

NORTHERN LIGHT

The Official Newsletter of

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church

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

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

Editor: Jon Wyminga

Christmas Edition, 2015

ITS CHRISTMAS TIME!!!!!!

Home For Christmas: Shannon Bell-Wyminga

Our kids are all coming home for Christmas in Ndazkoh this year! ☺ It's been a few years since we've had them all here and I'm excited to welcome them back. We have dear friends who will join us and there will be too much food, a home-cut tree in the corner and lots of laughter in the living room. For many of us, celebrating Christmas involves a return home or a welcome back to home to those who have moved afar. There is a comfort in being where we belong. Not everyone has this joy at Christmas. The homeless, the orphaned, the shut-ins and those who are far from home and family can be left out.

As I think about that first Christmas, it is in such stark contrast to my annual experience (especially in wandering through the malls). I imagine Mary and Joseph, exhausted from a long journey made while Mary was huge with child and ready to give birth. I think about what it must have been like to arrive in a crowded, noisy, strange city, surrounded by people who were not familiar, only wanting to quickly find a place to lay their heads. However, that was not to be. At the local inn they were turned away. No room. No place to stop the journey. No one to welcome them and be glad to see them. Indeed, perhaps the proprietor was even rude or resentful at having to deal with one more stranger wanting to come in. Yet he had some pity on them and their situation and offered a stable. Mary prepared to give birth. She didn't have her mother, or sisters, or aunties to attend to her as she would have if she had been home in Nazareth. She shared the space with animals rather than family. As the pains began to take over, she must have longed to have her mother whispering encouragement to her, or an auntie making tea. Poor Joseph was thrust into the role of mid-wife and support, something that he was never prepared for

in growing up as a Jewish, Palestinian man. There they were to welcome their first child, the Son of God, in a place that was foreign to them with only strangers to turn to. Humble beginnings. There was none of the glitter that accompanies our contemporary celebrations. There wasn't the opulence or over-indulgence or even the warmth of a family gathered in a living room. Yet, this is how the Creator of the universe chose to enter our human existence.

Less than 2 years later, this little family, having established a life for themselves in the city of Bethlehem, once again found themselves all alone. In the middle of the night they had to take their young son and flee from people who were raging with violence. It was no fault of their own. They were pawns in a political game in which Herod wanted to ensure his own victory. Soldiers came indiscriminately killing and destroying the lives of innocent and peaceful people. Mary and Joseph and Jesus became refugees in Egypt. They had to flee with only what they could carry and leave behind all the friendships and support system that they had developed.

I am so grateful that we can welcome our children home this Christmas. I'm thankful that we have a safe place to be a family with friends and a community around us. That is worth more than any present under the tree or feast on the table. Jesus will be among us and we'll have birthday cake and sing to his praise. But I think that Jesus will also be with those who don't have



family and friends to celebrate with. He will understand the loneliness of the homeless, the orphan, the shut-in and the refugee. Will we be there to welcome them as well? Will we be his presence in their lives? As we enjoy our Christmas blessings, will we also have compassion on those who are far from home and family, in a strange land full of people who are unfamiliar? Some of us have the opportunity to welcome others such as these into our homes and to our tables. Some of us have the chance through giving to support those who create a welcoming place. In Matthew 25 Jesus tells us *“Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me.”* Who are we ready to welcome to our home, our community, our nation when we remember how Jesus first came to be among us - a middle-Eastern refugee child in search of a safe place to call home. How will we welcome him in the coming season and year?

Throw the Jewelry On! Bruce Wilcox

I remember a friend of mine, a logging truck driver, who used to say “Well, I had to throw the jewelry on her!” He was referring to the somewhat laborious but very necessary task of putting chains on his tires when the going got too slippery, because the one thing to avoid no matter what was to spin out going up a hill or, even more dangerous, to try going down an icy hill and lose traction, especially in a loaded logging truck!

