

FREE December 2012 - February 2013

# RISE

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## Chalking it up for Eternity

by Wendy Rush

## An Eternal Ride

- the Beginning  
of a Dream

by Leigh Abbott

**Erudina Station: Lessons Learnt on the Land**

[www.risemagazine.com.au](http://www.risemagazine.com.au)

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**Cover:** Model is wearing EternalRide™ lifestyle apparel. Photo by Kimberly Anderson Photography, South Carolina, USA

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## STRENGTH

A collection of stories and poems by ordinary people who tell what it is like to experience God's strong hand upholding them through the difficult times, and seeing the impossible become possible through the power of the Holy Spirit.



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# An Eternal Ride

– the Beginning of a Dream

This is a story to encourage, to inspire and to push you to keep moving forward no matter how much you'd like to give up. This is the beginning of a dream, a story that's far from over.

First of all let me start by saying how passionate I am about dreams and visions. If you have a dream or a vision for something great, pursue it! Relentlessly! You will know you need to pursue it because of the passion that stirs every time you talk about it!

You may lose momentum at times, but that doesn't mean you should ever give up. NEVER give up! Never let go of what's been placed in your heart!

I believe in purpose. I believe in intentional living. I believe in being passionate about something greater than yourself, that causes you to get up every day and keep pushing through. Pushing against the pressure that's pushing you. A reason for being alive!

I recently met a gentleman on his 100th birthday. He had a LONG list of impressive achievements that many would be proud to boast of. I asked him if he could share only one nugget of wisdom learned over his century, what would it be? His answer: "Use your talents to do what you love, and be happy!"

Your purpose in life is connected to your talent. What do you love to do? That is where you are going to find the most fulfillment and enjoyment in life!

If you have a dream or a vision that you are passionate about, that you'd like to pursue some day, one day - start somewhere! Start now! Especially if the odds seem to be against you. There really is no time like the

present. There may never be the perfect time to pursue your dream, so if you're waiting for that time, you may miss it, it may never arrive. YOU have to go after it! Start somewhere.

Be prepared that no one will be as passionate about your dream as you will be. Don't expect everyone around you to just get it, they won't. Nor will they be your biggest cheerleader. If there is ONE thing that I could share with you, it would be to encourage you to keep pursuing your dream no matter how big the obstacles!

Lack of money was MY number one obstacle! I had no start up capital, I had no financial 'backer', so I chipped away at it when I could – in between working, being a single mum and going through a very expensive divorce. I am really privileged to have a pretty awesome family and friends to say the very least. Money always came through at the last minute. I have no business debt, but I still need more to get the business to where I want it to be.

Self belief was the second obstacle. Sometimes I wanted to give up because I knew I was in over my head. I have such a HUGE vision which can be quite daunting. I just trust that what is meant to be will be.

So keep pursuing your dream no matter how impossible it seems, no matter how long it takes. You are never too young, you are never too old, and it is NEVER too late to make a difference! Follow your dreams! Pursue them!

Pursue that entrepreneurial spirit that was placed inside you before you were born! Surround yourself with positive like minded

people. People that go after their dreams and inspire others. Surround yourself with people that fuel your dreams. Even if it's just ONE person. Being around ONE passionate person is better than being around ANY negative person.

A few years ago I read a book called the *Entrepreneurial Spirit*. I read: "God gives us dreams big enough to grow into." That stuck with me, and reminded me of a dream that I had had many years before that. To me it was just a dream, something that I had in my heart to do, but since it seemed impossible and so much bigger than me, I didn't know how or where to start. So, much like other things in life, it just got placed on the back burner. Until one day.

One day I was faced with the worst possible scenario. I had lost everything and found myself in a position where it was time to rebuild a life for my daughter and myself all over again. Thanks to a great mentor, father figure and entrepreneurial business man, Joe Young, who I had once shared my dream with.....I was fueled to pursue the dream that I had had in my heart MANY years ago.

He was right, there was no better time than right now. I had nothing left to lose. So I very slowly and cautiously started to research my Project. I had to start somewhere, I just didn't know how.

One day, around ten years before this, I woke up early one morning and just started writing some ideas down that started coming to me. They weren't necessarily new ideas, but I definitely wanted to pursue things a little differently than had been done in the past. I didn't know how, and it took years to evolve into a project that I could commence working on, on the side.



Leigh and her daughter Lola

I was born and raised in South Africa. As many people know vulnerable street children, children orphaned by AIDS, abandoned babies to name a few are an enormous epidemic in Africa and South Africa. I'm ashamed to say so, but having grown up within such a rampant epidemic, it just becomes the norm. You get used to it, you become calloused. Maybe it was because I was a child myself and knew I could never do anything about the problem, maybe because I knew how massive the problem was. I don't know.....all I know is that after I spent many years in the US, I saw how ONE person CAN make a difference. I saw how compassionate the American people are and how ONE person can start a revolution! I caught the 'entrepreneurial spirit' and decided that I may not be able to save the world, but I CAN do SOMETHING! I can help others to do something, and together we can change a child's life forever.

