

Canberra Christian Writers' Group



Anita Backman and Hugo



Jenny Glazebrook



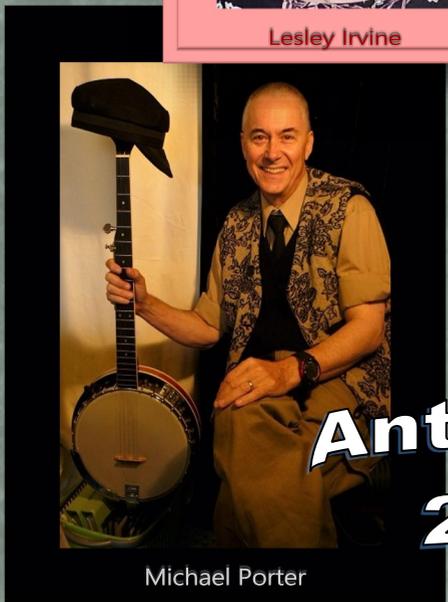
Zillah Williams



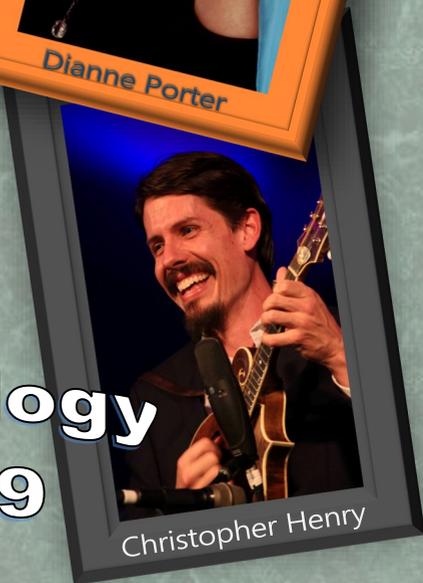
Lesley Irvine



Dianne Porter



Michael Porter



Christopher Henry

Anthology 2019

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Canberra Christian Writers' Group

Anthology 2019

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All biblical quotes are from the Holy Bible and the versions they are taken from are New American Standard Bible (NASB), English Standard Version (ESV), The Passion Translation (TPT), New Living Translation (NLT) and Revolve Bible (NCV).

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The vision that drove this project was one of gathering the harvest of words inspired by faith and distributing them to others who may find them edifying and helpful in their own life journey. It is a harvest of love from our lives that can be shared over and over as time goes by.

Dianne Porter

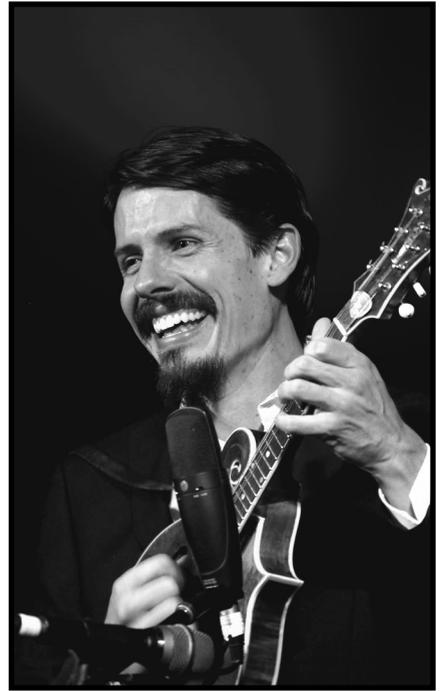
Convener Canberra Christian Writers' Group

Isaiah 55:11

It is the same with my word. I send it out, and it always produces fruit. It will accomplish all I want it to, and it will prosper everywhere I send it. NLT

Christopher Henry

Mandolinist, singer songwriter, music composer, technical producer of video and sound, teacher and music mentor.



Christopher Henry is a professional musician and has been around music his whole life, he was born into a musical family. He picked up a mandolin at 4 years of age and never put it down. Composing and creating both music and songs is something that is part of his way of life. His broad experience in the music business through touring and being on stage enables him to compose songs in several different musical styles, including spiritual music. He has had his own band, Chris Henry and the Hardcore Grass, and today tours as part of the Peter Rowan Band. The bluegrass music of the late Bill Monroe (Died 9 September 1996) has been a source of constant inspiration for his mandolin style, he met Bill and played music with him during his childhood.