Do you feel like your life is going downhill? Out of control? Like you’re just spinning your wheels, wondering in your day-to-day routine, “Is this really all there is?” Well, the good news is that there really is soooo much more!

The “wise men” came bearing gifts, but they really proved their great wisdom by persevering in a long and difficult journey and then submitting themselves to Jesus as God and worshipping Him as King of Kings, even as a human baby!

He is worthy of our total submission and worship to this day of course, because He willingly came into this suffering world in order to love and live the perfect life that we could never live. He endured the worst the world could throw at Him. He suffered, died and was raised again so that we could be reconciled with our loving God, have a personal relationship with Him, and eternal life by forgiving us of everything that has ever separated us from Him.

Think about it: If you’re reading this and you haven’t yet asked the Lord to forgive you and come into your life, then make this Christmas that turning point for you! One of the great promises in God’s Word for us through the prophet Jeremiah is that if anyone seeks Him with all their heart, they will find Him! And Jesus Himself also said “Seek and ye shall find.” Throw the jewelry on the wheels of your life once and for all, by giving control of it to the Lord Jesus Christ. You’ll never regret it! The greatest blessings of Christmas to you all.

TRUST AND COMMON SENSE

Shannon Bell-Wyminga

Being a Presbyterian means I often have to hold the paradoxes of the Christian gospel and life in the hands of my experience. We have faith and works, unmerited grace and human responsibility, our decision to follow Jesus alongside God choosing us. At times one is profoundly played out in my life and in other situations, the seeming opposite reality is what I need to embrace. The words ‘trust’ and ‘common sense’ are one such pair. Common sense leads us often through the day-to-day decisions around stewardship of time and finances within the ministry. We work hard to stretch our resources and use them responsibly. Common sense is a gift that God gives us and expects us to use. But then there are times when common sense might tell us to stop what we are doing. Is it sensible to be serving those who are on the fringes of our society? Is it logical or

financially responsible to bring the love of Christ to small groups of people in far-flung, rural and remote communities? I have heard some people say that those of us in remote areas ‘choose to live there’ so we should not expect to have regular services such as postal delivery, medical care or accessible education. From a governmental perspective, I understand how people can argue that. It is much harder from a Biblical perspective. Jesus spent his life reaching those on the outside. He allowed his very life to be sacrificed to bring redemption and new life to everyone, no matter how far away they were from God or the rest of ‘acceptable society’. It is this example of Jesus that keeps me going in our tiny remote village, seeking to be the presence of the love of God to those around me. It is from Jesus that we base our whole vision of mission “to reach out with

the love of Jesus Christ to people who live beyond the traditional church in the rural and remote areas of the Cariboo-Chilcotin region.” Jesus cared about people more than common sense and financial logic.

This is where the term ‘trust’ comes in. This mission has been based on trust from its inception. We trust God to direct us to the right communities which are ready to experience the transforming power of the gospel. We trust God and God’s people to provide what we need to continue to reach out in the name of Jesus. We trust one another to give all we can in terms of time, energy, gifts and finance within the ministry as we create an interdependent Christian community, welcoming people into the family of God. I am proud to be a part of a ministry that is so committed to one another and the mutual mission that we have together. I’m also so grateful that our community extends to so many other people and congregations across the country who can also be passionate about what God is doing among us, and who recognize the value in moving beyond ‘common sense’ and reaching remote people and communities regardless of the cost.

