

Northern Light

The Official Newsletter of

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church

PO Box 156, Lac La Hache B.C. V0K 1T0

Visit us on the web: <http://www.cariboopresbyterianchurch.bc.ca>

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Fall Edition 2009

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Taking Time for the Second Mile

By Charles McNeil

I have just come back from a jaunt onto the back roads of the Cariboo. Not only back roads but trails that end at lakes. There's this guy I went to see – because he's up to his ears in ministry, is often isolated, and oft times needs someone to rant at. So I am the ran tee.

Instead of phoning I hopped in the vehicle and drove up to his place. It's a good mile in from the gravel road and I managed my way through gates and other obstacles. I was rewarded with parking next to the shores of White Horse Lake and a gorgeous view! When I got to his house and knocked on the door, there was no answer. His truck was there but after a bit of a look around – he wasn't.

So I got back in the vehicle and headed back to the road, and other things on my mental "to- do" list. There is the temptation to get all bent out of shape – not so much at him – but at myself for not calling ahead and for the supposed wasting of time, energy, and gasoline. And yet, it can be spun another way. That other way is that it is important to go out of the way for people. The gospel's entreaty to go the extra mile was when you really didn't want to or it was not convenient. The gospel context of going the second mile was where you were forced to go the first mile by a rather nasty large soldier who made you his beast of burden for a short time.

In the context of the far-flung land of the Cariboo, going out of your way, figuratively and literally, is a way of life and work for Jesus. Yes there is a premium on time and energy and the need to be a good steward of what God has given you. Yes there are all sorts of very pressing things, needs, and realities. Like Jesus said about the poor, the pressing need of the world and its people will always be with us.

The question is, do I become driven or do I follow Jesus? Jesus not only took time for people but he had time for people. The Palestinian shepherd didn't drive the flock. The flock followed him. The shepherd knew the pace to set so the needs of the flock were met, and got them back to the fold at night.

Another story; Last Sunday I participated in the Carefree Manor house church service. Afterwards I intended to race back to Lac La Hache to connect with Gordon Kellett who took the service there. Instead, a group of us sat down and had a very important and needed visit. We talked of very needful and pressing things. Early on in the visiting God impressed upon me to sit and be present. Forget about getting to

Lac La Hache and Gordon. Things were looked after there. I was to be present where I was and where God had put me.

Going out of my way could very well be changing my plans because of the clear direction of God. Going out of my way does mean shifting gears and being where God intends me to be on any given occasion. It can mean staying put. Sometimes I clue in and get it right, sometimes not. The point is for me to be open to God and to be willing to go out of my way for God, for the people along the way, and the sake of the gospel.

2009 Vacation Bible Schools at McLeese and Tatla Lake

By Cynthia Noble

This is a summary of the two Vacation Bible Schools that happened this year in McLeese Lake and Tatla Lake.

The curriculum that we used this year was from “Answers in Genesis.” It was a very comprehensive curriculum. It started out with Creation, which then showed the fallacy of evolution and gave the children a basis for what we believe. Then it went to the fall of man (corruption), catastrophe (the flood), confusion (the tower of Babel), and ended on Friday with Christ, the Cross, and Consummation. It was very good showing the Creator, His creation, and why He came to die for mankind. Not only was it good for children who had no background in the Bible, but it was excellent for the Christian young people to help them to know why they believe.

In McLeese Lake we had up to 15 children in a day. It was quite exciting to see other people come than just the House Church children. Of the families that aren't connected with the House Church there was excitement in the children coming and learning about God. One lady had me take down her name and phone number so that we could make sure and call her next year, so her children could plan ahead to be there for the entire week. One girl and her grandma would read from the Bible verse that they were to memorize for the day. Not only would they read the Bible verse, they would read whatever story or the context around the verse. On the last day we had lunch together with the children and some of the parents. They were all open to their children hearing about God and wanted to be invited for next year.

