

Finding your Voice

STORIES
OF
Life

An Unlikely rescuer. Amy Ireland:

Enveloped by a scratchy but warm blanket and the security of a locked office away from the still heaving riot, hot tea calming me from within, I reflected how God graciously rescues us despite our doubts, and perhaps by unexpected and unlikely means. The resounding steely sound of the bell heralded another day to add to this Gaol's long-recorded and ominous history.

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Encountered. Yvonne Smuts

Amongst all the helpless, hopeless homeless I passed by daily, he stood out. His 'lostness' so apparent, so stark, so raw. He would come unexpectedly into view from my homebound bus seat, shuffling seemingly aimlessly to who knew where. On occasions he materialised almost ghost-like, suddenly up close, perhaps crouched in the refuge of a shop entrance. Fluids would stream from his mouth and nose while he sniffed deeply and desperately at some concoction in a plastic bottle, seeking insatiably to fill the gaping pain in his soul. I would stare, transfixed, trying to glimpse a shred of humanity but seeing and hearing only the signs of animal survival instincts.

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Never Too Late: Hannah Elliot.

The butterflies in my belly were too difficult to ignore. My fingers fidgeted relentlessly in my tracksuit pockets. Spending the last forty minutes stretching and warming up, I was ready for my event, the 1500 metre race. Now I was just waiting on my teacher to usher me to the marshalling area. I approached the teacher several times asking when was it time to go. I knew it was coming up soon, it should be any moment.

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