

Northern Light

*The Official Newsletter of
The Cariboo Presbyterian Church*

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A Lesson From A Goose And An Apostle

By David Webber

Ayeeeeeee! Haaaayahooooo! Blamn, blam, blamidy blamm blamn! Three blonds crested the hill, two running flat out as fast as their short legs could carry them, the third, game but somewhat slower, hollering blue murder with six-guns blazing. This was not a scene from the latest rerun of a John Wayne cowboy movie on TV. It was from the latest scene viewed from my front deck. The three blonds were my wife and her two Labrador retrievers. The blazing six-guns were my grandson's cap pistols. The object of the armed charge was an armada of Canada Geese that had sailed into port and clamored ashore for a lawn party.

The armada of geese gently lifted off the lawn and flapped twice before setting back down on the lake 20 meters off shore. They turned to glare and wag their stubby tails. Linda continued to berate them and shake her fists. Bud and Addy, hunting dogs to the bitter end, were sweeping the lawn with their nose down looking for the latest droppings to delightfully lap up like candy. Why do Labs like to eat everything that stinks?

This scene is a relatively new thing in these parts. By new I don't mean in the last year. Linda has been carrying on her war with the Canada Geese every summer for the past 21 years that we have lived on the shores of Lac La Hache. But when I was a kid some 50 years ago, we seldom saw Canada Geese anywhere. Sometimes, in the spring and in the fall, a few would straggle through on their way to where ever it was they wintered or nested. But large flocks that nested right on our doorstep, raised their young on our lawn and greased the dickens out of every beach and patch of lush grass in the area, living 10 months out of every 12 as full time residents; no, not ever.

Authorities tell us that the resident Canada goose population has increased 5 times since 1975. The Canada goose now has the capacity to double its population every 5 years.¹ That is a pretty greasy geesey proposition. Why the capacity for that kind of increase? There are many complex biological answers to that question but the short answer is that the Canada goose is a master at mastering change. As the landscape has been radically changed by an increasing human population filling in swamps and replacing them with grassed in lawns, parks, airport runways, freeway meridians and even hay fields, the Canada Goose has simply approached the change as an opportunity. Its swamps may have been filled in, but hey, 'what's wrong with a new mown lawn?'

The Canada goose is truly a master at mastering change. Right now I feel like I need to sit at the feet of a goose and learn from it. In this mission we are facing massive change. Not only is the rural human population and their social and economic circumstances changing all around us, in the field so to speak, but internally we are facing massive changes too. Charles McNeil, my partner in mission and his spouse Shannon Finley, our church treasurer and business manager are leaving us to answer a call to another rural ministry in the Lloydminster area of Alberta. Both Charles and Shannon have been, in various capacities and ways, a crucial part of our mission team for going on 8 years. Their leaving has meant that we have had to radically alter our mission strategy and practice in the South Central Cariboo-Chilcotin. Some house churches have had to be terminated, some

¹<http://www.canada.com/vancouversun/news/story.html?id=35d7132a-56db-4810-9f04-c64a8f2acf50>

worship times have had to be shifted, some pastoral work dramatically altered, some mission practices changed. In addition to the changes in the mission field, in the mission team, and in our mission practice, our mission support has dropped off considerably since last Christmas, especially from congregations who have supported us sacrificially for many years with their regular love gifts. This reality has meant that we will not be seeking a replacement for Charles and Shannon as they leave us. Hopefully this is just a temporary thing but if financial changes continue, more changes will have to be made. How do we as a mission work approach and deal with all this change?

