Anthology of Harvest Christian Poetry and Creative Writing Exhibition 2026

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH

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Community Life - Deborah Hardman

The Strength of a Nation lies within her Communities.

Our colourful Communities
Each Community has their own story to tell
Past, present and future
Impacting our lives and making a difference in people's lives.

Communities within Communities
Striving to build our Nation
Circles within Circles
Our lives touching each other's lives

Communities build into the lives of families
Family is an integral part of Community
Where we share the same heartbeat
People meeting people's needs

The Circle of the influence of Community life
Grows as we share the Good News of the Gospel of Jesus Christ
Our mission to bring messages of
Faith, Hope, Love and Peace
To reach the Communities in need

Community is the place to gather
Where we engage in matters of the heart
To share in the laughter and the tears
In the triumphs and the struggles
To bring us closer in unity
The diversity of our lives creates a colourful display

The Circle of friendships formed within the Community
Creates a space for fellowship, loving, caring and healing
In times of need we know we can turn to our Communities
This is the place we need to be

A growing concern within our Communities is the need
To create a support structure for Mental Health awareness
A common concern, to be able to meet people's needs

Community life strengthens our sense of Purpose
And renews our Hope for each day
To be able to contribute to Community Life
No matter how small or big our offering is.

My poetry flows from deep Intercessory Prayer, Praise and Worship.
I was blessed with the gift to write in the month I gave my life to our Lord Jesus 22 years ago and with this my creativity was birthed.
My deep desire and hope is for each person to discover their creative potential of who they are in Christ Jesus by reading and delving into the Word of God; sharing their testimonies and to find their place of healing and restoration through creativity.

Constellations - Lukho Kavie

You have been the constellations in my night,
turning my face toward God
when my soul was too wounded to pray.

You opened roofs for me,
that I might reach the Christ,
for you saw through the crack in my smile
that my spirit was collapsing beneath its own silence.

Alone, the night would have buried me.
Alone, I would never have known
that mercy still had my name upon its lips.
I would never have crawled to God,
yet you carried me
and laid me upon His shoulders.

The body of Christ
a mighty fortress, a wall no enemy can breach.
Each saint, a living stone,
steadfast in the shelter
of the Cornerstone.

When giants gathered at my gates,
the assembly of saints stood before them,
fought battles I could not fight,
and called the victories mine
before I believed they could be.

Oh, what constellations you have been to my night.
Each daughter, each son of the Kingdom,
a star stitched into heaven,
tearing holes through my darkness
until dawn remembered my name.

Your testimonies became my horizon.
Your prayers became my shelter.
Your faith became the bridge
between my despair and God's embrace.

Alone, the night would have claimed me.
With you, the night itself became
a canvas upon which God unveiled His glory.

I am LUKHO KAVIE a poet, model, storyteller, and an Inside Channel Manager serving corporate America. I spend my days building connections through business and my nights listening for the quiet language of the soul. Poetry is where those worlds meet.
My work is an offering of faith. I write to trace the fingerprints of Jesus in ordinary moments, to gather beauty from broken places, and to remind the weary that grace still speaks. I believe poetry can become a sanctuary—a place where the heart encounters hope, where silence learns to sing, and where every verse gently points toward the love of Christ.

Untitled - Lungi Koni

She drinks alone.
Not to celebrate
but to endure.
She walks the street.
Not for pleasure
but for bread.
She stands in crowded rooms
yet feels unseen.

The world watches.
Whispers. Judges. Labels. Overlooks.

She dares to speak:
Do you know I drink to silence memories?
Do you know I was bartered into sexual slavery?
Do you know what rejection does to a soul?

My alcoholism is my escape.
My sexuality is my life.
My rejection is my identity.

If you have answers for the state that I am in
EDUCATE ME, I DARE YOU.

Without condemnation,
without judgment,
with open arms,
the Church draws near.

We may not fully understand your pain,
but we refuse to let you carry it alone.
We will not reduce you to your wounds.
We see you. We hear you.

We bring you Christ.
By His wounds, you are healed.
He calls the weary and gives them rest
He redeems you, calls you by name; you are His.
The old has gone; the new has come.
You are fearfully and wonderfully made.
He gives beauty for ashes, joy for mourning.

Where we have judged, we repent.
We will love as Christ first loved us.
Where we have closed doors, we will open them.
Where our words have harmed, our hands will heal.
We will carry you not as charity,
but as kin.

