

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>

Guest Editors: David & Linda Webber

Fall Edition 2014

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Editorial Notes

By Dave Webber

Just a few editorial notes to begin. The first is that Jon Wyminga, the regular editor of our newsletter, is on medical leave together with his spouse Shannon until the end of December, 2014. We pray for and wish them both a time of renewal and refreshment. This means that Linda and I are thrust back into editing Northern Light, something we did for nigh on 23 years before Jon took it over a while back.

The second thing is that for this issue we have tried to make the focus of Northern Light one of devotional stories to spiritually feed and nourish us in our Christian walk. The stories are written by many of the creative and talented folks in the various house churches. Some have written in prose, others in verse and others in an intriguing and engaging combination of both. We have kept our editing to a minimum. We have also included several autumn recipes, which many of you have requested more of in recent times. We hope you enjoy the food.

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Twisted Ankle

By Jody Malm

Twisted Ankle!

Time to rest, put your foot up, ice, heat, and stay off of it. Stay off of it, stay off of it.....

I have to work, I don't have time for this, I see the plants need watering, garden needs weeding, I see the berries need picking, I see the clothes need washing, put on the line, folded, put away, the dishes need washing, I see, I see, I see.

Sit, put your foot up, ice.....sit.

Read a book, so I get up and stack some books beside me. I'm thirsty, a bottle of water, hmm a pot of coffee, I get up and make one. Bring out a tray of snacks, what else could I possibly need. Oh, my lap top, could email, get the cemetery paper work done, yeah, get caught up. Off I go....hobble, hobble, hobble.

I hear the voice in my head say, I want you to rest, do you want this to re-occur, you need to listen to me. DO YOU HEAR ME?

Sometimes people think bad things happen because the devil is playing havoc in our lives. I choose not to think that way. I guess I try to find the good in most areas of my life and believe that things happen for a good reason. I may not know, now or ever, what the reason was, but it helps me to be in a better place.

Example; ankle twisted, not the greatest of timing, out on a jog, good distance from home, plus a paddle. I couldn't have asked for a better person to be with me, my husband, encouraging and offering lots of help. Not that I took much, I'm stubborn, stupid....

Now I am resting, just as God wants me too, and the good of the twisted ankle is coming thru, I have seen a friend, I have had another friend bring me a support boot, I have stopped

moving and caught up on bank books, emails, wrote a couple of cards, relaxed and slept. I read and read my bible; it has been a while since I have stopped.

I don't do stopped and rest very well. I like to think too much. For me, if I don't stop and listen I don't hear God's plans for me. So now I have to stop. Was the twisted ankle a bad thing or a good thing? It could have been so much worse, so I like to think this is a good thing.

So now I pray that the stuff in my life is set aside, so that I can hear God's voice, listen to the words that are spoken to me. Be open to God's plans for me. I think at times that the only time I listen or call out to God is if it is a major decision I have to make or an important step of faith that I want to take. It's not in the daily tasks that I hear or ask for his guidance. Yet why not, if I start each day off in prayer I know from past experience it makes a huge difference to the outcome of my day, not because it was perfect. I handled each situation better, I had a kind and gentle heart, and I didn't anger right away and most of all I was slow to speak. All the things we are taught again and again by God to do.

And He said, "My presence will go with you and I will give you rest." (Ex.33.14)

Interesting. When God is with us, we have the rest that we need. I had forgotten this, truly forgotten. Rest doesn't come from stopping work or a twisted ankle, it comes from God. It comes from us listening to him, hearing his voice, anywhere at any time, remembering that he is with us. I am so excited by this very thought. It feels like I have just heard it for the first time. Yet it is not. It's just been a while since I have listened and heard God's voice. How silly of me how rested I feel, Thank you Jesus, Thank you.