To be honest, as to the specifics, I am not yet sure. The Canada goose on my doorstep seems to be telling me that attitude is key. Does change mean misfortune or does it mean opportunity? As I contemplate this I find my mind gently being turned by the Spirit to the apostle Paul. If ever there was a missionary who faced change as opportunity, Paul was the master. At one point, facing some of the same kind of changes I have alluded to in this story, Paul wrote to the Christians in Philippi: "*But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly that now at last your care for me has flourished again; though you surely did care, but you lacked opportunity. Not that I speak in regard to need, for I have learned in whatever state I am, to be content: I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere and in all things I have learned both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.*" (Philippians 4:10-13, NKJV)²

If the changes we are facing in this mission field are going to be truly faced as opportunity, the reality that bracketed all of Paul's life and work, "*I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me*" will have to be our reality too. The rural mission fields we work in are truly 'ripe unto harvest,' all 100,000 square kilometers of them in the Cariboo-Chilcotin region, which though huge, are only a pittance in size compared to Paul's mission field of all of Asia Minor. And yet Paul's ability to embrace change as opportunity, through his experienced reality of, "*I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me*", resulted in the Gospel being preached throughout his huge mission field to the effect that, beyond it, the whole of the Roman Empire was eventually converted to Christianity. When the fields are the focus, and the sufficiency of Christ the experienced reality, the harvest is but a matter of time.

As the Story Unfolds

By Charles McNeil

When I was a little boy there was a time when the family forgot me at the Drug Store in Woodbridge. It was a Friday night. We had gone to town on a number of errands and had ended up at the Drug Store. Dad had bought us all ice cream cones, and we were contentedly consuming our treats.

Somehow I had gotten separated from the rest, and they took off for Grandmas house. They left me behind. I remember quite clearly looking up at the smiling lady behind the counter. I simply stood there taking licks from my ice cream cone, and smiled back at her. She knew who I was and to whom I belonged and so she must have figured when they missed me they'd come back. Or so she hoped.

Well when the crew arrived at Grandma's house there was no Charles. The ones in the back of the car thought I was in the front seat, and the occupants of the front seat assumed I was in the back! Even in those days this was a problem. Dad flew back to the Drug Store to get me, and no one was the worse for wear.

I suppose I could have stepped out the front door of the store and looked up and down the street. I might have started walking more or less in the direction of Grandma's house. But fortunately I stayed put and waited for my Dad to come and get me.

As I was thinking about writing something for this edition of the newsletter and thinking about our impending move to the regional ministry of the Buffalo Trail Cluster in east central Alberta, I was reminded of the disciples being told to wait in Jerusalem. They were told to stay put until the Father

² *The New King James Version*. 1996, c1982. Nashville: Thomas Nelson.

sent them the gift of the Holy Spirit. That is until they received their marching orders from the Spirit of God Himself and the power and authority to do what God wanted done.

Oddly Shannon and I are in a sort of time akin to that in terms of waiting to have God put everything together. We are to wait upon God, God's timing, and God's work. God is working directly and through His Son's church to see that the call is mediated, overseen, and in due course if it is His will, sustained (it has been sustained). More than that God is putting things together far beyond what I can even begin to expect, imagine, or ask. God is putting things together for the Cariboo, for the Buffalo Trail Cluster Minister, and for a great many other ministries that His people are undertaking.

I crave your prayers for Shannon and I and for our family. As importantly I crave your prayers for the work God is doing in a whole lot of places including the Cariboo and the Buffalo Trail Cluster. Believe me when I say that you are all in my prayers. There is no greater gift to give each other than continuing prayer support! This gift is like a gentle cool rain on a very hot day. It is refreshing, cleansing, and pleasant. It gives life and health and hope to body and soul. I wish you moments of joy dancing between the raindrops!

In his first letter to the church in Corinth Paul used the image of seeing in a glass darkly. I feel like that most days but certainly I feel like that these days. Who but God knows what the future holds? I can trust God with the future even as I trusted my Dad while waiting in the Drug Store. I am content in God's grace waiting, and wondering what God is doing? I am pondering how God will use us for the kingdom's coming, the divine will being done, God's power being felt, and most of all Yahweh's love being known? Blessings, as the story unfolds and more of it is revealed, from both Shannon and I.

How Big is Your God?

by Ginny-Lou Alexander

As I was making my way through the New Testament on our reading project I was struck by the fact that in Ephesus (Acts 19:23-41) they nearly had a riot over a man-made god. That put me in mind of Rachel in the book of Genesis (30, 31) stealing her father's gods, as she was packing up to move away from her homeland. It is the first time idols are mentioned in the Bible, but that doesn't make it any less important; it was an enormous act with the same size consequences.