In Tatla Lake, we had a total of 10 come out to the Vacation Bible School. We had quite an age span there, from 6 – 16. But all were involved and enjoyed the time there. All of these children have been exposed to the Bible. They all live in Christian homes. It was exciting to help these young people know why they believe in the God of the Bible and to have a reason to give to others. There has been tension in the Tatla Lake area between some of the Christians there and the Tatla Lake Church. We were so excited when 4 of the children who came were from families that don't normally come to the church, yet they were willing to bring their children to the Vacation Bible School.

Is it worth it? Yes, it is worth every cent and every tiring day. Our goal is to bring the Good News to those who don't know our Lord and Savior and to encourage

those children who are believers to know why they believe in the One True God of the Bible.

Kids Space Vacation '09

By Elaine Adams

Reaching Out With God? How are we going to reach out to kids from age 4 to 14? The attention span, intake level, and interests vary too much to create a single program for such a large multi-age grouping. Another wonderful problem was the number of children registering. Twelve children is a good number for the Bridge Lake area but when the registrants reached twenty-eight, elation was the strongest feeling of the leadership team. Well ---- elation mixed with 'okay how are we going to do this?'

To provide a weeklong age appropriate program to the wide age span and the twenty-eight children, stations were created. The crafts, games and Bible lesson stations centered on the theme of Noah, the Ark and the Flood. The activity centre included kayaking, nature walks, scavenger hunts and swimming. The four groupings were age five to seven, eight and nine, ten and eleven, and twelve plus. Each station lasted half an hour. Music was a whole group activity followed by lunch. This organizational strategy worked well.

Focus on Noah as the first environmentalist made for interesting discussions within the groups. God's purpose in creating a safe haven for the prevention of species extinction added further discussion for the older groups.

If God appreciated his creation enough to protect the animals then the children reflected on how much He must love each of them. God so loved the world he sent Jesus. Jesus in turn clearly stated he loved the children. This was the message: Jesus is the way.

Kids Space was provided with an ideal location to meet – Sheridan Acres, the home of Ken and Jodie Malm. Their gracious hospitality helped make a successful week. Thanks also to Ian and Catherine.

Jim and Jodie Malm provided instruction for kayaking. Amber Greenall led the children on informative nature walks. Jacquie Nettleton provided the papier-mâché supplies to makes arks as well provided delicious lunches for the children and adults. Sibylle Vogel played fun games with the kids. Sibylle was also the music leader. Celia Visscher and Andrew Mazonna led the children on a scavenger hunt. Andrew helped with numerous other activities throughout the week. Elaine Adams, coordinator, taught the bible classes. Pastors Dave Webber and Charles McNeil prayed for and enthusiastically supported Kids Space Vacation '09.

A highlight of the week happened when a thirteen-year-old boy received his gift of a bible. His comment: "Yes! I get my own bible!" There was a visible attitude change for this young man from Tuesday to Friday from being tough to a very gentle nature. God spoke to this young teenager who responded with a "Yes!" And so should we all.

Reaching out was not necessarily easy but certainly enjoyable, rewarding and full of blessings. God was our supporter and encourager.

Kids Space

Bridge Lake/Interlakes Community

By Elaine Adams

The kids like to attend fall, winter and spring program of Kids Space. The bible stories, dinners, crafts, music, games all add up to a fun evening for the kids. Ages range from five to fourteen with the older kids often helping during craft time. Parents often used the couple of Fridays a month, when Kids Space meets at the Interlakes Community Hall, to go out for dinner. They know Kids Space is a safe, fun environment so their comfort level is high. In a small measure, the facilitators of Kid Space like to think that providing this time for couples enhances marriages; just a small bonus to providing the children with a social evening based on biblical teaching. But then we know it's not about us; it's about God. His grace is felt through the kids by the adults in the community.

Facilitators of Kids Space are Elaine Adams, Sibylle Vogel, Kathy Kant, Celia Visscher, Jacquie Nettleton, Jim Malm, Alamaz Durand, Pat Lytton, and Pastor Charles McNeil.