So far 2015 has been a challenging year for our ministry as we seek to exercise our common sense but also live in trust. As we transition from the past with David Webber giving leadership, to the future as we try new approaches within our continuing vision, we have had some bumps along the road. The grants

we receive from the Canadian Ministries office of the Presbyterian Church in Canada are in transition. Formerly we received one to support Dave Webber. Now we are thankful to receive one to support Bruce Wilcox though it is half as much as the one we received two years ago for Dave. We have continued also to receive a grant for the position I share with Jon. At present Canadian Ministries is still considering the 2016 grant requests we have submitted for both positions and we have to live once again in trust that those grants will be approved so that the work here can continue to grow forward. While our congregational offerings have increased slightly, we have lost some supportive people who have gone on to the presence of the Lord. At the same time our support from our friends outside the Cariboo has dramatically decreased and we so far have only received about half of what we had hoped for this year. And so we walk in common sense as we seek to continue to share the love of Jesus with hurting people throughout the region, as well as trust that God will provide for us the resources that we need in order to do that.

Thank you to all of you who have been so faithful in giving in 2015. Pray with us that we can have the trust we need to extravagantly love in the name of Jesus while being careful stewards of what God has given us through so many members and friends of this mission.

NEWS FROM OUR HOUSE CHURCHES AND OTHER MINISTRIES

Reflections on Last Year and the Next: Jody Malm

It’s November 22, a beautiful day outside and a good day to reflect and to think of the season ahead. This past year has been full of changes. We are all learning a new style of teaching from Bruce. I think for myself it has pushed some of my little boxes I like to put things in. The familiarity and the way Dave held house church had become comfortable and a knowing for me. This way is new and changes are good. This keeps me from building too many boxes.

House church comes and goes in size, weather, season, time, work, commitments, family, and our hectic lives. Just day to day living plays a part too. All we can do is try our best to be there and if not, try our best to stay connected to the people who make a difference in our lives, read God’s word and pray.

This past year we have had the birth of a daughter to Melissa and Adam, the wedding of Kris and Jasmine and the death of Lois, our wonderful

summer companion from the coast. Each event holds a special place in our hearts and in house church family.

Reflecting on this past summer, I can’t thank all of you enough, our Sheridan Lake house church, for a great *Rendezvous*. Each person went above and beyond with their wonderful gifts. I felt it was a huge success and definitely a time of great laughter and fellowship. I love you all dearly and thank you again for making it wonderful. Thank you to all those who attended it wouldn’t have been anything without you there. And those who couldn’t make it thank you for your well wishes and prayers. What a beautiful huge family in Christ; loving, kind and giving. Thank you.

On to celebrating! The season is just around the corner and then it’s a new year. My mind can hardly fathom this, with so many things in it. I am so far behind that I actually think I am first. I bet a few can relate to this thought.

We as a family no longer celebrate the Christmas holidays with gifts. Our gifts are now gifts of time and along with that come plenty of food. It is for us a real time of connection, to one another, to friends and to God. Just being present means so much.

I have started to come to a realization that I think most people do their best to connect to family and friends the best way they possibly know how. I like to think people are connecting to God that way too. We are all connected and this is where true fellowship is needed. The sharing of life experiences really engages us to connect to each other and to our heavenly Father.



May each of you be blessed in 2016 with God's love and fellowship. God bless from Sheridan Lake house church family member jody.

My prayer for us all this season, is to connect with the past, the present and the future and to be present with our families, our friends and with God. I pray that each of us finds and searches out all the gifts that God has in store for us and that we do so with open hearts.

The Concert With a Cause

In our last edition of this newsletter we reported about a special upcoming concert that was planned to raise funds for clean well water initiatives in Kenya and Malawi, a project of Presbyterian World Service and Development. The "Concert With a Cause" was performed by the band "Wittenberg" and took place in Williams Lake on Tuesday, June 23. It was attended by about 180 people and raised more than \$3,000.00 for the cause. The members of "Wittenberg" are brothers Jesse, Jacob, Seth and Isaac Steward along with their friend Lyndon Froese who are all from the Williams Lake area. Together they performed a wide selection of worship and other songs. Several of the songs were their own compositions and are on their 2009 CD "To Whom it May Concern." Anyone interested can have a listen to

their music on the web at

<https://myspace.com/wittenbergreform/music/songs>



The Steward brothers and their families attend the Springhouse-Williams Lake House Church. Some may have seen three of the brothers (Jesse, Jacob and Seth) on TV since they work for Pioneer Log Homes in Williams Lake and have appeared on *Timber Kings*, a show about the company's log building work. In fact the concert was being filmed for a future episode.

