

Dear Friends

I have to admit that I am not the most domesticated of souls and as my family will readily tell you, the thought of slaving over a hot stove to create anything that could be referred to as even vaguely edible certainly doesn't fill me with confidence or joy – did you ever hear about the time I mistook Ready Roll icing for Marzipan when I made a Simnel cake? – the result was neither pretty nor edible.

However, there is one occasion when I am happy to don apron and mixing bowl and I really don't mind who or how many people get to sample the results. You may be surprised to learn that this is when we have a cake stall for the church. But, the reason for this has nothing to do with my desire to help raise funds (which of course I do). It has more to do with the offerings that I make and the history behind them.

You see, my piece de resistance is the humble Anzac Biscuit. They are actually very easy to make, and although even Jamie Oliver can't make them look pretty, they do taste very good indeed. For those of you who have never heard of them, Anzac Biscuits contain rolled oats, flour, sugar, butter, Golden Syrup and desiccated coconut and were allegedly sent by wives to soldiers in the Australian & New Zealand Army Corps (Anzac's) because the ingredients do not spoil easily and the biscuits kept well during naval transportation.

So, why is this so special to me? I hear you ask. The simple answer is that my grandfather was an Anzac – indeed his service number was 87 (he was the 6th man to volunteer in New South Wales). Although he died many years before I was born, I am extremely proud of him and these biscuits give me the opportunity to tell his story.

I think it likely that we all have people in our lives that we like to talk about, family, friends, maybe even people who we have only had a passing acquaintance with, but people who, in some way or another have made an impact on our lives – and of course, the bigger the impact the more we like to talk about them. One of the great privileges in doing what I do, is hearing folk do just that and as they talk and reminisce, seeing the way in which their lives have been enhanced by the love, friendship or support that has been gained through this relationship. Indeed when I leave I frequently feel that I have got to know the other person as well and that as a result my own life has been enhanced.

Yet, for some reason, there is one person that many of us often feel too embarrassed to get into a conversation with others about. A person who has been a dramatic influence for good in the lives of countless people throughout history and wants to continue to have that same effect on countless more today and into the future. Jesus Christ, the epitome of love and self sacrifice, generosity, strength, guidance, peace and hope.

I have no problem in talking about Jesus if you want me to, it's what makes me tick, and I would love to talk to all of you about him as well. Not in a heavy, in your face, embarrassing way but in a gentle way in which I hope that you will be able to see the way in which he has enhanced and enabled my life. And I hope that just as I often feel I have got to know others through their loved ones, you will get to know Jesus through me. Just let me know – I'll be round in a flash.

With love and Blessings for the coming month



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