Teen Space

Bridge Lake/Interlakes Community

By Elaine Adams

Teen Space is a new fall-winter-spring program in the Bridge Lake/Interlakes Community. In autumn '09 kids that were attending Kids Space for the last two years were off to High School. There was a real possibility of the High School teens dropping out because they felt too old to attend a program geared to kids. Providing opportunity for socializing in the spread out community of Bridge Lake/Interlakes was welcomed by the parents. And so Teen Space was created. It meets one Friday a month. Some of the teens continue to attend Kids Space.

What is self-worth? How do we get it? How do we keep it? These are the questions posed to the Teens through a program called "It's My, It's Your Self-Worth." Love God mightily and your neighbour as yourself is the biblical concept upon which this program is based. Teens are encouraged to talk about themselves and God, family, friends, and acquaintances.

In Teen Space, teens cook their dinners. Running around the hall gym is also something they like to do. An Air Hockey table was donated to Teen Space too.

Providing continued teaching of God's Word to teens in a much-needed social setting was enthusiastically embraced by their parents. Throughout the creation and development of Teen Space, God's faithfulness is so evident.

Facilitators of Teen Space are Elaine Adams, Kathy Cant, Celia Visscher and Jacquie Nettleton.

Sheridan Lake House Church

By Elaine Adams

A frequently made comment is: "Attending Sheridan Lake House Church is like being with family." The blessings associated with the comment are numerous. The cozy comfort of the Bonter home as well as the Malm home adds to the family atmosphere. Pete and Nicky's or Ken and Jody's friendly hospitality is felt as soon as you walk through the front door. Then Dave adds stimulating and, at times, provocative lessons. And as in many families, full agreement is not always evident. Discussion can be lively filled with new ideas and thoughts. Feelings range from laughter to sadness to distress and joy. Added to the house and lessons are the attending people. People whose warmth for each other and love for God is visible. There is this sense of 'it's okay to be me'. Expressing feelings, thoughts and questions is permitted. In a family of God, music and prayer are vital components. Here we worship God for his consistency throughout our lives. Being a family member of God's house church brings trust and encouragement to walk with God.

In Christ's family there can be no division into Jew and non-Jew, slave and free, male and female. Among us you are all equal. That is, we are all in a common relationship with Jesus Christ. Also, since you are Christ's family, then you are Abraham's famous "descendant," heirs according to the covenant promises. Galatians 3:28 & 29 The Message

Though He were a Son, yet learned His obedience by the things, which He suffered.

Submitted by Bruce Wilcox, from Charles Surgeon ... Hebrews 5:8

We are told that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, therefore we who are sinful, and who are far from being perfect, must not wonder if we are called to pass through suffering too. Shall the head be crowned with thorns, and shall the other members of the body be rocked upon the dainty lap of ease? Must Christ pass through seas of His own blood to win the crown, and are we to walk to heaven dry shod in silver slippers? No, our Master's experience teaches us that suffering is necessary, and the trueborn child of God must not, would not, escape it if he might.

But there is one very comforting thought in the fact of Christ's 'being made perfect through suffering'-it is, that He can have complete sympathy with us. He is not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. In this sympathy of Christ we find a sustaining power. One of the early martyrs said, "I can bear it all, for Jesus suffered, and He suffers in me now; He sympathizes with me, and this makes me strong." Believer, lay hold of this thought in all times of agony. Let the thought of Jesus strengthen you as you follow in His steps. Find a sweet support in His sympathy; and remember that, to suffer is a honourable thing ... to suffer for Christ is glory.

The apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to do this. Just so far as the Lord shall give us grace to suffer for Christ, to suffer with Christ, just so far does He honour us. The jewels of a Christian are his afflictions. The regalia of the kings whom God hath anointed are their troubles, their sorrows, and their grief's. Let us

not, therefore, shun being honoured. Let us not turn aside from being exalted. Grievs exalt us, and troubles lift us up. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

From Charles Spurgeon's devotional *Morning and Evening* Morning Mar.29

Cheryl Bear Makes Return Visit to Spallumcheen.