One of my Aunts in South Africa has always been involved in homes for abandoned children. My heart has always gone out to them and I have greatly admired her perseverance and compassion for what she does. On a trip home to South Africa one year my daughter and I, along with my brother and sister, visited the home that my Aunt was currently involved with. It wasn't a home, it was just a shelter from the worst. They were living in part of an abandoned factory. When I walked in, the children were taking a nap on the floor. They would spend all day between four blank walls, nothing that we would EVER see here in the country we live in. Nothing we would want for our own children. But still, it was better than their alternative.....the streets.

On that same trip home, I opened the *Sunday Times Newspaper* and saw the headline "75,000 children will die before turning five in South Africa this year". Those are some pretty shocking statistics that ripped through my heart.

In my writings from that one morning years before, I had written down some thoughts about children and about a clothing line. Once again, that spark went off inside me. It was part of my dream. How could I combine the two to help in some way? It took a while but I finally combined two of my greatest passions.....the Ocean and Children.

I decided to create a surf apparel clothing line that would be able to donate clothes, and give back to these children. The children are still housed in that abandoned factory that is now for sale. If it is sold tomorrow there would be over 100 children with no place to go.

The action sports apparel line is called EternalRide™ and it is not only for people who surf or skate, or are into extreme sports, it's for everyone! Why did I choose this name? Well, everyone is searching for that perfect Ride, and if you ever find it, you wish it would last for Eternity.

I've lived in the US for 16 years without any family for long periods of time. I am looking forward to moving to Adelaide in January 2013 to be closer to my family and friends and I am looking forward to launching EternalRide™ into retail stores across Australia – and perhaps more countries after that. I have a global vision for the company. Personally I would love to concentrate on designing the seasonal lines full time, and be able to sponsor action sports events and athletes. And to be a huge positive influence in that area.

A portion of every piece of clothing bought from EternalRide™ goes towards a fund for Thuthuzela, the children's home. EternalRide™ wants to partner with Thuthuzela for a new building fund. A permanent place of safety. ALL CHILDREN irrespective of race, religion or creed, should have access to a healthy and safe environment. My aim is to continue to

spread awareness that by joining our resources, we CAN make a difference in support of vulnerable children everywhere – one step at a time. They are our future leaders and, as we know, great leaders often arise out of the most extraordinary circumstances and places.

One of my favourite sayings is "Protect what you love, love what you protect...the ocean, our children, their future." ©ER2012.

This is my passion.....what's yours? How can you help make a difference with your talents and what matters to you? There are so many people out there with great ideas and good intentions.....it's going to take a lot more than good intentions. It's going to take courage and resilience to stand up and pursue YOUR dream! To keep pushing forward even when you're the only one that sees what you see, or believes what you believe.

Never give up! Your vision matters. Let's think of innovative ways to combine our talents to make a difference! I also once read that when you do what you love for a living you'll never work a day in your life, because when you're passionate about what you do, people can't tell if you're 'working' or 'playing'.

PEACE,  
Leigh

Story by Leigh Abbott, designer and founder of EternalRide™, a division of Full ArmorLTD. Leigh will be moving to Australia in January and her designs will be available online in early 2013.

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*There is an old Chinese proverb that says 'a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step'.*

Leigh Abbott's first step in pursuit of her dream was the beginning of much more than a thousand-mile journey - it set her on an EternalRide™.

Leigh shares, in her own words, her journey so far and invites us to join her in using our talents to make a difference. (Ed)







# Chalking it up for Eternity

by Wendy Rush

Born in 1885, Arthur Stace was the son of alcoholic parents and a state ward at 12 years old. He had little formal education and spent much of his life in and out of jail and hospital. He survived by working for criminals and illegal establishments, and as an adult suffered years of alcoholism and depression. He became a Christian in the 1930s and later heard evangelist John Ridley preaching on the subject of Eternity, who exclaimed "I wish I could shout eternity through the streets of Sydney". Stace was stirred by Ridley's message and, leaving the meeting, it is said that he discovered a piece of chalk in his pocket. From that moment he was inspired to share the message of hope with others in a unique and memorable way.

Arthur Stace is reported to have inscribed the word 'Eternity' on Sydney's pavements more than half a million times between 1932 and 1966. 45 years after his death in 1967 he is still bringing inspiration to sermons, films, art and books. On New Year's Eve 1999 the whole world was introduced to his legacy as the word 'Eternity', written in lights in a style resembling Stace's copperplate script, was revealed on Sydney Harbour Bridge as the climax to the fireworks display that heralded a new millennium.

More recently closer to home, you may have seen the word 'Eternity' written in chalk on the streets of Adelaide and wondered who was responsible. In fact there were about 100 people responsible, who, over the

course of a week, wrote the word 'Eternity' an estimated 3,000 times.

