

ilisten



July 2026

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Dear Friends,

As we welcome the month of July, I want to take a moment to thank each and every person who contributed to this edition of the iListen e-Magazine.

It is always such a privilege to read your stories, testimonies, teachings, and reflections. There is something deeply special about being invited into another person's journey, hearing what God is doing in their life, and discovering the things that stir their heart. I believe these shared moments not only encourage and inspire our readers but also bring joy to the heart of Jesus.

My prayer for you during this winter month is that you will stay warm, not only in body, but also in spirit. May you draw close to God, hear His voice clearly, and experience His gentle guidance each day.

May He fill your heart with peace, calmness, and joy, and may you find comfort in His presence no matter what season you are walking through.

Thank you for being part of the iListen family.

*With love
Carinah*



is where



Home is where the Heart is

Kara

When I was ten years old, I knew exactly what my future house would look like.

It would be an old English country home filled with charm and character. There would be white roses climbing over garden walls, birds singing in the trees, and endless blue skies overhead.

Three happy children would run through the garden, naturally, they would be my children. A loving husband would wave from the front porch.

Inside, there would be large rooms with high ceilings where I could dance, twirl, and feel completely free.

It was a beautiful dream.

Fast forward fifteen years.

At twenty-five, freshly graduated and securely employed, that childhood dream resurfaced with a vengeance.

I didn't just want my own house.

I needed my own house.

I imagined the moment I would receive the keys. The excitement. The independence. The feeling of finally having a place that belonged to me. And so, the great house hunt began.



Home is where the Heart is

What an adventure that turned out to be.

A good friend of mine, Mike, offered some practical advice.

"The first thing you do," he said, "draw a circle with a 30-kilometre radius around your workplace. Your search must happen inside that circle."

I took his advice very seriously.

I printed a giant A3 map from Google, grabbed a marker, and drew my circle.

I studied it carefully.

"Mmmh," I thought. "This isn't bad at all."

In fact, it looked wonderful.

Beautiful brick homes.

Tall trees.

Family cars parked neatly in driveways.

Lovely neighbourhoods.

My heart began singing.

Surely my dream house was waiting somewhere inside that circle.

As I love Jesus deeply, He became my house-hunting partner.

We had countless conversations, hours of prayer all about houses.





Home is where the Heart is

Every spare minute was spent scrolling through property websites. I drove through neighbourhoods. I spoke to estate agents. Friends and family joined the search. Before long, it felt as if half the city was house hunting with me.

Then one day reality arrived.

Not with a bang.



With a whisper.

As I studied my finances, a truth settled heavily on my heart. My eyes filled with tears.

I could not afford the charming English country house.

Not even close.

What I could afford was a very small, one-bedroom apartment.

Very small.

Tiny, actually.

When I first stood at the front door, I could practically look straight through my apartment and into my neighbour's window.

I remember standing there quietly.

"Lord," I asked softly, "is this really for me?" And in that moment, I felt something unexpected.

Peace.

A gentle certainty.

A quiet yes.

Almost as if God Himself was saying: "Welcome home."

So I bought the apartment.

Home is where the Heart is

Friends and family came to visit.

To be fair, only about three people could fit inside at the same time without someone standing in the kitchen and another balancing near the door!

But none of that mattered.

It was warm.
It was peaceful.
It was mine.

I still remember the day I held the keys in my hand.

Opening that little front door felt like opening a brand-new chapter of life.

There were tears.
There was laughter.
There was gratitude.

And there was the wonderful feeling of knowing I had a place to call home.

I lived in that tiny apartment for five years.
Five precious years.

Looking back now, those were some of the happiest memories of my life.

It was there that I experienced some of my closest moments with Jesus.

It was there that I learned the freedom of being a young adult.



Home is where the Heart is



Life has taught me that God often gives us what we need before He gives us what we imagine.

My childhood dream was beautiful.

But God's gift was better.

It was a place of peace.

A place of growth.

A place of gratitude.

A place called home.

And for that, I can only say:

Thank You, Jesus.



It was there that I discovered that joy doesn't come from square metres, designer kitchens, or rose-filled gardens.

Sometimes joy comes wrapped in unexpected packages.

Sometimes it arrives disguised as a tiny apartment with a neighbour's window directly in view.





Isiah 6:8 “Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying:

“Whom shall I send,

And who will go for Us?”

Then I said, “Here am I! Send me.” (HINEINI)

Hineini (הִנְנִי, pronounced hee-NAY-nee) is a profound Hebrew word that goes far beyond simply stating your physical location. Hineini is a heroic declaration of total attention, readiness, and availability to serve.