LUNGI KONI is a brand marketing professional with experience across South Africa and East Africa, where she has built brands through consumer insight, innovation and strategic marketing. While marketing remains her first love, storytelling has always been at the heart of her journey. A passionate poet and writer, she has published two Flash releases, A Black Girl's Life and I Never Saw It Coming, both exploring themes of identity, resilience and the human experience. Lungi believes that whether through brands or the written word, the most meaningful connections begin with understanding people. She continues to write poetry, fiction and thought leadership that inspires conversation, challenges perspectives and celebrates authentic human stories.

Alone, never alone - Michael Warren

When I stand before You,
no one can stand in my place.

No borrowed faith can answer for me.
No other tongue or heart confess my need.
The walk into Your presence grows quiet,
until it is only
You and me.

And yet,
it is never only me.

I only stand on prayer-strengthened knees.
I only praise with once-weary arms
that first rested on shoulders not my own.

My strength was shaped
by faithful wounds,
and healing bandages,
both given by loving hands.

The strength and courage I claim my own,
was first quietly shared,
from heart to heart
until it reached mine.

The faith in which I walk,
has been lame and stumbling,
until my stretcher was carried for me
to the feet of the Healer.

And sometimes all I had to raise
was my own shoulder
beneath another's burden,
and the hope that it was enough.

So, I come to You alone.
I stand before You alone.

Yet never just alone.
I can stand before You as one,

only because You made me
one of many.

Michael Warren was born in Gqeberha nearly 50 years ago, and has never bothered to leave. He is a son of the King, husband of an inspirational woman of God; and father of an energetic son. He uses poetry and short stories as an outlet for his creativity, because he can't sing or draw...

I wish - Rodney Liebich

I wish I had said nothing but walked with you instead
When hope and light were fading, despair seemed never ending
Dark and gloom impending as pain your feelings bled

I wish I had said nothing as we stood beside the dead
When anguish rose at parting, no time for final greeting
Despair and horror gripping like shackles made of lead

I wish I had said nothing but knelt with you and prayed
When you poured your heart like water in that sandy grave
Vast emptiness, dark void, no hope to lift your head

I wish I had said nothing but held you close instead
When numbness dulled all hearing, aloneness pressed unyielding
And jumbled words kept screaming within tormented head

I wish I had said nothing but held your hand instead
When sleep and rest were fleeting, dreams cruel with weeping
And dawn brought crushing burden that chained you to your bed

I wish I had said nothing but cried with you instead
When sunrays streamed with cheerless gloom
Steps dragged lost and listless, from room to empty room

At last my lips are silent as your heart cry now I heed
As memories rise like scrabble to fill a scrambled head
Love now hears in silence and utters not a word

RODNEY LIEBICH was born in 1946 and raised in a rural community in South Africa's Eastern Cape.
In 1968, he and Délice Germond were married. They have been blessed with four daughters, a son, and twelve grandchildren.
Rodney has retired from his secular occupation as a computer software analyst and now invests more time in Bible School curriculum and devotional material preparation.

Running the Race That's Set Before - A Perspective on Community
Ryan Adrian Odendaal

Church is the place where you will be the most loved, and yet also the most hurt.

I once heard a saying, 'you've been wounded in community, and therefore you must also heal in community', and to be frank, our human nature tends towards running from the place where we have been hurt, so then why stick around?

You see, the beauty of doing life with others is not trying to keep up the façade of perfection, but the beauty of community is found in the trenches, deep wounds of betrayal, teeth-clenching and heart aching forgiveness, the belief that others can be better, the belief that I – sometimes the inflictor of such pain unto others – can be better.

And no, community is not about me, for if it was, I would be half-way down the road already, running away from my own doubts about how I fit in, or rather how I don't. Did I really say that thing or respond in that way. Community means showing up for others, and loving others with a wild passionate love, a love that only Jesus can birth in our hearts, so that when we mess-up, when I mess-up, the words and actions of love will echo louder than the doubts of 'I…'.

Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one receives the prize? So run that you may obtain it. 1 Corinthians 9:24 ESV

So, run towards church, run towards community, you matter, you belong.

RYAN ODENDAAL is a husband and soon to be father from Gqeberha. He has previously been featured in a publication, Lockdown Letters (Publisher: Sela), 2020. He holds a masters degree in taxation from Nelson Mandela University and works as an accountant. Whilst he is passionate about his work, his true passion lies in serving alongside his wife in short-term missions and engaging people with the wild reality of God's love.

Compassion Cures the Soul - Traci Neal

Raise words the wind enriches.
Bravery breathes air's wonder.
Fingers flourish when hearts
hold hands, for tears teach
how rain pours and washes away.