Craig Broman, Director of City Bible Forum, is a great believer in putting the Gospel out into the community, and explained that the City Bible Forum ministry is based on mobilising Christians who work in the CBD to pray for their co-workers. He said that the campaign came out of a desire to engage people in a discussion about eternity and get them thinking about the bigger picture. It took place in the week leading up to Eternity Week (held 10-14 September) and drew attention to a series of free events designed to help clarify in people's minds the notion of eternity.



“...living with Eternity in mind can change life forever, the lives of those around you, and even travel across centuries and cities to touch those beyond your immediate reach.”

make sure all the script was cleaned off at the end of the campaign.

Naomi Beames, who was one of a team of people who went out to write after church in the evening, described the experience as good fun. “The scope of the people involved was fantastic” she said. “It was the highlight of the year for me because of the range of people who could be involved.”

About twenty university students adopted North Terrace; a real estate agent wrote during breaks between open inspections; a business manager targeted bus stops and spoke to people as they waited for their next bus; retirees and mums with babies got involved; a politician made sure the intersection of King William Street and North Terrace was always written on on all four corners. Christian and non-Christian music with the theme of eternity was played in the Adelaide Railway Station and organisers found it remarkable how many people - who they thought would be rushing around the city - actually took the time to stop and talk and give their opinion.

Craig said the activity was particularly good for people who are ‘quiet’ Christians because it gave them an opportunity to discuss their faith as they handed out fliers and engaged in conversation. It also drew people to events which included an Eternity Panel consisting of Ian Powell (City Bible Forum), Professor Sayyid (International Centre for Muslim and Non Muslim Understanding) and Dick Gross (Freelance journalist and atheist), chaired by ABC news presenter Anita Savage.

‘Wake up and Smell the Coffee’ invited people to come along and learn how to make real coffee and find out more about the real Jesus. After lessons from barista Sean Payne, there were lessons from Jesus’ parables from Luke’s gospel.

“We asked ‘what do you think heaven is like?’” said Craig. “Heaven is like a banquet. Jesus’ picture of eternity with him is actually feasting, a party, sitting around with good friends, the best wine and the best food. We also talked about the parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son – about how much we are valued and how you will

go after things that are precious to you that are lost.” (See more in Luke’s Gospel in the New Testament).

Overall what was the response to the chalk script being written on city streets? While some people rubbed it out, many people stopped and said “I know about this”, talked about Arthur Stace and discussed what it was about. Craig says there was not a lot of negative response.

“It’s amazing what you can do with a simple stick of chalk” said Craig, explaining that one stick lasted for about two and a half words. “It was personally helpful as a Christian because after I wrote the word, the next day I could see it had faded, and then it wasn’t there any more. It is exactly what our words are like for people. They look permanent but they are quite ephemeral.” He said it was a great launching pad to talk about Jesus, whose words are eternal.

“Some people probably thought ‘who are these crazies?’” laughed Naomi, “but I’m glad we did it.”

Arthur Stace was one man, greatly disadvantaged by his tragic start in life. One man who was illiterate, uneducated, unremarkable and unknown. But when he found Christ he found his purpose in life. He didn’t aspire to be a great preacher, writer or public figure. In fact he did his best work in the shadows. But this one man, inspired to write one word over half a million times across the city of Sydney, still reaches people today and motivates them to look beyond their immediate circumstances to something that transcends the physical and gives hope to all of us. A reminder that living with Eternity in mind can change life forever, the lives of those around you, and even travel across centuries and cities to touch those beyond your immediate reach.

**City Bible Forum conducted the ‘Eternity’ campaign in conjunction with St Matthews Church at Kensington. The campaign may be held again in the future with the potential for other churches to become involved. See more on the City Bible Forum at [www.citybibleforum.org/adelaide](http://www.citybibleforum.org/adelaide).**

“Eternity is still a word that people use and understand. We brainstormed some ideas and thought, wouldn’t it be great to do the lead up to Eternity Week in the city using the Arthur Stace script. He was one guy who couldn’t read or write, and yet he learned how to do the eternity script after he was saved, writing it continuously for over thirty-five years. One little thing that made a big difference. If everyone took this attitude on board it would have a big impact.”

But it wasn’t as simple as telling people to grab some chalk and hit the streets. The Adelaide City Council was consulted, and boundaries set. Participants were given instruction on how to write the word ‘Eternity’, where they could and couldn’t write it and told they could only write it using white chalk in a certain size and brand that could be washed off. The team in charge of the project gave an undertaking to



A large, gnarled tree with many thin branches stands in a dry, open landscape. The ground is covered with low-lying, dry vegetation and patches of red soil. In the background, there are more trees and a clear blue sky. The title 'Lessons Learnt on the Land' is overlaid on the image. 'Lessons Learnt' is in white, and 'on the Land' is in large orange letters with a white outline.

