

Northern Light

The Official Newsletter of
The Cariboo Presbyterian
Church.



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A Wild Ride

By David Webber

Dad and I had been invited up to Brisco, BC about a hundred miles north of where we lived in the Rocky Mountain Trench. Dad had a friend there who had a ranch, a herd of good horses, a couple of good-looking daughters just a little older than me and a boy my own age of twelve. We arrived in the morning and the good-looking daughters and the boy soon had me mounted on a beautiful Arabian stallion. Before I knew it we were all heading out for a ride down the gravel road that bordered the ranch. The stallion was a way more horse than I had ever forked before, but the good-looking daughters inspired me to be brave. I was cutting quite a figure as we kids rode along, the stallion doing his thing, sidestepping, prancing, neck arched and nostrils flared. Things were turning out just about the way I had planned them, if I had planned them at all, when a woeful whiny wafted over the wind from across the field of a neighboring ranch that we happened to be skirting at the time.

It turned out that there was more than whiny wafting in the wind that afternoon. The plaintive sound was generated by the neighbor's quarter horse mare who was in the middle of a rampaging heat. As the love notes of the whiny wafted into the ears of my mount, the rampaging heat wafted up his nose. Instantly there was a lot more sidestepping and prancing going on followed by some enthusiastic crow-hopping and sun-fishing. Now I was really cutting quite a figure for the good-looking daughters. And then, both the Arab stud and I lost control. He took the bit in his teeth, speed shifted into high gear and lit out in something crossed between a dead run and an outright rodeo routine. I didn't know whether to pull all the leather I could and try to hang in there for the consummation of the obvious, or whether I should let go of everything including my pride and bail out. One thing for sure, I was no longer cutting quite a figure for the good-looking daughters, I was just struggling to stay on the wild ride. Thanks to the good-looking daughters, who managed to get their mounts on either side of the stud and pinch him into control, I survived the wild ride but only with their help beside me.

As I reflect on the past 4 months since Charles McNeil and his wife Shannon Finley have left us, my experience of this mission work has been a lot like my experience with that Arabian stud almost 50 years ago. It's been quite a ride. You don't lose a third of your full time mission team (Charles) and your mission financial manager (Shannon) without unleashing a wild ride. Linda and I have been run off our feet, as have Jon and Shannon, and our lay missionaries Bruce Wilcox and Ginny Alexander, not to mention many other folks in the house churches. We did have to close down one house church, but on the other hand all kinds of new work has started too, including new house churches, VBS programs, kids clubs, women's Bible studies, and substance abuse workshops to name a few. It's been an amazing wild ride this past 4 months, for all of us in this mission work, and there is every indication that it's not ending. That's where we need the help of all our supporting friends and churches, to ride alongside us with continued prayers and mission support.

News From Red Willow Ranch House Church

By Elke Hirsch

With the new developments on the pastoral staffing side, we decided to say farewell to the Red Willow house church, not without some tears in our eyes and a big thank you for all the time David and Linda came out every Sunday as well as Bruce and Jackie, Charles and Jon and Shannon when holiday cover was needed. Early Easter Sunday services, Thanksgiving, horseback rides, groups on vacation and much more will be still in my memory from the past 12 years of house church on the Ranch. But those who still want to experience house church, can go to the Bonter's house at Interlakes and meet new friends and fellow Christians there (the Sheridan Lake house church). This summer some visitors came with me and enjoyed the fellowship. I am thankful, that I could join this group with friends coming from all directions worshipping God together. God bless this group, my new house church.

Kids Space

Autumn 2010

By Elaine Adams

Autumn '10 began with new people joining the staff of Kids Space. Bruce and Jacquie Wilcox joined us as our pastoral couple. Their willingness to help in many different capacities is appreciated. They make an important positive difference. We at Kids Space are thankful for them.

Beate and Olaf Hofman also participate as staff. They are on a year's sabbatical from their pastoral positions in Stuttgart Germany. Olaf and Beate come with experience in the field of children's ministry. We at Kids Space welcome them.

Without the support of the numerous Interlakes Community volunteers Kids Space would be on tentative ground. The kitchen staff, the Work Crew*, the teachers, the set up staff, music leaders and the members of the community who help as they are able contribute in a vital way to make Kids Space a viable, full-of-life place to bring God's Word to the children.

God is so good. His presence is felt during Kids Space, Teen Space and Staff meetings. How do we know? It's the joy of the Lord!

(*Work Crew are the local high school Teens volunteering their time to perform service activities.)

