

NORTHERN LIGHT

The Official Newsletter of

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church

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

Visit our website: <http://www.cariboopresbyterianchurch.bc.ca>

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Spring Edition 2012

Summer Transitions

Jon Wyminga

“It’s summertime and the living is easy. . . .”
EASY??? More like ridiculously busy! I certainly hope all of us will enjoy some ease and rest over the summer but in the Cariboo we are seeing a lot of busyness, including several significant transitions in short term workers. David and Jessie Chapin and their kids returned to McLeese Lake from a short term period in Afghanistan where they served with an NGO there. Soon they will go to Guelph for a month of further training so they can serve an even longer term overseas. Mary Noble, a young woman from McLeese Lake, is serving the Lord in Haiti in May and June at the Canaan Christian Community School. Her younger brothers Jim and Joe are serving in Kenya. My own daughters will also be engaged in active summer ministry. Joelle is looking forward to being a Leader in Training at Ness Lake Bible Camp near Prince George and Shelby will once again be a camp counselor at Echo Lake Bible Camp near Vanderhoof. Then we have Marcus Kingway and Sung Bae Cho doing a summer internship with us here in Nazko. Marcus is originally from Burns Lake, has Babine ancestry, and is a student at Pacific Life Bible College in Surrey, BC. Sung Bae is a member of Vancouver Korean Presbyterian Church and is a student at Douglas College. Marcus is being



supported through a government student grant and Sung Bae is being supported through generous gifts from the Presbyterian Synod of BC and some folks in his church, but he could still use some help.

This kind of summer living may not be easy but it sure looks exciting! To top it all off, we will be ordaining another elder. Doreen Patrick is a former chief of Nazko and has been a Carrier language teacher. She has been recognized as an elder in the First Nations community for some time but has now sensed God’s calling to become an elder of the Cariboo Presbyterian Church.

The busyness and transitions won’t stop at the end of the summer. Elaine Adams will retire from her leadership at the Kid’s and Teen’s Space programs in Sheridan Lake and Pat Lytton will take the baton from Elaine. Thanks to everyone for so eagerly serving the Lord here and around the globe. God is clearly at work. I’m reminded of the apostle Paul, his many companions and the multitude of missionaries coming and going during the first century. Paul, among others, pleaded for the prayers of his supporters:

Pray also for me, so that when I speak, a message may be given to me to make known with boldness the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains.” (Ephesians 6:19, NRSV)

Please pray for our modern day servants as well. Even though so much of mission work is done voluntarily it still can be expensive. We appreciate your ongoing support through the summer. And if you would like to support any of our volunteers financially we can certainly pass along any designated gifts.

If your summer isn’t easy may it at least be richly blessed by the Lord.

Some Words on Vision and Support

Clarifying Our Vision (Jon Wyminga)

Those of you that attend one of the Cariboo Presbyterian house churches received a proposed budget, a proposed vision statement and a ballot along with the last newsletter. It has been our habit for years now to make major congregational decisions by secret ballot. That's because the great distances between house churches means we can't all gather in one place for a congregational vote. When we received the ballots back the budget and the vision statement were both strongly affirmed but the vision statement did receive a number of opposing votes. Many of those opposing ballots included some comments that explained exactly what about the statement was being opposed. The elders of the session were very grateful for these helpful comments. They were obviously carefully and thoughtfully made. It is our intention to carefully consider these comments and make some clarifications to the vision statement. Our hope is that this will lead us to a stronger sense of agreement in Christ. Thanks to those of you who provided the constructive critique. It gives us something to work with as we consider changes. Please pray that the Lord will guide us in this process.

A New Way to Give! (Shannon Bell-Wyminga)

We are very grateful to all who support us through faithful prayer as well as financial gifts. The Cariboo mission has always been dependent upon God's provision through our partners to meet the daily needs of the ministry. More recently we have

been blessed by a few gifts from individuals who have given in a way that looks to the future of the ministry as well as the daily needs. The session has created an endowment fund that we hope will grow over the years and enable us to do the work of Christ far into the future. The funds given to this endowment fund will be saved and invested in order to make the interest gained available for the overall ministry, or in special circumstances, may be used for specific projects. Our hope is that the endowment fund will grow with time to support various aspects of the mission work here.

There are several ways to participate in this kind of support. One person took out a life insurance policy and named the Cariboo Presbyterian Church as the beneficiary. We were able to give a charitable receipt for the premiums until this faithful person went to be with the Lord and then we received the insured amount. Another way is to invite people to donate to the fund in memory of loved ones who have passed away. The donation of investments is a further way to support this new fund. If you would like to talk to us about ways that you can make your financial support last into the future, feel free to contact us and we will try our best to answer any questions. Those on our ministry team aren't financial experts of course, we are more focused on doing what God has put before us in terms of ministry, but we know that this idea will speak to some of you. Together we find creative ways to work with God in bringing Christ's love to those who need to experience it.