- Eddelene



a Heart Open to Growth - Celia

One of my favourite scriptures is:

"No one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, new wine must be poured into new wineskins." Mark 2:22

Life has a way of settling into familiar patterns. We become comfortable with our routines, the roads we travel each day, the people we spend time with, and the rhythm of our lives. While there is beauty in familiarity, there are also moments when we feel a gentle nudge to try something different, to learn something new, or to step outside our comfort zones.

Sometimes I think of our habits and routines as "old wineskins." They have served us well, but perhaps God is inviting us to make room for something fresh. I often pray and ask the Lord for new ideas, new opportunities, and an inquisitive mind, a mind willing to learn, grow, and expand. I ask Him to help me keep my heart and mind like a "new wineskin," ready to receive whatever He has planned next.

Recently, our friend **Celia** shared a beautiful story of challenging herself in a completely new way. Celia has completed the Comrades Marathon three times, each race requiring tremendous dedication, perseverance, and courage. Running was once one of her greatest challenges and achievements.





a Heart Open to Growth

Today, although she is no longer able to run the race, she has discovered a new challenge.

As an artist, Celia decided to teach herself to paint with her left hand, despite being naturally right-handed.

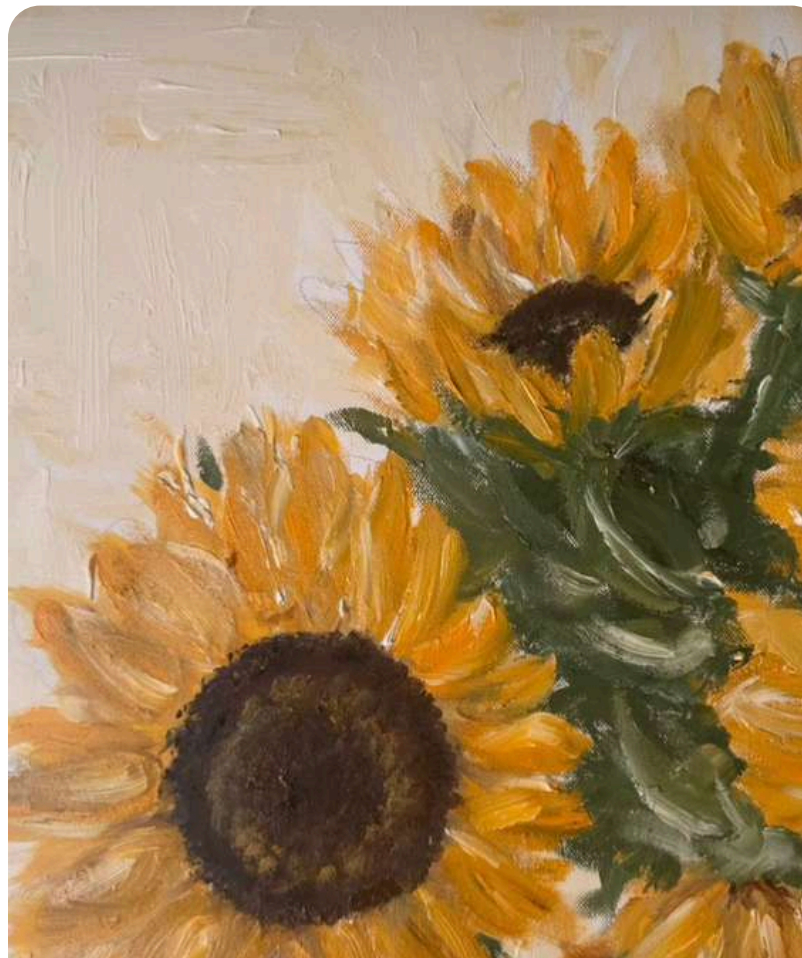
"I can't even brush my teeth properly with my left hand," she laughs. "The concentration it takes is enormous."

