

# Chris Hill Ministries International Presents



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## “Day Dreamers” - a word from Chris Hill



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“After a bit of hiking, and thanks to a very well placed cable car, in no time I was sitting on the side of the mountain with a cup of espresso and my journal open watching people fly. I was struck by the bravery with which they ran towards the side of the mountain until the air grabbed their glider-like chutes. Then they sailed away smoothly, under the care of the pilots who rode behind them in the harness, pulling strings to make their wings catch the air. The scene instantly reminded me of our Jesus.”



### Flying Not Falling

Queenstown New Zealand is beautiful from the air.

Not in the way New York City steals your breath away with its teeming, bustling streets and majestic skyscraping spires. The walls of concrete, glass and steel, that from the air seems to form a fortress around a small green sea of manicured parklands.

No, Queenstown does not have the urbane and metropolitan beauty of grand old New York. It is beautiful in a pristine, primeval sense. Untouched, just the way God made it with verdant uninhabited island standing like massive green mushrooms of in midst of a massive crystal clear lake.

A young and jagged mountain range stands guard over the green valley. Standing like a white caped series of spikes marking a perfect path for the sun to follow, from east to west.

A quaint western style ski village sits on the side of the mountain cuddled up to the clear cold waters of lake. The village is dotted with ski lodges, boutiques, hotels, pubs, and coffee houses sitting on cobblestone streets.

The clear skies, tall timber, and cool temperatures makes you want to romp out into the foothills and to hike until you

reach the summit.

I had been preaching in the larger cities of Wellington, Christ Church and Auckland for four nights and so my host pastors booked me into a small hotel so I could rest my weary voice, do some writing and see something else in New Zealand besides the insides of packed out auditoriums.

For this I was grateful but upon arriving in Queenstown my level of gratitude went up considerably. This place was simply beautiful.

Less than 15 minutes after we arrived I had changed clothes and grabbed my journal and took off for the mountains to see, pray, and write. After a bit of hiking and a thanks to a very well placed cable car, in no time I was sitting on the side of the mountain with a cup of espresso and my journal open watching people fly.

There was a spot on the side of the mountain where one could go tandem paragliding. Tourist would pay a fee down at the ski lodge and then walk up to the side of the mountain to put on the harnesses and to glide down into the valley safely under the banner of the brightly colored parachutes.

I was struck by the bravery with which they ran towards the side of the mountain until

the air grabbed their glider-like chutes. Then they sailed away smoothly, under the care of the pilots who rode behind them in the harness, pulling strings to make their wings catch the air.

The scene instantly reminded me of our Jesus. At times we feel like we are walking to the end of the road and faced with situations that cause us to believe that we are going to fail. Situations that seem guaranteed to make us fall.

But the Master Pilot sits behind us guiding the whole situation. He is not distant, but is strapped into the same harness, locked into our situation and filled with care. And just when we think we are going to be hurdled to our doom, just when we think we are going over the edge, the chute catches the upward wind and we discover that we are flying and not falling.

Remember that the mountains we face are not places from which to fall but platforms from which we will fly.

Chris Hill  
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Queenstown, New Zealand