

NORTHERN LIGHT

The Official Newsletter of

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church

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REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTMAS

Beauty and Brokenness: Jon Wyminga

I recently had the privilege of retracing the steps of a distant ancestor. My mom's Uncle Tom had been a fighter pilot in the First World War. Lately I've been captivated by his story. I see a certain beauty in it. A young man who responds to the call of his country, who trains for months to operate those remarkable new flying machines, who travels to Europe by ship, who is fascinated by the sights and sounds of London, who writes faithfully to his parents. I've had the privilege of studying those letters and his diary. We also got to see a play in one of the same London theatres he attended 100 years ago. Yet as I reflect on the beauty of his story I also see a brokenness! On November 11 we attended the Remembrance Day ceremony at Vimy Ridge in



France. A few hours later we went to the Flying Memorial in a little place called Arras. Tom's name is engraved on it along with other pilots who died and whose bodies were never recovered.

Later the same day

we stood on the airfield in Saint Omer where he took off for his last flight. At dusk we stopped in Langemark-Poelkapelle, Belgium, which is near where he was shot down. It was quite a day.

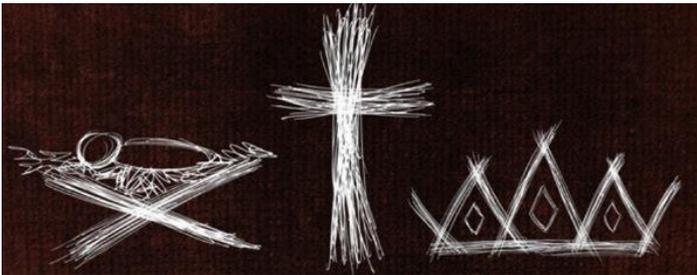
Later, on the same trip, we were able to retrace the steps of some ancestors on my late father's side. Once again I found myself captivated. Once again I was witness to a certain beauty. One of my Dutch cousins and her husband hosted a great family party in Amsterdam. What a blessing to look around me and see so many of the descendants of my late Oma and

Opa. I hadn't seen some of them in 30 years. I had never met others. Some only spoke a language I don't understand but still love to hear. Again I was struck by the beauty. Again I became aware of a brokenness. I thought of the cousin who took her own life more than 20 years ago. (The sadness still lingers.) Unfortunately none of her family were able to come. I spoke with another cousin by marriage whose ancestors were Holocaust survivors . . . though not all of them. Some were even in the Bergen Belsen concentration camp. A few days later two other cousins took us on a road trip that included the very house my late father grew up in. It was here that he and his family survived the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands during the Second World War. The current owner invited us in for coffee. It was amazing to be in the very house I had heard so many stories about: Stories about being cold and hungry, about desperately searching for food and firewood, about close calls with death, about family friends that were killed, about a secret trap door in the floor and my Opa hiding when a German soldier came looking for him. Then, of course, there were the stories about Canadian troops driving through town on the day they were liberated.

After our amazing journey we returned home and got back into step with our community here in the Cariboo. Once again I can see a certain beauty: Rural and remote people with a strong sense of independence and a will to survive; people who sacrificially step up to help their neighbours when there is a need; First Nations friends surrounded by large extended families that mean everything to them. In fact my experience with my First Nations neighbours has helped me renew an appreciation for my own family and its history. My recent trip to Europe may not have been so meaningful otherwise. I see a lot of beauty in our community but, sadly, I also see its brokenness. Many of us still struggle to

recover from the summer forest fires of 2017, not to mention the spring floods of 2018 and even more fires in the summer of 2018. Fortunately the last fires were not so threatening, at least not here. Last month one family we know was finally able to move into their new house. Others still struggle to recover from devastating losses to their livelihood. I see others loving families that struggle under the grip of an addiction that holds some of its members captive. Beauty and brokenness! We see it all around us.

In the coming weeks we have the opportunity to retrace the steps of Mary and Joseph and remember the birth of their son Jesus. It's another story I continue to be captivated by. Again I see a remarkable beauty: the beauty of a child being born into the world; the mysterious beauty of the Creator becoming a part of the creation (One biblical writer calls him Emmanuel, which means, "God with us."); the beauty of the incredible love this child showed as he grew into a man. And once again in the midst of that beauty I see a brokenness: the brokenness of desperate parents who can't find a decent bed for their child; the brokenness of the growing opposition and hostility that child faced as an adult; the brokenness of his agonizing death on the cross.