Tanis and 'Atsoo

A Story written by Shannon Bell-Wyominga

(written for Sunday School materials produced for the Healing and Reconciliation committee of the PCC.)

Tanis came in the front door of his log house and dumped his pack on the floor. "What can I have to eat 'Atsoo?" he called out. His grandmother, whom he called 'Atsoo in their Carrier language, was in the kitchen making fresh bannock. She offered him a piece and Tanis sat down at the table to spread butter and blueberry jam on it before taking a big bite. Nine year old Tanis had a good appetite which led to a second piece of the warm fried bread as 'Atsoo asked him how school had been that day.

"It was all right," he replied. "We had fun on the rink at lunchtime. Mrs. Taylor

"'Atsoo?" Tanis continued. "Did you go to school in Ndazkoh?"

"No." She said as she sat down with Tanis at the table. "School was very different for me. We couldn't go to school here in our village. We had to go to a school many hours away from here and we lived there all year. We didn't get to live with our parents." 'Atsoo fingered her long black braid as she looked out the window. She seemed sad as she talked. 'Atsoo was still young, only 53, not like Tanis' granny who was 'Atsoo's mother, but in that moment, 'Atsoo looked much older.

"What was it like?" Tanis asked curiously. He had heard that the elders had gone to church schools, but he hadn't heard his grandmother talk about it.

"At the end of every summer, " 'Atsoo began to speak quietly, "the Indian agent came to take all the children away. I remember when I was too young to go yet, and I was at my cousin's house playing. This man came to the door with a priest all dressed in black. They told my auntie that it was time for her children to come to school. My auntie began to cry and beg them not to take her children. My cousins were all older than I was and the youngest one was 5, and so had to go to school. The men began to get impatient and

told all the children to get their things and get into the back of a big truck. Some of the other children from our village were already in the truck. My auntie held onto my cousin and wouldn't let go. She and my cousin were both crying. The men pulled my cousin roughly out of auntie's arms and carried my cousin to the truck. My auntie was left there at the front door weeping. When I got home, my older sister and brother had also been taken in the truck. We didn't see them again for 10 months.

The next year, it was my turn to go to school. I was very afraid. I didn't know what to expect. The men came again and this time I had to go with them in the truck. We travelled for hours and finally at night got to the big school. They took my clothes and gave me a uniform. They cut off my hair which made me feel ashamed. I was taken to a room with 100 other girls with beds all in rows. We were sent to bed. I could hear some of the girls crying and I began to cry. No one came to talk to me or make me feel better. The next day we got up and dressed and went to have breakfast. I was really hungry by that time and remembered the breakfasts of bannock and dried fish at home. At the school though, we just had a bowl of mush which was lumpy and cold.

School was hard work. We didn't spend much time learning to read and write, but the girls had to do kitchen chores and the boys worked outside. We were hungry all the time. As I got older, I remember that I had to serve the teachers in their special dining room. They would eat bacon and eggs and toast in the morning, or roast beef and mashed potatoes while we would have just soup or mush. It made me so mad.

I really missed my parents and cousins and aunts and uncles. I missed fishing with my dad and picking berries with my mother and grandmother. I didn't know how to speak English when I went to the school, only Carrier, but we weren't allowed to speak Carrier. If we were caught speaking our language, we were punished. We also couldn't talk to our brothers. The boys and girls were kept separately. When my little brother came to the school, I saw him across the yard. He looked so sad and was crying. I tried to run over to give him a hug and comfort him, but one of the teachers saw me and yanked me by my arm and swatted me. I wasn't allowed to go to him at all."

Tanis saw a tear in the corner of 'Atsoo's eye as she spoke. He was very quiet as she told him her stories. Just then, there was a knock on the door and then it burst open. Their friend Ben came into the small house. Ben was a big man, but had a twinkle in his eyes. He wasn't Carrier. His skin was pale and his eyes were blue, but he had been in the community for many years and was loved by the people.

"What are you talking about today?" asked the big man.

"Atsoo is telling me what it was like when she went to school," Tanis said.

Ben's face clouded over. "School was a sad time back then," said Ben.

"Did you go to the same school as 'Atsoo?" asked Tanis.

"No." said Ben. "The residential schools were only for the Native kids. We went to school in town and lived at home with our parents. Our school was much the same as yours. But I visited the school your 'atsoo went to once."

"I used to play hockey and sometimes we would play against the kids at the residential school. There were some good hockey players on that team."

"Like Carey Price?" Tanis asked with admiration in his voice. "He's a goalie for the Montreal Canadiens and he's Carrier!"