# Lessons Learnt on the Land

*Fiona Partridge from Torrens Valley Christian School shares her experience of accompanying a group of students to Erudina Station in the far north of South Australia.*

I woke, feeling the crisp fresh air around my face, suddenly aware I had slept in a different place. I thought about where I was.... I recalled the night before, lying on my mattress, settling down to welcome sleep after a long day of travelling, and although I was tired, I remember I couldn't help but stare out through the thick window pane to gaze upon the thousands of bright stars punctuating the deep, velvety night sky.

I opened my eyes and saw a pink glow in the dark sky outside the window. The sun must have been getting ready to rise above the horizon. Now I knew where I was.

My room was a small square of private space – definitely no room to swing a sheep! An old school desk and chair, a single-door wardrobe, and a simple bed frame filled the cell-sized room. The walls were made of thin iron sheets; ochre dust lined every horizontal ridge. Light was starting to peep its way through the large gaps between the planks of the old buckled door, paint peeling from its surface. I heard someone stirring in the room just next to mine. I felt around for my watch on the floor beside my bed. It was just gone 6.30am. Our first day on the station had just begun. It was time to rise and see what the day held.

As I put on another layer of clothes I thought about the many shearers who must have slept in this place during the hot summer nights before me. Now those days are few and far between. Once Erudina was a station with over 25 000 sheep, thousands of cattle, and 60 plus workers. The shearers would stay for weeks at a time. Now it takes just over a day to shear. There's just the owner living on site, his wife staying down in the city more and more, with greatly reduced stocks and just the odd contractor employed to tackle the larger jobs. There's little return for much hard work.

I met the other adults in the shearers' kitchen who too had just readied themselves for the new day, the first of six days on the land. We greeted each other and shared a giggle about our rooms, but each agreed, they'd had a great night's sleep – so quiet outside. The students were still fast asleep in their beds. We decided to leave them there for now. I poured a steaming mug of strong black coffee and warmed my icy hands. I stepped outside to witness my first sunrise on the station.

The scene was breath-taking. A golden glow was spreading above the horizon. There were scattered buildings and relics of the glory



days long past to the side of my vision, but ahead there seemed to be only land and sky, with no sign of human life for miles and miles - just a wide open paddock of salt bush as far as the eye could see. A dirt road and leaning wire fence cutting through the landscape showed there must be something out ahead, somewhere.

Julie, a parent with the group and I stood in awe and watched God prepare His palette for the new day in the sky, getting ready to pour His colour and light upon the earth.



Soon we saw the first rays of the sun cutting through the wispy cloud. Before our very eyes in what seemed just a few seconds, the sun fully lifted its head. Kilometres behind the buildings on the opposite horizon, Reaphook Hill (or in the local aboriginal language, Vili-waRu-nha) sat high amongst the ranges, bathed in golden light. It was truly beautiful. We headed back to the kitchen to get ready for a warm breakfast - fuel for the day. We had promised to meet the station owner in just over an hour.

After breakfast, the excited students and adults hopped into the van and took the 14 kilometre drive to the next building, the homestead. There were many 'oohs and aahs' at the kangaroos, emus and eagles beside the roadway along the way. Soon we saw a green oasis ahead; a Queenslander-style home sitting in the middle of the dusty land, raised high above the ground, shaded by several grand old giant palm trees. There were signs of floodwaters in years past. Now it was hard to believe there could ever be so much water here. John McEntee, the station owner, was waiting with his vehicle in the driveway, ready for our arrival. The old dog struggled to his feet and wagged his tail in welcome. The emu, goose and sheep, also household pets, came out to see what was going on.

John is a character like no other I have ever met. His mannerisms are fascinating; his speech a low rumble, his eyes glassy, yet so alert, always open to life around him. His mind is ever active; one can almost hear his brain ticking over, constantly turning. His skin reflects 40 plus years of hot dry days on the land after taking over the running of the family property in his twenties. When alone in the house, John works hard on learning and memorising movements from Mozart sonatas on his old piano, and prepares papers to submit recording aboriginal stories,

language and culture, or local flora and fauna, to interested University faculties.

John has planned a few days of work and learning on the station for the group to experience. He is passionate about passing on his knowledge to the next generation. When I commented on how good he is at relating to youth culture despite living in this isolated location, he nodded and remarked he was young too, once.

Erudina Station is a property east of the Finders Ranges, about the size of the entire Adelaide Plains. The station is approximately two hours north on a dirt road from Yunta in the outback of South Australia; in all, around seven hours drive north east of Adelaide. In 1989, Torrens Valley Christian School began taking Year 11 students to the Flinders Ranges, camping at Rawnsley Park near Wilpena Pound. The organising teacher at that time, Barbara Washington (now retired from teaching), had contacted some of the local aboriginal elders to support the Indigenous Studies aspect of the camp's program. They suggested a visit to a local sheep and cattle station, Erudina, to meet the owner, John McEntee, who had a wealth of knowledge about the area. There was much he could share with the students. So the camp program began to include a day trip to the station. This tradition continued for several years until 2010 when it was decided the road out to the property was getting too rugged to take the full sized hired coach.