Some bodies burn silently,
so quench fiery flames by
letting faith live out through light.
Have feet forge harmony
over hatred where love is liberty.
What we give to the world is
what we will receive.

Flow - Traci Neal

Position peace as archery.
Aim and release its bow.
Our fight is not with humanity.
We have a spiritual foe.
Patience and prayers can use
more watering,
if one takes the time to grow.
Each life has luggage
from the lots to the lowest low.
Honestly, we all should admit
there are things we will never know.
Helping other humans train to triumph
is winning in the kingdom like a pro.
Everyone benefits when
heart takes up the first row.
The word reminds us that
we do reap what we sow.
The son of God will always
be our greatest example to follow.
May our actions be a drink
for the thirsty to swallow.
The well is here for those
those who are weak and hollow.
Flow, flow, overflow.

TRACI NEAL was born on March 8, 1989. Originally from Hopkins, SC. she currently resides in Columbia, SC. Through poetry, she uses words to advocate for those suffering and to bring awareness to non-profits in need worldwide.

Neal's clinical diagnosis of Autism and ADHD is a story to inspire others to not give up. Through her faith in God, she continues to navigate through life and be the person God has called her to be. Neal believes Jesus is the better option! Everything else left her empty.

Favorite thing to tell people- "The world does not impress me!"

My Walk - Sean Dixon

I was lost, looking for someone to call my own
No mother, no father to watch over me
Walking through life, lost and alone
No arms to embrace me, to show the love I needed

You were here, calling out to me
I did not hear – I did not see
For I looked for my love and acceptance in the man before me
You were here, reaching out to me

Lost I walked through life
Finding false love, everywhere I looked
Here today – gone tomorrow
Why can't I find love?

You were here, calling out to me
I heard your voice – I see you
Who is this man before me, showing me such love?
I see your arms and reached out to you

This love so pure – so true
A love I had not encountered before
The love of the Father – so true
Warmth and acceptance I feel

I heard your story, how you sacrificed your Son
For someone like me – filled with loneliness
Broken and lost are no more
Loved and accepted now I feel
Jesus, Son of God
To you I owe my life
By your death resurrection
I now have life

I am loved – I am accepted
I have family, someone to call my own
Through your love, I see you everyday
In those you have given me, my wife and children.

In 1994, I was filled with the Holy Spirit while at YWAM and only from then did I experience the prompting to start writing. Before 1994, I had never been able to write anything nor able to speak in front of people.
I wrote my 1st poem in 1995 and write every now and again.
***My Walk* was a prompting from the Holy Spirit as a reminder to me as what He has done for me.**
I wrote this in 2015 after my hand hand been badly bitten by a dog, taking away my ability to play bass in the worship team.
In a moment in a coffee shop after having my stitches removed, the Holy Spirit reminded me of my journey from where he had brought me and to here.
Stop focusing on the not haves and cant dos but to see the blessings of what I have around me.

Together We Stand - Lynette Shrier

We were never meant to walk alone,
For God has called us as His own.
Not in isolation are we designed to be,
But through fellowship, encouragement and love to give.

Together we grow in faith and grace,
Meeting as believers in one place,
Gathering as the body of Christ each day,
Strengthening one another, asking the way.

We support one another when burdens are heavy,
Standing firm when life's storms are unsteady,
We celebrate victories, rejoice with delight,
And help each other walk in God's light.

Community encourages when we grow weary,
Brings connection when our paths become dreary,
It supports us through challenges and trials untold,
Helping us remain faithful to God's word and hold.

We are called not only to receive,
But to encourage others who believe,
Through prayer, fellowship, worship and care,
We show God's love everywhere.

With hospitality and sheer affection,
We reflect God's love and His perfection,
Devoted to one another as God is faithful and true,
Showing compassion in all that we do.

Iron sharpens iron as we grow,
Building one another as we go,
Bearing each other's burdens with grace.

Many members, yet one body we remain,
Different gifts, but one purpose to attain.
Each calling matters in God's great plan,
Serving one another as He intended from the beginning of man.

Love must be sincere and pure,
The kind that helps each soul endure.
Bless those who persecute and wrong,
Respond with mercy, gentle and strong.

My name is LYNETTE SCHRIER,
I wrote the poem. Always had a passion for writing. My poetry must give a message of hope and encouragement or direction to have faith and obey God. My poetry needs to inspire Believers to become more like God.