Yet could it be that by walking in our brokenness he has somehow changed it? Could the words "by his wounds we are healed" really be true? (Isaiah 53:5) Could it be that he had victory over that brokenness – even the brokenness of his own death? Could he be inviting us to join him in his victory? Could it be that all brokenness will one day be restored to beauty because of what he has done? That is the hope that I walk in. And that is why I find the story of Christmas, indeed the whole story of Jesus, so captivating. I hope all of you will have a Merry Christmas.

God's Christmas Humility and the Church: **Bruce Wilcox**

It's amazing how that first Christmas reflected not only the love of God, but the indescribably perfect humility which flowed out of that love. As Paul says in Philippians, Jesus, "*did not consider equality with*

God something to be used to his own advantage: rather, he made Himself nothing by taking the very nature of a servant . . ." And so we see everything else surrounding the circumstances of His coming that first Christmas quite naturally and intentionally reflecting this amazing humility!

The supporting cast whom God worked through in all of this, for example, were people in the humblest of circumstances, but yet chosen by a God who looks at the condition of the heart. When God sent the angel to a young unmarried peasant girl announcing that she would conceive and have a son, Mary humbly submitted to God's will even though she must have known something of the cost, and the stigma that would be incurred. But she was also told that "*He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of His father David, and He will reign over Jacob's descendants forever. His Kingdom will never end.*" (Luke 1:32, 33)

And when Jesus' birth happened in the humblest of places, it was first announced to the most insignificant folks; shepherds watching their flocks by night. Speaking of insignificant shepherds, about a thousand years before all of this God was working and orchestrating His purposes through the same kind of humble circumstances and people when He called and chose a young shepherd boy named David, so that one of the many titles of Jesus, the "Son of the Most High", would also be the "son of David."

It's quite clear from the scriptures that David was considered inferior and unworthy even by his own family. It seems like it never even occurred to his father to present him to Samuel along with the other brothers. And then later we see his oldest brother falsely accusing David: "*I know how conceited you are and how wicked your heart is . . ."* (1 Samuel 17:28 NIV). It's interesting that Eliab thought he knew David's heart, but God saw something very different! God surely saw something of the love, loyalty, faith and humility of Jesus when He called David *a man after God's own heart*.

God's choice of David (whose ancestry also included Gentile blood) is like a "Cinderella" story that in fact represents a very important and encouraging message to all of us this Christmas - the ultimate "happy ending." As Eugene Petersen eloquently explains, these things are also "*surely intended to convey a sense of inclusion to all ordinary men and women, the plain folk, the undistinguished in the eyes of their neighbors, those lacking social status*

and peer recognition. Election into God's purposes is not by popular vote. Election into God's purposes is not based on proven abilities . . ." (Living the Message. 1996. E.H. Petersen. P.315)

David, Mary, the lowly shepherds who were also the first Christmas evangelists, and so many others connected with the Christmas story perpetually remind us to this day that our calling, gifts, ministry, and authority all continue to come from the Lord and through the Spirit in how He uses each one of us in the Body of Christ now, of which He is the Head. The Christmas story keeps reminding us that God doesn't look at outward appearances, but at our hearts. And that our different gifts and ministries, which are from Him, are in turn recognized and validated by the other members of the Body, that is, the local Church where we worship and serve.

In thinking about this last statement, it occurs to me how unbiblical many of our inherited assumptions have been over the years about how the Body of Christ should be understood, and how it should function. For example, the automatic connotation of "lay-person" as opposed to "clergy" in the mind of almost any Christian today is something like "unqualified" as opposed to "qualified" - or "common" as opposed to "special" is a presumed hierarchical class system.

This has resulted in the institutionalized assumption for hundreds of years that the "clergy" are somehow closer to God, spiritually superior, and the only ones qualified to do real "ministry" - the "important" stuff that is simply off-limits to "lay" people, such as sharing a message from the scriptures, evangelism, or handling the sacraments, etc.



But "laos" as the Bible uses it means *all* the people of God, called and chosen out of the world as a priesthood of all believers, with purposes and roles to play of *equal* value through different gifts.

It's encouraging to see some of this recognized more now in our denomination, and here in the Cariboo we certainly appreciate that! We continue to be encouraged in discovering that the more willing we are to recognize and receive it, the more powerfully the Lord works in producing effective indigenous ministry in all kinds of ways through His people here.

A huge Thank You to all of you who support this mission through your prayers and gifts. A Merry and Blessed Christmas to you all!