Moving Beyond Grief: Shannon Bell-Wyminga

Christmas – a time of joy and peace, of goodwill among people where the love flows along with the rich foods and apple cider. Or is it? For many people around us, Christmas is a time when issues of grief can become amplified. It is a time when loneliness from the loss of a loved one is most acute. For those without a lot of financial resources, it is a time of great pressure and a reminder that they are unable to provide for their families in the way that our consumeristic culture says that they should. When you deal with a loss of health or a relationship, the contrast between your emotions and feelings and the hype in the malls screams out in the face of your sorrow.

Grief has a powerful grip on the hearts of many people and even more so as we approach Christmas. I know Christians who love Jesus, but dread the holiday season because of all it dredges up in pain, disappointment and depression. We don't have to be stuck in our grief however. We can move beyond it so that as we process it, it becomes a part of who we are in a good way. The pain can lessen and be turned into other things such as compassion and love and contentment.

In recognizing the power of grief particularly at Christmas time, we are having workshops on "Moving Beyond Grief" in both the Ndazkoh and Quesnel communities. Herb Russell from Gitsegukla

will be the facilitator at each. Herb is a pastor in his home community and works for the Carrier-Sekani Family Services with survivors of the Indian Residential Schools. He is an elder himself and knows the experiences of First Nations elders. From November 30-December 3, Herb will be leading us through two 2-night workshops, one in each community. Thanks to the Healing and Reconciliation Fund of the Presbyterian Church in Canada for the financial help to make this happen.

One More to Leave the Nest:

Shannon Bell-Wyninga

As a recent empty-nester, I can say that I'm enjoying the blessings of watching my kids sprout their wings and fly on their own. I know it is a hard time for some parents, but it excites me as I see my daughters develop their gifts, make adult decisions, and grow in their faith on their own terms. I'm so proud to see their accomplishments but also to have them share their disappointments and struggles at times.

In a ministry like the Cariboo, we are not beginning ministries just to grow our numbers and hold tight to everything that gets started. We've had house churches that have sprung up from the initiative of others and gone on to lead their own groups. We began a thrift store work in Lac la Hache that was



later turned over to the community and now has its own building. Sometimes a ministry is like a kid. You give it birth, nurture it and watch it grow and then it is time for that ministry to leave the nest and fly on its own. That is what has happened with our 'Space' programs in the Interlakes area. Kids' Space, Little Kids' Space, Teen Space and 13-93 have all 'grown up' in our midst, continually developing to where they are today. It is with a little sadness, but great excitement for the next stage that we see them

becoming a chapter of Youth for Christ in the Interlakes area. We will continue to pray for them and cheer them on while they reach out with the love of Christ to the people of their community.

Interlakes Kids Space Group: Elaine Adams

In the last eight years the Kids' Space Group has grown and matured. Starting out as a program for elementary school children we've grown to include the teens and the preschool children. There is even a small group adult Bible study. This, in no small part, is a tribute to the love God has for the Interlakes Community. God is so good.

Thank you to the Cariboo Presbyterian Church for the prayerful and financial support given to the Kids' Space Group. There are specific people who need to be acknowledged: Charles McNeil, David Webber, as well as Bruce Wilcox and Ginny Alexander. The Coordinators of the Kids' Space Group also express appreciation to the Presbyterian Church across Canada because there have been prayers and financial support from many people. The graciousness and kindness shown to the Coordinators and volunteer staff to operate a program for sharing God's word is appreciated.

As we look at the past we are aware of God's goodness and his provision. We trust as we gaze into the future that this goodness and provision will continue. We are his instruments. As we determine the present we can see a need. The Teen Space program needs a young energetic leader who follows Jesus with passion and sensitivity. Working towards this need with care and prayer the Coordinators' have decided to affiliate with Youth for Christ. This decision creates a mix of wonderful feelings.