What did Rachel actually do? She stole from her father, deceived her husband (three times), endangered her family, and put her own future in jeopardy. (Jacob didn't know that Rachel had stolen her father's gods, so he said to Laban, "if you find anyone who has your gods, he shall not live.") Now we come to the third time she deceives her husband and this time her father, too. She had taken the household gods and put them inside her camel's saddle and was sitting on them. Then she told her father not to be angry that she could not stand and let him search the saddlebags because she was having her period! (Please note that Laban's gods fit into a saddle box that measured about 18 inches long and 14 inches high, quite a contrast between Jacob's God of Abraham and Isaac, and Laban's gods.)

I wonder why Rachel thought she needed to have those idols, what they meant to her, why they were so powerful in her life, or why she was willing to steal to have them?

Let's have a look at Rachel's life. She was beautiful, a real knockout. Jacob fell head over heels in love with her the first time he laid eyes on her - she had her husband's love. She was Jacob's favorite wife, over her sister Leah. She was very well provided for in material ways. Was there anything more she could possibly want? Yes, children! Up to this point Rachel was barren. She had had to sit by and watch Leah bear Jacob six sons, her own servant and Leah's servant each bear him sons, and yet she still had not conceived. Her jealousy, envy, anger, and self-pity had to have been growing to astronomical proportions. She finally cried out to her husband, "Give me children, or else I die!" Jacob's answer was angry, "Am I in the place of God?"

Her desire for children, what she couldn't have was so strong it twisted her thinking. She began to believe it was Jacob rather than God who was controlling her fertility, her position, and her life.

As we know from the story, God eventually, graciously, gave her a son, but her heart still wasn't happy or content. She named the baby "Joseph" which means, "Let Him add another." Rachel wasn't satisfied with the blessing God had given her in Joseph, she wanted more. Some time later Rachel did conceive again and as she was dying in childbirth she named the child "Benoni" which means "son of my sorrow." What she had worshipped and thought would bring her blessing ended up causing her death. What she thought would bring her joy brought her sorrow instead. It is ironic that the woman who cried, "Give me children or I die!" died in childbirth.

The problem was that even before Rachel stole her father's gods she was an idolater. Her desire to have children was the most important thing in her life. It was something she believed she had to have, and so it was her god.

Now let's look at the situation in Acts 19. Paul was being accused of barging in and discrediting what Demetrius and all his artisans were doing by telling people there's no such thing as a god made with hands. And, to make matters worse, a lot of people were going along with him, not only locally in Ephesus, but all throughout the province of Asia. Several things were either already happening or threatening to happen as a result of the teaching of the "Way" by Jesus' followers. The idol makers' business was in danger of falling apart, the temple of the famous goddess Artemis would certainly end up a pile of rubble as her glorious reputation faded to nothing, and it wasn't merely a local matter as "the whole world worships Artemis."

Idols are not just stone statues. Idols are the thoughts, longings, and expectations that we worship in the place of the true God. Idols are persons or things too greatly loved or adored that cause us to ignore the true God in search of what we think we need.

So, how big is your God? Can he be stuffed into a box on a camel's back, or is He the immeasurable, illimitable God of the whole universe?

A Tribute to Pastor Charles

Inter-lakes Kids Space

By E Adams

There came a day when we were told
The new Kids Space Pastor was Jesus bold

He'd be the leader who with God pleaded
To answer our prayers for what Kids Space needed

His goal was defined for us to see
He said, "Jesus, if we're patient, in us all will be"

So Charles came with patience galore
For ideas he'd never heard before

Our thoughts shared with him enthusiastically
Brought nods, smiles and twinkles periodically

"What about dinner?" we suggested
"But not me as cook!" Charles requested

"Of course crafts are a must!" we exclaimed
"Surely there's talent right here!" Charles distained

"The games are loud noisy affairs," we agreed
"Please get my ear plugs," Charles did plead

“You’re the preacher,” we insisted
“You need the experience,” Charles persisted

There came a time when no music wafted
From the walls of the Hall only silence drafted