John's attitude to life and wealth of knowledge just seemed too good to not continue for us to learn from in some way, so I flagged the possibility of taking a small group of interested students to stay at the woolshed, living in the shearers' quarters for an extended period of time. It was decided secondary students could use this as a Work

Experience placement, helping out with chores that had to be done on the property – thankfully, John eagerly agreed to host us.

We advertised the concept to the school community and managed to get ten students willing to sign up. We coerced a parent to help coordinate the meals and arranged for our recently retired art teacher to drive the van....with a couple of other willing parents and teachers, perhaps we could do this.... It seemed like a fun idea, but would it be worth the effort?

And so, on Day One we found ourselves herding sheep, running with a mob of about 300 for a seven kilometre stretch over salt and prickly bush, driving them to the next paddock. The other 600 sheep were nowhere to be found. Not to worry, said John, he'd find them one day soon.

We waved to the person delivering the mail run speeding past – post only arrives twice a week, and food and supplies (pre-ordered) are delivered just one day a week. There's no just popping down to the shops if you've forgotten something!

At one stage while moving the herd, a young sheep started to fall back from the group. It seemed to be struggling to walk and kept needing to rest. It was starting to get distressed, losing touch with the main group. A couple of students were concerned for the sheep and stayed behind with it, helping to keep it calm and guide it along the way. At one stage, a student and the owner picked up the sheep and placed it in the back of the ute. The student sat with the sheep keeping it calm until they reached the final destination. It was a touching scene.

Upon reflection, we realised we had been reminded first hand of the parable of the lost sheep and the metaphor of Jesus as



*Dog fence work at Erudina*

the Shepherd. Suddenly the image of us being sought after by God as we struggle or wander from the group seemed so much more powerful and relevant to our lives usually caught up in city life.

The next day we slowly travelled the dusty, bumpy track two hours north, checking the 'dog fence' along the way – the longest human-made structure unable to be seen from space; well over 5000 km long. We stopped to repair a section of the fence, replacing several old original Mallee posts with new 8ft star droppers. The students all pitched in and had a go at the various aspects of the physically challenging work. After the job for now was done, we turned around and drove the two hours back to our sleeping quarters - the end of a long but fascinating day out!

Day Three, we all experienced a wonderful morning sitting in a landscape painting class, led by our own experienced art teacher. After being shown a few key techniques each worked on a painting of our own. A couple of hours quickly passed! It was not hard to find inspiration outside facing the ranges in the distance and we were each surprised at how varied and successful our paintings actually were.

The afternoon saw us loading gravel and travelling out to the cattle yards to spread the materials around the water trough. As we arrived back to the woolshed a giant rainbow framed the sky above, rain somewhere in the distance. Another gentle reminder of God's faithfulness.

In the evening we enjoyed toasting ourselves and barbecuing our meal by the biggest bon fire I have ever seen, burning an old fallen

gum tree. We could have sat there all night, but reluctantly decided we'd better head off to our beds, ready again for the next day.

On the Sunday, we set aside a special time of reflection upon God's word. We sat at the base of a large grey, dead gum tree. The tree looked like it had died long ago along with many other trees in the now dry and wide creek bed. However, on closer inspection, there is a strip of new growth up one side of the trunk, with new branches and green leaves stretching out, reaching to the sky. The effect is quite breath-taking and totally fascinating. We were reminded that God is still working out His plan for Creation. Even where we think there is no hope, there can be new beginnings! God is in the business of reconciliation. He brings us new life. John read us a beautiful reading. The time shared was moving and unique. A special moment for all, not to be forgotten.

For the remainder of the day, we travelled along the Moomba gas-line track for about 100 kilometres, then taking the main road towards Arkaroola, turned off to Chambers Gorge where we saw some amazing rock formations and ancient aboriginal carvings. This was another memorable time, stopping now and then for John to show us various plants that were used by the Aboriginal people for medicine or for bush tucker. John told us the indigenous names of various species along with the Latin names. We wondered how he remembered it all!

Most evenings, after cooking in heavy pots on the huge gas stove and devouring our warm delicious meals, we played board and card games, and sat chatting and laughing in groups on the long wooden benches and tabletops. The fire danced in the fireplace,

cracking and popping, toasting our bones. We told jokes and shared the wonders and memorable moments of the day. No-one seemed to miss television, the shops, phone access or Facebook....Life suddenly seemed just so much simpler.

On the final morning, it was hard to say goodbye to John and life on the station. There were a few tears shed and as we commenced the seven hour journey back home. Each of us knew we had grown and changed in many ways in just six short days. Our classroom for the week had been truly amazing.

As we reached the outskirts of Adelaide, there were moans from the students about the traffic and lack of open space (yes, even in Adelaide). We were surprised at how quickly we'd adjusted to living far more simply. We missed Erudina station already!

Turned out.....it was truly worth it!

