

# KZN-DRAK CHRYSALIS

# EGL

## Emanate God's Love

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## Merry Attitude

I'm hopefully writing for a higher caliber of person than myself, but maybe some of you also have watched Alvin and the Chipmunks and get that silly "Christmas Christmas time is here" song stuck in their heads whenever they think about it too much. Its not entirely displeasing though as it's a very cheerful little ditty that usually leaves you in a pleasant frame of mind.

But after thinking about it for a while and singing the only five words I know of that song a few times, It became obvious just how shallow this association was.

Trauling through the mall it is easy to lose the Christmas cheer entirely, the scripture that goes "and ye shall be set upon on all sides" comes to mind.

I can't imagine Christmas shopping is anyone's favourite pastime. But looking at displays in windows, bright baubles and sparkly lights, it becomes easy to forget what its all about. It annoys me how whenever you bring up the real meaning of Christmas a look comes over faces and their eyes glaze. Its like its just way to boring and gets in the way of a good time. But that's such a flawed viewpoint.

That old-fashioned scene with the proud father and doting mother looking adoringly into a straw-lined manger while the dear old beasts if burden look on, is a representation of the most comforting, phenomenal and exciting event in the history of the world. It is something to get excited about, it really is the best news imaginable and it is

news we have to share. Christmas time is Christian's time! It is OUR holiday, but we need to follow Jesus' example now more than ever. Take the time to smile at fellow shoppers, be that little bit extra patient in queues and if you wear a cross around your neck or a belief in your heart, let it hang heavy and remind you that we are called to be different. And to live that difference. Spread the gospel of peace, but only where necessary, use words!



## Team Application

Team selection is fast approaching and a dismal number of application forms have come in guys. I know Chrysalis was a long time ago, but try and remember just how fired up and touched you were by it all and know that you can be a part of making that happen for 72 other guys and girls. The forms are on the website, I know it is a mission

to go and download them and fill them in etc. but I promise you it is worth it. You will be such a blessing and in turn so blessed by it. "For it is in giving that we receive" Any time or effort that you give to God can only be the greatest blessing and in this day and age we need all the fellowship and upliftment we can get.

Even if you don't know where you want to serve,

just send in your names so the board knows you are keen and they will prayerfully consider your placement.

We always hear and speak of being God's hands and feet, will this is your chance. Please pray hard about it and send in your forms. Its all on the website!

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**Friends I must apologise for this being quite such a bleak and dry little issue but the bottom line is I simply have been having too much fun galavanting around southern Africa to be able to sit down and organize messages from other folks or even think up and write my own usual drivel so I ask that you forgive me and I promise the February one will be a whopper, we'll have all the new board to welcome and everything, so bare with me please!**

**Where I have doubts—God has plans!**



I love Christmas - always have and always will. For me it is a time of FAMILY and FRIENDS ( who are, after all, the family you get to choose for yourself ), a time of frantically scurrying around looking for small gifts to reinforce your love for them, a time of preparation of wonderful food, mince pies and the making of them and I could go on forever. Apart from one year I have been very blessed during my lifetime to have always managed to be with my family for Christmas. We always drag up as many folk as possible to help make and consume dozens of mince pies, make and consume many cups of tea and coffee and giggle and laugh together for hours. The old kitchen table could tell many tales of what has transpired during these many largely happy times with the kids offering to help and then eating most of the pastry raw before you get to eat it out !! We've had batches that have turned out to be like miniature frisbees and others that are so short you need a spoon to eat them, some are taken out of the oven too soon and others are forgotten and incinerated but the important thing is that we have made them together.

## Matriarch's Musings

Then there are the Christmas decorations - out comes the old box and much joy in making your re-acquaintance with old friends as they get placed on the tree. The lights are always tangled and there is general consternation because they don't work. Where's Dad to sort them out? This year we found we had a string of lights that sang an inane little Christmas tune but thankfully we also found a little switch that turned it off!! But the house became transformed into a joyful, light filled, happy home as everyone contributed towards making it so.