Umntu ngumntu ngoYesu - Siyolo Makasi

Ubuntu is an internationally recognised African philosophy about community, captured in the phrase umntu ngumntu ngabantu. While it is directly translated as "a person is a person through other people," it is perhaps better understood as, "You are because we are." It is a selfless understanding of community, one that encourages us to put others before ourselves, recognising that, in doing so, we too are shaped by those around us.

I've seen Ubuntu lived out at funerals, where the community comes together to support a grieving family, and in ceremonies celebrating the homecoming of initiation, where people offer gifts and practical support.

Although Ubuntu highlights the beauty and importance of community, as I came to faith in Christ, I realised that it was still incomplete. If our being is founded only in how we treat and act with one another, we remain limited by our own imperfect nature. As even our righteousness falls short before God (Isaiah 64:6) But through Jesus scripture reminds us that, "In Him we live and move and have our being" (Acts 17:28). It was then that I came to understand community differently. Christ is where our being is established; community is where our humanity is expressed.

Though we still wrestle with our imperfect nature, the Holy Spirit continually shapes our hearts and guides our actions to reflect Christ more faithfully. As we follow Him, we are called to build one another up, to serve one another in love, and to embody the selflessness He demonstrated perfectly. For me the journey of Ubuntu begins in having our being and participation in community founded and supported by Jesus Himself, umntu ngumntu ngoYesu (A person is a person through Jesus)

SIYOLO MAKASI, a 2nd year visual arts student at Nelson Mandela University. Serving in the youth and tech teams at Harvest. Hobbies such as football and running accompanied by a passionate love for the arts, namely photography, design, and films. All shaped by the love of storytelling and human expression. As well as the beauty and love of God as revealed in Jesus by the Spirit, shapes how I see life.

Community - Ethan Eli Naidoo

There once was a boy, absent of emotion
he relied on a fancy potion
waiting for his bride
he tried but couldn't find a drop in the ocean
he tied the corners of his mouth to his ears
he forced his eyes to stay wide open
with tears and a smile he always said cheers
watching his fears come true
having been left by his peers, having wasted the years
then he met them

Jermaine, loyal to a fault when there's nothing to gain, he is always there again and again.
Christin, to persist in excellence and exist in faith as great as the artist within.
Haezel, so gentle and special, she would wrestle with the devil to reach a child in peril.
Isabelle the invisible citadel with an inexplicable resolve to keep fighting.
Uthi always on duty, never standing for cruelty an absolutely faithful servant.
Cesar a true believer, our keeper, a dreamer and always eager. Our teddy bear.
Hannah, began a runner but ran a race with her heart till she made sure no one fell apart.
Temba, the ember of joy, all who know him will enjoy, he's always ready to put on a show.
Josh, washed in the blood, drowning in wisdom and learning the patience to merely watch
Cyle, made us run for miles with a smile, a father with style.
Natasha a mother to whom the smallest thing matters.

There once was a boy.
who got to meet the best people in the world.

My name is ETHAN ELI NAIDOO I am 23 years old.
I was raised in Gauteng and recently joined the Harvest family. I have made the best of friends and mentors since coming here.
I have also discovered my dream, God has blessed me with opportunities and interactions that have led me to see my strengths and passions.
I am a writer, a poet to be more specific, and through my writing I believe it is a conversation with God, an outlet and a form of therapy for me.
I share my work no matter how happy or grim because I feel that maybe just one person will find peace from it and that is enough for me.

https://www.instagram.com/salvations_poet/

OPEN HANDS - Judy Davenport

I miss the mark again.

Again.

Again.

But You?

Never.

Instead of closed doors

I see open hands.

Your people made room at the table

When shame said no.

They borrowed Your patience

They borrowed Your mercy.

Proof that grace has hands and feet.

Community isn't people who never fail

It's people who know the One who never does.

TIMBER - Judy Davenport

The grave stands before us.
The cross between.

We are hidden
in the shadow of timber.

The grave still stands.
But it no longer has the final word.

Between death and us
stands timber
weathered, blood-stained,
and wonderfully enough.

We remain together
in its shadow,

until that shadow gives way
to everlasting light.

JUDY DAVENPORT has been passionate about English literature and storytelling since she began writing stories as a young child. As a teenager, she wrote for JIP, the youth supplement of Die Burger. She once dreamed of becoming a publisher of English fiction, and her love of language has remained a constant throughout her life.