*More on Torrens Valley Christian School can be found at [www.tvcs.sa.edu.au](http://www.tvcs.sa.edu.au).*

**"Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them. Doesn't he leave the ninety-nine in the open country and go after the lost sheep until he finds it? And when he finds it, he joyfully puts it on his shoulders and goes home." (Luke 15:4-6)**



## Natural Disaster: the Inspiration behind *Mountain Wolf*

*Rosanne Hawke talks about how she came to write her new book, Mountain Wolf.*

The idea to write a book about trafficking first came to me when I was on an Asialink Fellowship in Pakistan. It was just a year after the 2005 earthquake and there was a lot of coverage in the Pakistani media of the first anniversary of the 7.6 quake that decimated mountain villages like Balakot with 50,000 deaths at a time. Wherever we went in the mountains, especially in Azad Kashmir, people were still living in tents. Even schools were held in tents. We too had experienced an earthquake when we were aid workers in Pakistan some years before. Although it was half the size, I could get an impression of how terrifying the 2005 quake must have been. So it is not surprising that *Mountain Wolf* begins with an earthquake.

While I was researching for another story in Pakistan I discovered research on trafficked Pakistani children and how they were sold into slavery or sent overseas. I also discovered something appalling: unscrupulous adults were preying on the orphans from the earthquake enticing them with offers of jobs but selling them into domestic service, factories or brothels.

Sometimes parents need money and 'bond' their child to a factory for some time to gain capital to help the rest of the family. The problem with debt-bonding is the families can never seem to find the capital to buy the child out. I found it isn't always poverty that causes trafficking, often children lack protection, skills and education and are tricked or kidnapped.

All this research ended up in *Mountain Wolf* in some form, often as the experience of the characters. I pictured a boy in the tribal region of Kala Dhaka, Black Mountain, the only survivor in his family from the earthquake, and so Razaq's story took on life. I wrote one page to begin with as I was writing *Marrying Ameera*, but Razaq stayed in my head until it was time to write his story.

To fine tune details of setting and culture, I travelled up the Karakorum Highway again to see what the road was like since the earthquake. In parts close to the Indus River it looked like one of the world's worst roads.

The closest I could get to the tribal area of Kala Dhaka was a police post on the border. A young guard there let me hold his AK47 Kalashnikov. It was heavy and I swung around with it skew-whiff in my arms, to ask him how you shoot it, a very writerly question I thought, since one of my characters might need one. The guard dropped to the ground in front of me and said, 'Don't shoot.' He had forgotten to tell me it was loaded.

An aid worker we knew who had worked in Kala Dhaka during the aftermath of the earthquake told me what it was like and showed me photos. Kala Dhaka is one great mountain range with the Indus River forming the western boundary. Beautiful green fields and terracing cover the lower slopes. As with other tribal areas in Pakistan they are outside federal law. There are no national police or army units stationed there. They govern themselves.

I found Pakistani Government reports on the web dealing with trafficking, protection centres for children, nigeiban, shelters for children who escape, and reports about street children and child prostitution.

Discovering how trafficked children are rescued was difficult as only two per cent in Pakistan escape. I wanted Razaq to be one of that two per cent. I also wanted the climactic rescue to be lifelike. This was perhaps the trickiest part of the story to write as people I asked in Pakistan didn't always know how the rescues were conducted.

In writing *Mountain Wolf* I didn't want to trivialise the suffering of trafficked children; I wanted to tell an untold story as this trade is done in secret. I was appalled at the figures of trafficked children worldwide. World Vision estimates that over 1.2 million children are trafficked each year, as child/human trafficking is one of the fastest growing crimes in the world, the second largest after drugs according to the US State Department. It doesn't only occur in third world countries. Australia is a destination point for trafficked women and children and child prostitution happens here too.

Even though child trafficking is slavery and needs exposing, above all I wanted Razaq's story to show true friendship, and the strength of the human spirit to hope in spite of harrowing circumstances.



## Rosanne Hawke *Mountain Wolf*

Living a tough but free life in the mountains, Razaq is out collecting water from the stream when the earthquake strikes, killing his entire family and wiping out his village in northern Pakistan. Heeding his father's dying instructions to go to his uncle living in Rawalpindi, Razaq is instead lured by a 'helpful' stranger and sold into slavery. A very handsome boy, Razaq's life in the city slides from one sort of slavery to another, each more dangerous and degrading than the first. Several escape attempts end in disaster, but along the way he encounters other enslaved children living equally desperate lives, although some retain determination, resilience and hope. Although Razaq almost gives in to despair, his desire for freedom, will to live and his friendship with 12-year old dancing girl Tahira keeps him focused on getting them both out of the brothel where they work. Uncle Javaid, too, never gives up the search for his missing nephew, trawling through the alleyways of the bazaars and contacting Aid Agencies and the police for help. This is a harrowing but most engrossing book revealing much of the lives of enslaved children in Pakistan, and international efforts to stop the trade. Be warned: this novel contains some strong elements of male and female rape and other terrible brutalities forced on children but deserves its place in secondary libraries for its authenticity and the power of its story. Exploring an issue of international concern, this is a book worth reading and discussing with upper secondary students.