In 2019 he married Brooke Carlson and now lives in Charlotte, North Carolina. He mentors students learning to play music by ear, learning the skills of singer song writing and helping them record their music for posterity through technical sound and video production. The strong Christian faith of his grandmother Renee Henry inspired the creation of 'Im Gonna Wait On Jesus', it was one of 90 songs he created to celebrate her 90th birthday.

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I'M GONNA WAIT ON JESUS

For Claryne Renee Henry who walked home with Jesus on the 10/3/2015

Verse 1 I know that I can't do it alone - *I'm gonna walk with Jesus*
When the life is over he will carry me home - *Jesus Lead the way*

Chorus: Lead me home - *To the Jordan River*
Across the sand - *To the pearly gates*
On past St Peter - *on a cloudless day.*
I'm gonna wait on Jesus
He's gonna lead the way

Verse 2 I'll get to heaven when the time is right - *I'm gonna walk with Jesus*
No more darkness no more night - *Jesus lead the way*

Chorus: Lead me home - *to the Jordan River*
Across the sand – *to the pearly gates*
On past St Peter – *on a cloudless day*
I'm gonna wait on Jesus
He's gonna lead the way

Verse 3 Oh there's a mansion waiting for me - *I'm gonna walk with Jesus*
It's across the waters of the crystal sea - *Jesus lead the way*

Chorus: Lead me home - *to the Jordan River*
Across the sand – *to the pearly gates*
Past St Peter – *on a cloudless day*
I'm gonna wait on Jesus
He's gonna lead the way

Verse 3 It won't be long 'fore it's time to go - *I'm gonna walk with Jesus*
I'm gonna leave this old world - *Jesus lead the way*

Chorus: Won't you lead me home – *to the Jordan River*
Across the sand to – *to the pearly gates*
On past St Peter – *on a cloudless day*
I'm gonna wait on Jesus
He's gonna lead the way

FIND A RECORDING OF THIS SONG at YouTube: <https://youtu.be/Sl6ZFKfPmi8>

Michael Porter

Banjo picker, host of Jammalong in Canberra, photographer, illustrator, songwriter, grandfather and husband. A writer with potential.



Michael Porter: Literary Biography.

Michael's literary potential was discovered early in life by his mother. She encouraged him to enter the Children's Book Council of Australia Awards and he received no prize. The Council acknowledged that at only 10 years of age Michael showed great potential as a writer.

Michael's early years were devoted to refining his literary skills and at the age of 30 he successfully entered the Sydney Morning Herald Best Author Awards and received no prize. He was commended and advised that as a young author of only 30 years of age he had great potential.

Only ten years later Michael successfully entered the ACT Writers and Publishing Association Awards for Best Literature and received no prize. The Association acknowledged that at only 40 years of age he had great potential.

Building on these successes Michael spent the next 20 years prodigiously writing two short stories and a poem. These have been read by up to two friends who agreed that Michael showed great potential, and at only 60 years of age had a lucrative and successful literary career ahead of him.

Since retirement from the National Library of Australia, that holds no copies of his works, Michael divides his time between writing and his other loves.

Although watching television, reading other peoples' books, and playing the banjo take up a lot of his time he has still managed to write and illustrate 9 children's books. These works have been widely read and enjoyed by his wife who has concluded that at only 66 years of age Michael shows great potential.

It is expected that in future years Michael's works will be read by actual members of the public and his 2-year-old grandson when he eventually learns to read. Michael now lives happily ever after with his wife in their home in Canberra. They have no dogs.

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The Boxing Kangaroo (... and the cute little bunny)

Written and illustrated by

Michael Porter

“KEEP AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING GREY,
YOU KNOW IT'S VERY BAD.
YES, KEEP AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING GREY,
OR YOU'LL MAKE IT *HOPPING* MAD!”

This is the story of a boxing kangaroo,
From a boxing tent out near Gundaroo.
A fearsome creature, A fearsome sight.
Not very clever, but it sure could fight.