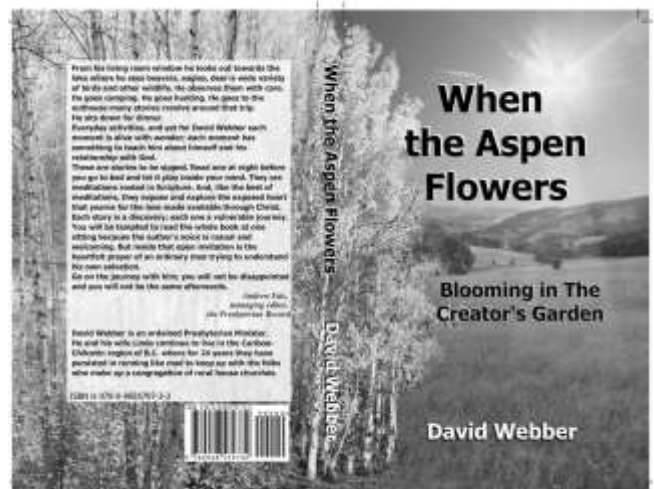
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CHRISTMAS ALERT?

David Webber's fourth and latest book is now available: To order copies email David directly at webberink@telus.net and he will send out your book(s) with an invoice. Cost is \$25.00 each, including tax and shipping, payable to David Webber.

You can also order by writing:

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Keep Your Eyes Fixed

By Bruce Wilcox

When I took the course for a private pilot's license many years ago, I remember our instructor warning us to be very careful about pushing it in poor weather. Because we were not trained to fly on instruments only, we needed decent visibility when flying. Our instructor also reminded us that if we ever found ourselves surprised by bad weather or zero visibility, we had to **trust** our instruments, and not panic -- just keep our eyes fixed on our instruments and **believe** what they were telling us no matter what, because our bodily sensations would often try to tell us something different in those situations.

Now this sounds straightforward and easy enough until the time comes when one actually has to do it. I remember flying in to land at the little airstrip in a neighboring town, and during my

approach on this occasion some thick fog blew in and totally obscured my visibility. Fortunately it didn't last too long because I almost immediately began to experience some very uncomfortable and then scary spatial disorientation. A kind of vertigo that has in fact been identified as the direct contributing cause of many accidents. It happens because your vision is cut off from the earth, horizon, or any other fixed reference at the same time that your body is exposed to certain angular and/or centrifugal forces which you simply cannot distinguish from gravitational forces.

I began feeling more and more certain that I was steeply climbing, and it was like my body was screaming at me to level out by pushing the wheel forward. Of course actually doing that would have resulted in crashing nose-first into the ground, which would have come from taking matters into my own hands and not keeping my eyes fixed on my instruments and really trusting them.



This reminds me of our absolute need to “fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith...” no matter how we're feeling or what the circumstances (Heb.12.2, NIV). Because He **is** our fixed reference point, our horizon, our “sun of righteousness.” To remember this no matter how tempted we are to take our eyes off of Him or our “instruments” by not bothering with prayer, not bothering with worship, not bothering with His word.

Because when Scripture talks about walking “by faith, and not by sight”... “sight” must somehow include the feelings and emotions that can so strongly urge us in certain situations to take our eyes off of the only things that can help us. Praise God for His love and commitment to us through it all, to complete the good work He has begun in us!

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It's a Matter of Focus

By Ginny-Lou Alexander

In Exodus 16.2-3 we read, “In the desert the whole community (of Israelites) grumbled against Moses and Aaron. The Israelites said to them, ‘If only we had died by the Lord’s hand in Egypt. There we sat around pots of meat and ate all the food we wanted, but you have brought us into this desert to starve the entire assembly to death.’” (NIV)

The whole Israelite nation had just recently witnessed God’s miraculous deliverance out of slavery in Egypt, and almost immediately they began to grumble about the food or lack thereof. They were dissatisfied with God’s provisions. They perceived that they were enduring hardship which invariably led to ingratitude.

How much like those Israelites are we? The moment we perceive that we are suffering without something, or that we could use a better or newer more up-to-date ‘this or that’ we complain, we grumble, we are miserable. We are like the Israelites who looked back and focused on all the great abundance of food they enjoyed in Egypt. All they would have had to do was focus on the LORD who had already provided for them and had covenanted to continue to do so.

When we find ourselves in situations or circumstances that we don't particularly like let us change our focus; “let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross . . .” (Heb.12.2)

Let us turn from expressing our yearning for what we lack, let us accept and bask in God’s love, and let us recognize the hand of God on our lives giving us life and significance.

The most important step toward joy in any given situation is to change our focus from what we do **not** have to what we **do** have.