We are thankful for the past support of the Cariboo Presbyterian Church and we are excited about the prospects of affiliation with Youth for Christ. There is potential for a youth worker, courses and retreats also become available, and financial support becomes manageable. For these reasons we are becoming a Chapter of Youth for Christ in the Cariboo.

We at Kids Space Group pray for the Cariboo Presbyterian Church and give thanks for them. We hope the Cariboo Presbyterian Church continues to provide prayer support for the Kids' Space Group.

(The Kids' Space Group motto is "Making space for Jesus in the Interlakes." Its coordinators are Elaine and Bill Adams, Celia Visscher and Pat Lytton.)

SOME STORIES AND REFLECTIONS

My Hero . . . My Saviour: Alimaz Durand

“Look up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? NO! It's SUPERMAN!”

Anyone who knows their heroes, knows that Superman is the most iconic superhero to date. He can fly, he can jump over high buildings, he can run faster than a speeding bullet and his strength is to the extreme. Most people love him and want to be him. Why is that? Because even though he comes from a planet not of our own, he is very much a man.

But I can tell you of another man. He can walk on water. With one word he can stop a raging storm. He can heal the sick . . . and can even raise people back from the dead. Who is this man? Jesus.

Ok, I can hear it now. This guy? No way! This guy who looks more like a California surfer than a hero? He can do all that?! No way! But I'm going to do something. I am going to compare the two of them and I want you to pay attention to the details. I will start with the superhero in blue.

Superman came from a planet called Krypton. This planet surpassed earth in every way. The ruler, the king of this planet, is named Jor'el. Everything was going great until a fateful decision was made to gain knowledge and power. That act sent this planet tearing apart at the seams. Bit by bit it was being destroyed.

So in the last moments Jor'el took his one and only son and sent him to where? To earth, in hopes that he could do what Jor'el could not. He landed in the care of the most unlikely couple imaginable. The child could have ended up in Metropolis, in the care of a business man and his wife. Instead he landed in the corn capital of Kansas, in a town called Smallville, in the care of a farmer and his wife: Jonathan and Martha Kent. I will stop there with that hero.

As you know, when God created the heavens and the earth they surpassed our present earth in every single way. I suggest you read the first chapter of Genesis to get the full story. Anyway, in that creation there was a king and he created a sanctuary, a garden called Eden where man and woman first dwelled. In that place everything was perfect, it was going great until a fateful decision was made to gain knowledge and power. That sent this sanctuary into turmoil. Humans were found vulnerable. Knowing this, God sent his one and only Son to where? To earth! Jesus could have landed in Jerusalem in a noble household,

but no, He landed in the small town of Nazareth to a carpenter and his wife: Joseph and Mary. We know the Christmas story and how it goes.

So here you have it: two couples with children destined for greatness. As babes, both were raised in secrecy in fear that they would be killed. Both fathers raised their sons to be prepared for the world before them. When Clark was in his mid-twenties he left his family farm and entered a frozen wilderness in Antarctica and there he found a fortress: a fortress of solitude. There he found his father Jor'el's essence. Jor'el's spirit dwelled in this place testing and teaching his son. When Clark emerged from this place he was a different man, though still very much himself. He was not just Clark Kent. He was Kal-el son of Krypton. And from then on he was off to save the world. And it was then that he was named Superman.

In Psalm 28:8 it says. “The Lord is the strength of his people, a *fortress* of salvation for his anointed one.”

(emphasis added) When Jesus left his town of Nazareth he entered a desert wilderness where he was tested by evil itself for forty days and forty nights. When he emerged from this place he was a different man, though still very much the same. When he got baptized his Father's Spirit, his essence, came down from heaven and he said, “This is my son whom I love, with whom I am well pleased” (Matthew 3:17). It was then that he was named Messiah.

