

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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I Heard The Voice Of Jesus Say ...

By Charles McNeil

There's that wonderful hymn entitled "I heard the voice of Jesus Say..." that periodically punctuates worship services. The hymn deals with themes of weariness and rest in the God who provides abundantly for His people. A place of rest, a place of refuge, or a place of peace is rather striking and needed in an age when nothing moves quickly enough and in every aspect of life is rarely enough.

I was a bystander in an application of this hymn some time ago. Periodically I have the gift and privilege of taking part in the worshipping life of the Carefree Manor house church. Bruce and Jackie Wilcox and Maggie Wiens have responded to God's hand at work at that seniors' residence and a lively and worshipful Christian community has blossomed! So I periodically participate alongside these brothers and sisters in Christ in their worship service. And it's a blessing to me to do so.

This particularly Sunday the service was going along swimmingly. We'd had our extended time of singing praise to God. Bruce had led us in the pastoral prayers. And then I had a kick at the can in sharing something of the Word of God arising out of Jesus breaking the bread and sharing the fish, generally known as the feeding of the 5000.

Part way through the preaching he appeared. He was an older guy with a coffee in his hand, a pleasant manner, and a question. Could he come in? A number of us responded, "sure – come on in – there's lots of room!" So the guy found a seat and the sermon continued. After that I anointed the assembled flock seeking God's particular care and work on each life as God chose. We then celebrated the communion meal and gathered the time up in prayer and benediction.

It was then that the guy who showed up at the door spoke. He told another chap that he really wasn't sure why he was here in the worship. Apparently he'd been in his room with his door closed. He'd heard a voice very clearly outside his door speak a friend's name – Joe Smith. The chap opened his door immediately because he wanted to connect with Joe Smith and no one was there. "Funny," he thought. But he'd heard his friend's name spoken so he went looking for the guy who spoke his friend's name and to see if his friend were in Carefree Manor.

The chap got out to the foyer but no one was there. So he went along a bit to the common room. And there he found us. We invited him in and he participated in worship and was welcomed.

Hhhmmp ... The guy was hearing things ... must have been his medication. The staff better alert the doctor to monitor the medication so the guy doesn't hear things again ...

Strange the things we imagine! The imagination is a funny thing ...

Strange how Jesus gets people to worship ... speaking the name of a friend and drawing someone out of their room into the possibility of fellowship with Himself and His people ...

"I head the voice of Jesus say ... I am the dark world's light; look unto me, thy morn shall rise and all thy day be bright. I looked to Jesus and I found, in him my star, my sun, and in that light of life I'll walk till traveling days are done ..."

Catch up with you!

Cheryl Bear Brings Message of Healing and Reconciliation

BY Shannon Bell-Wyominga

From March 7 – 23, 2009, the sounds of drums, guitars, chants and rattles resounded through several communities in the Cariboo and Okanagan regions of BC. They were the sounds of the Cheryl Bear tour for healing and reconciliation.



Cheryl is from the Bear clan of Nadleh Whut'en, Carrier Nation in Northern BC. She and her husband Randy Barnetson are both pastors in the Foursquare Church and Cheryl is an award-winning recording artist. Along with their three teenaged boys: Paul, Randall and Justice, they live full-time in a motor home traveling to bring the good news of Jesus to many reserves and communities. They hope to visit every reserve of the more than 700 across Canada. They also travel extensively in the US and around the globe. Their time in BC was funded by the Healing and Reconciliation Fund of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The fund was established to develop initiatives that promote friendship and understanding between Presbyterian Churches and First Nations. The tour was organized through the Nazko and Area Dakelh Outreach of the Cariboo Presbyterian Church. A whirlwind two weeks of concerts and workshops began in the Cariboo region.

Cheryl and Randy gave workshops on First Nations issues to groups in Quesnel and Penticton which addressed some of the common misunderstandings that non-Native people have of First Nations. They helped people to understand the realities of

broken treaties, perceived 'special benefits', the importance of the land and the roots of addiction along with other issues.

The Bear/Barnetsons led worship in churches in Quesnel, Prince George and Penticton in a First Nations style. Prayers are sung and danced as well as spoken; drums resound with praise and chants pour out the heart cry of Creator's people. Randy gave a powerful message of our hope in Christ in each service.

School visits to the two high schools in Quesnel, where there is a significant population of Carrier students, were well received. As Cheryl shared stories of residential school experiences and sang "The Residential School Song", many students became aware of that part of our shared history for the first time. She showed both sides of the Native experience in expressing the pain, but also the humour and joy in songs such



as her award winning song, "Hey Cuzzin". Randy invited students to consider joining them on their international trips with dance and drum youth teams.