Reflections on Old Wood and Rotten Fish

By Mark Carter

Old buildings are full of mystery to me. First Presbyterian Church in Prince Rupert, where I served as a student minister for the summer, is a perfect example. Built in 1925, it has stood as one of the pillars of the community for nearly 90 years. When I first walked through its antiquated doors, I knew I was standing in an old building right away. It smelled old. Not a nasty smell of mold, but of a building full of wood and lacquer that gave off that “old wood” smell.

I was mesmerized by its size and seeming endless passages and stairwells, some leading up to the tower standing three stories above the street, and others leading down, down, down into the bowels of the building where the concrete floor continued for about 10 feet until it turned into solid rock and tapered up toward the ceiling. There is not much top soil in Prince Rupert. Most buildings are built on solid rock, or perched on muskeg.

The thing about old buildings is that the forgotten nooks and crannies usually become depositories for unwanted items. This was the case with the church. Brian, the husband of one of the elders, was the building superintendent and his summer project was to clean out the accumulated stuff. He gleefully commented to me that he was going to have a dumpster delivered to the church and was going to pile everything that wasn't bolted down into it.

A Saturday was selected for the clean-up day and all able bodied members were invited to help out. Apparently, an epidemic of physical maladies descended on the members of First Presbyterian on that weekend. That is the only reason I can think of why Brian and I were the only ones there at 9 AM. A little later on, another man arrived and worked hard for the rest of the day, mostly because by that time, I was packing nails out one at a time. He was feverishly lugging out boards, plywood, old bits of metal, and occasionally, a frantic family of spiders. This clean-up work was hard. To make things worse, we discovered that when a new room was built for the new furnace in the basement, a whole bunch of old wood had been left trapped between the foundation wall and the new frame wall with only a narrow space to fit through.



Finally, the work was done. The basement was free of clutter and the dumpster had become a goldmine of eclectic odds and ends. Doors, windows, metal grates, pipes, boards, and an overpowering smell of rotten fish. I am not sure how the garbage disposal company operates, but it seemed as though the dumpster they gave us had most recently been used at the fish processing plant. A very generous gesture by the disposal company!

You will have to forgive me for the sappy illustration, but I couldn't help but compare the church clean-out with my life as a believer. Once you have removed your hand from covering your eyes and got that groan over with, I will continue. It has been my experience that as life goes on, little things settle into the nooks and crannies of my person without my express desire that they be there. It may be habits or how I use my time or more aptly put, how my time gets used. A good

example is when more and more activities are added to my schedule and consequently I have less time to spend praying or reading the Word. I think that after years of accumulation, it would be a good idea to have a clean-out time. I should take a good look at my life and see what things are important and what things just ended up there. The end result of a cleanup is a more useful church building and a more dedicated me!

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Fear Factor

By Bruce Wilcox

When I was very young we lived in a small cabin out on the family homestead some miles beyond the small village of Forest Grove here in the Cariboo. No electricity or such back then. I think the earliest memories I have are from about the age of four. Some of those involve waking up in the night afraid, either from strange noises, a bad dream or just worrying about a monster or something under my bed.

Fortunately I grew up in a secure environment with good parents, and I remember sometimes working up the nerve to jump out of my bed, which was in another room, and running scared as fast as I could and jumping into bed with Mom and Dad. What a refuge! Whew! There I felt safe and secure right away, and could just snuggle in and sleep safe and sound. I'm sure lots of folks can identify with something similar.

I would be "anxious for nothing." But why? It must have been because whatever frightened me did not seem to frighten Mom or Dad one little bit. Whatever felt threatening to me, certainly did not threaten them.

When the Scriptures tell us to "cast all your anxieties upon Him, for He cares for you", God is reminding us to run to Him, and not only to prayerfully give them to Him, but to *leave* them with Him. To remember that whatever threatens or scares us does not threaten or scare Him! To remember that not only is He immeasurably bigger than our circumstances, but He is also bigger than the feelings and emotions of worry or fear we may experience in the midst of those circumstances. Because He promises us that He is sovereignly working out his good purposes in our lives through everything, and we are safe and secure in His hands, and nothing and no one can ever separate us or snatch us out of His hands or thwart His purposes. Ever.