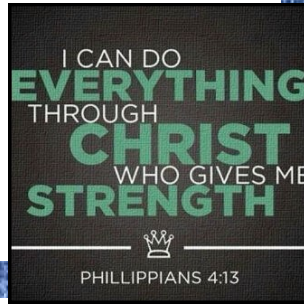
Many people say Christmas has become far too commercialised and in many ways I have to agree. Having said that, though, the malls are full of families buying, eating, laughing and just hanging out together. Much thought is being put into making it a happy time - how can that be wrong? Everywhere you go there is evidence of "family" - from shops selling nativity scenes to the same little scenes in homes.

There are beautiful hand carved ones, and ones that family members have put together using farm animal out of the toy box and bits and pieces out of the garden They all remind us that Christmas is actually celebrating the birth of Jesus and our most loved and celebrated family.

Make this year a year of love and family. Be Jesus' hands and feet and if the opportunity arises invite people to join you to share a time of joy and love - there are so many people out there who are lonely, who have no-one else and no prospect of a meal.

May God bless you all during this very special time of the year. Keep safe and happy and share your love - it is a wonderful gift - the more you give away the more you find you have to give away and the more you get in return.

Happy, happy Christmas and a very blessed and peaceful New Year.



## the grand

We all need a good challenge every now and then but as we face the holidays and at last a chance to relax, the last thing we feel like is a big one. So I have an idea of how to make a nice difference in lives with minimal input.

I cleaned my room recently and was surprised at the number of hair stuff I have that I never ever use. So I scratched it all together and thought hmm, someone with a different hair type might use this stuff, most of it was brand new. So I got inspired and started looking around and found crayons,

pens, pencils, rulers, and a number of other items that I simply had no use for anymore.

Having gathered them all together I was a little flummoxed as to what to do with it. And as I usually do when I am in a spot I contacted my sister in law who happens to be a teacher. And it just so happened that her school has a project where they look after a less privileged school and they were already gathering stuff to give away, so that's where my little bundle is going.

***"one man's trash is the next man's treasure, some say infinity and some say forever! Why can't we all just get it together??" - fort minor lyrics***

Since then I've been listening though, and there are lots of similar projects on the go. So here's the deal, rifle through your belongings and find stuff that you simply won't use, whether it be a gift from aunty .... Or rather an impulse buy that wasn't quite thought through. We all have junk lying around that we don't use, and the bottom line is someone else might.

Be sensitive not to offend though, don't give away junk. Missionary friends of mine recall how they used to be sent already used tea bags—that is just NOT cool!

In the last newsletter we had an invite to a gathering. The good news is that we all pulled it off in grand style. Sure it wasn't very big (only 9) of us, but I tell you what, we had a grand time.

We had a great game of French cricket followed by a lekker braai and the promised chocolates and then a game or two which I'll have you know the "girls' won!

The brave ones then snoozed around the fire in the garden while the rest of us crashed on the floor in the granny flat.

## Ons Klein Vergadering

Woke up nice and early and sat around the still roaring fire and chatted over coffee before migrating inside for breakfast and showers.

Around 10ish everyone packed up and tootled off. Granted it was nothing earth shatteringly exciting. But I assure you, it was a lot of fun.

We also chatted quite a bit about future gatherings, which we all decided we are keen for. So some of the plans are a hike in the berg over a weekend sometime in the early new year, a barn dance that the "mature" members of the community have

agreed to organize for us and a some sort of a workshop thing where we get together and make stuff to sell, but not entirely sure when those last two will be pulled off. We all keen though so hopefully soon.

See the thing is we want these things to be FUN and worthwhile, so not just where we rock up and everyone else has done all the work, and then leave again after a pleasant time but nothing mind blooping. The challenge is to rather make it an interactive thing where we all buy in to some extent and make it fun, whether it's big or small, an actual event or just a get together. I dunno, but please share your ideas and thoughts. It could be really awesome!



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Please befriend us on Facebook as KZN-Drak Chrysalis.

At the beginning of December I took part in a two week outreach at a place called LIV just outside Durban. It is essentially an orphanage, but it is so much more than that. It is a wonderful initiative designed to take kids in and bring them up in a house with a mother and brothers and sisters to support them with God as the Father. But once the child has grown up they are not kicked out, it is their home forever and they are even building old age homes for the house mothers when they get too old which I thought was just the sweetest thing. I could wax on for ages about just how cool an idea and initiative it is, but that is what the website is for. PLEASE for your sake as well as mine and the world in general will you check them out. Just google LIV.