Extra Words to an Old Favourite: Ginny Alexander
The story of Jesus begins with Christmas but it doesn't end there. A few articles in this newsletter draw on a more complete picture of the story. Ginny recently added extra verses to a favourite Christmas Carol to do the same thing.

Go tell it on the mountain over the hills & ev'rywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!

1. While shepherds kept their watching
o'er silent flocks by night,
Behold throughout the heavens
there shone a holy light.
2. The shepherds feared and trembled
when, lo, above the earth,
Rang out the angel chorus
that hailed our Saviour's birth.
3. Down in a lowly manger
the humble Christ was born,
And God sent us salvation
that blessed Christmas morn.

(Easter verses added by Ginny-Lou Alexander)

4. Up Calv'ry's lonely mountain,
the suffr'ing Christ was hung,
In borrowed grave they laid Him
to await His rising morn.

Go tell it on the mountain over the hills & ev'rywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ has died.

5. The angels in white raiment
said, "Do not be afraid!"
Your Saviour who has died for you
is risen as He said.

Go tell it on the mountain over the hills & ev'rywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is alive!

The Real Meaning Of Christmas: Maggie Wiens

The meaning of Christmas of course is about the birth, death, burial and resurrection of our Lord, Jesus Christ that whosoever believes on Him shall have everlasting life. What a promise! What a hope! What greater love is there? There is *no* greater love, but we have the opportunity to be a reflection of that promise, that hope and that love on this earth, not just at Christmas but all throughout the year. It is a time to reflect on all the things to be thankful and grateful for such as being blessed to still have dear loved ones with us on this earth but also knowing that, if they have died knowing the Lord as their Saviour, we will one day see them again. We must be grateful for having a home, a warm bed, food in our belly, friends, good health, our eyesight and all other senses. Our security is not in any of these things in and of themselves but knowing that, if we should lose everything, we *cannot* lose the love that the Lord has for His children. He will supply all of our needs and He knows the difference between our needs and our wants. Give thanks in *all* things (I Thessalonians 5:18 says, *“In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.”*) If we can live in a state of unwavering faith we know that it pleases God. Yes, it is a challenge and it is not something we can do on our own but only by having our minds, hearts, eyes and understanding on the wisdom within the Word of God . . . taking that Word and hiding it within our hearts and applying it in our lives when we have trials and what we might consider unanswered prayers. Often, our unanswered prayers are really 'answered' prayers for God knows all things even before we ask At all times we must give thanks in all circumstances for that is when our faith is truly being exercised and we are being conformed to His image more and more. Christmas is about Christ's Love for us and our loving Him with all of our heart, mind, soul and strength and loving our neighbour as ourselves. We give gifts to one another - presents - but He gave us His 'Presence' within. He gave His life for us and there is no greater gift that we can receive than His free gift of Eternal Life. Thank You, Lord!!

Merry CHRISTmas to ALL!! Love and Blessings in Christ.

Love, Power and a Sound Mind: Lorrie Meyer

I told God the other day that it would all be a lot easier if I could see Him and feel Him. There was a silence from Heaven. In that silence, I imagined that God was maybe lecturing me about faith and the wishy-washiness of feelings. Or maybe He was

rolling His eyes over at Thomas, and Thomas was blushing. Maybe He was sighing heavily and thinking “That girl just never gets it.” Or maybe - just maybe - His arms were outstretched, and He neither judged, lectured, nor rolled His eyes, but was so close that He daren't even whisper in case He scared me. Maybe He was just right there.

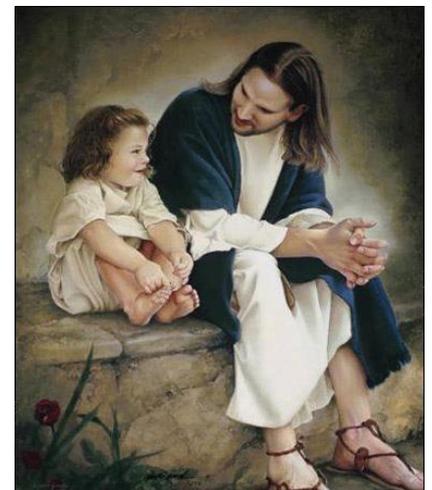
Even though Paul preferred to boast about his weaknesses (not his strengths), *we* do not like to. We would rather people thought us to be strong. It is partly our culture of honouring beauty, strength and success, and partly our proud human nature. Even in the animal world, the weak get picked on. But God's word slices right across these views. *“But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to put to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to put to shame the things which are mighty; and the base things of the world, and the things which are despised, God has chosen . . .”* (1Cor 1:27,28a)

If you struggle, that does not make you a “fringe” Christian! The blood of Christ is ours, given to all of us in the same state: when we were helpless. Maybe some of us remained more helpless than others, but Christ's blood is equally ours.