A powerful outreach happened through the seven concerts that Cheryl and her family performed. Some were in remote villages such as Ndazkoh and Lhoosk'uz in Carrier territory, others in small towns such as Quesnel, Armstrong and Lac La Hache and a further two in the larger centres of Kamloops and Penticton. In each of the concerts, First Nations and non-First Nations people gathered together to begin the road to healing and reconciling from the pain of a broken past. The local First Nations extended a welcome to each of their territories as the churches welcomed the First Nations into their midst. The music and stories were shared. Hearts were opened and relationships initiated. It was a tour of hope, healing and new understanding – two weeks that will hopefully open doors for further steps towards a new way of living and serving together.

Cheryl Bear's web site can be found at: www.cherylbear.com Randy Barnetson's web site: www.randybarnetson.com and the Cariboo Presbyterian Church web site: www.cariboopresbyterianchurch.bc.ca

New in the Midst of the Old.

Ramblings by David Webber

"I am off bear huntin Hon," I whispered into the dark at a rumped hump of goose down.

"Where are you going?" asked a sleepy muffled voice from the rumped hump.

"Same place as always; two miles south of the power line at 12 mile on the Maze Lake Road."

"When will you be home?"

"If I am not home by dark I been "et by a bar" ... and deposited as a hot steamer on the side of the trail. Don't come looking for me cause I'll be in a better place."

Linda chuckled from the rumped hump, “And the congregation of bears prayed, ‘Lord, for what we are about to receive we are truly thankful.’ ”

Dawn was just starting to break as I fired up the old 4X4 and headed north towards the Maze Lake Road. By the time I was walking down the power line right-of-way, the morning sun was having a go at warming the earth, which only a day or two before had shed the last vestige of its white winter blanket. I always come to this place in the spring. I know it like the back of my hand. It is familiar to me. And yet there is always so much to discover.

I hadn't gone more than a ¼ mile when there was a huge commotion from a meadow that I was just beginning to edge along. An enormous sandhill crane labored into the air with a noisy clatter of wings and rattle of voice. That was new. I had never surprised a sandhill crane before. They always see me and give voice to their discovery long before I have spotted them. I shielded my eyes with my Stetson as the crane's seven-foot wingspan winched it into space. The sun glinted off the rusty red plumage on its pate and as it barely gained enough altitude to clear the tall firs at the edge of the meadow, I realized there was something else new in this experience. It was the first sandhill crane I had ever seen by itself in the spring. Since it was a huge mature specimen, and since cranes mate for life and not until fully mature at between 2-7 years old, this one was most likely an old widow. Perhaps that was why I was able to surprise it. The thought somehow saddened me.

The melancholy mood didn't last long. The air was sheared behind me and I wheeled towards the sound. I looked up to see a beautiful red tailed hawk light on a treetop not 50 feet from me. My binocular found him and he cocked his head as he observed me with natural vision that was much better than my eyes multiplied by 10 power. This was new too. I always combine bear hunting with bird watching and today the tables were obviously turned. This fellow was intently watching me. Red tailed hawks have usually paid me little attention and soared and screamed as I watched them at a great distance through the binocular. I sat on my haunches and gave this one my best pose.

The hawk soon became board with me and left. I slowly inched down towards a mud wallow to look for tracks. There were bear, deer, moose, coyote, sandhill crane and the largest set of wolf tracks that I had seen for years. This fellow was massive, or at least his feet were, and I caught myself looking over my shoulder into the dark fir-forest just to the east of me. Wolves this size are new to this area, moving in from the north over the past couple of years. This was the first time I had seen evidence of this new phenomenon. Chuckling at my nervousness whilst absentmindedly thumbing the safety on my rifle, I moved off down the trail.

I crested a rather steep hill and quickly drifted off its bald summit to the forest edge so as not to be silhouetted. My nose caught the faint odor of something foul. I turned into the wind and began to follow my nose to cautiously investigate the smell. I almost stepped on it.

I was shocked. At my feet was a large cougar, dead for a week or more and yet still fully intact. This was surprising on two levels. First, I have never stumbled upon a dead cougar before, particularly one whose teeth and girth indicated that it was

obviously in its prime when it died. There wasn't even any evidence why it died. And second, though there were all kinds of scavengers in the area, ranging from black bears down to Canada Jays, the only thing feeding on this fellow was maggots. Even in death the cougar seemed to have an aura of predator fear attached to it. This was all new to me, and rather odd.