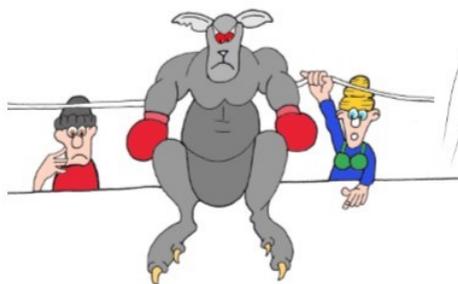
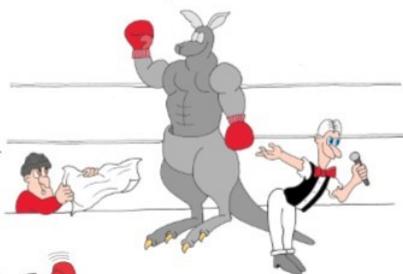
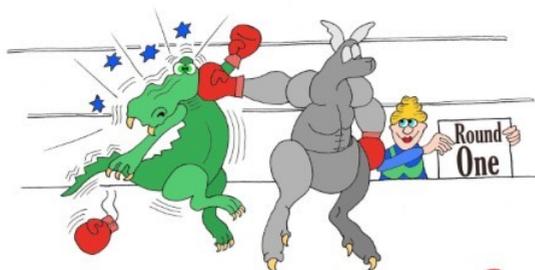
It beat a dingo with hardly a sound.
It beat a wild boar into the ground.
It beat a camel with grace and style,
And took only one round for a crocodile.

A cute little bunny hopped into the ring.
The roo thought this a funny thing.
It thought it gentle, and harmless too.
And would taste nice in a rabbit stew.

It leapt up high, and it came down fast
It knew the bunny could not last
But the bunny in the pouch did quickly hop.
It began to tickle, and it would not stop.

The roo was laughing as it hopped about,
And it laughed so hard that it soon passed out.
You see, the bunny didn't **fight** to get its way.
It knew that **humour** often wins the day.

The Boxing Kangaroo



...and the cute little bunny 

Zillah Williams

Author



Zillah was born in England and lives in Canberra. She has written five books for young adults, published by Lutheran Publishing House and two novels, *I Only Want to Dance with You* (2015) and *Tomodachi—Yesterday’s Enemy* (2016) published by Elk Lake Publishing in Plymouth, Massachusetts. These are shortly going to be available as e-books.

She has also self-published a collection of the talks given by the late Canon Jim Glennon entitled *Healing Is a Way of Life*. Jim Glennon conducted a ministry of healing at St Andrews Cathedral in Sydney for twenty years.

A book of her bush ballads and other poetry is soon to be published under the title *The Bush Balladeer* early in 2020, it is expected that it will also be available on CD.

Zillah enjoys stories of mystery and adventure—especially if they involve romance. She likes good TV drama, books that inspire faith in God and music that makes the heart dance.

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The following is an excerpt and prologue from my book *I Only Want to Dance With You*. It combines a love story with the historical account of one man's adventures in Europe during World War II, culminating with his migration to Australia after the war.

The book was published in 2015 in the USA. It is available from bookshops in Australia, from Elk Lake Publishing in the USA or from the author who can be contacted by email at <zillahwilliams@gmail.com> And it will shortly be released in audio format.

#

He stood at the edge of the cliff, staring down at the waves creaming over the rocks far below. The stiff breeze tugged at his coat, stung his cheeks, and whipped hair into his eyes.

How could he have got it so wrong?

A sudden gust snatched the letter from his hand. He watched it fall, a plaything of the wind.

One more step. That's all it would take. Just one more step.

PROLOGUE

Perpignan, France 1947

The ticket collector at Perpignan railway station spotted the thin, shabbily dressed young man trying to leave the platform unobserved. He ought to challenge this fare evader but knew he would not. *Eh bien*. He gave a mental shrug. There were many such men these days. After the war, times were hard in La France.

#

The young man slipped into the parcels office and hid behind a rack of luggage. He couldn't risk explaining his lack of a train ticket. That could have resulted in his arrest, as he had no identification papers and had entered France illegally. It would mean prison, and he'd had more than enough of prison. He waited an agonizing ten minutes until he felt sure the ticket collector had returned to his office. Careful to make no sound, he emerged from his hiding place. Then he noticed an exit leading to the street. Cautiously, he tried the door. It wasn't locked. He let himself out and walked quickly away without daring a backward glance.

The explanation he could have given the railway official was legitimate enough. Once safely on the overnight train to Perpignan, he had been unable to keep his eyes open. As sleep overtook him he was only vaguely aware of the man who shared his carriage standing over him, and when he awoke it was to find the man gone—along with his train ticket and wallet. All he had left in his pocket were a few Swiss silver coins, his passport, and a handful of nuts and raisins. Now, without money to pay for transport for the remainder of the journey into Spain, he would be forced to cross the Pyrenees on foot.

The mountainous terrain held no fears for him, however. He'd been familiar with the Pyrenees from boyhood. What did worry him was his weakened physical condition, the result of over two years in prison.

Perhaps he would reach his destination by tomorrow, but he thought not. Yet he had to try. Skirting the town, he set his face toward the mountains. Although physically weak, hope was high in his breast as he began the climb. Soon he would be reunited with his father.