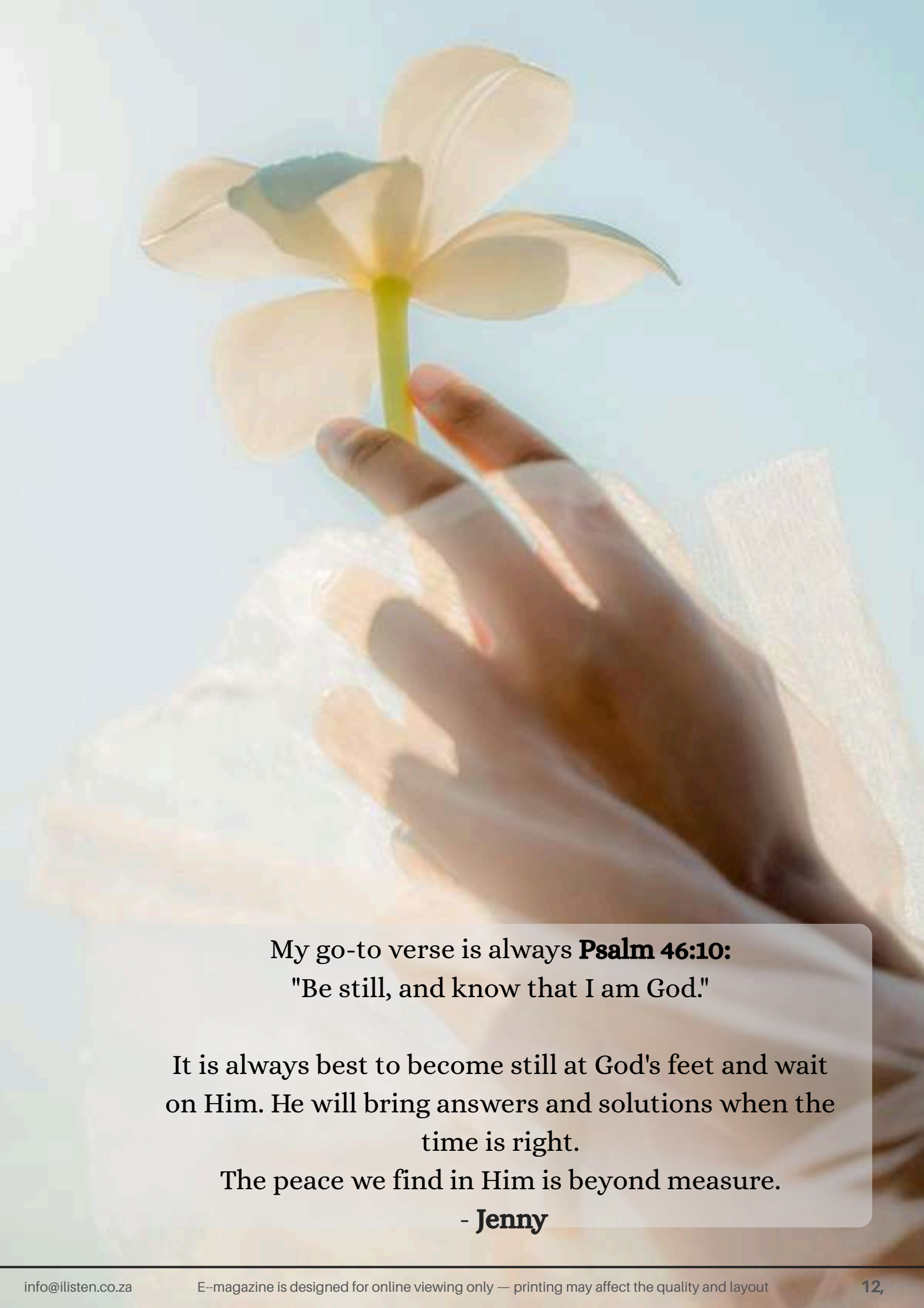
Every brushstroke requires focus and patience. What may seem like a simple exercise has become a wonderful way to challenge her mind, develop new skills, and perhaps even rewire parts of her brain. More importantly, it has become a way of honouring and expanding the creative gifts God has given her.

The paintings she shared with us are not about perfection. They are about courage, curiosity, and the willingness to begin again. They are a beautiful reminder that growth does not stop simply because we reach a certain age or stage of life.

Perhaps there is something new that God is calling you to explore, a hobby, a skill, a dream, or simply a different way of thinking. It does not need to be perfect. It only needs a willing heart. After all, sometimes the greatest adventures begin when we dare to become a "new wineskin."

Celia, for me, and I'm sure our readers will agree, these paintings are absolutely beautiful!





My go-to verse is always **Psalm 46:10**:
"Be still, and know that I am God."

It is always best to become still at God's feet and wait
on Him. He will bring answers and solutions when the
time is right.

The peace we find in Him is beyond measure.

- **Jenny**





Shiloh Love



- Amanda

The big blue door swings open, and I am greeted by bold letters that read: "Welcome to Shiloh."