The cougar kept me busy for at least a half hour, and finally I moved off to the south, discovering several new things in the remainder of my day. The most puzzling was on my return to the dead cougar about four hours later. While still about 600 yards away, a slight movement caught my eye. My binocular came up and I discovered it to be a small mule deer, and then just to the left, three more. They were all feeding on the new shoots of grass within a dozen feet of the dead cougar. It was as though they had showed up to dance on the grave of their worst enemy. So much for predators retaining an aura of fear even in death, I thought. This new observation is still turning over in the back of my mind as I write. I have yet to figure it out.

As I drove home late that afternoon, I found myself smiling in such a contented way. It wasn't that the day was such a gift to me, and it was surely that. It was that I began to reflect upon the reality that my faith walk was a lot like my ramble through the rhubarb this day. My faith is very much a familiar place to me. There is so much of it that I know like the back of my hand; certain repeated experiences, certain passages of Scripture, certain theological ideas. But the familiarity, "the old old story" as the hymn puts it, is salted with the new. The more I walk in faith with Jesus, the more new things I discover about Him and about me and about His Kingdom. There is something absolutely wonderful in this, in making completely new discoveries in the midst of the old. Some of the new is quickly processed and filed. Other parts leave me wondering and pondering for days. And some of the delightfully new I never figure out. And it seems to me, the key to discovering the new amidst the old is a willingness to be always observant, to be always teachable.

"Great Souls Have Wills; Feeble Ones Only Have Wishes"

By Shannon Finley

Where I work I receive e-mails from all sorts of people within the organization. Some have chosen to add a quote, some little bite of wisdom, at the bottom of the e-mail. I have not taken up the practice, and I wonder a little at the motive of the person doing it. I have not met most of them personally, just through the e-mail. Some of them are funny, some are quite wise, others smack of judgment – all lose their impact the third or fourth reading. One arrived the other day at the bottom of instructions regarding matching invoice payments to purchase orders in our accounting system. "Great souls have wills; feeble ones only have wishes" doesn't have a lot to do with paying the telephone bill!

My first thought was "I wonder if the person sending this thinks she has a great soul?" Then I looked at it again and the difference between "I wish" and "I will" caught my attention. I thought about my own 'wishes' – I wish I didn't have to work at this job. I wish someone would just clean up this mess. I wish that stack of filing would just disappear. I wish it would warm up so I felt like going outside. I wish more people

would come to church. I wish it wasn't so far to see my grandson. I wish the dogs were better trained. The list goes on and on. I am sure we can all make up a wish list in the blink of an eye.

Will is a different matter. It speaks of intention and action; beginnings and endings.

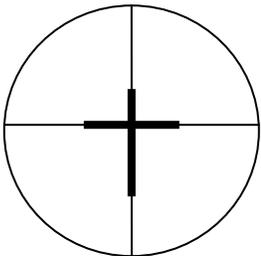
I **will** go to work knowing my attention to it honours God. I **will** take responsibility for this mess and clean it myself or help someone or delegate and ensure it is done. I **will** spend ten minutes a day on the stack of filing until it is done. I **will** dress warmly and go outside whether my 'feelings' want to come with me or not. I **will** make sure I go to church regularly myself and invite someone to come with me every opportunity I get so more people are there. I **will** plan a way to see my grandson, and in the meantime write or telephone or e-mail once a week and pray for him every time I see his picture. I **will** put his picture in lots of places. I **will** be consistent with the dogs.

When I compare the two -- the 'wish' person and the 'will' person, I know which one I would rather be. I have spent more than my fair share of time in a comfortable place playing the wish game until the task at hand seems impossibly large or out of reach, when in fact it could have been done twice over easily if I had switched to 'will mode' days - months - years - previously. Wishing can go on endlessly never getting anywhere. Will gets up and does something -- begins an action -- sees through to the pleasure of accomplishment, clears time for something else important, lives rather than exists.

I think the person who sent this does have a great soul! I look forward to her next quote, wondering how it will inspire me.

The Centre of Healing

By Shannon Bell-Wyominga



There's a lot of talk these days about healing and reconciliation between First Nations and non-First Nations. It is an important road to walk. I have found a symbol that signifies for me the centre of where we find healing and the restored relationships that we seek.