He met few other travelers along the way. A group of cyclists coming from France passed him with their heads down, legs pumping hard. Passengers in a car heading for Perpignan gave him a cheerful wave as they went by.

He ate sparingly of his supply of nuts and raisins as he walked, rationing them to make them last as long as possible.

As he climbed higher, a clammy mist came down. A cow, half-hidden in the fog, stared at him mournfully. Once, he startled a group of deer, which fled into the safety of a nearby wood.

He forced himself to walk until the light began to fail. When he could no longer see the road ahead, he chose a place among the trees, sheltered from the wind, to spend the night. He ate the last of his nuts and raisins and then slept soundly until he was awakened at daylight by a cold rain.

The second day of his journey was miserable. The sun shone only fitfully. Gusts of wind slowed his progress and showers of rain soaked him to the skin.

It was mid-afternoon when he descended the slopes of the mountains into Spain. Summoning his last ounce of energy, he ran to the border guard and embraced him, pleased beyond measure to be back on Spanish soil.

Unmoved by this display, the guard asked to see his passport. He studied it in silence with a puzzled frown.

“Your business?” he asked, looking up.

“I am going to my father in Barcelona.”

“Where have you come from?”

“I have come from Russia.”

The guard jerked his head toward the guard post. “Come with me.”

The weary young man was taken to an office and kept waiting until evening when an official came to interrogate him. The problem, it seemed, was that his passport was old—pre-Civil War—and bore a Royalist stamp. After a lengthy interrogation and several phone calls, he was told his passport showed him to be a supporter of the old régime and that he was a spy. He was put under arrest. Hunger, combined with emotional and physical exhaustion, overcame him, and he passed out.

Lesley Irvine

Poet



From Lesley: My family migrated from London to Australia when I was a young child. Canberra has been home for many years, providing me employment in the ACT Government and secure retirement with my husband. We are privileged to have our lovely daughter and her husband living close by.

It is also a privilege knowing my husband's first family, his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. May blessing and peace reign in all their lives!

What led me into writing poetry? I always loved poetry and started writing it in my mid-teens when, in times of confusion and depression, I found clarity and healing through expressing my feelings in verse.

Although I believed in God I did not have an active faith. Later, in despair after a broken marriage, I finally prayed to God for help. It was then that God's love for me became real, sustaining me each day, and I have tried to capture this in my poetry. I share some of it now in the hope that you will be blessed or encouraged as you read it, and know, if you don't already, that our loving God is for you and with you come what may.

If you would like to contact me personally you are welcome to email me at

lesley.irvine6@gmail.com

The Valley

He said, "Come with me to the mountains
Where freshness and beauty thrive,
Where the air is pure and the sky is bright
And there is no need to strive."

And so we set off for the mountains,
But a detour along the way
Led us down to a lonely valley,
Where the sky was foggy and grey.

Why are we here? I wondered,
Instead of the mountaintop bright?
I looked for my friend to ask him
To show me the way to the light.

But my friend was no longer with me,
In the grey misty night he had gone;
How could he leave me here alone?
What had I done that was wrong?

I anxiously looked all around me,
Seeking a signpost that might
Give me guidance of the way to go
To escape my alarming plight.

Instead I saw shadowy figures
Of people lost and alone,
Who wandered unable to see me;
The sight chilled me to the bone.

Afraid and trapped in the valley,
I saw that my soul was dark;
But then I recalled a childhood prayer,
And I cried out to God in my heart.

Then Light burst into my darkness,
And Love that I couldn't see
Became my close companion,
And promised to set me free.

Love was with me in the valley
When I struggled alone with my sin;
Love waited for me to ask for help,
For Love doesn't force a way in.

I followed Love out of the valley;
We ascended a bright mountain tall,
Where truth is prized and kindness thrives,
And God's Love is poured over all!

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Again Jesus spoke to them, saying, 'I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.' **John 8:12 NASB**

Grace

"Amazing Grace How Sweet the Sound" ...
Strains of this special song abound,
A song that has been loved for years;
But do you know what this grace is?

I'd like to share my history
Of what God's grace has meant to me;
A grace that frees my heart to flower
By mercy and transforming power.

Before I knew our loving God,
By grace He watched the path I trod,
Waiting for me to come in prayer
And give my life into His care.

I came to know His wondrous grace
When I was broken, in disgrace,
My spirit crushed beyond repair
Until I felt God's presence there.