Won’t someone please come sing?
Or even just a joyful noise do bring

So, Charles and Guitar praised God as they played
To which we with enthusiasm sang and swayed

The purpose for Kids Space is Fun! Fun! Fun!
Charles you see is the Pastor for Every One

By now you must be getting the picture
Charles brought to Kids Space a wonderful mixture

Of: fun, encouragement, grace and prayer
So: “Pastor Charles thanks. Be in God’s care”

Blessings from the Staff and Kids at Kids Space

Recipe Corner

Red Willow Ranch Fishfilet

Ingredients:

1 filet of fish , 150gr. per person ; 1 egg per 2 people , flour, milk ,salt ,pepper, dill and butter.

Scramble the eggs in a shallow bowl, add about a 3rd of milk, mix thoroughly.

Add a sprinkle of salt, pepper and lots of dill.

Take a second bowl and cover it with flour.

Take a filet of fish and place it in the flour and then the egg until it is completely covered.

Then fry the filets until golden and enjoy serve with boiled potaoes

Herb sauce

Ingredients;

cream cheese, milk, butter, parsley, dill, basil

Melt cheese slowly in a small pan, add milk whilst continually stirring until you get a thick sauce.

Add a piece of butter to melt.

Then add plenty of parsley, dill and a little basil.

Simmer for 5 min.

Rhubarb Crisp

1 c. brown sugar packed

1 c. flour

¾ c. rolled oats

½ c. melted butter

1 tsp. cinnamon

4 c. sliced rhubarb

1 c. granulated sugar

2 Tbsp. cornstarch

1 c. water

1 tsp. Vanilla

In mixing bowl, combine brown sugar, flour, oats butter and cinnamon; mix together until crumbly. Press half of the brown sugar and oats mixture into a buttered 8 inch square baking dish. Top with sliced rhubarb.

In a saucepan combine granulated sugar, cornstarch, water and vanilla. Cook together until clear, then pour over rhubarb. Top rhubarb with remaining crumb mixture. Bake at 350 for 45 to 55 minutes.

Heavenly Filled Strawberries

1 lb. fresh strawberries
2 pkg. (one 8 oz. & one 3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ c. confectioners' sugar
¼ tsp. almond extract
Grated chocolate

Remove stems from strawberries; cut a deep X in the tip of each berry. Gently spread berries open. In a small bowl, beat the cream cheese, confectioners' sugar and extract until light and fluffy. Pipe or spoon about 2 tsp. into each berry; sprinkle with chocolate. Chill until serving. Yield: about 3 dozen

Beef and Noodle Casserole

1 ½ lbs. ground beef
1 Tbsp. butter
1 large onion, chopped
1 c. green pepper, chopped
1 Tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce
1 pkg (10 oz) wide noodles or 3 ½ c. macaroni cooked and drained
2 cans cream of tomato soup undiluted
1 can cream of mushroom soup undiluted
1 c. grated cheddar cheese

In a large skillet brown beef. In another large pot cook noodles or macaroni. Remove browned beef and drain fat. In same skillet melt butter over medium heat. Saute' onion and green pepper until tender. Add beef, worchestshire sauce, noodles and soups and stir. Spoon into a greased 3 quart casserole baking dish; top with cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Yields: 8 servings

Butter-Steamed Asparagus

1 lb. fresh asparagus
2 Tbsp. butter
1 Tbsp. vegetable oil
¼ tsp. salt
dash pepper

1 Tbsp. lemon juice
2 Tbsp. chopped parsley

Cut stalks on the diagonal, making thin slanting slices about 1 ½" long. Heat a large skillet. Add butter and oil. When hot add asparagus. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook, covered, over high heat until just tender about 5 minutes, shaking skillet frequently. Turn out onto serving dish. Add lemon juice, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve. Makes 4 servings.

Vegetable Couscous Salad

1 box couscous	1 zucchini, diced
1 red onion, sliced	½ c, fresh mint
1 tomato, seeded and diced	juice of 1 lemon
2 scallions, sliced	3 Tbsp olive oil
salt & pepper	

Prepare couscous according to directions on the package. Set aside to cool. Add onion, tomato, scallions, and zucchini. Snip in mint with a kitchen scissors. Add lemon juice and olive oil. Season with salt and pepper. Serve chilled.