Years ago I received teaching on the traditional Native medicine wheel from an Ojibwa sister. I have since used it often in my beadwork. The circle of the medicine wheel represents the Creator who made all things and holds all things together. Within the circle are the 4 colours which, among other things, represent the 4 races of people: Black, Yellow, Red and White. They also remind us of the four directions from which the various peoples come. The wheel is divided into 4 sections by two lines. The vertical line reminds us of our relationship with the Creator while the horizontal line is about human relationships.

The medicine wheel portrays the need for balance in our lives between the physical, emotional, social and spiritual aspects of our lives. It is a tool for those seeking healing. Buffy Saint Marie once expressed that the White community needs healing from their guilt and the fear of being insensitive and racist, while the Native

community needs healing from the pain, loss and grief that they have experienced. We all need healing if we are to be restored to right relationship with one another.

As a follower of Jesus what struck me most about the medicine wheel, was what I found at the centre of the wheel. At the intersection of the horizontal and vertical lines (representing the divine and human) I found the cross – the greatest symbol of healing. Jesus was both human and divine. He bridges the gap between the two. At the same time, he is the centre of the 4 colours on the wheel. Jesus isn't for just one race, but for all. Jesus holds the perfect balance for our lives, bringing healing through the cross to our physical, emotional, social and spiritual needs.

A wall was put up between our peoples through abuse, lies, and a quest for power. Jesus came to break down that wall. In Ephesians 2 it says, *“Together as one body, Christ reconciled both groups to God by means of his death on the cross, and our hostility toward each other was put to death.”* The medicine wheel, with the cross at the centre, powerfully shows us our healing comes from Jesus. His death and resurrection is the source of healing, whether we are Black or White, Red or Yellow.

Recipe Corner

Honey Mustard Chicken Thighs from Linda Webber

1 Tbsp. Butter	3 Tbsp. honey
1 lb. Pkg. Chicken thighs	1 Tbsp. mustard
4 carrots, sliced	½ tsp. Dried thyme leaves
1 onion, chopped	½ tsp. salt
2 cloves garlic, minced	1/8 tsp. Pepper

Melt butter in heavy skillet over medium heat. Add chicken and carrots and cook for 8-10 min. until chicken is browned on bottom. Turn chicken and add remaining ingredients. Cover pan and cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, for 10-13 minutes until chicken is thoroughly cooked. Serve over hot cooked rice or couscous.

Humor Corner

Installing Love on the Human Computer: Submitted by Ginny Alexander

Tech Support: Yes, how can I help you?

Customer: Well, after much consideration, I've decided to install Love. Can you guide me through the process?

Tech Support: Yes. I can help you. Are you ready to proceed?

Customer: Well, I'm not very technical, but I think I'm ready. What do I do first?

Tech Support: The first step is to open your Heart. Have you located your Heart?

Customer: Yes, but there are several other programs running now. Is it okay to install Love while they are running?

Tech Support: What programs are running?

Customer: Let's see, I have Past Hurt, Low Self-Esteem, Grudge and Resentment running right now.

Tech Support: No problem, Love will gradually erase Past Hurt from your current operating system. It may remain in your permanent memory but it will no longer disrupt other programs. Love will

eventually override Low Self-Esteem with a module of its own called High Self-Esteem. However, you have to completely turn off Grudge and Resentment. Those programs prevent Love from being properly installed. Can you turn those off?

Customer: I don't know how to turn them off. Can you tell me how?

Tech Support: With pleasure. Go to your start menu and invoke Forgiveness. Do this as many times as necessary until Grudge and Resentment have been completely erased.

Customer: Okay, done! Love has started installing itself. Is that normal?

Tech Support: Yes, but remember that you have only the base program. You need to begin connecting to other Hearts in order to get the upgrades.

Customer: Oops! I have an error message already. It says, "Error – Program not run on external components." What should I do?

Tech Support: Don't worry. It means that the Love program is set up to run on Internal Hearts, but has not yet been run on your Heart. In non-technical terms, it simply means you have to Love yourself before you can Love others.

Customer: So what should I do?

Tech Support: Pull down Self-Acceptance; then click on the following files: Forgive-self; Realize Your Worth; and Acknowledge your Limitations.

Customer: Okay, done.

Tech Support: Now, copy them to the "My Heart" directory. The system will overwrite any conflicting files and begin patching faulty programming. Also, you need to delete Verbose Self-Criticism from all directories and empty your Recycle Bin to make sure it is completely gone and never comes back.

Customer: Got it. Hey! My heart is filling up with new files. Smile is playing on my monitor and Peace and Contentment are copying themselves all over My Heart. Is this normal?

