAM Muizenberg).
- \* Communicate and work closely with UKID, local Councillors, law enforcement and security agencies.
- \* Interact with the CCK community as we discern how and when to start the dinners again, and what else our Lord is inviting us into as a church—together with other churches in our area—as we respond to the increasing numbers of unhoused and unemployed people.

[Photograph above: Palm crosses, information leaflet and scripture verses handed out on a recent Thursday evening.]

## Introducing U-turn Homestays

- Yvonne Kane

**U-turn** are on a mission to equip people with skills to overcome homelessness. This is because they believe God made every person intrinsically valuable and no-one should have to sleep on the street.

U-turn has asked to pilot a new programme at CCK called U-turn Homestays. It's a big ask of us, but a good ask—and one in which we can partner with them in making all the difference in someone's journey out of homelessness. Brandon Solomon, church parent at U-turn Church House up the road, is going to tell us more.

### **What are U-turn Homestays?**

Homestays are transitional accommodation offered by host families or individuals. We are looking for homes that will offer a space to a Champion for a fixed period of time. This may be three months, six months or a year. The purpose behind Homestays is for Champions to have the experience of living with the love and guidance of a family or individual. It's based on the Church House model—with house parents, or a house parent, providing a sense of belonging and structure. This is a necessary part of their stage 3 journey to independent living.

### **Who do you have in mind for Homestays?**

This will be for our Champions who have completed the rehabilitation stage and are now on stage 3 called the work readiness stage. They are working at U-shops so they go out to work Monday to Saturday. They also attend weekly group counselling and therapy sessions.

### **Tell us more about how Homestays will work**

Firstly, we will ensure that the champion is the right fit for the host. Homestays will be an agreed contract between the Champion, the host and U-turn and includes a house

agreement. It will be for an agreed fixed period of time. There will be monthly check-ins with the Champion's case worker. Champions will participate in day-to-day home living, including helping with chores and will also pay rental towards their stay.

**What does U-Turn hope for?**

This is a pilot programme, and we'd love to pilot this with a few families or individuals at CCK. Guy and MJ are already pioneering this with one of the Champions, Anzio.

**Interested ?**

Have a word with Guy, Yvonne or Brandon (071 219 1187), or email [yvonne@cck.org.za](mailto:yvonne@cck.org.za).

*The Good Portion*

- Gerry Adlard

In The Good Portion weekly online bible study we break into small groups for discussion, both before and after the scripture passage is expounded. There are nine groups of varying sizes, but one of these—Group 2—differs from all the others in a number of ways: it is led from England, by Sue and Guy Gallico, most of its members live in England, two live in Cape Town (Bob and Mary Tait, of CCK), two live in British Columbia, Canada, a few Christians in India attend occasionally—and with a nominal membership list of 17 it is by far the biggest group in TGP. Sue facilitates the discussions and Guy extends the invitations, which include an annual meal together at their home in Kent.

Paul Jhass has the group strategically praying for churches in India, and provides the group with supplementary teaching.

What keeps this group growing exponentially is the quality of teaching available in TGP, which reportedly outclasses anything available

in their local churches. Each group in TGP has become a 'family' and prayer needs are shared not only in meetings, but by a WhatsApp chat group. The numerical growth has been due mainly to Guy who is a formidable networker and nudger for God.

How did Group 2 start? Guy Gallico and Gerry Adlard met in an Economics class at university almost 60 years ago, but never mentioned Jesus to each other. In 2018 Gerry was invited by Guy and Sue to visit, and on the first day met Kevin and Marcela, who had come for tea. It turned out that they had visited Cape Town the previous year and had played tennis with Mike... (couldn't remember his surname). "Not Mike Keggie, by any chance?" asked Gerry. "Precisely!" So when Covid arrived and TGP went onto Zoom, which became the platform for online Alpha courses, Mike and Gerry each invited their English friends to join their separate groups—and nothing has been quite the same since!

Recent arrivals in Group 2 have been Christine and Khoon Ming, who live in Poole, Dorset. Here is a word from them: "TGP is for us a joy, a privilege and a relief. Thanks be to God for leading us into TGP where He is providing water to quench our thirst, built up over the past several years, as described in Psalm 63:1 "O God, you are my God, earnestly I seek you: my soul thirsts for you, my body longs for you in a dry and dusty land where there is no water."

The Good Portion meets on Thursday evenings at 19h30 South African time. You would be very welcome, wherever you live!

TGP website: <https://jphewitson.wixsite.com/tgportion>.