My heart knew I had done wrong
But the mercy flow was strong;
When I confessed my sin and shame
God absolved me from all blame.

God's grace came to me like a dove
Embracing me with gentle love.
No condemnation was implied;
In my deepest need He was my guide.

His grace stays with me every day
Restoring me along the way
As I choose to walk with Him
On mountain tops, in valleys dim.

Although the storms of life are real
God's grace is there to shield and heal,
To lead us through what comes our way;
His grace transforms us, day by day.

Amazing Grace, it is indeed
Bestowing mercy that has freed,
Reconciled, restored and healed;
To God's grace my heart I yield.

Lesley Jean Irvine © 2019

'For by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God' **Ephesians 2:8 ESV**

Jenny Glazebrook

Author of YA Christian fiction
Experienced Inspirational Speaker
Wife, Mother and Carer
Qualified Chaplain



Jenny Glazebrook lives in the country town of Gundagai with her husband Rob and 4 children, along with many interesting pets. She is the published author of 7 novels, including the ‘Aussie Sky’ series. Her ‘Bateman Family’ series is now being published by Elephant House Press with the first book in the series to be released on 7th December, 2019.

Jenny began writing poetry at the age of 13 when she first understood God’s amazing love and purpose for her life. The words bubbled up from the joy and depth He placed in her heart, and overflowed onto paper. She completed her first novel at the age of 19 and it was published in 2010.

From there her writing journey has been long and difficult with many disappointments along the way, but she continues to write, using the gifts God has given her. Jenny’s books have touched the lives of many young people, encouraging them in their walk with God and several of her novels have been finalists in the CALEB Awards for faith inspired writing.

Jenny’s books are available at Koorong, Amazon (including eBooks), and on her website: www.jennyglazebrook.com

(From 'Daring Clare', the first novel in the Bateman Family series)

Chapter One.

It began as the brightest birthday Clare had ever had.

Literally.

She blinked, sleepy-eyed as her mind registered the flickering of flames on her bedside table. Candles?

A muffled, sing-song voice filtered through the door. 'Wakey, wakey, happy birthday.'

She jerked upright, shoved off her sheet and looked around. More candles. They took up every spare surface of her bedroom. It was definitely overkill. No question who was responsible.

'Dan?'

Her brother's footsteps quickened down the hall and she held her breath. What was he up to *now*?

The candles began to sizzle. Sparks rose up and she shielded her eyes from the brilliance. Then Bang! A loud explosion hit her ears. Then another followed by another until every last candle was left with nothing more than a wisp of smoke and the smell of burnt wicks.

Clare looked around, heart still racing. Lowering the hand that had flown to her chest at the first spark, she bit back a smile. Where had Dan found the exploding candles? She wouldn't let him get away with this one.

She jumped out of bed, wide awake. 'Right Dan, you're in for it now!'

Her laugh was cut off by the shrill scream of the smoke alarm. Then her mother's voice joined in from somewhere downstairs. 'Who set that off? Dan! Clare! Where are you?'

What was Mum doing home? Mum worked every day. Especially this one. But now she and the smoke alarm shrieked out for all the world to hear that Clare Bateman was not likely to have a happy birthday. Again.

She sighed and reached up to turn off the alarm in the hall outside her door. Was it really too much to ask that her family think of her today?

She was tired of the sombre, depressing mood. No party, no cake, no celebration, just a couple of gifts given without ceremony. Only Dan ever made an effort to brighten this day for her.

But today she was determined to get what she really wanted. Her ticket to independence and freedom.

She came down the stairs a few minutes later and looked straight at Dan. He was gazing way too intently into his cereal bowl as though the answers to life lay in there. His brown hair was tousled and he held a spoon in front of his mouth to hide the trace of a smile.

Guilty. As if she didn't know he set up the candles.

Clare looked to her mother. She stood at the kitchen bench pouring milk into her coffee, surprisingly relaxed despite her reaction to the smoke alarm only a few minutes ago. Now was as good a time as any. Taking a deep breath, she approached, forcing herself to stand tall and not wring her hands.

'Mum, if you're not busy, well, what I'd really like today is to go for my driver's license.' She held her breath, waiting. Tim had gone for his license two years ago and Mum's tirade had gone on for half an hour. Clare remembered words like, *No need to rush, cars are weapons, remember your father was killed in a car, Grandpa and I can drive you where you need to go, you could catch public transport ...*

How much more would Mum react today, of all days? The tenth anniversary of Dad's tragic accident. Mum's fear was understandable, but she was tired of being trapped by it.