As I step inside, Amanda's warm brown eyes sparkle with kindness as she welcomes me into one of the classrooms. Brightly painted chairs, tiny tables, colourful cushions, and neatly folded blankets fill the room with life and joy. Children's artwork adorns the walls, each masterpiece telling its own little story.

As we make our way to her office, I am immediately struck by the sense of love that fills every corner of this place. It becomes clear that Shiloh is far more than a pre-school, it is a community, a sanctuary, and a labour of love.

Behind every successful business is a story of courage, faith, perseverance, and purpose and today, we meet Amanda, a passionate entrepreneur and pre-school owner who has dedicated more than two decades of her life to nurturing young children while building a thriving business firmly rooted in Christian values.

Tell us a little about yourself and your pre-school.

"My name is Amanda, and I am the proud owner of Shiloh Pre-School where we strive to create a safe, loving, and inspiring environment for young children. Every day I have the privilege of helping little ones learn, grow, and discover their unique gifts and personalities.

"It is such a blessing to watch each child develop during their time with us. Seeing their confidence grow, hearing their laughter, and witnessing them discover the world around them fills my heart with gratitude."

How many years have you been involved in early childhood education?

"I have been involved in early childhood education for 22 years, and it has become much more than a career, it is truly my calling."

"Working with children brings me incredible joy. People often think that children learn from us, but honestly, I learn from them every single day," she says with a smile. "They remind me to see the world through eyes filled with wonder, curiosity, and excitement."

What inspired you to start your own pre-school?

"It all began when I was fifteen years old and babysitting children for family and friends. I absolutely loved spending time with them. Back then, I thought my future would simply involve getting married and having six children of my own," she laughs.





"But after studying to become a teacher, my passion for children grew even stronger. I realised how important the early years are and how much influence we have in shaping a child's confidence and future."

"I wanted to create more than just a school. I wanted to create a second home, a place where children could feel loved, valued, encouraged, and free to flourish."

Was there a specific moment when you knew this was your purpose?

"There were many moments, but one stands out above all the others."

"One morning, as I walked from my car towards the school gate, a little four-year-old boy ran up to me. He reached out and gently took hold of my pinky finger. Holding tightly, he pulled me down so I could look into his eyes."

"In that moment, everything became clear."

"I realised I wanted to make a difference in the lives of young children. I wanted to share in their excitement, celebrate their discoveries, comfort their fears, and be part of their journey. I wanted to be a safe place where they felt seen, loved, and valued."

"That little hand holding my finger changed everything."

What were some of the challenges you faced when starting your business?

"Starting a business always comes with challenges. There were financial pressures, administrative responsibilities, staffing decisions, and the challenge of earning parents' trust."

"I started very small, just a little house with a tiny garden and four little girls."

Almost overnight, those four children became ten, and I realised we needed a bigger space.

I applied for a bank loan, but because I was young, my application was declined. I remember praying day and night, asking God to show me the next step.

"Eventually, I sold the little house and purchased a larger property that needed a tremendous amount of work." She laughs as she remembers those days.

"But it was my dream."

"What happened next was something truly beautiful. The Shiloh community rallied around us. On weekends, parents would arrive to help build walls, install geysers, plant grass, create playgrounds, and tackle countless other projects."





"Together we built something special.

Shiloh was born during those years of hard work, faith, and community support. Before long we had grown to sixty-five children and even had a waiting list.

I still feel incredibly blessed when I think about it."

How has your faith in Jesus helped you throughout your journey?

"My faith has been the foundation of everything.

There were moments when I didn't know what the next step should be. Prayer became my greatest source of wisdom, comfort, and strength.

I spent many nights in tears, asking Jesus to help me keep going and to help me create a haven for the children entrusted to my care.

And He has been so faithful.

Even today, I sometimes find myself overwhelmed with gratitude when I think about all the blessings God has poured into this little community."

How do you bring your Christian faith into your workplace?

"I try to lead with kindness, patience, honesty, and compassion.

We encourage values such as respect, gratitude, sharing, and caring for others. Children learn far more from what they see than from what they hear, so I strive to model Christ's love in my interactions with staff, parents, and children.

It isn't always easy," she smiles. "Life stretches all of us at times, but prayer has carried us through many difficult situations."

How do you help children learn about kindness and respect?

"Children learn through example and repetition. We teach kindness through daily interactions, storytelling, role-playing, and encouraging children to help one another. We celebrate positive behaviour and create opportunities for children to practise empathy, patience, and respect."





What do you believe are the most important lessons young children should learn?

"I believe every child should know that they are loved, capable, valuable, and unique.