Zucchini Squares

2 c. grated ungrated zucchini	2/3 c. soft butter
1 ½ tsp. salt	3 large eggs
2 c. flour	2 tsp. vanilla
2 tsp. baking powder	1 c. chocolate chips
1 tsp. baking soda	1 c. chopped pecans
1 tsp salt	

In a medium bowl, mix the grated zucchini with 1½ tsp salt; let stand at room temperature for 15 minutes. Strain the mixture through a single layer of cheesecloth to remove excess liquid. Set the strained zucchini aside.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lightly grease a 9x13 inch baking dish.

In a medium bowl mix together the flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. In a large bowl, cream the butter and sugar with electric mixer, mix until light and fluffy, about 3-4 min. Add the eggs and mix slowly until fluffy. Add vanilla. Stir in the flour mixture. Add the drained zucchini, pecans and chocolate chips; mix well. Pour the batter into the prepared baking dish, spreading it evenly. Bake dish on the middle rack of the oven for 30 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

*If you use a glass baking dish lower temperature to 325 degrees.

Rustic Pie

3 Tbsp.vegetable oil
4 small zucchini, thinly sliced
1 medium red onion, finely chopped
½ c. chopped fresh parsley
2 Tbsp. chopped chives
1 Tbsp. chopped fresh oregano
3 large eggs
1 ½ c grated cheddar cheese
½ c. grated parmesan cheese
9-inch piecrust

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Heat vegetable oil in a large skillet over medium heat. Sauté the zucchini and onions for 7-8 minutes. Add the chopped herbs; cook for 1 more minute. Remove from heat and allow to cool.

In a large bowl, mix the eggs and cheeses. Add the cooled zucchini to the egg mixture; mix well. Pour the mixture into the pie shell. Bake on the lowest rack of the oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 4-6 servings

Humor Corner

Ode To Zucchini

Zucchini, oh zucchini,
It's not that I'm ungrateful.
When I think of all your vitamins,
There must be loads, in every plateful!

But for days, my kitchen's been a mess,
And it's all because of you, I guess.
I'd vowed I would not waste
A single one of you.

I baked you and I fried you,
Pickled, froze and dried you.

I made every zucchini recipe I knew.

And now, just as I tucked the last of you
In a quaint new bread, called "banzini,"
My proud little boy is telling me,
"Look, Mom, I found 13 more zucchini!"

So, zucchini, oh zucchini,
Though I think you're quite terrific,
Could you, please, just try to be
A little less prolific? ---Linda Andersen

A Local Call

A photographer on vacation was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read '\$10,000 per call'. The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by what the telephone was used for. The priest replied that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God. The American thanked the priest and went along his way.

Next stop was in Atlanta. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he saw in Orlando and he asked a nearby nun what its purpose was. She told him that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 he could talk to God. 'O.K., thank you,' said the American.

He then traveled to Indianapolis, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. In every church he saw the same golden telephone with the same '\$10,000 per call' sign under it. The American, upon leaving Vermont decided to travel up to Canada to see if Canadians had the same phone.

He arrived in Canada, and again, in the first church he entered, there was the same golden telephone, but this time the sign under it read '50 cents per call.' The American was surprised so he asked the priest about the sign. 'Father, I've traveled all over America and I've seen this same golden telephone in many churches. I'm told that it is a direct line to heaven, but in the US the price was \$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?'

The priest smiled and answered, 'You're in Canada now, son ... it's a local call.'

Humor From the Church Bulletin

1. The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.
2. The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'
3. Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.
4. The peacemaking meeting scheduled for today has been cancelled due to a conflict.
5. Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.
6. Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I Will Not Pass This Way Again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.
7. For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
8. Next Thursday there will be tryouts for the choir.
9. The Rector will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing: 'Break Forth Into Joy.'
10. Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24th in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.
11. At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What Is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.

12. Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.
13. Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.
14. The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.
15. Potluck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - Prayer and medication to follow.
16. The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.
17. Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.
18. The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.
19. Weight Watchers will meet at 7 PM at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use the large double doors at the side entrance.

Have You Ever Noticed

Submitted by Cynthia Noble

Have you ever noticed—

- When the other fellow acts that way, he is *ugly*; when you do, it is *nerves*.
- When the other fellow is set in his ways, he is *obstinate*; when you are, it is *firmness*.
- When the other fellow does not like your friend, he is *prejudiced*; when you do not like his, you simply are showing that you are a *good judge* of human nature.
- When the other fellow takes time to do things, he is dead *slow*; when you do, you are *deliberate*.
- When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a *spendthrift*; when you do, you are *generous*.
- When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he is *cranky*; when you do, you are *discriminating*.
- When the other fellow is mild in his manner, he is *weak*; when you are, you are being *gracious*.
- When the other fellow gets destructive, he is *tough*; when you do, you are *forceful*.

--Taken from Streams in the Desert 2 by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman

If Jesus Came to Your House

By Lois Blanchard Eades

(Submitted by Cynthia Noble)

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or two,
 If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what you'd do.
 Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to such an honored Guest,
 And all the food you'd serve to Him would be the very best.
 And you would keep assuring Him you're glad to have Him there,
 That serving Him in your own home is joy beyond compare.

But when you saw Him coming, would you meet Him at the door
 With arms outstretched in welcome to your heavenly Visitor?
 Or would you have to change your clothes before you let Him in?
 Would you turn off the radio and hope He hadn't heard?
 And wish you hadn't uttered that last, loud, hasty word?

Would you hide your worldly music and put some hymnbooks out?
 Could you let Jesus walk right in, or would you rush about?
 And I wonder, if the Savior spent a day or two with you,
 Would you go right on doing the things you always do?
 Would you go right on saying the things you always say?

Would life for you continue as it does from day to day?

Would your family conversation keep up its usual pace?

And would you find it hard each meal to say a table grace?

Would you sing the songs you always sing, and read the books you read,

And let Him know the things on which your mind and spirit feed?

Would you take Jesus with you everywhere you'd planned to go?

Or would you, maybe, change your plans for just a day or so?

Would you be glad to have Him meet your very closest friends?

Or would you hope they'd stay away until His visit ends?

Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on and on?

Or would you sigh with great relief when He at last was gone?

It might be interesting to know the things that you would do

If Jesus Christ in person came to spend some time with you.

A Treasurer's Final Note

By Shannon Finley

Life is full of change. No kidding you say! From mid-June on I will no longer be the church treasurer for the Cariboo Presbyterian Mission as my husband has accepted a call to ministry in the new Buffalo Trail Cluster in Alberta. So as we look forward to new adventures, we are also closing the books on the current work for us. The accounting operations have grown quite large and so we are employing an accounting firm to keep them in order. We also welcome Linda Webber as our new envelope secretary. She will be accepting, recording and receipting all the donations to this mission.

As before, all correspondence can be sent to PO Box 156, Lac la Hache, BC V0K 1T0 and it will make its way up to Williams Lake for attention as needed.

I wish we were leaving a more lucrative balance in our account than the one rather large negative sum. In spite of all the help we have received from donations small and large and from near and far, this year we are much further behind than other years have been at this time in the cycle. We understand that most of our income comes in the last very few week of the year; however our expenses come in every month. When I have given reports to the Session on the current state of our finances I have received a lesson in patience and faith. This year we need it a little sooner! We have borrowed substantially from our reserve to keep the operations funded.

I am guessing that if we are experiencing difficulties, then many churches are. Please pray for God's guidance in the use of your resources, and if you can, please respond to whatever need He lays on your heart.

Thank you all for the privilege of serving our Lord as your treasurer in the past few years. I have been humbled and encouraged by the faithfulness expressed to God's service in the many notes and letters and stories that pass across my desk. I know that every penny is a sacrifice of funds that could be used in some other way. We are grateful that so many times we in the Cariboo are chosen.

Blessings to all, Shannon Finley.