Mum said nothing for a moment. When she looked up, there was surprising softness in her expression. 'I know. Grandpa told me you've been studying for the test. I stayed home so I can take you.'

Clare gaped, her eyes shooting to Dan. He shrugged and pulled a face.

Well, that was unexpectedly easy. She'd have to thank Grandpa later. Right now she had to skim over her book of road rules one last time. She would pass, she had no doubt about that. But that was only the first

hurdle. Getting Mum to take her driving would be a completely different matter.

By afternoon, Clare's dreams had come true. She ran a hand through her short, dark hair, exulting in the thrill of being in the driver's seat of her mother's expensive car. Today was the day the past ceased to control her future. She was no longer trapped in a cage. She was free. Well, almost. She focused on the steering wheel, breathing in the scent of leather mixed with the vanilla air freshener. Excitement bubbled. If she could drive, she could fly. She could be anything she wanted to be.

A sliver of guilt pricked her conscience. She shouldn't have manipulated Mum into the passenger seat. Mentioning Dad had broken the unspoken family rule they all lived by. It was just a quiet, resigned murmur—'I wish Dad was still alive so he could teach me to drive,'—but it worked.

Now Mum sat beside her giving terse instructions. She had that look on her face like when Dan put soap on her toothbrush.

Clare tried to concentrate as she looked through the spotless windscreen to the street at the end of the driveway. The whole world was waiting for her.

The first movement of the car was delightful. Smooth and easy.

'Keep the car moving.' Mum sounded anxious. 'Push your foot harder on the accelerator to keep it going up the slope.'

'Relax, Mum. I've got this.'

Mum didn't look convinced. 'Ease off the accelerator as we reach the road.'

Clare smiled and glanced in the rear vision mirror. Were Dan and Beth watching? Soon she'd be driving her younger siblings around the city.

She was startled by the ring of her mother's phone. Mum snatched it up from the console. 'Brake, brake, put your foot on the brake!'

Clare stomped on the pedal, then ground her foot down. Any cockroach lurking under there was officially exterminated.

THIS BOOK WILL BE LAUNCHED IN DECEMBER 2019

Anita Backman

Published author of the book 'Whispers to My Father', Christian Blogger, volunteer and mother to precious, cheeky and spoilt fur-baby Hugo.



Anita Backman was diagnosed with rapid-cycling bipolar 1 mood disorder and severe anxiety at age 18. She has had countless admissions to Mental Health Units for episodes of mania, depression and psychosis. This has resulted in treatments including electroconvulsive therapy. Anita has always found writing to be a healing outlet for her, especially expression of her faith through poetry and photography.

Anita is strong in her faith. Her book, 'Whispers to My Father' (published in 2018), shows a glimpse of her intimate relationship with God, depicted through short story, prayer, poetry, scripture and photography. Anita also started a Christian Blog in 2019 which keeps her busy. She is an active member of her local church, volunteering and writing chapbooks for the community.

Anita is a fun-loving spirited lady, who adores her dog Hugo. They walk each morning to watch sunrise: breathing in the crisp air, listening to the birds singing and watching the sky come to life with colour - it touches Anita's soul.

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Blogsite: <https://prayersforthejourney.blog/>

The Naked Tree

It is cold,
Windy yet peaceful.

The gum trees around me have their eucalyptus
leaves
Rarely do they drop,
Yet I stand naked ...
Vulnerable,
Bearing all
Before my God.

The lake is still – God is steadfast,
As the wind whips around me:
The Holy Spirit swirling around my every branch,
I, The Naked Tree breathe in this sacred air.

Roots firmly planted,
Each one of my branches stretch out to the light
...
Sunrise;
Jesus is the light of the world.
He welcomes my nakedness,
My vulnerability.

His warmth touches my heart,
As the white clouds are a flag of surrender.

Treasure this precious moment.



'When you live a life of abandoned love, surrendered before the awe of God, here's what you'll experience: Abundant life. Continual protection. And complete satisfaction!'

Proverbs 19:23 TPT

The Thistle

There was a hole in his hand,
And outstretched in his palm was a thistle -
Pointy, sharp, brown and blood stained.

'I love you this much' ...
He whispered in my ear,
And laid his hand on my heart.

'Will you receive this love?'
The man gently asks ...
The thistle sharp,
Yet full of compassion is pushed against my
heart.

I look him in the eye,
Soft and warm,
'Yes', I reply.

He gently says,
'This is not love as you know it on earth -
It is the love of the Father,
Sent through me,
With nails and thorns to set you free.'