Jor'el said this to his son speaking of the people of earth. “Live as one of them, Kal-el, to discover where your strength and your power are needed. Always hold in your heart the pride of your special heritage. They can be a great people Kal-el, if they wish to be. They only lack the light to show the way. For this reason above all, their capacity for good, I have sent them you . . . my only son.”

Like Jor-el, God sent his Son to live among his people and he impacted them with his power that would imprint the world forever. In John 8:12 Jesus



says “I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.” Both Kal-el and Jesus gathered select groups of men and together they had one purpose: to save the world. If you look up Matthew 1:20-21 it says that an angel came to Joseph in a dream and said “Joseph son of David do not be afraid to take Mary home as your wife for what is conceived in her is through the Holy Spirit. She will have a son and you shall give him the name Jesus because he will *save* his people from their sins.” (emphasis added) Circle, underline, exclamation marks on SAVE! That is the meaning of Jesus. That is something that should blow your minds.

The difference between Superman and Jesus is that Superman is fiction! He isn't real! In the 1993 animated series of *The Justice League* Superman sacrificed himself to save the world. The people were in mourning for their saviour in blue. They even had a funeral for him. The members of his league were at odds with one another. Some believed that he would come back but others were stressing out big time. Evil was going to reign supreme, they thought. They had no superman! The story doesn't say how long Superman was gone exactly but nevertheless Superman came back! And Lex Luthor, his evil adversary, was not a happy camper.

In John 19 and 20 Jesus sacrificed himself by being crucified on the cross to save all people. They had a funeral for him. The people were in mourning. Now Jesus' disciples were at odds with one another. Some believed he would come back while others were stressed out big time. The Roman Empire was going to overrule and kill them one by one. Yet John 20 says that on the third day Jesus had risen. He had come back! So Satan was not a happy camper.

Yes Superman and Jesus have similar stories. Here is a fun fact: The creators of Superman, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, were Jewish, just like Jesus. Think about it. Food for thought, you could say. There is more that I can compare but I will end with this: In the 2006 movie *Superman Returns*, a continuation of the 1983 movie *Superman III*, Lois Lane is ticked off and writes an article: “Why the world doesn't need Superman.” After a mushy talk with his ex-girlfriend Superman takes her out of Metropolis city and flies up high in the air. They hover high above the city and Superman asks Lois, “What do you hear?” She frowns and then replies, “Nothing.” Then Superman states, “I hear everything.” He looks Lois in the eyes and he says,

“You wrote that the world doesn't need a saviour. . . but each day I hear the people crying out for one.”

That rings true today. God hears us even though we don't think so at times. When your down and troubled he cares for you. Superman is fiction; a great hero of the imagination. Jesus is real! As it states in Hebrews 13:8, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever.” I have Chosen my hero. . . . Who is yours?

The Night Jesus Came to Me: Gordon Kellett

Recently in our Monday night services at Forest Grove we discussed the idea that Jesus will find a way to be with us in our times of need. And I remembered once when the Lord did visit me during a time when I was in the midst of the greatest health crisis of my life. In March, April and May of 2007, I was in Royal Inland Hospital at Kamloops, where the doctors and nurses were struggling to save my left leg. Often I would dream of what life was going to be after surgery. During one of those dreams, two men were standing at the foot of the bed. Suddenly they took my feet in their hands and began to wash them very gently. The longer the bath went on, the calmer I became. Finally I lost my fear and began to know that no matter what happened, I was going to recover. I lost my fear and knew that I would be safe. I am certain that Jesus was one of those ministering angels that night. I did lose my left leg a short time later. But, today I am no longer unsure of my future. I have been so blessed. Jesus took my feet in his hands.