Tech Support: Sometimes. For others it takes awhile, but eventually everything gets it at the proper time. So Love is installed and running. One more thing before we hang up. Love is freeware. Be sure to give it and its various modules to everyone you meet. They will in turn share it with others and return some cool modules back to you.

Customer: Thank you, God.

God/Tech Support: You're Welcome, Anytime.

Mother and God Submitted by Gordon Kellett

A well known Irish tenor , Daniel O Donnell, has this to say about the music business. When he first began singing professionally, he was told there were two things he should not talk about: his Mother and God. He talks about his mother, who is 90 years old as being the "Queen of Our House", all the time. Years ago he recorded a gospel song called "Footsteps" which was a major hit in Ireland and all over the United Kingdom and in North America. "Unless God bought all those records Himself, I guess others liked it as well," he said. "So I guess its alright to talk about Mother and God." O'Donnell recently filmed his ninth annual concert for PBS television in the Tri-Lakes Theater in Branson, Missouri and has a vast international following world wide. He raises money to fund orphanages in eastern Europe several million dollars I am told. So I guess it is alright to talk about Mother and God in the music business.

Farewell To A Friend ... An Obituary

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having

cultivated such valuable lessons as knowing when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm and why life isn't always fair.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge). His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or a band-aid to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband; churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault. Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by his four stepbrothers; I Know My Rights, I Want It Now, Someone Else Is To Blame, and I'm A Victim.

Not many attended Common Sense's funeral because so few realized he was gone.

Galilean's Coffee House Logo Contest

The Cariboo Presbyterian Mission has a wonderful logo – the cowboy cross. We would like to create a similar logo for the Galilean's Coffeehouse, to be used in advertising and in various other ways such as on coffee mugs or T-shirts etc.

If you are interested in creating and submitting a design, please complete the information below and attach it to your logo.

The logo should be submitted on a 8 ½ x 11 piece of paper, suitable for scanning into a .pdf file The deadline is June 30, 2009 and the winner will be notified before the next coffee house in September.

NAME: _____

MAILING ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER; _____ E-MAIL: _____

Please submit your entry to Cariboo Presbyterian Church, PO Box 156, Lac La Hache, BC V0K 1T0 The prize for the winning entry is a basket including autographed CD's of your favorite coffee house musicians and fair trade coffee products, plus the wonderful gratification of seeing your art work displayed in the Lac La Hache chapel for all to admire! Thanks to all who enter their artwork

Stones and Living Stones

By Shannon Finley, Treasurer

The Cariboo Mission is blessed by so many people and churches and church organizations in many ways. I want to share a story with you. A retired minister and his wife have been giving regularly to support the Cariboo house churches for many years. Sadly, his wife passed into her new life in the Lord this spring. She had requested that any gifts go to support the Cariboo, and we have received many loving notes in memory of her. He recently sent us a cheque saying that he and his wife had the money put way for a gravestone, but felt that contribution to the Cariboo Mission would be a more lasting gift.

This is where I ask you to go look at something stoney. Hold a big piece of rock in your hand and just try to crush it! Stones last a long time. Mountains are made of stone. I have been reading a book by M. Scott Peck about a journey he and his wife took through Britain looking at standing stones and stone circles. Their placement in the particular places they are found is a matter of mystery and prehistory – they have endured. Even a walk through the neighborhood cemetery will show that stones last a very long time – perhaps sinking into the earth a bit, but they are still there.

So how can we honour our friends' intention with something as enduring as a stone? This is not money to put into a gas tank, or Sunday School material. This is money to ensure that we have funds to continue to travel and to teach long into the future. An endowment fund is one in which the principle remains intact and the interest or proceeds of the principle investment are then used to fund various pre-determined activities. It has long been the dream of the missionaries here to establish such a fund to ensure that the ministry can continue on and reliance on grants and offerings to fund stipends and vehicles can be reduced to free funds for other program use. And so we are taking on the task of setting up such a fund. Please pray for us as we work to develop a framework for this fund, and stay tuned for more information in the next newsletter.

If you wish to make a contribution to 'endow the fund', please make your cheque payable to the Cariboo Presbyterian Church and in the detail indicate 'endowment fund'. The monies will be set aside in our account until such time as the investment fund is chosen and then will be invested accordingly. These funds will not be used in the day-to-day operations of the ministry. If you wish to support the day-to-day operations (we always have need of this sort of donation and are currently in a deficit position), please indicate that also. Please mail directly to the Cariboo Presbyterian Church, PO Box 156, Lac La Hache, BC V0K 1T0. Many thanks!