I need more of this to permeate me. Because this surely is one of those essential child-like attributes that Jesus must have had in mind in Matt.18.3. My feelings of security and peace in my parents' bed as a kid came from somehow knowing that any "monsters" couldn't really get to me without having to go through them first. And if anything *could* actually get past them...well, then it couldn't possibly be anything worth being afraid of. No wonder the LORD is called our refuge, our fortress. No wonder He tells us so many times throughout the scriptures to, "fear not."

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What A Friend We Have In Jesus

By Alice Duits

Right now I am sitting by my kitchen table overlooking the wilderness. The colors of red, yellow and orange are just so beautiful with the back splash of evergreens behind it. It is not difficult to Praise the Lord and enjoy the nature He created.

I try to imagine that in a couple of months the colors outside my window will change again and the glittering white snow will rest on the landscape for many months.

Thinking about this, my mind went back to the last couple of winters. Times when I felt "cabin fever." I wonder how I could possibly feel cabin fever. I am a mom of many, eleven children to be exact. Six of these children still live at home. I am a homeschool mom. My days are filled with the enjoyment of the company of my children. So why the "cabin fever?" Is it the loneliness of missing friendships with other women or other families? Perhaps, because we live so remotely

with no neighbors close by. Maybe it is a combo of many things. Yes, I could pursue more outside activities. But I know my tasks at home are still great and my desire is to raise my younger children with a strong start in their faith, character and wisdom in order to begin life as adults as strong as possible. So I accept the “cabin fever” as a choice knowing that this season will one day end.

Some of you might know the feeling of “cabin fever” for other reasons. May I encourage you with a song that has become very precious to me in my cabin fever. It is called “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.” I have sung the verses on days when they seemed long and somewhat lonely for friends, excitement, change and diversity.

This song has comforted, encouraged and brought perspective back into my heart, soul and mind. I hope that by sharing this with you, some might find this song to help them on those occasional “cabin fever” days deep in the winter months too. Sing it with me.

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Kids Space Visits Messy Church Fiesta

By Elaine Adams

Five volunteers from Interlakes Kids Space visited Messy Church Fiesta in Kelowna on Saturday September 27, 2014. Elaine and Bill Adams, Pat Lytton, Celeste Faessler and Rene LaFavor attended a one day retreat to participate in a program similar to Kids Space.

Kids Space and Messy Church have much in common. Both include meals, crafts, singing, games and bible stories. The purpose is to provide a fun social setting and learn about God – possibly for the first time – for people in the local community. The pleasure for the five volunteers was spending time together. The road trip, the meals, the interaction with people from other churches as well as fabric shopping (three of the five are quilters) added up to a lovely excursion.

The volunteers express many thanks to Pastors Dave and Ginny-Lou, as well as the other elders of the Cariboo Presbyterian Church, for their prayerful and financial support of this retreat.



Left to right: Elaine & Bill Adams, Celeste Faessler, Pat Lytton, Rene LaFavor

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The Poets Corner

From The Story of Ruth

By Beverly Wilcox

Back in times when the Judges ruled, in days of antiquity,
There lived a man named Elimelech, and his dear wife Naomi.

A terrible famine gripped their land, of Bethlehem-Judah 'tis said,
So together they left with their two sons, to a strange land where there was bread.

In the country of Moab they settled, thinking just for a time to abide;
Then Naomi was left alone with her sons, when her husband Elimelech died.

Mahlon and Chilion the boys you know, married Moabite wives;
Orpah and Ruth, no dearer maids could've brought more joy to their lives.

Together they dwelt in Moab land, in all about ten years -
When Naomi's sons they also died, bringing sorrow and so many tears.

Naomi said, "I'm going home, for I've heard the dearth is o'er"-
To her daughters-in-law she bid goodbye, but they clung to her weeping sore.

Orpah returned to her people then, but Ruth was minded to go,
And would not turn back from her mother-in-law, for she loved Naomi so.

'Twas barley harvest in Bethlehem, and Ruth went out to glean,
In the fields of Boaz, a wealthy man, and Elimelech's next of kin.

Now Boaz was a kindly man and respected all his days,
And Ruth, a virtuous woman, was loved for her Godly ways.

A closer kinsman cleared the way for Boaz and Ruth to wed,
And God blessed them with a little son, whom the women named Obed.

Naomi's days were filled again, her heart was made to sing!
And this little child would someday be, Grandfather to a King!