Alongside academics, they need confidence, resilience, kindness, good manners, and healthy relationship skills.

But most importantly, we teach them to talk to Jesus and trust Him in every area of their lives.

Every Monday morning, after tea and sandwiches, we gather together for prayer. We encourage the children to draw or pray about what is on their hearts.

For our youngest little ones, the teachers pray over them individually, asking Jesus to bless them, guide them, and keep them safe."

What is one of the most rewarding parts of your work?

"Watching children grow and flourish is incredibly rewarding.

Seeing a shy child gain confidence, hearing a child read their first words, or receiving feedback from parents about the positive impact we've made reminds me why I love what I do.

But what touches my heart most is seeing a child quietly pause during the day talking to Jesus, something we encourage them to do.

Everyone else may be busy playing or participating in activities, yet that child chooses to spend a moment in prayer.

Those moments are incredibly precious to me."

Tell us about your staff.

"We have five wonderful teachers.

When I hire staff, I look for people who genuinely love children and have hearts for serving others. Skills can be taught, but kindness, patience, integrity, passion, and compassion are qualities that make a lasting difference.

And of course," she says with a smile, "they must love Jesus."





Shiloh Love



What has entrepreneurship taught you about yourself?

"It has taught me resilience, patience, leadership, and faith.

When I look back, I sometimes wonder how I made it this far. The journey has truly been one step at a time, trusting God along the way."

What are your dreams for the future of your pre-school?

"My dream is to continue providing exceptional care and education while impacting even more families.

I hope to create a lasting legacy of love, learning, and faith that will bless generations to come.

And I hope the children who started their journeys with us will one day fly high in their own careers and make a positive difference in the lives of others."

What message would you like to leave with our readers?

"Never underestimate the impact you can have on a child's life.

Small acts of kindness, encouragement, and love can shape a future.

Trust God with your dreams, remain faithful, and keep moving forward one step at a time.

And remember, even when it doesn't feel like it, you are doing an amazing job. The love, care, and effort you pour into a child's life matters more than you know."

Reflection

Amanda, what an honour it has been to sit with you and hear your story.

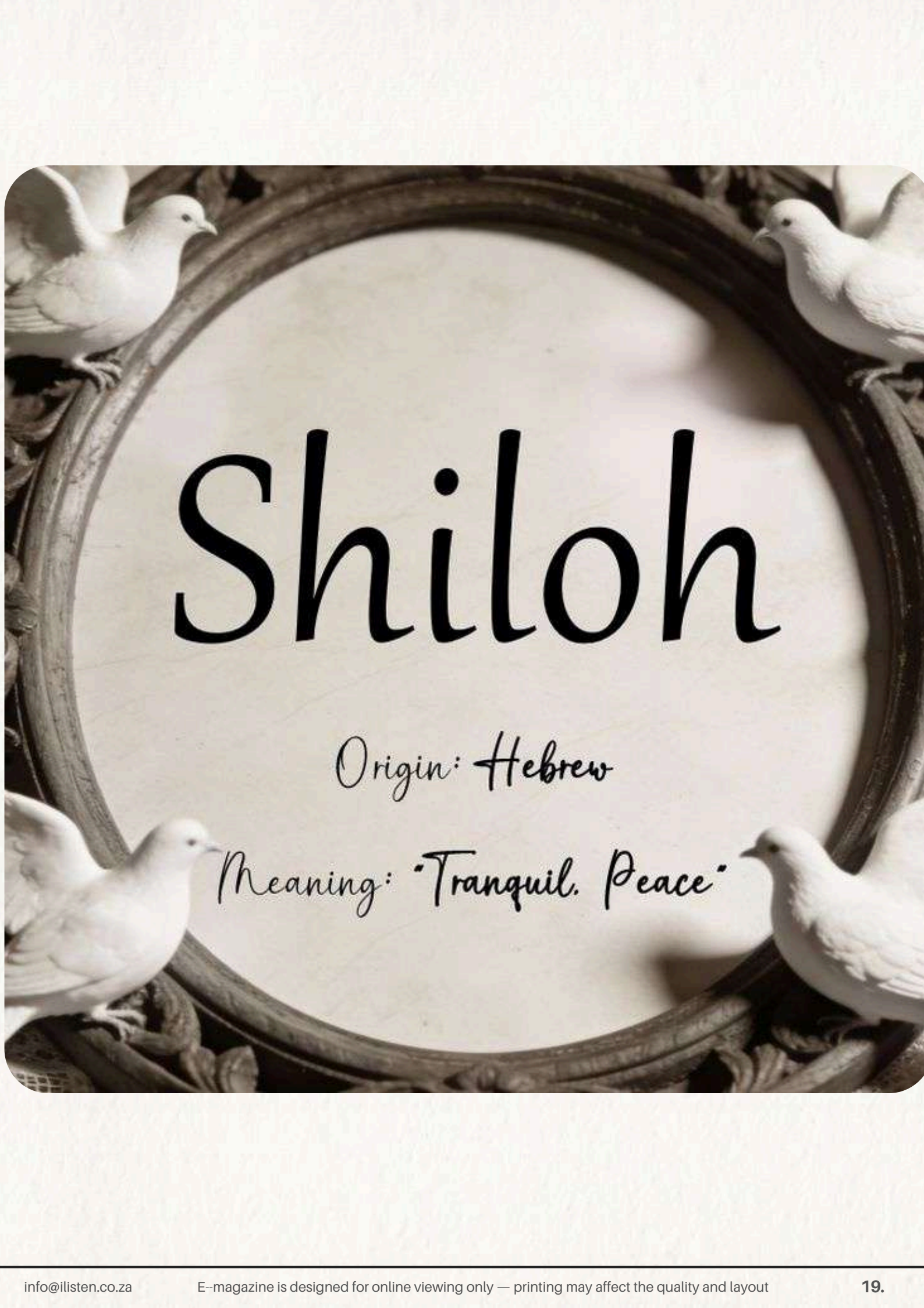
Your journey is about far more than building a successful business, it is about building lives, nurturing hearts, and creating a place where children feel safe, loved, and encouraged to become all that God created them to be.