Lies - Poet Asa

When I was young, I used to wear my true colors
And they used to beat me for that
Then I learnt to wear face and the beatings ceased
Don't blame me, I'm what the world has made me to be
I am a liar

Bitter sugar coated lies for candy
Children love candy, we've been having it since kindergarten
Hence bad thoughts, decaying reason or rational
Wrong right, black the new white
Somebody help with tooth paste, brain paste; brush the brain
But don't touch the Candy-man
We are addicted to sweetness, lies in their pureness
Pureness? Lies are pure, pure lies, that's the new truth
Truth that leads the other way, far from holiness
Hence the Candy-man will always be in business
Lies cause masses to fall in folly like dominos

The don't ask, don't tell, way of life is from hell
These are the origins of the Devils horns, the powers that be
We living in hell
Telling no tales, check the tell-tale signs, they thrives on lies
Remodeled, redefined, to the lie inclined
Born, gone, purpose never known
Seen as crones of the fallen one
Tares have been sown, the likeness of wheat or corn
Seeds are weeds that shall be known when they're grown
As of now they choke us the true corn
Can't speak the truth hence can't be ourselves
We're the brand Sony, make believe
Death opens door at the end of life's tests
Gift of life all a worst
We live in fear, we live a lie
And alas, hell awaits us when we die

I'm scrapping all lies off my head
Like dandruff they are dead skin to me
But constantly Constantine flashes before my eyes
Burdening the masses with weighty tons of lies
And now I realize
We live in a world of men skilled in deception
Our many greats no exception
Picture the picture of the last supper
The power of the brush emanates from the deceptive skills of the painter
In your truth that might be untruth
Nothing is as it seems, right sight gives wrong picture
Lie too close to the truth, a damning interpretation
Garden of chameleons, church of hypocrites
Leaders of destruction
Controlled by lies, the inner-man dies
Nation starves
Baby lacks love, mother's tryna survive
Lies shown to eyes

The mind believes what it perceives
But the eyes do deceive
There's no water, at the distance is a mirage
Given freedom but fond of the cage
Maybe not fond but nowhere to go
Stuck in the cage like before
But this time with an open door
Living in the lie, truth far and unknown
Concealed in another lie, Pandora's box, better unknown
The world declares and the masses err
Life is unfair, hence there's warfare
Life is unfair due to the lies we share
Nobody cares, caught in your cares
What about his and hers
Use, abuse, throw away as refuse
Its survival of the devious, no room for the righteous
That's the world's view, adopted as true
Agenda pushed by the devils crew
And the masses got no clue

Enlightened with the light of the falling star, falling for the lie
Light plummeting into darkness to more obscurity
No freedom found, somebody cut the right hand of Lady Liberty
Control gained over those whose eyes are closed
Coded to the core, Lucie granted access to the soul
A pilgrimage to abyss, behind the light of the star that fell from heaven
Wrong path has been taken

It's not your point of view but your view point
It's where you stand that impairs your judgment
See, shown God from a certain angle
Message with a lil' deception; and you think God is that angle
Your eyes do deceive
Like Eve you receive what the serpent gives
You believe the lies from the father of all lies
May God open your eyes, so you stop living a lie
Its time I say bye but one more thing
Get out of the cage, change, stop acting strange
Forever, Jesus will remain
The Way, the Truth and the Life
Only the Truth will set you free
Only Jesus can set you free

BUZANI DUBE (POET ASA) has been writing and reciting poetry for more than 10 years. Over the years, his oratory talent has allowed him to become the man that he is today, which includes being an Award Winner, Multi Poetry Slam Champion, Social Commentator, Mantra Writer and Performer, Corporate Functions Master of Ceremony, Actor inter alia.

It starts and ends with community - Lyndall Sa Joe-Derrocks

Community, village, tribe, have you found your people, space and vibe?
Never promised sunshine nor roses, nor easy rides,
But by grace and grace alone we shine.
Through disappointment, loss and grief,
have you found the clan that into your life shall speak?
Laying down division, sin and shame,
Father God restores all, calling you by name.
He ordains places, spaces where your heart finds rest,
friends become family, a warm safe nest.
Brokenness shall no longer be your story,
instead, your restoration all for His glory.
Confessing your sins one to another,
vulnerability made possible as you trust your cover.
Interdependence strengthens the body of Christ,
two is better than one, for solid advice.
Called to bear each other's burdens, and be your brother's keeper,
the book of life is clear; we need to keep our community near.
Our first commandment, love the Lord with all our hearts,
followed by loving our neighbours from all parts.
So sing, as David did, how pleasant, oh how pleasant it is,
when brethren walk in unity, walk in community.