Reviewer: *Chloe Mauger*

*This article and book review first appeared in Reading Time Vol 56 No 3, the journal of the Children's Book Council of Australia. Used with permission.*

*For more about Rosanne Hawke and her books go to: [www.rosannehawke.com](http://www.rosannehawke.com)*

# Catching a New Wave

*Luke Drummond's life took a U-turn as a result of a serious wake-boarding accident. He talks to RISE about how the experience led him to set up a surf school and drop in centre in the heart of Adelaide. Story by Wendy Rush*

Growing up in a Christian family, Luke Drummond made a decision to follow Jesus Christ at about the age of seven, but by 16 he had stopped going to church altogether. Like many teenagers who grew up in the church, Luke began looking for something different and he turned his back on God to pursue a lifestyle that was far removed from the life he knew as a 'Pastor's kid'.

"When I was younger I really enjoyed church and had some great friends there. As I got older, heading into my teenage years, there were some older teenage guys in the church that I looked up to but I wasn't really accepted into their group which I believe had a small part to play in me looking elsewhere for that acceptance." Luke found that acceptance in a lifestyle that consisted of partying and drinking, and which lasted for about ten years.

Looking back over that period of his life, Luke could see that while he had turned his back on God, God had never left him and, in fact, had allowed certain events to occur while he was on a trip to Thailand with some friends.

During this trip Luke had a severe accident while he was cable wake-boarding and he split his forehead open. He admits he had been partying quite heavily and believes the accident was God's way of putting a stop to it. For about a year prior to this, it had started to become apparent to Luke that he had a drinking problem. He was becoming an alcoholic at the age of only 24.

"God knew the only way to stop me continuing the way I was going was to intervene by putting me flat on my back with a big headache."

Luke lay in his hotel room that day in January 2007 while his friends were out partying. He glanced over to the side table and saw a Gideon bible and realised God was trying to get his attention. "I knew the Lord was trying to get a hold of my heart!" Right then and there he decided to give his life back to God.

When Luke returned to Australia a week later he began looking for a church to attend. His search led him to Pastor Neil Aitchison and Sanctuary Baptist Church. But while that was

a huge step forward, Luke wanted more. He wanted to find a way to share his faith with others.

Luke was an avid surfer, so his friend Paul suggested they buy a bus and run free surf trips as a way of reaching out to students and backpackers they were associating with at the time.

So Sanctuary Surfers was born, and within two months they had bought a small Toyota coaster bus, plenty of wetsuits, twelve surf boards and a BBQ ready to start their surf trips.

Luke recalls "the first trip was with a bunch of awesome mates that were in Australia from Norway, studying to be nurses. I think they all passed, somehow studying in between surf trips!"

Word spread quickly that Sanctuary Surfers were the guys to go surfing with, and the trips became so popular that sometimes they needed to take two buses and share the boards. Originally funded by Luke and Pastor Neil and supplemented with donations, as time went by those who went on the trips also donated because they loved the experience so much.

"God has always provided in one way or another, every step of the way, which has drawn me closer to Him, learning to trust that He will provide no matter how hard or impossible the situation may seem."

The trips were proving to be such a success, that Luke decided to complete a level one surf coaching course so he could run a credible surf school. He also opened the surf shop so he could provide boards and wetsuits to people who wanted to become 'pro surfers'. The surf shop doubles as a ministry centre with internet access, cafe lounge, mini-cinema and a t-shirt sales and printing outlet.

This all meant, however, that Luke had to quit his full time job as a plumber to enable him to put all his time into running the surf shop and the surf trips. This was not an easy decision to make, because not only did it mean selling his beloved Kombi van, it also



saw him turn down a job promotion and huge salary increase.

Sanctuary Surfers officially opened to a packed house in March 2008 and Luke hasn't looked back.

"Since then we have had heaps of trips and met heaps and heaps of unbelievably awesome people. We've blown up two engines in our original surf bus, acquired a twenty-five seater coach, a dedicated surf 4x4 and surf trailer with thirty surfboards and thirty wetties, plus two other 4x4 Pathfinders - well almost an extra one if you count the full overhaul we've had to do on one of them. Oh and I can't forget the Mazda 'Old Faithful' Bus we had somewhere in the middle there too (we blew the gearbox up in that one)!"

Sanctuary Surfers now has four qualified surf coaches and runs surf, snow and adventure trips to a range of destinations in South Australia, interstate and in New Zealand.

"The journey this far hasn't been easy, but it has been by far the most exciting part of my journey through life" said Luke. "I couldn't have brought this ministry as far as it has





*“...trust that He will provide no matter how hard or impossible the situation may seem.”*

come on my own.” He credits his Saviour, Jesus Christ, with making it all possible and quotes Philippians 4:13: ‘I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me’.