What I really want to tell you about is the outreach itself. I learned so, so much and I'd love to burble on about that too, but now is not the time. Not sure what I went into it expecting, probably to save souls left right and centre and to have an overwhelming feeling of having done a great service for the Kingdom. Any hope of that was dashed on day one when we got handed shovels and gloves and got told to clear the fence line. So off we tootled, and for the next three days, we cleared fence line. Hard, hot, blistering work. For no apparent reason, because the folks with weed eaters and poison were coming later in the week. We did it though, we cleared 2.5km of fence line spotless. And through it we learned a lot. We got to know each other, we found our own weaknesses, we had time to get in touch with God, and we were forced to humble ourselves just because that's how we could best serve those people at that time. Having all come to this conclusion, we were touched to hear how the employees at LIV were so amazed

at how hard and cheerfully we had

**LIV**

worked and that it was a big blessing to them. That was humbling.

We then progressed to other work, moving bricks for them and then working on the road, but also playing with the children in Sunday school (where I discovered my calling has nothing to do with kiddies) and then after school broke up we had a kid's camp thing too where my new found discovery was confirmed! And then what touched me most deeply was an outreach we did into the local community handing out Wonderbags packed with food. Wonderbags are made by the folk at LIV as a means of supporting themselves and are energy efficient means of cooking, and filled with food parcels they were a great gift to give to the desperately poor folk surrounding the village.

We split into ten teams of ten with twelve bags per group and headed off into the shacks. The sheer poverty struck me deeply as I've never been exposed to it like that, it was an eye-opener of note. There were several things that struck me deeply, I won't do justice to the whole experience, but I want to try. The one house we came to an old man answered and was so sweet, he was just delighted with the gift and the gesture and when we asked if he knew about the church up the road he said yes, but he didn't have any clothes to wear, when we told him that his golf shirt and the pants he was wearing were perfect he was amazed and kept thanking us for coming. So tragic that he thought his clothing would keep him from the love of God. The next house we got to one of the neighbours came with a tiny child on her hip and hovered about waiting for us to finish. When we had finished praying for them we turned to her and she just teared up and told us that her husband had just died and she along with her three tiny children were all HIV positive, "could God help" she asked. How do you turn from that untouched? Another dear old lady with one leg that has been helped by them before just lit up like a candle when we walked in and she welcomed us so warm-

## "The Greatest Gift"

Behind the bright lights and the Christmas cheer  
Remember that darkened stable, wrapped in holy fear  
Where for the first time, Heaven touched earth  
And in the greatest gift ever given, humanity found its worth  
And nothing could possibly be the same ever again  
Knowing He was born to die in suffering and pain  
Because of a burden of love for you and for me  
And a measure of grace more than we'll ever see  
We can't help but fall to our knees and cry  
Father forgive me and God help me try  
To shine out Your story through my words and my deeds  
And lead this broken world to the Saviour it needs  
That all can see there's more to Christmas than gifts food and fun  
Cause in that small lonely stable the greatest battle was won

ly. When we asked what we could pray for she said that crime was so bad that even though she had absolutely nothing, she still could not sleep at night for fear. And that with no leg and no husband, God was all she had left. Every house we went to was profoundly moving; by the end of it even my hardened heart was broken.

More than anything I think what spoke loudest was how it wasn't big stuff that touched lives, it was just the fact that we were doing something, and we cared. Our prayer was that those people saw Jesus, not us. And I think some of them did.

We'll friends, so ends another brief edition of the old EGL, as I said in the beginning, sorry it is so short. I will do better next time. It just remains for me to wish you all the best Christmas possible, surrounded by love and fellowship and blessings. I hope also that the new year will be great one for you too. Filled with God's grace and guidance.

Let us not forget the amazing power of prayer and make the most of it as the most powerful weapon God has given us as believers. Lets undertake to pray for our amazing country, for persecuted Christians around the world, for our own churches and families, for friends who are fighting their own battles, for ourselves and for Chrysalis too. We are an amazing ministry and we are a special family of believers, not set apart or special, just in a small way united.

Merry Christmas everybody, may it be a truly blessed one! Love, Kirst