There are many Psalms for Pstrugglers. In fact, most of the Psalms are about one of two things - struggling, and God's wonderfulness. The writers are sometimes angry, vengeful, depressed, faithless, grief-stricken, cornered, and once in a while, sarcastic. They are hopeful, they are scared. They are continually trying to connect their human suffering to the greatness of God. Sometimes they see it, sometimes they don't, but they're always reaching up.

Imagine if Jesus was here in the body, walking among us. He would know our situation, inside and out. Would He give in to the “penchant to preach” that we tend to have, or would He simply gather us in and whisper: “I am here. I understand. I am with you. I will never leave you...”

I struggle with depression and anxiety, as do many others. They call that mental illness. I am mad at myself that I can't seem to get victory over my



brain. I pray every day for help and relief. I pretend to be okay because I'm scared I'll be preached at, and then feel even worse. I have experienced the beauty of unconditional love and empathy, and also the pain of judge-mentalism, legalism, and misunderstanding. But we don't have to be gun-shy with God. His perspective is always 100% right, and He always leans toward mercy and grace.

Jesus came into this angry world as a weak and helpless baby who couldn't do a thing for himself. Probably He cried a lot. (Babies do.) His life was supernatural, but not magical. It was really, really hard. So if we struggle and feel weak, He will love us through that no differently than if we were "strong and successful." Our challenged lives do not change His mind or His heart. Isaiah 41:13 tells us this: "*I, the Lord, will hold your right hand, saying to you, 'Fear not, I will help you.'*"

Merry Christmas!

Love is Christ's Message: Gordon Kellett

"And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke 2:7)

Jesus was not born in a palace or even an inn, but in a lowly cave or stable. Besides his parents, the only living witnesses were farm animals and later, some shepherds.

Once again, the most sacred time of the year is upon us. The celebration of our Lord's birth is a time of great joy, family gatherings and a reminder of what it means to be a human being. We live in a time of strife and racial tension. It would appear to be a time of increasing antisemitism in the United States and elsewhere as evidenced by the attack on the synagogue in Pittsburgh, Penn. The Jewish people are God's Chosen People. As such, they occupy a singular place in our faith world. It was to His people that Christ was born 2,000 plus years ago. It was to them that he preached and among them that he performed His miracles. His message was and is a message of love for all people and for all time. Jesus did not come to earth as the son of privileged or wealthy people but to humble parents. Jesus was from

an ordinary background, and His preaching was not for the privileged or those who were already saved, but for those who needed to hear it most - the disenfranchised, the suffering and the outcasts of society.

Back in the 1990s I was living in North Vancouver, studying message therapy and sharing a house with two gay women. It was a kind of mutually beneficial situation. None of us could afford to rent a house on our own. By sharing everything three ways we managed very well. But I was in a real quandary about how much I should share with my family and friends about my roommates and their relationship and about how I could reconcile this situation with my faith. So, as I often did, I wrote to my cousin, Glenn Wright in Ottawa. Glenn and I have enjoyed a special relationship since childhood. He is a Catholic deacon and often takes the Eucharist to a veterans' home in Ottawa. He is also one of the wisest people I know. I will never forget his response. He reminded me of whom it was that Jesus preached to on earth. It was to those who needed it most. He said it was like being in a glass house with a large window. On the inside, looking out, were the privileged, and on the outside, looking in, were the needy and underprivileged of our world. He wrote that he would



rather be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out. His letter changed my feelings about my roommates and helped me to become more tolerant of people different from myself. Perhaps more accepting would be a better term. At this Holy Season let us all remember that Christ's message was, and is, Love. And that it was, and is, meant for all peoples, Jews, Gentiles and non-believers alike.

REPORTS & REFLECTIONS

Recently Doreen Patrick and Don and Lynda Lipsett attended the Transform Leadership Conference hosted by the Canadian Ministries Department of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Canadian Ministries has been a faithful supporter of our ministry since its inception in 1989. Still today they provide funding for the stipends of Bruce and Shannon and Jon. We are very grateful for their support. Doreen, Don and Lynda were very excited when they came back from the conference. Here are their reports.