An Opportunity to Support One of Our Summer Missionaries

Hello all! My name is Shelby Wyminga and I am currently an Undergraduate student at Trinity Western University. I have just finished an amazing first year in the school's Theatre program and have been accepted into the Bachelor of Fine arts program in acting. I hope one day to become a professional actor in live theatre and I am enjoying learning my art alongside other Christians.

TWU is located in Langley BC, however, I have returned home this summer so that I can volunteer for a third summer at Echo Lake Bible Camp. ELBC is an amazing place, with a beautiful

lake and loads of outdoor activities. I have been a cabin leader there the past two summers, and this summer I will be both cabin leading and leading an alternative camp for older youth called the LTS (learning to serve) program. In the LTS camps, kids come to camp to work outside, wash dishes and study the Bible. I am incredibly excited to take on this new responsibility.

While there are some paid positions available at camp for senior staff, the likelihood is that this position will be strictly volunteer. I have been encouraged to ask for prayer and support in my

ministry this summer. I feel that God has called me to work at camp for the summer, rather than search for a paying job, and I trust that He will provide the funding for me to return to school in the fall. I would be grateful to any of you who choose to join me in prayer for this summer, and if you feel led, you can support me financially.

Thank you for your prayers,
God Bless! Shelby Wyminga

(Editor's Note: Any support Shelby receives through the church will be matched by a grant from Trinity Western University. In order for that to happen, gifts need to be received by Linda Webber by the first week of August at the church address: Box 156, Lac La Hache BC, V0K 1T0. Cheques need to be made out to: Cariboo Presbyterian Church Sunday School and marked for: mission support – Shelby Wyminga.)



The Fellowship at Carefree Manor

Submitted by Bruce Wilcox.

We are always blessed to see new folks that come to the Manor making new friends, and God willing settling into these transitions in life as smoothly as possible. Being made to feel welcome, and being exposed to the love of Christ through the family of Christ in this place. The consequence of this is that most of the new people, some having been unchurched, are either invited or just feel drawn to come to worship with the rest of us at the Manor church sooner or later. The amazing works of God! Through little changes or big changes. Then with one thing leading to another, the community we live in and the whole area ends up being impacted through the will of the Lord of the harvest in very significant ways. It all begins and happens through the worship of God, and the love and prayers of all of us for one another, individually and collectively. Thank you for those prayers. The Holy Spirit is definitely responsive to them.

Coming up as I write is another memorial and celebration of life service (the third one in four weeks) that families have asked us to do. I know this is the Lord's agenda because we're asked, not the reverse. There's always mixed emotions of course because we really miss the ones who are gone, yet these are always such blessed and powerful opportunities to share the hope of the Gospel of Jesus Christ with so many people who really need to hear

it. Because we know the Lord does His most profound work through times of suffering, sadness, and loss. He specializes in the broken-hearted. He does it in hearts and minds through both the emotional and intellectual appeal of the Gospel, in some combination that only He can give that is just what is needed for any particular person or group at any particular time. There is much very positive response at these services, including from many of the unchurched, which is particularly encouraging. Hope can surprise some people when they hear, for example, that the historical fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is abundantly defensible intellectually and far more rational even humanly speaking than any of the explanations that attempt to refute it! In other words, some good Christian apologetics can be extremely useful in sharing the Gospel in many of these situations.

But God help us to be able to share His Word always in love! To make sure that "His love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit" is exposed and evident because it's not just what we say, but how we say it. We can recite Scripture, and say all the right words, but without love people will sense that, and our speech will become like "sounding brass or a clanging symbol". This always needs to be one of our main prayers because if we are abrasive, we're never going to be persuasive.

I was personally really blessed once again to see many old friends and acquaintances and even some I haven't seen since High School at John Hood's recent memorial. The Hood family grew up near Forest Grove just as I did, and although John was unchurched when he got to the Manor he ended up coming to church there every chance he got. It was great to reconnect with him that way. And then some folks from Lac La Hache turned up for Betty Recknagel's celebration of life that I hadn't seen since living there some years back. Then we got acquainted with wonderful new people including many believers from such far-flung families as that of Irene Bonville, who was such a long-time pillar of faith and love and prayer support for all of us at the Manor church. Praise God!

Many thanks to Ginny Alexander, Maggie Wiens and my wife Jackie for their various ministries here and elsewhere, and to the rest of the Manor

brethren for your prayers, support, love and ministry to us and one another. And thanks to all our brethren in the Cariboo Presbyterian Church, our prayers are likewise with you all. Our Lord is indeed doing "above and beyond" anything we thought!



Have You Heard the Call?