# A Soul Like an Atom's Nucleus

- Brian Morykon

In the mid-1990s, Desmond Tutu was taking his annual eight-day silent retreat when the retreat centre received a phone call for him. It was Nelson Mandela, then president of South Africa. Tutu declined the call. He had a previously scheduled appointment with Someone more important.

Fifteen years earlier, Tutu was in jail for marching in protest against an injustice. One of his cellmates was South African pastor and author Trevor Hudson, who was privileged to work with Tutu in the early 1980s in Johannesburg. Trevor joined Nathan Foster on the podcast this week to talk about the impact the Nobel Peace Prize winner had on his life.

Trevor Hudson and Desmond Tutu both exude an infectious joy—a joy that's difficult to deny because it has been baptized by suffering.

That picture of baptism reminds me of something Trevor says: everyone sits beside their own pool of tears. Archbishop Tutu's pool was Olympic-sized. He wept over the atrocities of apartheid in South Africa, but his hurt and anger at injustice never calcified into bitterness or hate. Through prayer, nonviolent protest, and his contagious laugh, he was instrumental in ending apartheid.

Here is a soul that—like an atom's nucleus—cohesively held together things that normally repel one another:

(ctd frin p4) Grandpa using the time wisely to impart important lessons on history, geography, politics, and current affairs—but also more important life lessons about how to treat women, the importance of chivalry, and how to become men of character. He was old school and proud of it. He was an unbelievable help to Craig and me during the busiest years of our lives. No task was too menial for Dad, whether it was lifting children, helping with homework, doing home maintenance, walking the dogs, grocery shopping or cooking lunch for our domestic workers, which on a hot day often got served with an ice-cold beer. Often perceived to be a hard man, he was in fact a gentle person with a servant heart—and nothing brought out his softer side more than his beloved dogs and, later, our dogs who he walked religiously and treated secretly to roast chicken and salted caramel yoghurt.

Dad loved the sea, and we have so many wonderful memories of family vacations at Kaysers Beach in the Eastern Cape, and at our holiday home in Arniston, especially when the house was full of young people. He took great delight in teasing the boys and their friends, sharing a beer with them, asking them about their girlfriends, criticising their poor taste in music, and has been known to be roped into a few games of beer pong. He loved his time fishing, boating and body surfing with Craig and the boys and, lately – with limited mobility – would be so appreciative when Craig helped him into the sea for a swim. Like the tides, Dad was reliable, constant and we are fortunate to have Mom and Dad live on the same property and to spend many evenings together catching up with

*April 2024 Eight O'Clock News*

compassion and justice, conviction and openness, contemplation and action. And, like an atom, the power of those things held together is immense.

When I hear Trevor talk about him, something wells up inside me—a hope, a longing, a desire to imitate even on some miniature scale. Let's call it inspiration, in the deepest and earliest sense of that word: *inspirare*, divine breath that animates the body.

That's exactly what each of us needs—the breath of God to motivate and sustain our action.

'I'm far too busy to pray for less than two hours a day,' Tutu once said. He liked to joke, but I don't think he was kidding about that. He didn't burn out or dry up because he drank often from the Fountain of Living Water. He prioritized time with Jesus, even when it meant saying no to a phone call from the president. He was a man of sustained action on the earth because he was a man of consistent contemplation on the things of heaven.

*Lord, we have no delusions of grandeur. We don't aspire to the vocational heights of Desmond Tutu. But we do aspire to be fully Yours and fully who You've made each of us to be. In-spire us, fill us with Your animating and sustaining breath—which we know is only possible if we come close enough to Your face to receive that breath. Help us then to be intentional about being with You so that we may be effective in loving others.*

each other. Craig and I are so grateful for the advice and counsel given over the years. Dad loved these evenings particularly when joined by the boys and their girlfriends, Chelsea, Lily and Pippa.

He loved my brothers and me and was so proud of the three of us in his quiet, uneffusive way. He was an absolute constant in our lives and was always present at all special occasions—prize giving, graduation, wedding, birthday... He welcomed our spouses—Craig, Karen and Julie—with open arms and loved them like his own. Mom and Dad modelled Christian marriage for all of us for 55 years—especially in the last few years of Dad's life when Mom cared for him so unbelievably well.

Incredibly proud of all his grandchildren, he followed their schooling, extra murals, sporting achievements, studies—Tanielle and Kimberley, Holly and Zoe, Dan, Matt and Luke, you know how proud Grandpa was of you. Thank you for the many ways in which you cared for and watched out for Grandpa over the years. He appreciated you so much, as do we. Gloria, Norman and Hilary, thank you for caring for Grandpa—each of you in your own special way.

