

CMF Fresher's report:

The Fresher's Camp is an event organized for the induction of new students into the medical school. It is renowned for heavy partying, loud music and generally what teenagers of today consider "having a good time". If you can imagine it, it probably happened at Fresher's. This year it was held at the Motutapu Outdoor Education Camp from the 15th -17th of February 2013.



A group of 3rd year medical students who were part of CMF last year got together and decided on how we, as Christian medical students could play a part in simply showing the love of Christ at this event. We realized that as second years, we ourselves experienced certain struggles while in this type of environment.

We developed a simple, open programme to anyone who was interested in having a more sober, and possibly more memorable, experience. The purpose was to provide an environment in which the new students could get to know one another and have fun within a more toned-down setting.

The plan was to take the group on a short tramp out to Billy Goat Point on Motutapu Island and to spend the first night there. As John and myself jogged the way back from scouting out the area, the clouds began to blanket the skies and the rain came, drizzling tears that reflected our despondency and discouragement since the whole plan hinged on clear skies. So we prayed along the lines of "God You put us here for a very specific reason, this is your plan and we are vessels that you would use. I ask that you defend your Glory. Take care of the rain. We completely trust in you."

And God showed up.

Doors literally opened.



A camp staff member opened up a well lit, nicely carpeted room just for us to use. It was Perfect! Away from the noise and bustle of activity, it was a little niche of peace and tranquility. The first night saw about 24 people joining us in ice breaker and team building activities. The skies then cleared beautifully and we took the group out to Sandy Bay, a lovely sheltered location. There we talked and got to know one another, amidst the laughter and melodious voices that accompanied the guitar. Gazing up at the black blanket of the night littered with countless stars and the lights of the North Shore out on the horizon, it was truly a night to remember. At about 10.30 pm, a group of us decided to go for a swim.

There we beheld a most peculiar and magnificent sight. What first appeared to be stars reflecting off the surface of the water was really phosphorescence! Green twinkling points that appeared to be activated by movement as we swam and paddled in the shallows. In this moment of wonderment and awe, when I bury the biochemistry somewhere in the deep recesses of my mind, I can emotionally and experientially appreciate the beauty of God! It really isn't a wonder why David proclaims in Psalms 19:1, "The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the skies proclaim the work of his hands!"

It was about 12pm when we prepared a big pot of hot chocolate and distributed these along with a big hug to almost everyone on camp while sporting the phrase "Free Hugs and Mugs". A small group of us who refused to waste the night to oblivious sleep decided to jam-out some praise and worship songs on the guitar. It was about 3.30 am when the camp staff came in to tell us that it was way too late to be up and ordered the music to cease. Arguably, the "Chrisos" partied the hardest that night.



On the Saturday night we were determined to walk over to Billy Goat Point but were prevented from completing the remainder of the journey by a herd of cattle who seemed a little less docile compared to

before. We thought we saw a bull and decided not to risk taking the group through. We did however find a comfortable place where we could relax under the stars and share brownies and ginger crunch. Back at camp, the hot chocolates were a hit yet again at 1.30 in the morning.

We gave in to exhaustion and retired earlier...Did I mentioned that we were part of the catering team as well? Under the tutelage of Alana Cole, we chopped, sliced, diced, grated, fried, boiled, baked, wiped, swiped, mopped, washed for more than 200 people as we prepared breakfast, lunch and dinner for all campers.

Our Mission was to serve and to work with all our hearts as working for the Lord. We went to build friendships with people, to avail ourselves as vessels for the work of Christ.

Mission Accomplished.

John Choi and Jeremy Mathan on behalf of the CMF team