

- [Home](#)
- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

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Feeds:

[Posts](#)

[Comments](#)

The Camel

The Camel

Through a strange set of circumstances involving a prisoner doing time in a W.A. jail, I met a woman on the net by the name of Helen who was developing a ministry of writing letters of encouragement to prisoners on death row in Zambia, and other parts of the world. Only in the Kingdom of God will Helen's efforts in encouraging many dying men suffering at the harsh hand of African justice, be fully recognized. This woman is receiving up to forty letters a week at the moment, all of which must personally be answered.

Helen saw fit to include in many of her letters some little booklets that I had written on my experiences in the maximum security section of a mental hospital. I wrote one story of the "Camel," a man who had committed a vile and horrific crime on a young lad for which he had served over thirty years. He accepted Jesus Christ into his life just ten days before he dropped dead at my feet.

Two days ago, we received a response from a prisoner in Zambia by the name of Chrispin Mungaila, who, according to Helen, has HIV/AIDS, TB, and the harsh environment of an African jail, "though in all of this, he is praising the Lord," she said. Two days ago, Chrispin sent us a card he had made up expressing his appreciation for all the letters of encouragement that Helen had sent him. On the front of his little hand made, and hand drawn folder, can be seen the picture of a Camel. It is an identical copy drawn from the original Camel booklet that he had received. It is an amazing likeness.

The heading on the cover is, "**The story of Alec touched my heart.**" There are two captions that read, "Simple commitment from the heart," and "Money can't buy what Alec got." Inside the front cover of the folder reads the following words, and you might have to make allowances for Chrispin's grasp of the English language, which after all, is a lot better than mine is of the Zambian tongue.

"Dear Mum, [Helen] you are so wonderful to me, may God richly bless you. Each time you take a step, I think of the wonderful job you are doing for me. I wish I could see you and talk about the change in my life. I am sending you this drawing so that you can believe and understand. Each step you take, I will always be with you, believe me Mum, your words will not pass without me learning something from them. If you look inside the booklet you have sent to me, I have collected what I learnt from it and send back to you my drawing as proof. "**Alec the Camel is the first start of my race.**" No more tears because I have found you to be my comforter. Your son, Chrispin Mungaila—Zambia

We hear of all the mighty revivals sweeping Africa and some would have us believe the entire continent is saved, but such is far from the truth. It is a wonderful thing that God uses the simple things to confound the wise and He even uses the likes of ordinary people like us to reach into the recesses of human suffering and to save the ones and the twos who are suffering and dying without hope.

So He took the story of the Camel that had been lying dormant in my mind for thirty years, regurgitated it into a booklet, used a Minister friend and his wife from Newcastle to introduce me to a prisoner who was doing a long stretch in a Western Australian jail, who in turn introduced me to Helen in Queensland, who writes letters like there is no tomorrow, and many lives are being changed around the world because of it. We give thanks and praise to Almighty God for what is yet to come. Please pray and support those wretched souls who are rotting on death row, and in jails on the African continent, and for those who are suffering and dying without hope.

When sending me Chrispin's letter, Helen writes, "I received this in the mail yesterday, so I trust it will bless you when you see how far reaching the tracts are and what a blessing they are to the prisoners. Do you wonder how I love them so much, and they are just so precious to me? [I am sure she means the prisoners—not the tracts.]

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One Response



1. on [June 1, 2008 at 3:44 pm](#) *Chas Pieters*

I still remember saying to Alec, "this is your last request"; then he left us to be with Jesus for all eternity while we played, "The Old Rugged Cross." Makes me wonder how many others we've been friendly and worked with will be there also. Jesus knocks on every door and pleads....."Please answer."

NB. Chas was playing the guitar with me the morning Alec [The Camel] walked out of his room and dropped dead at our feet. [See story "The Camel."] Alec had requested we play The Old Rugged Cross just before he dropped dead.

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• Pages

- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)

- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

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- [January 2009](#)
- [December 2008](#)
- [February 2008](#)

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