Submitted by Ginny Alexander and adapted from a devotional she recently led at Kitimat Presbyterian Church.

When the rulers, elders, and teachers of the law, [the well-educated ones] saw the courage of Peter and John and realized they were unschooled, ordinary men, they were astonished and they took note that these men had been with Jesus.”
(Acts 4:13)

Peter and John were both fishermen and they both, along with their brothers, immediately left their nets when they heard Jesus' call to them. In fact it says of John that he left his father too. These men were 'unschooled' and 'ordinary,' yes, but in spite of that they were courageous and ready to 'fish' for souls for Jesus. I would venture to say that every Christian has heard the 'call' in some form. You may not call it that, but if you were to think about it that is what it could be 'called'! (Pun intended!)

So, assuming that you've all been called, how are you supposed to preach the Word of God, since you are just ordinary, everyday people? I would like to share a few ideas from The Larger Catechism: They that are called to labour in the ministry of the Word are to preach sound doctrine,

- Diligently – in and out of season;
- Plainly – not in the enticing words of human wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power;

- Faithfully – making known the whole counsel of God;
- Wisely – applying themselves to the necessities and capacities of the hearers;
- Zealously – with fervent love to God, and the souls of His people;
- Sincerely – aiming at His glory, and their conversion, edification, and salvation.

This all sounds like a pretty tall order, but always remember what Jesus told His disciples when He gave them the great commission – “Trust Me, because I am with you always, even to the end of the age, so GO and make disciples”

I want to conclude with a few words about how I came to be in this ministry with the Cariboo Presbyterian Church. Almost immediately when my husband and I started attending the house church services at Red Willow Ranch, Dave Webber asked me to bring my keyboard and play along with the guitarists, which I did. Soon I was helping out with music at the services at Lac La Hache; then it expanded to bouncing along in the truck with Dave to various other services to help out with the music. Those were times when I got pastoral training in how to write sermons, etc. . . . everything from soup to nuts, as the saying goes. One day Dave said to me, “You are doing everything an elder does, so you

might as well be one.” I read up on it. I really had no clue about what an elder is or does – I just did what came naturally to me. I was ordained in April 2002.

In May, 2003, Shannon Bell-Wyminga (the wife of Jon Wyminga and half of the ministry team in Nazko) was invited to attend the Atlantic Missionary Conference in Truro, Nova Scotia, and she could bring along someone else from the ministry. I said I would go. Somewhere in the planning stages she said to me, “since the AMS is paying your way, and we are together in this trip, you may as well do half the speaking.” We divided the sessions and came up with 2 ½ each, with the last one being shared. I was absolutely blown out of the water at the goodness of God, because that last session was seamless. It

sounded as if only one of us did the speaking and we didn’t even let each other read what we were going to say beforehand. Dave met me straight off the plane when I got back, and we hit the road for the Presbytery meeting. On the way he asked me, “Well, what did you think of that experience?” My reply, “I loved it! I enjoyed it very much and I want to do more of that kind of thing.” At his urging I took the Lay Ministry Training at Whitworth College in Spokane. (Presbyterian Church, USA).

What I really want to reiterate is that I am no different than most folks; no different than Peter and John in that I am unschooled, ordinary, but my constant prayer is that people will be able to see that I’ve been with Jesus.

Amen.

Historical Memories, Reminiscences and a Receptie

Submitted by Mary Krajczar.

Childhood Memories of Church

Before and during the second world war there were four Presbyterian churches in our small fishing town on the north east coast of Scotland. My Dad was the minister of what used to be called a tea caddy church. That was because it was shaped as a tea caddy. We had a service at 11am and one at 6pm with Sunday School after the morning service and choir practice on Sunday afternoon. The church had a pipe organ and when my two brothers were older one played the organ and the other sat behind a curtain and pumped the organ with a big wooden handle. I think that was hard work. We had a beadle, a man who cleaned the church and carried a large Bible up the stairs to the pulpit at the beginning of the service. Then he came downstairs and waited at the foot of the stairs while the minister made a grand entrance and climbed the stairs and once he sat down the beadle went back up and closed the door to the pulpit.

In the Beginning: Reflection On Our 23 Years

In the beginning of the Cariboo House Church Ministry the Webbers arrived in the Cariboo in June 23 years ago. I first heard of this new project when I was having a break at work one day. My Scottish friend Vivien Lawrence who also worked on maternity in the hospital came up with the news that the Presbyterian Church in Canada was going to try a new project and Viv asked if I would be interested in

attending a service in a House Church. We did not have a Presbyterian Church in Williams Lake and I had grown up in Scotland where my Dad was Presbyterian minister. So when Viv asked me to go to a service here I said, "Sure I will go along for the ride." Here I am 23 years later and I am still involved.