I AM where I need to be today... - Lyndall Sa Joe-Derrocks

Yesterday, I cried.
The tears started on the drive to my church's first Singles Conference. Thanks to my incredible village, my kids, their sport, and even our four dogs were taken care of. As the bustle faded, so did my brave face.
The reality hit... after five years of healing, I was stepping into a room marked single. The guilt, fear, and vulnerability came flooding in.
So, I prayed.
I surrendered my expectations, my need to control, and simply asked the Holy Spirit to lead. As I walked through the doors, greeted by familiar smiles, one thought settled in my heart:
I AM where I need to be today.
Throughout the day, those words became my anchor.
In spoken word, worship, testimonies, laughter, honest conversations, creative moments, and gentle challenges, God kept reminding me that healing isn't a destination—it's a journey. Every tear became a prayer. Every hug, smile, laugh, and knowing glance became a reminder that I wasn't walking it alone.
One phrase especially stayed with me: "Lower your expectations, not your standards."
The conference ended with a powerful reminder that singleness isn't a trial to survive but a season filled with purpose.
This conference wasn't about finding "a specific someone" - it was about finding myself in community again - in Christ.
And today, with a full heart and grateful tears, I can say with confidence:
I AM exactly where I need to be... on God's perfect timeline.

Grace - Lyndall Sa Joe-Derrocks

Five years ago, I was broken, angry, and weighed down by disappointment. Like the rest of the world, I was grieving the losses brought by COVID. But behind closed doors, my family was facing another heartbreak—my marriage was ending.

I remember crying out, *"How could I possibly survive this?"*

If you've experienced divorce, you'll know there's no gentle way to describe it. It feels like something is torn from your heart. You grieve someone who is still alive, yet the world often expects you to move on quickly, "heal for the children," and adjust to a new normal.

But divorce was never meant to be normal. There is a reason Scripture speaks so seriously against it. And when children are involved, the journey continues through co-parenting, even while carrying your own pain.

These past five years have stretched me in ways I never imagined. They've been filled with tears, questions, healing, growth, and above all, God's incredible grace.

I've discovered parts of myself I never knew existed—strong yet vulnerable, independent yet deeply dependent on God, brave yet cautious, confident yet humble. Most importantly, I've learned to be honest about where I am.

There are still days that sting, and questions I continue to wrestle with. Yet every time, I have found God's unfailing love waiting for me and a village of people who have loved me every step of the way.

Today, I look ahead with hope, trusting that God is faithfully writing the next chapter for me and my family.

Thank you to my village for walking this journey with me.

I'm LYNDALL SA JOE-DERROCKS, a flavourful, light-bearer – follower of Christ. Sunflower, lover of family, friends – people-passionate, confident communicator. Being a dreamer, storyteller, fascinating and curious, lead to my qualification in journalism. Currently working in the communication space at a higher education institution. Due to personal challenges, I've been rather quiet in the creative writing space but I'm emerging from my sabbatical, healed, whole and ready for the next chapter, of which my community continues to play a pivotal role.

THE CROSS - Simba Makunje

The cross, is it just a sign or a symbol?
The cross, some use it as a fashion design
You find it on neck chains, earrings, rings
So the cross is it just a symbol of beauty?
The cross, some use it as a good luck charm, some make the cross sign as a physical gesture before they enter a competition or a sport.
So the cross is it really a lucky charm symbol?
The cross some use it as a religious symbol, to ward off evil spirits, old vampire movies are known for this, they used the cross to kill vampires.
No matter your creed or beliefs one thing for sure, whether it's a sign of beauty, or good luck charm, or a religious symbol or relic, there's something unusual about the cross.

The cross, the Romans used it as an instrument of death.
The cross was the highest form of punishment in the Roman era.
The cross was reserved for the worst criminals especially rebels and murderers.
The cross made sure that it's victims faced one absolutely "death"
But yet through it's foolishness that's how God chose to save humanity.
It's through the cross that the highest expression of love was expressed.
It's through the cross the greatest love story there was, there is and will ever be occurred.
For God so love the world that He gave His Son to die on the cross.
Jesus said I'm the first and the last. I AM He who died and rose gain.
You see it's the cross that killed the son of God, I dare say it's the cross that killed God.
The cross the foolishness of God to the Gentiles and a rock of offense to the Jews.
The cross the power of God unto salvation to mankind.