As I walked back through the big blue doors of Shiloh, one thought stayed with me:

When purpose, faith, and hard work come together, beautiful things happen.

And sometimes those beautiful things come wrapped in tiny hands, bright smiles, and hearts full of wonder.





Shiloh

Origin: Hebrew

Meaning: "Tranquil. Peace"

The background of the entire page is a soft-focus photograph of white flowers, likely cherry blossoms, with their delicate petals and yellow centers. The flowers are set against a light, neutral-toned wall. In the lower-left corner, the flowers are in sharper focus, showing more detail of the petals and stamens. The rest of the image is a gentle blur, creating a dreamy, ethereal atmosphere. Long, soft shadows of the flowers are cast onto the wall to the right, adding depth and a sense of light coming from the left.

*Cast all your anxiety
on Him, because He
cares for you.*

1 Peter 5:7

A Beautiful Calling for Young Mothers

- Tertia

Titus 2

One of the most precious passages for women in all of Scripture is Titus 2. It is not merely a list of duties; it is a picture of the Father's heart for women who are shaping the next generation.

In a world that often measures success by achievement, status, or busyness, God reveals something far deeper, the sacred influence of a woman who walks closely with Him.

Paul writes that older women should teach and encourage younger women to love their husbands and children, to be self-controlled, pure, kind, and faithful in their responsibilities (Titus 2:3-5). This is not about legalism or perfection. It is about becoming a living reflection of Christ, both within the home and beyond it.

For young mothers, one of the greatest challenges is believing that the ordinary moments truly matter. The endless laundry, preparing meals, comforting a crying child, listening to a teenager, praying over a sleeping baby, these things may seem small, but in the Kingdom of God they are sacred acts of love. Jesus Himself spent most of His earthly life in serving before His public ministry began. Heaven values faithfulness more than visibility.



A Beautiful Calling for Young Mothers

Titus 2



Titus 2 teaches us that love is not merely a feeling, it is a daily choice. To love a husband means extending grace when life becomes difficult. To love children means caring not only for their bodies but also for their hearts and spirits.

Mothers are often the first teachers of faith. Through your words, your prayers, your response to difficult circumstances, and your devotion to God, you teach your children what trust, mercy, and perseverance look like.

This passage also speaks about self-control. In today's world, distractions, pressures, and worries are everywhere. Self-control is not simply willpower; it is the fruit of the Holy Spirit working within us. When mothers remain rooted in Christ, He provides wisdom for difficult decisions, patience for challenging moments, and strength when they feel exhausted.

Purity is also about more than outward behaviour. It is a heart that remains devoted to God. It means guarding our thoughts, protecting our homes from harmful influences, and creating an atmosphere where Christ is welcome. A mother's spiritual life becomes a refuge and a blessing to her family.