"Well, maybe some of them could have gotten that good eventually," laughed Ben. He went on with his story. "We went to the school to play hockey and at dinner time we went to the dining hall. They served us a meal in there. While we were all enjoying the food, we noticed some of the Native kids looking in at us while we ate. They just kept staring at us. Then someone asked one of the teachers why the kids were all looking at us. They told us that they didn't have enough food to feed us and the students at the school, so the Native kids were going without dinner that day. After that, none of us could finish our plates. We felt so bad. I wished I could have done something for them to help them, but I didn't know what to do. I always just wished that they could come to our school instead."

Tanis turned back to his 'Atsoo. "What happened when you finished school and came back to the reserve? Did you speak Carrier and live with your family again?"

"I came back," 'Atsoo replied. "But everything was different. My parents had been so sad to have all their children taken away that they started to drink a lot and get drunk. They tried to forget how much it hurt them. There were a lot of fights in the community too. We hardly knew our families anymore and didn't know how to fit in. So we started to drink too and it was a really bad time. When your mother was about 10 years old, I realized that things had to change. I talked to a friend who told me about Jesus and how he could help me and heal all the hurt inside of me. That's when I started to walk with him and become a Jesus follower. I

quit drinking and haven't done that for 24 years. I want you kids to have a better life, so that's why I work at the clinic helping the mothers learn about being good parents."

Ben nodded his head. "Your 'Atsoo is a good teacher," he said. She is helping the community heal. But we white folks need to heal too. A lot of people don't understand how much hurt is in the Carrier people and other First Nations. They need to know the stories too so we can help each other. I've learned a lot from your 'Atsoo and the other elders here. It is important that people like me listen to the stories and understand so we can work together to make things better for everyone in our community."

Tanis considered this. "I'm sorry that school was so hard for you 'Atsoo. But I'm glad you told me about it. I'm glad my school isn't like that. I want to become a writer for a newspaper. Maybe someday I can write about your school and more people will understand."

"That's a good idea," said 'Atsoo, giving Tanis a warm hug.

"But for now," said Ben. "Why don't you show me where your ice fishing hole is out on the lake and we'll see what we can catch today." He winked at 'Atsoo. "It's time I learned from an expert!" Ben and Tanis breezed out the door and began to trudge through the snow towards the lake laughing together as they went.

FAITH

by Gordon Kellett

Recently I was asked a question about my Faith. My housekeeper wondered how I had managed to maintain my Faith in God after everything I have gone through in recent years. My Faith has grown stronger was all I could come up with. On the one hand, that is not an easy question to answer. On the other hand, it is easy. If we can learn to trust God to get us through Life's' challenges, our Faith will not only be sustained, it will grow.

I have been through a lot. For the past three years I have been experiencing what can only be described as a series of severe medical problems. It began in March, 2007, with an infection on the big toe of my left foot. An infection so severe it sent me to hospital in 100 Mile House and then to The Royal Inland Hospital at Kamloops for a two and a half month stay. The infection was due to a bite or wound of some kind and was complicated by diabetes.

For the first month my doctors fought valiantly, but to no avail, to save my foot. For those four weeks, uncounted prayers for my recovery went up from all over the Cariboo House Church Ministry and Presbytery, and from enumerable family members and friends. Both my pastor, David Webber and Charles McNeil, were in constant touch as were several elders and church ministry team members. Rev. Harold Wiest and Elder Joyce Berkey from St. Andrews Presbyterian Church at Kamloops visited me regularly.

By mid-April, it had become clear that a miracle was not going to happen. At least, not the miracle I wanted. On April 12, my left leg was amputated below the knee. Deep in my inner core I had known, and feared all along, what the outcome was going to be. The prayers then changed to ask for my recovery from that surgery and that was part of the miracle that did happen. The night before my surgery, my doctor in 100 Mile House, Dr. Donald Street, called me and prayed with me for my recovery.

At one point during my hospitalization I had the most marvelous dream. Our Lord was at the foot of my bed, washing my feet, just as He did for the Apostles during the Last Supper. I did not understand the dream at the time, but I think I do now. I really believe that He was telling me that He would be with me throughout the ordeal.

After the operation, I went through one of the deepest depressions I have ever experienced. At my own request, I was placed on anti-depressants and was visited by a psychiatrist. Temporarily I spiritually lost my way. Then God stepped in. My friend Jo-anne Maki brought me a copy of a book about the 23 rd Psalm written by Phillip Keller. Reading it slowly, I began to regain my Faith.