However that first Sunday when Dave Webber walked into the House Church I thought, “Wow, what are we in for?” Dave was dressed like a regular cowboy; with a guitar under his arm; a far cry from the black suited minister of my childhood days in the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. I was in for a totally different worship experience but I must admit it has been a very worthwhile experience. It takes a brave minister who is willing to sit and have his sermon discussed and pulled apart.

During the years we have grown from one House Church to some 20 House Churches around the Cariboo. During that time the Bell-Wymingas joined the ministry team and also Charles McNeil ministered with us in the Lac la Hache area for a while. We also have been blessed with 2 lay ministry workers, namely Ginny Lou Alexander and Bruce Wilcox. Dave's wife Linda played an important part in the ministry always coming along with Dave with their children as they grew up. Linda was the editor of the newsletter for some 22 years. Their dedication to travel for services in all weathers was admirable.



I just want to say how much I have appreciated having the church come to me especially as I get older. The goal of the Ministry has been to reach out with the

love of Christ to people who live beyond the reach of the traditional church. It has been very exciting over the years to see this happening.

Mary's Scottish Shortbread

- 1 lb butter at room temperature
- 2/3 of a cup of berry sugar
- 3 cups white flour
- 2/3 of a cup rice flour
- 1/3 of a cup of white flour.

Cream butter and sugar together with a fork and add other ingredients. Make it into a small ball and roll it out one quarter of an inch thick. Cut it into rounds and place on it an ungreased cookie sheet. Mark it with a fork. Bake it in a preheated oven at 300 degrees for approximately half an hour or until golden in colour. For a demonstration Google Mary's Scottish Shortbread. Also see Mary's Bramble jam and Mary's Scottish cheese scones. Enjoy!

Some Fun Stuff

Submitted by Gordon Kellett and others.

The Big Sneeze: A True Story from the Maritimes

They walked in tandem, each of the ninety-two students filing into the already crowded auditorium. With their rich maroon gowns flowing and the traditional caps, they looked almost as grown up as they felt. Dads swallowed hard behind broad smiles, and moms freely brushed away tears. This class would NOT pray during the commencements, not by choice, but because of a recent court ruling prohibiting it. The principal and several students were careful to stay within the guidelines allowed by the ruling. They gave inspirational and challenging speeches, but no one mentioned divine guidance and no one asked for blessings on the graduates or their families. The speeches were nice, but they were routine until the final speech received a standing ovation. All 92 students, every single one of them, suddenly SNEEZED !!!! The student on stage simply looked at the audience and said, "GOD BLESS YOU," and he walked off the stage. The audience exploded into applause. This graduating class had found a unique way to invoke God's blessing on their future with or without the court's approval.

Three Holy Men and a Bear!

A Catholic Priest, a Baptist Pastor and a Jewish Rabbi all served as Chaplains to the students of Northern Michigan University at Marquettein, on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. They would get together two or three times a week for coffee and to

talk shop. One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard, a real challenge would be to preach to a bear. One thing led to another, and they decided to do an experiment. They would all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it to their religion. Seven days later, they all came together to discuss their experiences.

Father Flannery, who had his arm in a sling, was on crutches, and had various bandages on his body and limbs, went first. "Well," he said, "I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him, I began to read to him from the Catechism. Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, Holy Mary Mother of God, he became as gentle as a lamb. The Bishop is coming out next week to give him first communion and confirmation.'

Pastor Billy Bob spoke next. He was in a wheelchair, had one arm and both legs in casts, and



had an IV drip in both arms. In his best fire-and-brimstone oratory, he exclaimed, "WELL, brothers, you KNOW that we Baptists don't sprinkle! I went out and I FOUND me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's HOLY WORD! But that bear wanted nothing to do with me. So I took HOLD of him and we began to wrestle. We wrestled down one hill, UP another and DOWN another until we came to a creek. So I quickly DUNKED him and BAPTIZED his hairy soul. And just like you said, he became as gentle as a lamb. We spent the rest of the day praising Jesus... Hallelujah!"

The Priest and the Pastor both looked down at the Rabbi, who was lying in a hospital bed. He was in a body cast and traction with IVs and monitors running in and out of him. He was in really bad shape. The Rabbi looked up and said: "Looking back on it, . . . circumcision may not have been the best way to start."

Thanks For Your Time:

A young man learns what's most important in life from the guy next door.

Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

"Jack, did you hear me?"

"Oh, sorry, Mom, yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said. . .

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack said.

As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away. The night before he had to return home, Jack and his

Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories; every picture; every piece of furniture. Jack stopped suddenly. . .

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked.

"The box is gone," he said

"What box?" Mom asked.

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'" Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said . . . "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. "Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. "Mr. Harold Belser" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved:

"Jack, Thanks for your time! -Harold Belser."

"The thing he valued most was... my time"

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.

"I need some time to spend with my son," he said.

"Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"