A Beautiful Calling for Young Mothers

Titus 2

Perhaps the most encouraging truth in Titus 2 is that no woman is meant to walk alone. Older women are called to mentor younger women. The Christian life was never intended to be lived in isolation. We need one another. We need the wisdom of those who have walked the road before us, and we need the encouragement of sisters who are journeying alongside us.

Ultimately, Titus 2 points us to Jesus. He is the perfect example of servant-hearted love, humility, faithfulness, and grace. When young mothers fix their eyes on Him, they discover that motherhood is far more than raising children, it is partnering with God in shaping lives for His glory.

Never underestimate the power of your influence. The prayers you pray, the seeds you sow, the love you give, and the faith you live out leave an eternal legacy. The world may not always notice, but Heaven does. Every act of faithful motherhood is precious in the eyes of God.

"For the grace of God has appeared that offers salvation to all people. It teaches us to say 'No' to ungodliness and worldly passions, and to live self-controlled, upright and godly lives in this present age."

Titus 2:11-12

May every young mother know that she is seen, loved, equipped, and of immeasurable worth in the eyes of her Heavenly Father.

To me, this is the heart of Titus 2:

You are not simply building a home; you are building a legacy.

You are not merely raising children; you are shaping hearts for the King.



Growing up in informal
settlements, My favourite verse in
the Bible is **Psalm 4:8** “In peace I
will both lie down and sleep; for
You alone, O Lord, make me dwell
in safety.”
- Tebogo



I am a Child of God

- Mariska

Our Father who are in heaven...

Sonship is the eternal journey from merely serving to deeply belonging. It is the quiet awakening to a royal inheritance, transforming fear into freedom and welcoming a child to sit at his Father's table in His lap. It transforms a life to become rooted not in earned approval, but in unconditional, enduring love.

Many of us as believers are approaching God by looking at Him through the lens of our earthly fathers.

Some had demanding fathers and others grew up with distant, unavailable and emotional cold fathers where abuse was normal, yet abnormally and imperfectly dysfunctional without a safe space for growing up.

No matter in what way you can relate, it is more important how you relate to your heavenly Father now.

How was your heavenly Father introduced to you? Before anything else, you are first and foremost a child of your Father who created you fearfully and wonderfully with a unique purpose.

Like a earthly child, you are totally dependent, helpless and in need of love, affection and protection from a parent whose acceptance and provision nurtures his child safely into a demanding and cruel world outside. Can you relate to God your Father in this way?

Can you, without holding back, confidently run into His open arms to receive that unconditional love in a embrace of belonging and protection. Or is He still to you, after many years of walking your faith journey, a far away figure- cold and distant.



I am a Child of God

Then allow me to re-introduce my Father to you through the deep understanding of your inherited identity in Christ Jesus your Lord and saviour. Let us also invite into this inner circle the Holy Spirit, whose primary assignment is to bring back the prodigal orphans and showing them the way back home to their Father's heart.

He offers a gentle invitation to be imparted with the spirit of adoption by whom we all cry out to our Abba, our daddy in confidence and complete and utter trust. He takes us into that sacred journey where fear and slavery is slain and where perfect Love abides and embrace us.

It is because we are called as God's own sons and daughters, He has sent His only Son to open to us the way into our hearts through crying out "Abba"-a word translating to "Papa" or "Daddy". A term of intimate endearment that lead us far from performance-based slavery into close and delightful relationship with our Creator.

Dear reader, you are not a mistake. You are not a orphan, abandoned in the vast sea of life's stormy waters. You and I were called into a closeness of intimacy, trust and full acceptance with our Abba Father who will never fail us or abandon and reject us because of our human faults and failures. Offer to Him your heart in full assurance. He will do a mighty work of restoration and re-identity in you, marking you with His seal to live victorious and confident in the purpose and calling of your life, free to be you.

Take the hand of the Holy Spirit and let Him lovingly lead you from out of the shadows of isolation and independence to walk into the liberating Light of fellowship, sonship and a life where you forever and truly belong.

Free your spirit to cry out to your Abba "I am no longer a slave to fear, I am a child of God. A son or a daughter of my Father!"



My favourite Psalm 51:12 (ESV)
“Restore to me the joy of Your
salvation, and uphold me with
a willing spirit.”

- **Martha** (89 years old)



Shalom Israel

Becoming Like a Child

On a hot summer's day, sitting beneath the shade of a tree in one of the many parks scattered throughout the city, there is something truly special about watching children at play. Their laughter dances through the air, their hair catches the breeze, and their boundless energy seems untouched by the heat of the day.