An Exercise in Self-Denial: Mark Carter

Recording artist Max Hsu of Superchick once said “I must be alive ‘cause I still feel pain.” I felt a unique bond with Max not long ago as I engaged in a Western version of ascetic living for one week. If you saw a bedraggled looking university student dragging himself from bus to classroom, with dark circles around his eyes, looking imploringly for someone to commiserate with his holy endeavor that was me. This “ascetic act” I am referring to was to not purchase anything that was not necessary for living for one week. You might scoff, but imagine an artist without a medium or an airplane without wings - both find themselves immobile and having lost their function.

The point of this exercise was to recognize how readily I accept the consumerist mindset of my culture. By restricting myself from indulging in whatever I wanted whenever I wanted it, I began to see just how addicted I was to purchasing things and

then discarding them when I was done. The little things that I took for granted became large and looming. Not only did I understand what it meant to be a consumer, but also what it might be like for someone who had been dealt a different hand of cards in life. I recognized that I had been given what would be unimaginable wealth by a large portion of the world. I exist in a time and place where I have almost everything I could want.

I may not make it as a monk, but my short walk with St. Benedict taught me enough to keep me thinking more and consuming less.

Summer Memories: Gordon Kellett

Summer visits often bring back many good memories of old times and with those memories come many blessings. This year I have been blessed by the Lord to receive visits from people I have not seen or heard from in many years, and in two cases, not for decades. One day back in June, I received a phone call from Canim Lake Store owner, Grace Buse, who asked me if I was up to having visitors that afternoon. I said sure and asked who they were. "I am not supposed to tell you," she said, "It's a surprise." "Man or woman?" I asked. "He wants to know if it's a man or a woman," she asked my unknown visitors. "Tell him it's a man who used to live here." She refused to tell me any more. Grace told me they were having lunch at the store and would be at my door shortly.

After a good half hour had passed, there was a knock on the door and a man calling me Gordy asked if I were home and came in. I am handicapped, so I often don't go to the door when people visit, but invite them in from my electric chair in the living room. A six foot California surfer guy dressed like a biker and two others strode into the room. "I am Kevin Grundy," he said, "Do you remember me?" "Of course," I said lying outright, because it had been 15 years at least since I had seen him in Williams Lake at the Lipizzaner Stallions show and I did not recognize him at first glance.

Every summer, from about 1956 to 1972, Kevin, his brothers Nairn and Victor, and his parents, Fred and Daphne Grundy, vacationed at their log summer cabin on Newell Road next door to our resort at Canim Lake.

We only had a few minutes to get reacquainted as Kevin and his friends had to get back home to 150 Mile House. He promised to return later in the summer and that ended the visit.

In July, another person, named Ted Baumann, whom I had not laid eyes on in 43 years, paid me a

surprise visit. The Baumanns had a summer place just down the lake and for about 16 years, Ted, his mother Marge and sister Judy - with an occasional visit from his dad, Ted Sr. - stayed there from the end of June until the Labour Day Weekend in September.

Both Kevin and Ted and another kid, Janet Atkinson, hung around the resort almost every day, especially around the horses and the barn. Over the years, despite the fact that I was much older, the four of us became great pals. We shared many wonderful adventures together, horseback riding and many other things.

A resort down the road from us offered trailer and campsite services, just as we did. One afternoon while I was working in the store alone, two families with trailers pulled up looking for places to camp. I told them our resort had spaces and that if they would like to wait a few moments, I would show them where they could park. Meanwhile the rival owner drove past the store; doubled back and the next thing I knew he had stolen our customers right out from under my nose! I happened to mention this to either Kevin or Janet and they decided to punish the man for stealing our customers. They took a couple of our horses and stole his resort sign off the road side, hiding it somewhere up in the bush where it remains to this day, some 40 years later. I know the man looked for it for a long time without finding it. Many years later it was Janet who told me what they had done.