“And Pastor Neil has been there through every part, doing most of the work to help set up and keep this place running. A massive thanks also has to go out to some very special people who have helped with their financial contributions! They are all amazing!”

Luke originally set up Sanctuary Surfers to share his faith with others. He continues to communicate the gospel message on every surf trip, whether personally, with a *Surfing Without Waves* gospel pamphlet or running a surf film in transit on the vehicle’s DVD player. The message Luke wants people to understand is that we are all sinners and “fall short of the glory of God” (Romans 3:23) and that because of this sin, or disobedience toward God, we face a penalty of death.

“But God loves us so much He decided to robe himself in human flesh in the form of Jesus Christ who died on the cross, to pay

the death penalty that we as sinners owe.”

Luke says “If we believe in this by faith and confess that we’re sinners before God, if we believe that Jesus rose from the dead, we’ll be saved and have eternal life in heaven with Him.”

There have been some who have accepted the message gladly, while others have rejected it. But Luke reminds us that God wants to give everyone a chance to come to him and waits patiently for those who have not yet made that decision. He quotes 2 Peter 3:9: ‘The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.’

Luke says that starting the surf ministry had all the opportunities he had hoped for and much more.

“God has been so amazing throughout it all. I never dreamed or imagined that the surf ministry would lead to the setting up of a ministry centre in Adelaide.”

Another highlight was a trip to Queensland with a team from various Adelaide churches who helped with the flood clean up in 2011. Luke also travelled to Colorado, USA for an international snowboard ministry conference and spent the 2011 winter season in Mt Hotham laying the foundation for the Mt Hotham church - the highest church in Australia.

“The Lord has blessed me beyond what I deserve and as I seek to fulfil the pastoral calling I believe God has placed on my life, I am now serving at Northside Baptist Church, and helping to run the Bible institute there. I believe the key to the Christian life is a total dependence on and surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, in all things.”

I am sure Luke would have preferred not to have wiped out so dramatically while wakeboarding on that fateful day in Thailand. But there is no doubt that as a result, his life has turned around – away from potential destruction and towards a life of purpose and an opportunity to have a positive influence in the lives of others.

For more of Luke’s story or information about Sanctuary Surfers go to [www.users.on.net/~mec/evangelical/surfin%27/](http://www.users.on.net/~mec/evangelical/surfin%27/)  
Sanctuary Surfers is located at 201 Waymouth Street, Adelaide

# Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to your life? (Jesus)

Don't fret or worry. Instead of worrying, pray... Before you know it, a sense of God's wholeness, everything coming together for good, will come and settle you down. (Philippians, The Message)



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## Desire

Thomas Merton was a twentieth century writer and a Trappist monk. He once said that "your life is shaped by the end you live for. You are made in the image of what you desire."

One of the saddest phenomena I experience is to sit with people who are dying who have spent a life-time gathering trophies, (cars, houses, bank accounts, and status) only to find that none of these things have really satisfied them. It seems that gathering trophies is an inadequate reason for living.

Jesus once warned people of doing things, even religious things, in order to get their reward on earth. "Rather than do this", he said, "do the things which will count for eternity. Your true purpose is not just to collect stuff or do stuff to make others admire you, before they, like you, drop dead. Rather, do the stuff you were really created to do. Do the things God has ordained for you to do, the things which will get stories told about you in eternity."

If your life is shaped by what you desire ...what does your life look like? Does your life have the look of a life that will survive death? Will it result in something more than trophies to your ego?

God invites you to die to self and to live for Christ so that you will join him in building an eternal kingdom. Now that's a purpose that is truly worthy of you.

*Nick Hawkes has two degrees in science and two in theology. He is the author of a number of books including The Country is Different, and The Dance Between Science and Faith. He is also the author of the Basics discipling series. Nick is a radio broadcaster and noted speaker who has been invited to preach in America and India.*



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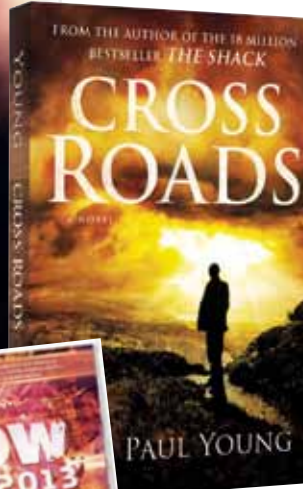
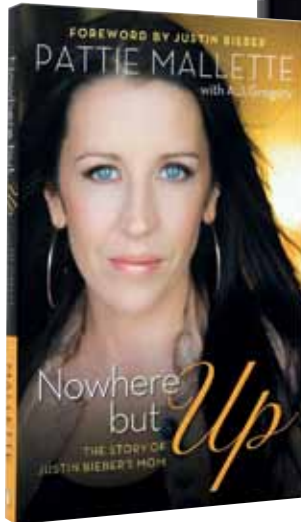
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