SMALL TALK (WITH SOMEONE GREAT)

By Beverly Wilcox

I PRAY LORD THAT YOU KEEP ME HUMBLE,
LEST I GROW TOO PROUD AND STUMBLE.

IF THERE BE ONE GOOD THING I DO,
IT'S NOT MY OWN, BUT COMES FROM YOU.

MAY I REALIZE MY FAULTS, CONFESSING,
AND KNOW FROM WHENCE COMES EVERY BLESSING.

HELP ME AND MINE STAY CLOSE AND TRUE,
AND THANK YOU LORD, FOR BEING YOU!

Sheridan Acres Teen Space Camp Out

September 05 to 07, 2014

By Elaine Adams

Ten Teens arrived excited with anticipation
For a weekend of kayaking, canoeing
participation.

With tents set up, food cooked and eaten
Down to the water for a voyager expedition
To the Sheridan Lake Canal.

Mission Impossible is a night time game
Where flashlights identify the person's name.
Running through woods, bushes and by posts
To reach the goal, before any tagger notices,
Off the picnic table.

Night time is for sleeping so they say,
Except when ten teens are too excited to stay
Calm in their tents; so for the next moments
There are noisy voices calling to the
opponents
In the adult tents.

'Rise and shine' is the morning sound
From Coreen who awoke to make breakfast
abound;

Moving onward for a five hour circuit
Of Sheridan Lake so perfect
In South Cariboo.

The calm serene of Sheridan Lake
Paddling to Edal Bay for heritage sake;
Onward to Jeem's Island, just big enough for
all,

To rest, then cross smoothly at a pleasant
crawl,
To a private sandy beach.

Sheridan Acres the site of the Camp Out
With our excellent hosts Ken and Jody – no
doubt –
Created memories for the teens, with God's
grace,
To carry with them to other times, possibly
with a faster pace,
In the future.

There was talk of survival both in nature and
spiritual.

Survival depends on some necessities:
Food, water, fire, shelter are four specialities;
And Christians too are in jeopardy of losing
faith

To survive take in God's love and grace
And give food to spiritual life, drink from the
cup of Jesus, stoke the fire for God in
our hearts, find shelter in the comfort of
our fellow Christians and God's arms

In all God's places.

Visit the Kids Space blog to view photos:
<http://interlakeskids.blogspot.ca/>



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The Coffee House

By Bruce Wilcox

Many years ago playing music in the local bars and pubs was my main activity on weekends. Sometimes things would get a little "western" to say the least. One fellow we knew used to try and sneak into the local watering holes while still underage, but on one occasion he ended up in an altercation with some bikers outside one of the premises which evidently went rather badly for him, because in the ensuing fight he ended up literally getting thrown right through a big plate glass window and *into* the bar! This was quite the joke around Lac La Hache for years after...probably the only town in Canada where an underage guy actually got thrown into a bar.

It makes me think now of the huge contrast for me personally, and what a blessing it is to be part of our local church sponsored coffeehouse evenings in downtown LLH. Where the strongest thing on tap is caffeinated coffee, yet where folks are showing up in just as many numbers, looking forward to some company and a great variety of musical and poetic talent which usually includes some excellent original material too.

For us Christians, this type of event is an important way to become much more connected with our community, to build trust, to hopefully maximize already established relationships with unbelievers and/or the unchurched, meet new people, let our (Jesus) light shine and experience new opportunities to ultimately share the Gospel, or perhaps invite someone to Church to hear it there.

We prayerfully trust the Lord with all of this, realizing that Jesus was often called a “friend of sinners”, and knowing of course that if all we ever do is associate with other Christians, we’re never going to be able to share Christ with people that need Him! We pray for wisdom individually in giving Biblically informed answers, yet we know God uses us collectively as well, like a network. Like the way they fished in Jesus’ day using nets, which were so much more effective than the lone ranger approach of merely dangling single separate lines in the water.

Because often if the Lord uses one of us to plant a seed, He will then use someone else to water it. And a really big element of the freedom we have in Christ is knowing that only God can grant the increase! (1Cor 3:6). Not us. That responsibility and that work and that pressure is His, and it should be liberating for us.