I was moved to another ward, which I shared with an Italian named Tony, who had had a knee replaced and was experiencing difficulty in healing because he had developed diabetes. He

wept as he expressed his fear and concern. Then he wept for me as I explained what had happened to my leg. I asked Tony if he would pray with me for our recoveries. We held hands and prayed right there in the hallway of the hospital. When I had some bad news from my surgeon Tony was right there to comfort and encourage me. Before he left the hospital, both he and his wife came to say goodbye and wish me well.

Later on I was moved to the rehabilitation ward, where I met Ian Chalmers. He had a serious cancer and the prognosis was bad. We began to talk and over the next few weeks we shared our lives completely. We encouraged each other. We talked about our families - he had recently lost his wife to cancer and was slowly coming to grips with that. I talked about my mother and how strong she was. We shared our feelings of Faith. He would root for me as I struggled to get out of bed to do my exercises. I would encourage him as he struggled with his pain. When he left the hospital, he sent me a card telling me that he was privileged to have met me and said that my courage had been an inspiration to him. God placed us together for that time because He knew we needed each other. I have only heard from Ian once since 2007, so I have to hope that the cancer did not claim him. I thank God I had the opportunity to know him.

As I began to heal, I began to grow stronger in my Faith. I came to feel that my life is a precious gift from God, no matter what my limitations might be. I can walk with the aid of a cane and a walker. I can drive, shop for myself and communicate with my friends, my family and with God.

During the summer I became ill with an enlarged prostate gland and discovered that my right hip has completely worn out. I have recovered from the prostate surgery and as I write, I am awaiting hip replacement surgery on Nov.5. I know that the next few months are going to be challenging as I learn to walk again and regain strength. I also know that it will be alright.

Because of the challenges that I have overcome with God's help and with the help of my friends and family, my Christian Faith has grown stronger than it ever was and it continues to grow. I know it will be all right because God does not give us more than He knows we can handle. I am constantly reminded of the Jesus' promise to His disciples in Matthew that He is with us always, even to the end of the Age.

Jokes That Can Be Told In Church

RECALL NOTICE (submitted by Heleen Scrooby)

The Maker of all human beings (GOD) is recalling all units manufactured, regardless of make or year, due to a serious defect in the primary and central component of the heart. This is due to a malfunction in the original prototype units code named Adam and Eve, resulting in the reproduction of the same defect in all subsequent units. This defect has been technically termed "Sub-sequential Internal Non-Morality," or more commonly known as S.I.N., as it is primarily expressed.

Some of the symptoms include:

1. Loss of direction
2. Foul vocal emissions
3. Amnesia of origin
4. Lack of peace and joy
5. Selfish or violent behavior
6. Depression or confusion in the mental component
7. Fearfulness
8. Idolatry
9. Rebellion

The Manufacturer, who is neither liable nor at fault for this defect, is providing factory-authorized repair and service free of charge to correct this defect.

The Repair Technician, **JESUS**, has most generously offered to bear the entire burden of the staggering cost of these repairs. There is no additional fee required.

The number to call for repair in all areas is: **P-R-A-Y-E-R**.

Once connected, please upload your burden of **SIN** through the **REPENTANCE** procedure. Next, download **ATONEMENT** from the Repair Technician, **Jesus**, into the heart component. No matter how big or small the SIN defect is, **Jesus** will replace it with:

1. Love
2. Joy
3. Peace
4. Patience
5. Kindness
6. Goodness
7. Faithfulness
8. Gentleness
9. Self control

Please see the operating manual, the **B.I.B.L.E.** (Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth) for further details on the use of these fixes.

WARNING: Continuing to operate the human being unit without correction voids any manufacturer warranties, exposing the unit to dangers and problems too numerous to list and will result in the human unit being permanently impounded. For free emergency service, call on **Jesus**.

DANGER: The human being units not responding to this recall action will have to be scrapped in the furnace. The SIN defect will not be permitted to enter Heaven so as to prevent contamination of that facility. Thank you for your attention!

P.S. Please assist where possible by notifying others of this important recall notice, and you may contact the Father any time by 'Knee mail'!

Food for the Body

Grilled Pumpkin (Submitted by Elke Hirsch)

Ingredients:

- 1/2 pumpkin (1000g)
- 100g butter

Preparation:

Cut the pumpkin, take the seeds out and dry it with paper towels. Butter the cut side with 30g of butter. Put the half pumpkin with the not buttered side on a baking tray, into the preheated oven. Bake it for 60 minutes at 240 degrees Celsius and then grill it for 2 minutes. After taking it out of the oven, cut the skin off and put the rest of the butter on top of the piece. You can serve it for lunch with bread or dinner with meat.