He goes on to say,
'This love is delightful
And breaks all chains.
If you surrender all to me each day.

This is easier said than done' he says,
'And I know there will be times when you go
astray but,
Know that the hole and thistle in my hand
Is my divine love for you,
It is planted in your heart,
And day by day, this love will see you through.

Dianne Porter

Published author, project manager, hostess of Jammalong in Canberra, convener of Canberra Shape Note Singers and Canberra Christian Writers' Group, singer songwriter, illustrator, photographer and builder of social capital.



Dianne Porter was born and bred in Canberra where her creative musical and theatrical talents developed with the support of her parents Geoffrey and Helen Byrne. During childhood she developed a now lifelong habit of keeping a journal of her thoughts and musings on matters of Christian faith in particular. Many reflections are based on her dreams.

Her first article called 'He Died' was published in the NSW nurses journal 'The Lamp' in 1974.

Till her early retirement in 2004, her written work was mostly work related. During the later part of her nursing career she ran her own private nursing service called Nursing Service Agency Pty Ltd trading as Best Care Anywhere in Canberra, and was well versed in business writing that included developing marketing material.

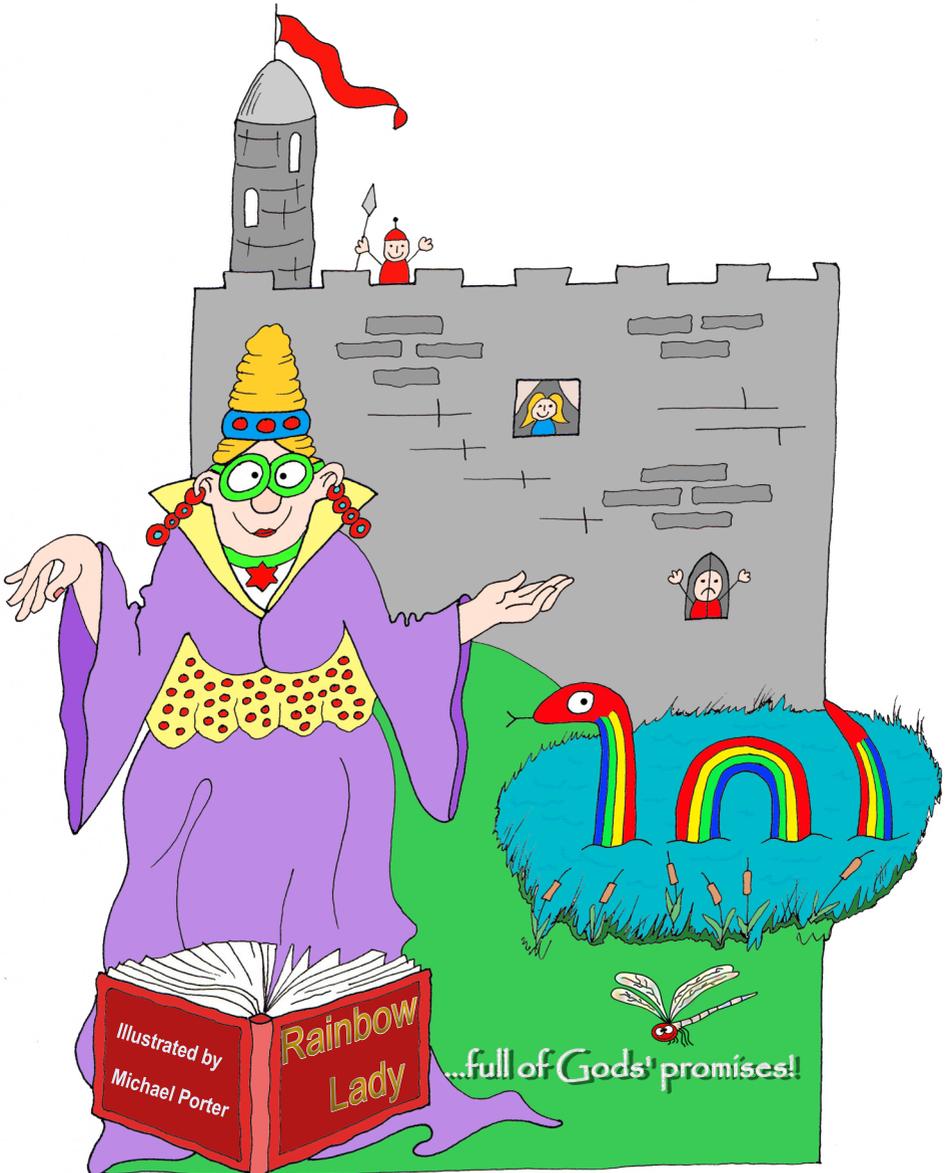
Her book 'My Mother's Way of Dying Well' (Published in 2014) was based on extracts from her journals kept during the years she cared for both her parents till they died. It was her husband Michael Porter who strongly suggested she publish her work as he was a librarian and felt her work had wide public appeal.