The cross stands alone in man's History.
It stands at the pinnacle of man's existence.
Since Jesus hung on that cross that day the world has never been the same.
A holy divine exchange happened that day. The holy one for the unholy, the righteous one for the unrighteous.
Jesus paid the price that we could never pay, paid the debt that we could never pay. His precious blood was poured out that day.
It's at the cross, Jesus the lamb of God was slain.
It's at the cross that the divine holy, justice and fierce wrath of God was satisfied.
As He hung on the cross all humanity's sin was placed upon Him. Jesus took all our guilt, shame, poverty, sickness.
It's because of the cross we are forgiven and the Son of God was condemned.
It's because of the cross we are accepted and the Son of God was forsaken.

It's on the cross that Satan and his demons were defeated. Jesus disarmed the powers and authorities and made a public spectacle of them, triumphing over them by the cross.
Its the cross that has made us sons and daughters to God Most High.
Its the cross that has made us priests and gave us access to the holy of holies.
It's the cross, the act on the cross that has given us eternal life.
The cross stands as a beacon of hope to all of humanity.
There's hope at the cross, salvation at the cross, forgiveness at the cross.
Come at the foot of the cross, encounter it, experience it and you will never be the same again.

The cross, the Coronation of the King of Kings.
What an absurd way to coronate a King, indeed it is the foolishness of God.
Knowing he was about to go to the cross to die, Jesus said the time has come for the Son of man to be glorified.
What a great Coronation He had, death on the cross, and He became the King of Kings and Lord

of Lords.
When I am lifted up on the cross I will draw all mankind to Myself.
The message of the cross has changed lives, nations, civilization.
It is the dying of Jesus on the cross that gives it significant. Therefore coming to the cross is the acknowledgement of The Lordship of Christ, my saviour in my place, crossing the bridge from death to life, being conveyed from the kingdom of darkness, to the kingdom of light.

The message of the cross started in Jerusalem, then it spread all over the world. Since it's inception more than 2000 years ago, it's still spreading like wild fire. Many people throughout the ages have tried quench the fire of the cross but it's like throwing petrol on fire.
The power of the cross is breaking chains, addictions, prison doors are being opened, captives are being set free, broken hearts are being healed.
The power of the cross gives life to the lifelessness, hope to the hopeless, peace to the restless.
The cross, it's power makes all things new. No wonder why its the gospel. The good news, whoever is in Christ is a new creation, behold the old has passed and the news has began.
As Jesus hung on the cross, His arms were stretched wide open a symbol of invitation come, come to the Father, come home, the pursuit of happiness ends here. Come rest in the Father's love, love beyond measure.
In wonder lost, with trembling joy, we take the pardon of our God, pardon for crimes of deepest dye, pardon brought with Jesus blood.
Once you taste and see the power of the cross, experience it for yourself, you can only bow down and say. Thank you for the cross.

SIMBA MAKUNJE has been serving Jesus for the past sixteen years. He has been involved in various ministry. He is passionate about the Word of God and people understanding the Word of God and who Jesus is.

And I've seen community - Tshumbedzo Mudau

I've seen community,
Show up for me in ways I've never imagined
Moulded me in the reflection of God
Carried me in times where I couldn't stand on my way
Held me up to the light even when tempted to fulfil my own ways

I've seen community
Guiding me even when it never benefited it in any way
Stood in the gap for me when I couldn't
Prayed for me in my period of weariness
Shown me grace even when I was undeserving
Taught me God's love when the world had shown hatred instead

And not only did I see community
I saw God in the eyes of community
I saw God in the deeds and efforts of my community
I heard God through the voice of community
I felt the comfort of our Lord in the hands of community
Till to this day,
I believe that community was God sent

I have a home in community - Tshumbedzo Mudau

I have a home above
A home full of warmth and love
I have a home that has maltitudes of people
But yet still feels calm

A home that offers more than just a belonging, but also identity
A home that does not just define me
But also refines me
One that does not just remove me from the ways of temptation,
But also offers me direction,
More than that provides redemption

A home that feels like a safe space
Where my Father always nurtures every family member we have
But yet always feels there around me,
In me with me through me

This home consists of three elders
One being Him our Father
One being His son whom died so I my siblings can live
Another one being the one Who's always there in us.
Apparently He is the Greater one is us all.

My Father teaches me to love others,
Through Him loving me

The poem below I wrote it with the Holy Spirit, in a school lab out of the blue. It has touched me in so many ways and has enabled me to keep grounded in community, and that's what I wish for others who will read it.

