

# The Long and the Short of It: Smashing the Myth of the Four-Page Fundraising Letter

INDIVIDUAL GIVING TRACK

MIRIAM RAPHAEL

WAYSIDE CHAPEL





**BUT DID I REALLY NEED FOUR PAGES TO ACHIEVE THIS?**



*That pretty much sums it up.*



SIMPSONS-LATINO



**4 PAGE APPEAL LETTER**  
**Dr Barnardo's Homes**  
**1886.**

**"I THANK GOD FOR AN EVER OPEN DOOR!"**

22nd March, 1888.

To the Friends of Christ's work among the  
Waits & Straus of our Streets.

Dear Friend,

The winter we have almost passed through has been the severest and most arduous, so far as work among the children of the poor is concerned, that I have ever known. In fact, so great have been the unceasing demands upon our resources, that these have been taxed to their very utmost in the attempt to respond to the unprecedented calls for relief which every hour brought to our doors.

Still, I thank God for an ever open door!

Dealing each month with 600 or 800 fresh applications of apparently Destitute and Homeless Children, every one of which had to be searchingly investigated before a final decision could be given, involved such severe physical and mental labour (not unfrequently from twelve to seventeen hours daily) as made it often difficult to find time even for needed repose, much less to prepare and issue our Magazine, "NIGHT AND DAY," in whose columns I am able, as a rule, to communicate the story of the Lord's work in my hands. Something had to be left undone. I judged

As a consequence, our funds have suffered not a little, and my large and growing family, now numbering 2,432 children and 160 adults, has been maintained chiefly by the supplies so lovingly and generously sent in about Christmas time. But these are now all exhausted, and although "NIGHT AND DAY," I am thankful to say, is at last going to press, it cannot help my readers' hands for about a fortnight from date. Meanwhile £100 a day for food alone a moderate computation of our most pressing wants, and I feel sure I

arriving -- utterly and hopelessly at once all were all admitted. I for an ever open door! for His own gracious help, not almost exhausted minds and but also for pecuniary supplies wous season, through numberless the world; these often arriving need, to the cheer of drooping ce of failing hope. On my bruary--when the treasury I had been constrained, at- within me at the thought of eplorable little waifs whose id most pressing character -there came from the far- led "Thank-Offering for 90 to replenish our ex- ure me afresh of our s, at fighting God's little Ones.

Thank God for an ever I trust, whatever may he face of any really dy stream of child course it is understood like an overfull hive of bees. Accordingly if sufficient money comes in to pay the cost of outfit and passage, I am hoping that 200 trained boys will (D.V.) sail

one such Little Child receiveth Me." MARR. xviii. 6.

...one such Little Child receiveth Me." MARR. xviii. 6.



**Nooooooo!!!**





# Who has the longest attention span?



A goldfish  
**9 seconds**



A human in 2023  
**47 seconds**



A dog  
**2 minutes**



A human in 2004  
**2.5 minutes**



# INNER CIRCLE

- 51,000 subscribers
- Average 45% open rate
- Started including “asks” in 2019
- Now raising half a million each year

No images? Click here



Dear Inner Circle,

It's common for kids to laugh so hard that their stomach hurts and they're gasping for air. Yet for some reason that seems to happen less and less as we age. If you find friends that bring that contagious joy, cling on to them. This week I caught up with a mate who does just that. He was spinning yarn after yarn, tales that had me in stitches, which was pretty mind-blowing considering he has spent the last three years in a maximum security prison. He was a cartographer of a different world, with vivid descriptions of those who end up in "boneyards", get involved in "buy-ups" and an ominous place known as "segro." At one point, he eyeballed me, "You know why I was locked up? Because I was just as self-absorbed and selfish as my old man. Now, I have a lot of work to do, fixing the relationships I broke, and becoming the dad I never had."

His wisdom floored me, especially in a world that values replacing over repairing. Perhaps that's because the true art of mending requires time, patience and intention. It's what happens around here every day. It's in the smile of a woman who whispered to me, "I used to come here before, but now no one recognises me and that's good – I'm a different person now and I come here for much different reasons." It's in the loving actions of our big-hearted office staffer who, amidst a thousand administrative tasks, ran home to grab her sewing kit. She mended a beloved pair of pants for someone who couldn't bear to throw them away – a pair that was a gift from his sister, when his life was in a different place. They weren't just pants – but a symbol of promise and hope. There's a beauty in repair that far outweighs a replacement model. At least, that's what Lisa, my wife, always reassures me off.

The work of repair often spans decades, not days, as seen in Tony's journey. Tony first came to Wayside at 13, already tangled up in what he calls the "bad juju" on the streets. Thirty years later, we're still side by side, facing each obstacle together, helping him as he builds a life of dignity and independence. Watching Tony this week, dressed as the Christmas Grinch, making his wide circle of Wayside mates laugh until it hurts, reminded me of the profound impact a thousand small acts of love can add up to, they define not just the person but also ourselves and our community. Do we opt for the easier path of replacement, or do we choose the bumpier road of understanding, building, and healing? At Wayside, our choice is clear.

I typically hesitate before appealing directly to you for money, but this year's circumstances compel me to do so. It's an ask that leaves me both sleepless at night, yet fills me with great respect for my friends who spend their days "cold biting" on street corners. I'm acutely aware that the cost of living crisis has understandably affected many, not only those who walk into our community centres each day, but also our vital supporters.

Your depth and generosity of response, my dear Inner Circle, always leaves me speechless. If you have already given, you have my deepest thanks. If you haven't had the opportunity and you're in the position to, could you please consider, right now, [taking a moment to make a special Christmas gift](#) for those who need it most.

Thank you for being part of our Inner Circle.

Jon

Rev. Jon Owen  
CEO & Pastor  
Wayside Chapel



You're receiving this email because you have previously identified to Wayside Chapel, signed up to receive emails, or attended one of our events. If you would like to change which emails you receive, you can update your email communication preferences below.

Wayside Chapel is a registered charity with the Australian Charities and Not For Profit Commission with Deductible Gift Recipient Status.

Mailing address: Wayside Chapel, PO Box 80, Potts Point NSW 1585

[Privacy Policy](#)

[Preferences](#) | [Unsubscribe](#)



## Inner Circle Feedback



In my world where emails are things to action or archive, taking the time to read yours often feels like a pause, a breath, a return to what is essential and true.



I often read your emails when I need the world to make sense again and to remember kindness.



Every email there is something I can take to apply to my own life, share with my kids or talk over with friends.





**FIA**  
**Conference**  
2024

**Thank you**

**FIA**

**CONFERENCE**