Jesus said “...I will make you fishers of men.” (Matt 4:19, emphasis mine). Not our techniques, methodologies, programs, formulas...but Him! And He continues to do just that, as we prayerfully seek to allow Him to live in us more fully and to use us as He sees fit. All praise, thanks, and glory to Him!

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Food for the Body

Tender Crisp Cookies (Submitted by Jackie Wilcox)

1 cup margarine or butter
3/4 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup white sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 Tbsp. hot water
1 tsp. vanilla
1 ½ cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking soda
2 cups oatmeal
1 cup raisins or walnuts
1 cup chocolate chips

Cream margarine (butter), add sugar and cream well. Add beaten eggs, hot water and vanilla, mix well. Add sifted flour, salt and baking soda. Mix. Add oatmeal, raisins or walnuts, and chocolate chips. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 12 to 15 minutes.

Yield: approx. 6 dozen.

Rhubarb Matrimonial Bars (Submitted By Alice Duits)

Filling

3 cups of cut-up rhubarb
1 ½ cups sugar

Crust

1 ½ cups flour
1 ½ cups rolled oats
½ tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup butter

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Combine filling ingredients and cook until thick. Cool completely. Combine crust ingredients and pat 2/3's of mixture into a greased 9" x 13" pan. Add filling and sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake for 30-35 minutes. Chill before cutting. Good as a dessert with a dollop of whipping cream.

Pumpkin Cheesecake (Submitted by Alamaz Durand)

Crust

Butter or margarine 1/4 cup 50 ml
Ginger snaps; crushed 1 1/4 cups 300 ml

Filling

Cream cheese, softened 2-8oz. 2-250 g
Granulated sugar 2/3 cup 150 ml
Eggs 2
Pumpkin canned 14 oz. 398 ml
Cinnamon ½ tsp 2 ml
Nutmeg ½ tsp 2 ml
Ginger ½ tsp 2 ml
Salt ½ tsp 2 ml

Crust: Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in crumbs. Press into ungreased 9x9-inch (22x22cm) pan. Bake in 350°F (180°C) oven for 10 minutes.

Filling: Beat cream cheese and sugar together well. Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating after each addition. Mix in remaining ingredients. Pour over crust. Bake in 350°F (180°C) oven for about 50 to 60 minutes or until firm. Chill. Garnish with whipped cream and chocolate curls.
Serves. 12

Note: I buy gingersnap cookies and crush them.

Pumpkin pie extreme! Love it. I tend to ease a little on the spice if people don't care for strong flavours but it's still good!

Happy Thanksgiving!

Plum HP Sauce (Submitted by Judy Thatcher)

6 lbs. plums (1 gallon pitted)
2 lbs. brown sugar
1 tsp. mace
6 tsp. salt
2 tsp. cayenne pepper
6 cups vinegar
2 tsp. cloves
2 tsp. pepper
2 tsp. ginger
2 oz. garlic

Boil up plums (1 hour or till soft). Then blend till smooth. Then add everything else and simmer till desired thickness at least 1 hour.
Place in jars, seal with lids while hot.

Honey Butter (Submitted By Amber Malm)

In a saucepan combine:

1 c. sugar
1 c. heavy cream
1 c. honey

Boil ingredients for 1 minute

Pour mixture over $\frac{3}{4}$ c. of butter. Blend till well mixed. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, blend again. Refrigerate. Fill 2 pints plus $\frac{1}{4}$ cup. Spread on toast or fresh homemade bread ... mmm. A real treat from the depression days.

Campfire French Toast (Submitted by Elaine Adams)

Start a fire when you get out of your sleeping bag. Make some coffee and enjoy a cup before you start mixing the ingredients for French toast. Hopefully you'll now have a hot set of coals. Lay the metal rack, which is made from the condenser of an old fridge, over the coals so it becomes hot. It has to be an old fridge because modern fridges don't have metal condensers. Recycle aluminum baking trays as the cooking sheets for the French toast. And now:

Beat 1 dozen eggs; and add some milk, salt, pepper, cinnamon. Then drop in slices of bread to soak for a little while.

Place the soaked French toast on the aluminum baking trays and bake until nicely browned; flip and brown this side too; and eat. Campfire French Toast tastes great with

added condiments such as chocolate chips, whipping cream, maple syrup, jam, and other sweets.



Jason, Brent, Shade & Cameron enjoy Campfire French Toast with much appreciation to Coreen. Mary rests comfortably.