Transform Conference Report: from Don Lipsett

In early November, the national office of the Presbyterian Church in Canada put on the “Transform 2018” conference in Orillia, Ontario. They invited representatives from each of over 30 mission ministries which the church supports financially, all across Canada. Doreen Patrick, our First Nations (Dakelh) elder from Quesnel, and my wife and I (elder) from the south end, represented our Cariboo ministry.

We were about 60 in number, learning, sharing fellowship, worship, and a sense of being “in this together” as we all seek to share the gospel of Jesus in this nation.

The main speaker was Dr. Grace Ji-Sun Kim, a Canadian-born minister, professor and writer, now serving in the Presbyterian Church (USA). She spoke of essential steps in the healing of broken relationships (personal and corporate): lamentation (repentance), turning from using power we have, restoring justice and practicing hospitality: showing the love of Jesus to others.

Divided into four groups, we attended workshops given to present ideas and encourage discussion in areas of importance to all missions:

Discipleship: be with Jesus, become like Jesus, do the things Jesus did (ourselves and those whom we would mentor);

Stewardship: one point is shown in Paul’s comments about the Macedonian churches (II Cor. 8): God gives us grace, and we give to God our gratitude, which includes both our talents and our finances;

Community: Jesus served all with whom He came in contact – the ones who came for his message, for healing, for the food . . . and He calls us also to be neighbours to those within our reach; and

“Experimental” missional ministry: being open to the Holy Spirit’s leading when “We have to do something . . . but we don’t know what to do.” Fairly early in his ministry, Jesus sent out 72 disciples (Luke 10) “...as lambs among wolves...” (v. 3); (i.e.,

before they were “fully” trained, taking nothing) having to rely completely on the Holy Spirit and, although some were rejected as He had predicted, yet they came back joyously (v. 17). May we rely upon his Spirit as we too, try that “something” in his name.

Two of the mission ministries shared some of their experiences as they had to – and did – transform themselves and their ministry, remaining true to the Gospel and faithful, in different ways now, in their service to their “neighbours”.

A total of eight ministries to First Nations were present, including two which are church congregations. The Sharing Circle they led was a moving experience and to me a most insightful experiencing of First Nations culture *in Christ*. We were witnesses of real gentleness and grace towards



both the churches and government which have (and still do in ways) cause hurt and hardship. It was deeply moving, all the more as two there personally suffered great loss during the time of the conference.

I commend the national church for showing support to its missions in Canada through “Transform.” Christ was at the centre, and the learning, sharing and fellowship was an encouragement to all, as we seek to serve Him through serving others.

Transform Conference Report: Doreen Patrick

I wanted to let everybody know that the conference was not boring and I really enjoyed my time at the conference. Although I went there worrying about my grandchildren, with prayers, everything turned out ok. I was kind of feeling a little lost but I met a friend from the Indigenous Studies Program at the Vancouver School of Theology in the airport and then others who were going to the same place. I met Yvonne, Margaret and an elder named Cat who was to be my roommate. The very first morning our First Nations participants of the conference were asked to do the service. It was a very special occasion where we sat in a circle where we could see everybody. Someone drummed, people from different First Nations communities were asked to read a passage and we said our prayers in our language. There were three or four different languages. It was a very cool service. We did the smudge, and a water ceremony lead by Cat, my new friend. She explained how water is powerful and used for healing and is sacred. Every morning we had a speaker named Grace Ji-Sun Kim who spoke on healing our broken humanity, practices for revitalizing the church and renewing the world. She said culture is healing. It was so awesome because this is the second time I heard this phrase. And she spoke on reconciliation with the First Nations people who were affected by residential school and oppression etc. Compassion is the key to reconciliation with the First Nations people and with any other wrongs done to any entity. Food is the key to bringing new people to church and compassion. We had small group meetings after lunch and after supper and we talked round the table about problems we face in our communities, about bringing new people to join our church or group. We had a healing circle and everyone shared their problems and I found that very helpful after hearing of my sister Nellie's grandson being murdered. We had very good food and it seemed we were eating all day long, but it was only three meals per day. They had evening get togethers but there was liquor served so I didn't go but I was there for a few minutes to get some goodies. I was thinking about how Mary Fontaine did her church group, making regalia, drums and learning and teaching the children and youths to dance and sing. I thought this might be something for our community. It was such a good conference. I would go again.