Baked Oatmeal (Submitted by Elaine Adams)

Ingredients:

- 2 cups Oats OR 2-1/4 cups Large Flake Oats, uncooked
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 3-1/3 cups fat-free milk
- 2 eggs lightly beaten
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar

Preparation:

Heat oven to 350° F. Spray 8-inch square glass baking dish with cooking spray. In a large bowl, combine oats and granulated sugar. In medium bowl, combine milk, eggs and vanilla; mix

well. Add to oat mixture; mix well. Pour into baking dish. Optional: Add dried cranberries, raisins, walnuts and so on.

Bake 40 to 45 minutes or until center jiggles slightly. Remove from oven to cooling rack. Sprinkle brown sugar evenly over top of oatmeal. Using back of spoon, gently spread sugar into a thin layer across entire surface of oatmeal. Return to oven; bake just until sugar melts, about 2 to 3 minutes. Set oven to broil. Broil 3 inches from heat until sugar bubbles and browns slightly, 1 to 2 minutes. (Watch carefully to prevent burning. It may be necessary to turn baking dish.) Spoon into bowls to serve. Optional: serve with blueberry sauce.

Poetry Corner

My First Christmas in Heaven (submitted by Penny McIntosh)

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below,
With tiny lights, like heaven's stars, reflected on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular! Please wipe away that tear,
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear,
but the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.
I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring,
for it is beyond description to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me,
I see the pain inside your heart,
but I am not so far away,
we really aren't apart.

So be happy for me dear ones.
You know I hold you dear,
and be glad I'm spending
Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I send you each a special gift from my heavenly home above,
I send you each a memory of my undying love.
After all "LOVE" is the gift, more precious than pure gold.
It was always most important in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other each other, as my Father said to do,
for I can't count the blessings or love He has for you.
So have a Joyous Christmas and wipe away that tear.
Remember, I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year. (anonymous)

A Native version of the 23rd Psalm

(This is from Isabel Crawford who was a Missionary to the Indians of the plains)

The Plains Indians were impressed by the Twenty-third Psalm. They wanted to share its beauty and power with other tribes. In order to overcome various language barriers they translated it into their universal sign language, which was then translated back into literal English by missionary Isabel Crawford. This sign language of Psalm 23 goes as follows:

The Great Father above a shepherd Chief is. I am His and with Him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope and the name of the rope is love
and He draws me to where the grass is green
and the water not dangerous, and I eat and lie down and am satisfied.
Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down but
He lifts me up again and draws me into a good road.
His name is WONDERFUL.

Sometime, it may be very soon, it may be a long, long time,
He will draw me into a valley.
It is dark there, but I'll be afraid not, for it is in between those mountains
that the Shepherd Christ will meet me
and the hunger that I have in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.
He gives me a staff to lean upon.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of foods.
He puts His hand upon my head and all the "tired" is gone.
My cup He fills till it runs over.
What I tell is true. I lie not.
These roads that are "away ahead"
will stay with me through this life and after;
and afterwards I will go to live in the Big Teepee
and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

Envelope Secretary's Message

by Linda Webber

At the end of June our treasurer and financial manager, Shannon Finley, left with her husband Charles McNeil to do ministry in the Lloydminster area of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Their leaving us left a big hole in many ways, the least of which is in the financial stewardship of this mission. Leonard Uri, CGA, has taken over all of our accounting, payroll and Revenue Canada tasks. It has fallen on me to take over being the Envelope Secretary and receiving, depositing and receipting all offerings and gifts to this mission.

Shannon told me that my new task would have its challenges. Believe me, whenever there is a computer accounting program involved and I am the one trying to tell the computer what to do, challenging is an understatement. I have my rolling pin sitting right next to the new lap top computer David bought me for doing the work. It seems to help in getting the computer to communicate with me. But all in all, the computer, the ChurchWare Tithe program and I are presently on friendly terms and things are progressing nicely.

The joy of my new endeavor has been opening the envelopes as they come in. Many are examples of costly discipleship in the literal sense of that term. Many have notes of encouragement attached that touch me, touch us all, very deeply. I have been intimately involved with this mission for all of its 21½ years of existence and have always been deeply moved by the support and the many supporters we have had, both in terms of prayer and finance. But my new task puts me on the front line so to speak, getting all the mail as it comes in. It is a great blessing.

As usual, at this time of year, to express our thanks for all of your support, your newsletter has a Cariboo Presbyterian Church pocket calendar included with it. Please accept it as a small token of a great gratitude that we all have for your continued support, and may it remind you of the mission of Christ taking place on your behalf in the Cariboo/Chilcotin region in 2011. Blessings to everyone.