By Rev Wendy Adams, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Armstrong

(Editors Note: Last March, as a part of a Healing a Reconciliation Project, one of our mission team, Shannon Bell-Wyominga facilitated a tour by Cheryl Bear and her family throughout our Presbytery of Kamloops. The project continues)

The Presbytery of Kamloops is seeing continuing success with our recent Healing and Reconciliation project. Award winning musical artist Cheryl Bear was invited to return to the Nation on August 5. This time she appeared at the Splat's in Band Hall of the Shushwap Nation in Enderby British Columbia. Cheryl Bear is an amazing songwriter and vocalist, but she is also so much more. Her 2 CDs of original songs have won the highest awards for Native American music in North America, including "Debut Artist of the Year in 2008" and the "2008 Covenant Award Aboriginal Album of the Year."

The Splats' in Band Hall is an intimate comfortable place to be on a hot summer night. We gathered to hear Cheryl's powerful songs of healing and truth. Cheryl is also an evangelist. This past May she received a Doctor of Ministry designation from Kings College and Seminary in California. Smart and talented, Cheryl offers a way forward in Native American healing and reconciliation. Her music boldly charts the pain and hardship caused by residential schools and abusive government policies which have left our First Nation's people suffering from many social crises.

Last week, Cheryl encouraged all of us to speak openly about hurts and pain in our past. She gave an example from her own childhood to illustrate the knowledge gap that comes from silence. In her village of Nadleh Whut'en, in the Carrier Nation there was a man who suffered from alcoholism. When they weren't ashamed of him as the 'town drunk,' Cheryl and the other children teased and made fun of him. This went on until the day her grandfather told her about an event that happened long ago.

One cold winter night four young boys ran away from the residential school where they were living, and attempted to walk home to their village. They trudged along the wintry path until they could see the village lights across the lake in the distance. And then they made a fatal error. They decided to leave the path and take a short cut across the lake. One of the four boys refused, and turned back to the school. But the school administrators decided not to report the missing boys until the next day. Word got back to the village the following morning, and the adults fanned out to look for the boys. Their own father discovered them. They were frozen to death in the middle of the lake. The surviving child grew to become the man Cheryl knew as the town drunk.

When we take an honest look behind an addiction, we will often find a buried story of suffering and pain. Cheryl and her family are crossing North American, with a vision to bring her music and healing message to every one of the 1000 native

bands on the continent. They have visited three hundred so far, living in their RV, and collecting donations and selling CDs to finance this ministry. To learn more about Cheryl or purchase one of her CDs, go to www.cherylbear.com. To learn more about Canadian efforts towards Truth and Reconciliation go to www.trc-cvr.ca.

AAADD

Submitted by Gordon Kellett

KNOW THE SYMPTOMS.... PLEASE READ ON. Thank goodness there's a name for this disorder. Somehow I feel better, even though I have it!

Recently, I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D. - Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder. This is how it manifests itself.

I decide to water my garden. As I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at my car and decide it needs washing. As I start towards the garage, I notice mail on the porch table that I brought up from the mailbox earlier. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table, and notice that the can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the garbage first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the garbage anyway, I may as well pay the bills first. I take my chequebook off the table, and see that there is only one cheque left. My extra cheques are in my desk in the study, so I go inside the house to my desk where I find the can of Coke I'd been drinking.

I'm going to look for my cheques, but first I need to push the Coke aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. The Coke is getting warm, and I decide to put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold. As I head toward the kitchen with the Coke, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye--they need water. I put the Coke on the counter and discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers.

I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV, I'll be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I pour some water in the flowers, but quite a bit of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day: the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a warm can of Coke sitting on the counter, the flowers don't have enough water, there is still only 1 check in my cheque book, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day, and I'm really tired.

I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my e-mail. Do me a favour, if you are on email forward this message to everyone you know, because I don't remember who the heck I've sent it to.

Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!

The Old Phone On The Wall.

Submitted by Mary Krajczar.

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy.

I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information, please" I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts. Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child, but I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

"Information," said in the now familiar voice. "How do I spell fix?" I asked. All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please." Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do", she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," She said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?"

Yes." I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called.

Let me read it to you."

The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in.