Building a Cathedral: Shannon Bell

This past month, Jon, our daughter Joelle and I were traveling in Europe to visit family and to

establish Joelle in the UK for the next several months. We took the opportunity to visit St. Paul's Cathedral in London and go to the Eucharist service at lunch time. As I sat in that incredible edifice, looking up into the high dome at the frescos, carved marble pillars and surrounded by marble floors and huge statues of important people, I struggled with the whole idea of building a cathedral. We are a house church ministry. We don't build buildings much less massive structures of grandeur and opulence. At the same time I didn't want to judge those for whom such a structure makes them feel the presence of God. I found myself taking in the magnitude of the place and focusing on the thought that for the people who built this, their goal was to honour and glorify God. The artwork and craftsmanship involved reflects the creativity of our Creator. The dedication of those who worked their whole lives but never saw the finished product reflects incredible vision and commitment.



How does a church building speak to me, one whom is uncomfortable with even simple constructions? I began to pray that while I recognize the desire of the church to build something that expresses the glory and majesty of God, that God could use me to build a beautiful cathedral in the hearts of the people of my parish, my community. If we are the temple of God, then as a pastor/missionary, my desire is to see this small, remote community become a place where the Creator dwells in a massive way. As I prayed and contemplated further though, I realized that a building like St. Paul's was not built by one or two people. It was constructed over generations by many workers with a myriad of different skills. Likewise the church of the people. It is not for me to create a great cathedral in hearts on my own, but I have one part to play in the overall plan. Am I a great painter creating the fresco on the ceiling? No. Am I a carver of marble making the

huge pillars that hold the whole thing up? No. Can I work with gold or stained glass making ornate works of beauty? No. I think I can handle the floor. The floor is made up of many pieces of marble and stone polished and placed together for people to walk on as they gaze up at the artistry above. The floor may not be as impressive, but it is necessary and can be done by someone without a lot of talent. I can work on the floor.

I was reminded in St. Paul's once again that I

am a part of a great cloud of witnesses, a body with many parts, a family that is all a part of a larger, greater plan. I don't have to build a cathedral, but just be faithful to do my small part and do it with all my heart. Our Creator is building a beautiful place of worship in the hearts of our community. I may not see it completed in my lifetime, but one day it will be done. My call is to continue working with the stones of the floor, to polish and shape them and lay them down for others to walk on.

RECIPES

Blueberry Cheesecake: submitted by Jackie Wilcox

Crust:

- 2 cups graham wafer crumbs
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Press in pan. Bake at 375 for 10 minutes.

Filling:

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 brick Philadelphia cream cheese.

Cream together

- Add
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
 - a pinch of salt.
 - 1 Tub of Cool-whip.
 - Fold in 3 cups blueberries.

Refrigerate

Note: If you buy 2 pie-plates that already have wafer crumbs, this recipe will be enough to fill both.

Chicken Wings: submitted by Shannon Bell

Arrange 3 lbs. of chicken wings on a baking pan and bake at 350F for 30 minutes.

Combine in a small saucepan:

- 1/2 c Soya sauce
- 2 T. table molasses
- 2 T. white vinegar
- 2 T. sugar
- 1/4 t. garlic powder
- 1/8 t. ginger

Heat over medium heat stirring until it boils.

Stir 1T. cornstarch into 2 T. water until mixed.

Stir into boiling ingredients until it returns to a boil and thickens. Brush over wings.

Cook 30 minutes more turning wings every 10 minutes and brushing on more sauce.

SOME FINAL WORDS

Our Christmas Gift to You

For those of you who receive our newsletter through the mail we are able to include our annual pocket calendar as a special Christmas thank you. If you receive the newsletter by email but would still like to get the calendar please send an email with your mailing address to cariboopc@xplornet.ca and we'll be sure to send you one.

Canada Post

We hope that you receive this edition of the *Northern Light* in a timely way. With Canada Post slowing down just at this time of the year, we are concerned that this might not end up being an Advent/Christmas newsletter for you! If you receive

it via email, please let us know if anyone else you know would like to receive it by email as well this season.

Thank you for your continued financial support as we finish the year. The Canada Post situation may also affect our ability to receive any gifts before the end of 2018. If you would like to send a gift and are looking for an alternative to the mail system, check out our web site (www.cariboopresbyterianchurch.bc.ca) and click on the link that says, [Be On Our Team](#) You can then click on the link [Donate Now](#) and it will take you to the web site for Canada Helps from which you can make a donation to the Cariboo Presbyterian Church. Thanks for being part of this mission!