Children are much the same wherever you go in the world. Their personalities, imaginations, and playful spirits are wonderfully universal. As I watch them run, laugh, and explore, my thoughts often drift to Jesus as a child.

Over the years, I have often wondered what His childhood might have been like. I remember a conversation with a Messianic friend Shmuel, who once shared his thoughts and imagination about how young Yeshua may have grown up. His reflections have stayed with me ever since – please remember this is only Shmuel's own thoughts 😊... Shmeul:

"In the quiet hills of Nazareth, where olive trees whispered in the breeze and goats scattered across sunbaked slopes, a child walked with bare feet on dusty paths. His name was Yeshua, though most called him Yeshu, and he was known simply as the carpenter's son.

Each morning, before the sun spilled gold over the rooftops, he would rise and help his father, Joseph, in the workshop. The air was thick with the scent of sawn wood and linseed oil. Joseph taught him how to measure with care, how to smooth a rough edge, how to make something strong and true. The boy listened intently, his small hands learning the weight of a chisel, the rhythm of a plane. But sometimes, he would pause, looking up as if hearing a sound no one else could.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6



Shalom Israel

Becoming Like a Child



Once, a neighbour's child fell from a fig tree, twisting his ankle. Yeshua ran to him, not with fear, but with a calmness beyond his years. He cradled the boy's foot, whispering words so soft they seemed like a lullaby. Then, to the astonishment of those watching, the swelling began to ease. The boy stood, hesitant at first, then walked, with a slight limp, not much pain. The mothers exchanged glances, murmuring, "There is something different about that child."

On the Sabbath, he sat in the synagogue with the elders, his dark eyes wide with questions. He asked why the poor were forgotten, why the law sometimes seemed heavier than love. The teachers were startled by his understanding, not because he recited scripture, many boys did, but because he spoke as if he had seen the heart of it.

Maybe one afternoon, he wandered to the edge of the village where a widow lived in a crumbling house. Her son had died the winter before, and her laughter had died with him. Yeshua brought her figs from his mother's garden and sat with her in silence. When she wept, he did not offer words to fix her sorrow. He simply held her hand, and in that stillness, she later said, she felt peace like a warm cloak around her shoulders.

I imagine, at home, Mary would watch him as he played with the other children, chasing goats, laughing, climbing trees. He was not always solemn. He danced at weddings, his feet light on the stone floor, and once, when a jar of water broke during a celebration, he helped gather the shards, then smiled and said, "Maybe we'll need more wine now!" a joke that made the adults laugh, though they didn't know why.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6

Shalom Israel

Becoming Like a Child

But in the quiet hours, when the stars blinked above the valley, he would sit on the flat roof, gazing upward. Mary would bring him a cloak, and sometimes, she would ask, "What do you see, my son?"

And he would smile, not with mystery, but with certainty. "I see the Kingdom, Mama. It's closer than we think. It's in a kind word, in a healed heart, in bread shared with the hungry."

She would nod, her heart both full and heavy, for she remembered the angel's words, the star, the shepherds. She knew this child was no ordinary boy.

And so, in the simplicity of a village life, the boy grew, not in power or wealth, but in wisdom, in compassion, in light so quiet it didn't shout, but slowly, surely, began to glow.

The Bible tells us that Jesus "grew in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke 2:52). Those words remind us that even our Saviour experienced the journey of growing, learning, and living among people." "

As I sit watching children splash joyfully in a nearby fountain, one particular Scripture comes to mind:

"Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 18:3

There is something beautiful about the trust of a child. Children forgive quickly, wonder freely, believe wholeheartedly, and live fully in the present moment. They are not concerned with status or appearances. They simply love, laugh, and trust.

Perhaps this is what Jesus was inviting us into, a faith that is simple, sincere, and full of wonder.

Today, as I watch the children play, my heart whispers a simple prayer:

Lord, teach me to be like a child. Teach me to trust You more deeply, love more freely, and find joy in the simple gifts You place before me each day. Amen.



"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6



CONTRIBUTIONS

Would you love to contribute
to an upcoming edition?

**I would love to receive your testimony, story,
teaching, poem, artwork, drawing, photography, or
any other creative work.**

And please don't worry about translation, grammar, or
having everything perfectly polished ... just send it
through! 😊 We would be honoured to receive it and
are happy to help with any editing or formatting if
needed.

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Together, we can inspire, encourage, and uplift
others through faith, hope, creativity, and our
journeys with Jesus.





Thank You, Lord, for Your protection over our family and friends throughout this month. We are grateful for Your love, grace and faithfulness. We love you Lord, in Jesus name, Amen.