Wicked Thai Chicken Soup (Submitted by Linda Webber)

This is our favourite soup. You can buy everything in your grocery store.

- 2 Tbsp. vegetable oil
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ½ a red bell pepper, diced
- 1 ½ cups sliced mushrooms
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 2 cooked chicken breasts, or the equivalent of brown meat, diced
- 2 Tbsp. Gourmet Garden Lemon Grass herb paste (it's in a tube where the fresh herbs are)
- 1 tsp. fish sauce (in the specialty isle)
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup of half & half (10%) cream
- ½ cup canned coconut milk (divide leftover milk in ½ cups, place in plastic containers and freeze)
- 2 tsp. red curry paste (I use 1 Tbsp.) (in the specialty isle)
- 1 ½ tsp. Gourmet Garden Chili pepper paste (I use 1Tbsp.) (it's in a tube where the lemon grass is)
- 2-3 Tbsp. tomato paste (to taste) (I use the whole can, I don't like to waste anything).
- 1 Tbsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbsp. water
- 2 cups cooked long grain rice,(try brown or a mix of long grain with wild rice) The rice really thickens the soup after sitting for a bit.
- For garnish shred fresh cilantro, parsley, or basil

Cook rice and set aside. Cook chicken or use leftovers.

Heat large saucepan over medium heat and add 1 Tbsp. oil, add mushrooms when hot, cook until golden and tender. Remove to a plate. In same pot add remaining 1 Tbsp. oil and cook onions and red pepper until softened. Return the mushrooms to the pot. Add broth & chicken and heat through. Add lemon grass paste, fish sauce & Worcestershire sauce and simmer about 5 min. Add cream & coconut milk, turn heat to low, then cover and simmer for 2 minutes.

In a small bowl, add curry paste, chili pepper paste, tomato paste, 2 Tbsp. water and cornstarch mix until incorporated. Stir into soup until combined and heat until soup simmers, thickens very slightly and has a velvety appearance. Add cooked rice, cover & simmer 5 minutes. Taste and season with salt and pepper. Garnish with fresh cilantro, parsley or basil. (Yields 4 servings)

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Treasurer's Message, Fall 2014

By Linda Webber

We have been blessed with many wonderful mission gifts from individuals and churches from afar this year and it has been my privilege to be able to receive these, keep track of them and do the banking. We have also received costly giving in the form of offerings from people within the bounds of this mission. Thank you all so much. This mission, primarily with the rural folks of the Cariboo-Chilcotin, would not happen the way that it does without this wonderful loving support. And then there has been the prayers. There is a trite old saying, on a wing and a prayer and many times this year David and I have felt the uplifting thrust of your prayers. Sometimes it's all that enables our continuing. It is almost 26 years since David and I began this mission and I am sure Bruce and Jackie and Jon and Shannon and all our elders would join with me in confessing its continuance has been by God's surprising and amazing grace and the faithful and prayerful support of God's people. We are humbled and extremely grateful. Soon Rachel Meldrum will be

taking on this job and I know it will be a blessing to her as it has been to me to witness the continuing miracle of the support of God's people for mission.



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November 5, 2014

Dear Friends

Linda and I have had the rare privilege of living out our dream. It's been nearly 26 years since we moved to the Cariboo too begin a mission that we had envisioned from about 10 years before that. In that time we have always felt called by Christ and sent out by you. Mission by definition and practice means sending out. Whether you have supported this mission financially just once or consistently over time, it is your support that has been responsible for the sending out of Linda and I and our whole mission team to "take the love of Christ to those who live beyond the traditional church in the rural Cariboo-Chilcotin."

In this mission we have been modern day pioneers in using the very old and biblical house church as our modus operandi. That being the case, by your support you have not only funded mission but you have funded an innovative and successful experiment that should inform our whole denomination, though that fruit has yet to be fully appropriated. Change takes time.

Time is almost up for Linda and me. We will be effectively retired early in the New Year. By the grace of God we have a highly motivated and gifted team to continue on in leading this mission. Jon, Shannon, Bruce and the rest of the team have gifts, talents, vision, insights and innovation that will make the future of this mission exciting and effective for years to come. For this we cherish your continued support.

For HIS sake

David Webber, Missionary