Then, at end of July, I was getting into my car in front of the CIBC in 100 Mile House, when I was approached by a lady who asked me if I was Gordon Kellett. I said I was. She said, kind of gushingly, that she had wonderful memories of how kind I had been to her when I was working at the resort, when we were teenagers. She did not mention her full name. Only that Lampman was the family name and that her mother was sister to Kay Plautz, who was my mom's closest friend at Canim Lake and that she also knew my mother. She kept telling me how wonderful I had been to her back then and that she had never forgotten me. Later, through her cousin in law, Carol Plautz, I discovered her name is Patty Gayle Ounpun and that she has lived at Bridge Lake for about 15 years.

So here I am, 68 years old, enduring health problems and old age, but still being blessed by God, who has arranged for me to reconnect with my past, and to remind me of how good a life I have been blessed with. And to discover that somehow I had a good impact on these three people when we were all very young. Praise God for His goodness.

SOME RECIPES

Grandma's Chocolate Fudge

Ingredients

2 cups white sugar
2/3 cup milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/8 t. salt
2 T corn syrup
2 T butter
1 t. vanilla

Directions

Mix together sugar, milk, chocolate (melted), salt & corn syrup in sauce pan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved and chocolate is melted. Increase heat, let boil until soft ball stage. Stir only to prevent scorching. Remove from heat and add butter. Let cool to lukewarm without stirring.

Add vanilla. Beat until candy has just lost its gloss and is thick enough to hold its shape. Pour immediately into pan. Mark before it cools completely.

KJV Scripture Cake

You'll need a King James Version of the Bible to follow this recipe. Try it out and see what happens.

½ Cup Judges 5:25 (last part)
1 Cup Jeremiah 6:20
3 of these Jeremiah 17:11

Follow Solomon's Directions, Proverbs 23:14 (First Part)

Mix Together:

1 ½ Cups I Kings 4:22
½ Teaspoon Leviticus 2:13
1 Teaspoon Amos 4:5
1 Cup I Samuel 30:12
½ Cup Numbers 17:8
2 Teaspoons II Chronicles 9:9

Add to first mixture alternately with 2/3 of a Cup of Judges 4:19 (last part).

Roasted Beets with Feta

Original recipe makes 4 servings

Preparation time: 15 minutes

Cook Time: 45 minutes

Ready in 1 hour and 15 minutes

Ingredients

4 beets trimmed, leaving 1 in of stems attached
¼ cup minced shallots
2 T. minced fresh parsley
2 T. extra virgin olive oil
1 T. balsamic vinegar
1 T. red wine vinegar
Salt & pepper to taste
¼ cup crumbled feta cheese

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees F (200 degrees C). Wrap each beet individually in aluminum foil, and place onto a baking sheet.
2. Bake beets in preheated oven until easily pierced with a fork, 45 minutes to 1 hour. Once done, remove from oven, and allow to cool until you can handle them. Peel beets, and cut into 1/4 inch slices.
3. While the beets are roasting, whisk together shallot, parsley, olive oil, balsamic vinegar, and red wine vinegar in a bowl until blended; season to taste with salt and pepper, and set aside.
4. To assemble the dish, place the warm, sliced beets onto a serving dish, pour vinaigrette over the beets, and sprinkle with feta cheese before serving.

SOME POETRY

I'm Fine Thank You: Author Unknown
submitted by Ginny-Lou Alexander

I'm fine thank you,
There is nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street.
Sleep is denied me, night after night,
But every morning I'm ready for the fight.
My memory is failing, my head is in a spin;
I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
How do I know that my youth is all spent,
That my get up and go has got up and went?
But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my 'get up' has been.

The moral of this as my tale I unfolds
That for you and me who are growing old,
It's better to say, I'm fine, with a grin,
Than to let people know the shape we are in.

Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed,
With my ears in the drawer and my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself,
'Is there anything else I can lay on the shelf?'

When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick up my feet, way over my head.
When I was older my slippers were blue
But still I could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old, my slippers are black
I walk to the store and puff my way back.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
And pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.