Our family would like to thank you all for the outpouring of love and support, including the Old Dalian Union, Dale College and many Old Dalians and past pupils. You have buoyed us all and helped us process our loss.

Thank you, Mike (Keggie), for being at Dad's bedside after he passed and for anointing and praying for him, and to the Church for the way in which you have held our family up in prayer.

Dad, you fought the good fight, you finished the race, you kept the faith. May you rest in Glory. *[Tribute shortened]*

# Remembering Jesus

-Michelle Naude

How good is your memory? What are the events that you often recall? Sometimes our memories can be too good—when we constantly remember mistakes we have made in the past that we would be wiser to forget. Sometimes we look at old photographs and recall important milestones in our lives that evoke deep emotions, such as the birth of our first child or the wedding of one of our children.

But there is one thing that we should never, ever forget: the death of Jesus on the cross for us. **It is the most important event in the history of the world.** John Stott says: 'It is by His death, above all else, that Jesus wished to be remembered.'

So what is a good way to remember this history-altering, life-changing, momentous event? Jesus Himself gave us a very specific way to remember His death. When the Son of God broke the bread and shared the wine with His disciples at the Last Supper, He said: 'Do this in remembrance of me'. When we take communion, we are obeying His command and reminding ourselves in a very tangible way of His broken body and His shed blood, symbolised in the bread and the wine.

Keith and Kristyn Getty and Stuart Townend have written a beautiful communion hymn called *Behold the Lamb of God* which conveys this truth in a lovely melody and beautiful words. I strongly suggest that you Google it and listen to it.

Here are the first two lines of each verse:

Behold the Lamb who bears our sins away  
Slain for us, and we remember  
The body of our Saviour Jesus Christ,  
Torn for you. Eat and remember;  
The blood that cleanses ev'ry stain of sin  
Shed for you, drink and remember,  
And so with thankfulness and faith we rise  
To respond and to remember...

The Greek word for remember is *mneemoneuo*, pronounced (*mny-mo-new-oh*). The m's and n's in the word seem to have a humming, murmuring effect. Sometimes we say 'Mmmm ... let me think'. Those repeated m's convey contemplation and reflection. So the Greek word seems to be encouraging us to contemplate and reflect long and hard, slowly and reverently, on the Lord Jesus and His death on the cross.

There is a good amount of silent time in every communion service. We could employ that time very profitably by contemplating and reflecting on the death of Jesus: on His love, on His body broken for us, on His blood poured out for us.

We could memorise verses and passages that speak about Jesus' death and recall them or turn to them and meditate on them. Then we would really be remembering Jesus' death well.

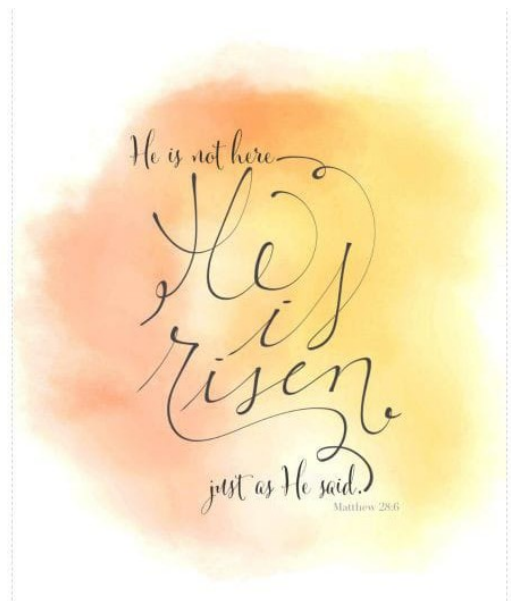
The last verse of the song I quoted says,

And so with thankfulness and faith we rise  
to respond and to remember.

So even when we leave the communion table, we continue remembering Jesus and His death. We don't stop remembering His death just because we have received the elements of bread and wine. We should surely remind ourselves, every single day, of the death of Jesus on our behalf?

The apostle Paul wrote that at the communion table 'we proclaim the Lord's death **until** He comes.' So until Jesus returns and we join Him at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb in heaven, let us come to the Lord's Table often, in remembrance of Him. And every time we do so, may we take time to reflect deeply on **the Son of God**, Who loved us and gave Himself for us.

Margaret Murray, a long-time member of CCK, well remembered for her service in numerous capacities—and a regular at both the Eight O'Clock and Wednesday services, died on Easter Sunday. We will remember her more fully in the May issue of the News.



Ponder as we go...

- Simon Ponsonby

To truly encounter Jesus is to be knocked sideways, astonished, overwhelmed. Mild interest means you have not yet met Him.

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