The Love of God ~The foundation of every community.
Tshumbedzo Mudau

And if they were to ask me about love,
I'd tell them about ours,
The Corinthians 13 kinda love,
One that is patient and persistent
The one that's constant and consistent
One love that never ends or begins
For I myself found it already there

I'd tell them about our John 3:16 typa love
One that is sacrificial and sacrifices
One that doesn't count nor compare
One that cuts deep than a knife's wound
For it surpasses the heart, mind and soul

If they were to ask me about love,
I'd tell them about the one between us
One that covers multitudes but yet still feels enough for the both of us
One that is not envious
One that does not take but yet gives continuously
One that does not feel like it's lost when it offers but feels like it has gained the whole world
One that echoes all around the universe
But yet still feels present for me too

If they were to ask me about love, I'd tell them about us
How your love for me never allows you to sleep nor slumber
For if you you, the devil might snatch your beloved
Love that covers every part of me
Love that allowed you to take your time when creating me
Loved me enough to create me in Your own image
"Fearfully and wonderfully" so

Faces would be left glazed and amazed
By the beauty and might of our love
Love that sounds like an imagination to those who do not know You
Love that never fades but keeps on appearing
Love that never leaves but covers in all seasons
It never takes a break or rest,
Now that's love at best
Love that is contagious,
Spreads like dust but remains like roots in soil.

That's our love
It's forgiving,
It does not remember how I wronged you yesterday
The only thing it holds is care not grudges
Love that is safe, patient, kind and not forgetting gentleness
Love that has never ending stories,

Because it too never ends, that's our love

So used to it now that I even called Love,
Because that is Who You Are
No sentence that has to do with love makes sense without You being mentioned in it
And again, if they were to ask me about love,

I'd gladly tell them about us,
Our Corinthians 13 kinda love

Because community is beautiful - Tshumbedzo Mudau

"Let us think of ways to motivate one another to acts of love and good works. And let us not neglect our meeting together, as some people do, but encourage one another, especially now that the day of his return is drawing near."
Hebrews 10:24-25 NLT

- Every creation God ever made is beautiful
Community included
- This is why Jesus had a community of Disciples
- And His Word grew there, and so did they
You cannot grow in a community where His Word doesn't grow.
-You wonder why you have been into a lot of communities but never saw change?
- Because your fruit of gathering was never Christ but yourself, the world n everything besides God
- Everything was meant to glorify His name
So when confusion comes forth,
Of why the communities you are in never work out, because they never grew around the Word
- God created beauty in every creation
So yes, community is beautiful
And so is His Word
And community can only be beautiful if it has God's Word in it
- Ever heard of the saying "beauty of the inside reflects beauty of the outside?"
- Yes, the same way a fig tree can never bear fruits of grapes is the same way a community built by the world can ever bear beautiful fruits, sometimes it collapses even before harvest, because its foundation was never God but the world.If community is built by the Word, it bears good fruits.
If you have a beautiful heart, people see God in you because your heart is rooted in Him.
What do others see in your community? Do they see the beauty of God or the world?

I used to wonder - Tshumbedzo Mudau

As a kid,
I used to wonder
I used to wonder why my grandmother would always offer food to street vendors passing by.
Or why she would always make sure our visitors find food ready when they come at our home and not leave with empty stomach,
Or sometimes would even cook with them and create memories
I would wonder why it was important for us to greet the neighbours each morning when we'd wake up, strangers met on the way included
I would wonder why she wouldn't mind going out of her way to help those in need,
Even if it meant her getting out of her busy schedule, as long as the one is helped

How she'd always believe that you help those in need,
How she'd force us to attend family gatherings
Or go to community meetings even if we don't feel like it
And what's worse was that she'd even not mind us waiting longer while she's talking to people after the meetings
And she'd say "being inhumane doesn't pay"
And if you don't do any of those things,
She'd scold you
And as always, I'd always wonder why

But now, not I don't wonder
I ponder,
I've seen the importance of community through all that wisdom
I learnt to care even when it's not in my benefit
I learnt to interact even when it's not important to me
To create community,
Not for perfection, but for affection
To love even when it doesn't make sense
To avail yourself and put others first
So now, I fully embrace community
I welcome it with warm hands
Because I've seen how it was to my grandmother
And I too want that,
Not only for myself
But for everyone
Because community is beautiful

TSHUMBEDZO MUDAU
I grew up loving God, deeply so. I also had the love for writing and the more I knew God, the more I wanted my writings to also praise God. I challenged God to enable me to write Godly poems, and He did. I now write poems with the Holy Spirit.