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Rainbow Lady



RAINBOW LADY

Once upon a time a young girl was walking in the enchanted gardens of Babylon. There she came across a very old stone jar painted with a now faded garden scene from long ago. Inside the jar was a pink book. When she opened the book a pop-up scene of a castle decorated with glitter filled her eyes with wonder. Even the windows into the dungeons along the base of the castle walls could be seen.

Who lived in the castle?

Opening another page, a pop-up rainbow lady was found, she lived in the castle.

On yet another page a pond surrounded by reeds and weeping willow trees popped up. Dragon flies were hovering there. Moving the page too and fro revealed glimpses of the sparkling rainbow serpent hiding among the reeds where it wound itself slowly around the water's edge.

Suddenly the rainbow lady became real and floated right off the page of the book. She landed on the little girl's lap. 'Are you afraid of the rainbow serpent?' she asked the young girl.

'Yes I am.' the young girl replied. It was then the rainbow lady told her the creation story from Gondwana land and the place in Canberra where the aboriginal people believed the rainbow serpent created the world.

Time passed by and the young girl grew up and was now a young woman. She forgot about the rainbow serpent till she saw it again at a memorial service for her friend Rebecca. It was featured in the centre of a stained-glass window in the church where the memorial service was held.

From the notes for the service the young woman discovered the window was commissioned by Rebecca's husband David to create a memorial for her.

The stained-glass windows design was based on the creation myth of a local aboriginal lady from the Ngunnawal tribe in the Canberra Region.

The church was prepared for the service in darkness the night before the service was held. The colours of the rainbow serpent could not be seen then. It was only when the sun began to rise the rainbow colours became bright and easy to see.

At the dedication service the young woman stood underneath the window and looked up at the rainbow serpent fully visible as the sun shone through it. It was beautiful and yet she was still afraid of the rainbow serpent. Her reaction puzzled her so she paused to examine her own heart to see if she could discover why she was so afraid of the rainbow serpent.

Deep in her heart the young woman felt most uneasy about the darkness that hid the rainbow serpent from her eyes at night. She wondered why her heart would turn to stone when she remembered the rainbow serpent. It was then the rainbow lady returned to her memory and revealed the dark stone in her heart was made of Australian opal. A water stone of rare beauty that is hidden until the light reveals its unique and colourful qualities to the observer.

In the dark ground the colour of the opal stone cannot be seen. It has to be dug up and brought to the light so its true colours can be seen. It is only in the light the opal reveals brilliant flashes of bright colours as the light hits it from various angles. It is a rock of unusual grandeur, grace and mystery that hints of other worlds beyond our natural sight.

The End 22 July 2018

1 Peter 2:8

But you are not like that, for you are a chosen people. You are royal priests, a holy nation, God's very own possession. As a result, you can show others the goodness of God, for he called you out of the darkness into his wonderful light. NLT

Canberra Christian Writers' Group

Canberra Christian Writers' Group was formed in July 2018 by Dianne Porter as a support group for writers negotiating the challenging journey from the writers desk to publication. Zillah Williams was the first member. Over time our numbers have grown and we have overseas members of the group who contribute as guest members.

All writers negotiating the challenges of getting their creative work into the public arena via publication face many challenges that can be stressful. Through the group we share each others burdens and help each other out with the skills we have to share.

Overtly Christian writing has an underlying aim to spread the good news that Jesus has made a way for everyone to be reconciled to God. Christian writers can write in any genre or style. The work shared in this booklet reflects a diversity of styles and subject matter.

In this 2019 Anthology we have shared the work of poets, cartoonists, songwriters, novelists, story tellers, photographers and writers of inspired reflections. This sample of our work shows the diversity of creativity within our group and is the first Anthology our group has created.

A founding vision of the Canberra Christian Writers' Group is to publish an annual anthology. We raise funds to publish the work and all work is donated on the understanding it will be given away free of charge.

Donations to help us continue our work are appreciated and can be made by contacting the Convener Dianne Porter.

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Galatians 6:2

By helping each other with your troubles, you truly obey the law of Christ. NCV

FIND US AT:

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