He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

The Galilean's Coffee House

(Submitted by Dave Webber)

The Galilean continued His coffeehouse this autumn. It happens every second Friday of each month. The stage has been rebuilt, the sound system tweaked to perfection and even the lighting improved. Soon the wiring will be upgraded to rule out brownouts in the midst of performances and blown breakers in the midst of brewing coffee. Parking lot lighting is soon to be improved as well.

Audience turn out has been good at the first two coffeehouses this fall, as have the music and poetry. But the number of musicians taking advantage of the stage to minister has been disappointing. The coffeehouse was started with two objectives in mind. The first was to provide an outreach to the Lac La Hache and surrounding community. This has gone really well with turnouts ranging from 40 to 80 people per session since we started a year ago. The second was to provide a venue for musicians and poets within the house churches to use and sharpen their talents in performance ministry. Since this autumn, this objective is falling short of what was intended. We could reach out to other congregations for help with musicians, but this would defeat half the purpose of why we are brewing coffee. So musicians and poets of the Cariboo house churches, the stage is waiting, the people are present, the Galilean is calling.

Jokes That Can Be Told In Church

Child's View of Thunderstorms (submitted by Gordon Kellett)

A little girl walked to and from school daily. Though the weather that morning was questionable and clouds were forming, she made her daily trek to school. As the afternoon progressed, the winds whipped up, along with lightning.

The mother of the little girl felt concerned that her daughter would be frightened as she walked home from school. She also feared the electrical storm might harm her child.

Full of concern, the mother got into her car and quickly drove along the route to her child's school. As she did, she saw her little girl walking along. At each flash of lightning, the child would

stop, look up, and smile. More lighting followed quickly and with each flash, the little girl would look at the streak of light and smile. When the mother drew up beside the child, she lowered the window and called, "What are you doing?"

The little girl answered, "I am trying to look pretty because God keeps taking my picture." (May God bless you today and everyday as you face the storms that come your way!)

Forty-Five Life Lessons (Written By Regina Brett, 90 years old, of The Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio)

"To celebrate growing older, I once wrote the 45 lessons life taught me. It is the most-requested column I've ever written. My odometer rolled over to 90 in August, so here is the column once more:

1. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
2. When in doubt, just take the next small step.
3. Life is too short to waste time hating anyone.
4. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends and parents will ... stay in touch.
5. Pay off your credit cards every month.
6. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.
7. Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.
8. It's OK to get angry with God. He can take it.
9. Save for retirement starting with your first paycheck.
10. When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.
11. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present.
12. It's OK to let your children see you cry.
13. Don't compare your life to others. You have no idea what their journey is all about.
14. If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.
15. Everything can change in the blink of an eye. But don't worry; God never blinks.
16. Take a deep breath. It calms the mind.
17. Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.
18. Whatever doesn't kill you really does make you stronger.
19. It's never too late to have a happy childhood. The second one is up to you and no one else.
20. When it comes to going after what you love in life, don't take no for an answer.
21. Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, don't save it for a special occasion ...today is special.
22. Over prepare; then go with the flow.
23. Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
24. The most important sex organ is the brain.
25. No one is in charge of your happiness but you.
26. Frame every so-called disaster with these words' In five years, will this matter?'
27. Always choose life.
28. Forgive everyone everything.
29. What other people think of you is none of your business.
30. Time heals almost everything.
31. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.
32. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
33. Believe in miracles.
34. God loves you because of who God is, not because of anything you did or didn't do.
35. Don't audit life. Show up and make the most of it now.
36. Growing old beats the alternative -- dying young.
37. Your children get only one childhood.
38. All that truly matters in the end is that you loved.
39. Get outside every day. Miracles are waiting everywhere.
40. If we all threw our problems in a pile and saw everyone else's, we'd grab ours back.

41. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.
 42. The best is yet to come.
 43. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.
 44. Yield.
 45. Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a gift.
 Finally, friends are the family that we choose for ourselves

The Bedtime Coffee Maker

A man decided to buy a new coffee maker for his wife. It had all the bells and whistles including an automatic timer. The store clerk explained to the woman that she could set the timer and go to bed. When she woke up the coffee would be ready. After several weeks, the woman came into the store and the clerk asked how she liked the coffee maker. She said it was wonderful but she did not understand why she had to go to bed every time she wanted to make a cup of coffee!

Food for the Body

'Autumn '09 saw the development of a new program called Teen Space created to appeal to the 12+ Teens in the Interlakes Community. Teens like to cook and the Easy Chicken Cordon-Bleu and the Pizza recipes are their first attempts. Easy but tasty recipes the Teens are encouraged to cook for their families at home.' Elaine Adams, Bridge Lake.



Pizza Crust

- 2 cups all-purpose flour*
- 1 tbsp baking powder
- 1 tsp salt

Stir together with a fork.

Measure:

- ¼ cup cooking oil
- 1 cup milk

Whisk with a fork.

Pour the cooking oil and milk over flour mixture.

Stir together gently until flour is moistened.

Knead up to 12 times gently.

(Dust a bit of flour on your hands)

Divide dough in half.

Flatten each dough gently with your hands until dough is about half inch thick.

Pizza Topping

- 1 tin pizza sauce

Meat: pepperoni, ham, cooked ground beef and so on.

Vegetables/Fruit: peppers, onions, tomatoes, olives, pineapple, and so on.

Grated Mozzarella Cheese to taste

Divide the ingredients for topping in half.

Spoon pizza sauce evenly over the dough.

Add meat and cut up vegetables/fruit spreading evenly over the sauce.

Sprinkle grated mozzarella on the top.

Place pizza on baking pan & bake at 400 C for 25 to 30 minutes.

Makes two pizzas

* You can substitute 1 cup whole wheat flour and 1 cup all-purpose flour.



Easy Chicken Cordon-Bleu

Ingredients:

Chicken Breasts (One per person)
Swizz Cheese Slices (One slice per chicken breast)
Sliced Ham Slices (One slice per chicken breast)

Method:

Use a kitchen mallet or the backside of a mug to pound chicken breast until the same thickness through out.
Season to taste with salt and pepper.
Place swizz cheese and then ham on top of chicken breast.
Brown the side of chicken without the toppings first.
Flip and brown the ham and swizz cheese side.
Place Chicken Cordon-Bleu onto parchment lined pan and bake at 350 C for 20 to 30 minutes.

Treasurer's Message, Fall 2009

By Shannon Finley

We have been blessed with some wonderful gifts this year, including among them grants from Canada Ministries, Healing & Reconciliation, BC Synod and the Lac La Hache Father's Day Fishing Derby Society. We have been blessed with donations from churches, WMS groups and various other church groupings, and many Friends of Cariboo Presbyterian Mission. Our local house churches and the chapel ministry have donated and fund raised. And yet, we, like so many others, are facing a shortage of funds to match several large invoices before the end of the year.

It has been a tough year for so many around the world as the fall out of the economic times continues to ravage the structures and institutions, which run the economies. Those lovely business terms hide the faces of the hungry, homeless, ill, unemployed and destitute behind emotionless syllables, which simply wait fixing by G20's and parliaments and legislatures and all will be better again.

The truth is that it will not all be better again until each of us chooses to live our lives in step with Jesus Christ, listening for His voice and allowing His ways to guide us. When we live out his radical love, loving God and neighbour, caring for the universe (we can't be concerned with just the earth anymore— having found water on the moon, thirsty exploitation can't be far behind; and we hear of the 'space junk' polluting the heavens), and sharing our resources until no one has abundance stored in huge warehouses, but each has enough in their belly every day ... then it will be all better.

Our mission in the Cariboo is to companion people and community, preach and teach and bring Jesus to all who will hear; and those who hear we hope will be inspired to live out Jesus' radical love.

As you contemplate your ability to give at the end of this year, please ask Jesus for His guidance. There are so many places needing your help, only He in His wisdom can help you choose what to do. If it be the Cariboo Presbyterian Mission, we will be grateful and encouraged in our endeavours here.