

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>

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News from Our Missionaries

Knots: Shannon Bell-Wyminga



Have you ever played the game of knots? It is one of my favourite team-building games. Everyone in the group takes their right hand and grabs the left hand of another person, reaching across and around the group until everyone is joined to two other people. It creates one huge knot. The task is then to unravel the knot without anyone letting go of hands. Leaders emerge directing others to step over, under and through tangles of arms and legs until bit by bit the knot is undone and you end up with a big happy circle! There are times when it can become frustrating and you just want to let go and give up, but teamwork eventually wins the day and you finish with satisfaction and triumph.

In the church we can often find ourselves tied up in impossible knots. Funny how that happens to a people who are supposed to live by faith. Aren't we supposed to be the ones who trust God and experience peace all the time? Along come trials and tests and we get frustrated, scared and tempted to just let go and give up. We tie ourselves up trying all the latest approaches to church growth or church

management or leadership or fundraising or 'being relevant' and find that the knots are almost hopeless to untangle.

Jon and I have now been in the Cariboo for nearly 20 years, a journey that still challenges me to walk in faith and trust in the God who started this ministry and has continued to sustain it. I guess God thought I needed a little reminding again this past week or so. Due to an error at our accountant's office, our monthly stipend cheque failed to make it to our credit union and our bills were about to be automatically paid from our personal account. I began to panic. I knew the cheque was being sent by express post but had visions of bounced payments and huge interest charges. I didn't know how our expenses had risen so high. I kept trying to pray and turn it over to God, to trust and leave it in God's hands. I meditated on Proverbs 3:5,6: "*Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight.*" It is one thing to know this. It is another thing to practice it with all your heart, but I tried. I had to go in to the Nazko band office in the middle of all my anxiety and collect a cheque for some beads I had purchased for the band. I knew that it would go a little ways towards helping my disappearing bank account. However, when I went to pick up the cheque I was shocked to discover they didn't have the one I was expecting. Instead they handed me a cheque worth several times the one I was waiting for. I had completely forgotten that the band owed me a substantial amount of money for the registration for 10 women I had taken to camp earlier in the month! That's why my VISA bill was so high and I was so broke! I practically leapt with joy and laughed at how God must have been laughing at me for my

anxiety about it all. I'm usually much more on top of my finances than that, but I had overlooked what was owed me. God was on top of it though. In a moment's time, all my concerns were wiped away. The knots were all untangled.

Later in the week, I had more reason to be in a tangle. My mom ended up in the hospital in ICU with pneumonia, but because God had reminded me of how faithful and trustworthy he is, I was able to face this greater situation with more peace and trust than the silliness of a missing stipend cheque and empty bank account.

In this ministry, I'm determined that we not get ourselves in knots and tangles. We are facing a lot of change this year. Changes can lead to the temptations to get into knots. We begin to worry and fret. Dave Webber is retiring in a matter of months. What if people think that Dave's retirement is the end of the Cariboo ministry? What if people stop supporting us? No, they couldn't think we won't need as much just because the Webbers aren't here could they? What if we lose profile because Dave's articles aren't in the *Presbyterian Record* anymore? How will the ministry change? Can it stay the same? Should it stay the same? How will we make it through this year trying to support three missionary families instead of two during the transition? We can let these kinds of questions keep us up at night stirring around and around in our heads, tangling our thoughts until they bind us up so tightly we can't get unraveled; or we can go back to the roots of this ministry, birthed in faith in God's provision through the people of God. Rather than worry, it is so much better to play the team-building game where we are all hand-in-hand, stepping up and over and through, slowing unwinding the tangles together. This team is made up of us who are here 'on the ground' in leadership and in the worshipping communities hand in hand with those who are geographically distant but spiritually near through prayer and financial support. Hanging on to one another, we cooperatively unravel the knots. We do this together so that in the end we stand in a triumphant circle looking at one another with joyful satisfaction at what God has been able to do through us all. So the only knots I want us to be bound in are the knots that help us to work together to build this team for God's kingdom work here in the Cariboo. We will trust in how God works to provide for all we need in this year of transition and beyond because we are all in this circle and we invite you to not let go. Hang on with us and watch what the Lord does!

Wings: Bruce Wilcox

Sunday, December 12th, 1976 - a day that probably still "lives in infamy" in the minds of many who were residents in my little home town of Forest Grove, B.C. at the time. The day dawned like any other for me. Having received my private pilot's license earlier that year, I was now also an official member of the 100 Mile House Flying Club. Those of us without planes of our own could rent the club plane whenever it was available, a Cessna 172. I rented it that day for a jaunt with my friend Cam.

My brother Norm and some of our friends had taken off on their snowmobiles to do some touring of



their own, knowing that if I was in the air I would probably find them and "buzz" them with a little flyover.

Actually, for myself and some of my fellow pilot buddies, "barnstorming" was a stronger and therefore more acceptable term. Our youth and exuberance, and in my case over-confidence and inexperience could make for a dangerous mix. Some of us had gotten into the habit of pushing the envelope at times. After all, the lower one could get ("safely" of course), the louder and more impressive the whole performance was for the spectators below. And the more immortalized, in my own mind at least, my personal prestige as a pilot. Like the "red baron" I would make my mark all right, but not quite in the way I had imagined.

I and my "co-pilot" Cam took off from a snowy runway at 100 Mile and eventually navigated our way toward the Forest Grove area to find our snowmobilers and make our presence known. Cam was not a pilot, but he enjoyed some swooping around in the air too, and could also be trusted not to puke all over the cockpit in the process. The midafternoon air was cool and calm, and we enjoyed a smooth ride to our destination, where it didn't take us long to spot the gang gathered around on an old racetrack within the confines of the small village.

I knew almost everyone around there then, our family being one of the oldest around. Ah yes, there it was - my own personal arena laying at my feet, complete with my very own waving public staring up at us in rapt attention and anticipation. Not

wanting to disappoint, and with every regulation about low flight over populated areas having flown clean from my head, I began a nice slow banking descent over the open track toward my target. I steepened my bank and it was exciting as we got lower and could see more clearly the faces, expressions, and even whites of the eyes.

The climactic low-point having been reached, it was now time to simultaneously check the horizon, pour on full throttle, pull the wheel totally back, and blaze away over the hill in a crescendo of noise, wind and glory. Timing was everything. But this time as I did these things, I immediately realized I was too low, and had not been paying enough attention to my horizon at all. What I saw was a windshield full of trees dangerously close ahead, and as we roared out of there I thought I heard a slight bump from somewhere through the aircraft. It was all over in seconds. As we headed back to 100 Mile I knew we'd had a close shave, and though I made a mental note not to push it that far again, it never occurred to me that anything that serious had occurred. Cam seemed totally oblivious to any real danger at any time, having naively assumed my judgement was sound, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the whole episode. After landing back in 100 Mile, I noticed some unusual marks on one wing, but for some reason just assumed that they must have already been there.

I then drove home to Forest Grove only to find that no closet light came on when I hit the switch. Mildly irked I assumed the bulb had burned out, until I ran into my brother and some friends who were waiting there for me with expressions that I can only describe as a "whiter shade of pale." They informed me that I had flown right through the main power line and knocked the power out to the entire community!

And not only that, I'd blown the top off of at least one tree in the process, all right in front of their awe-struck eyes. They also witnessed the live power-line writhe, hiss, and melt snow everywhere it struck, like some malignant fire-breathing serpent which could have killed anyone who happened to be in that area.

It also so happened that nearly all the women of the town, including my mother, were playing turkey bingo in the local community hall when the lights went out. And almost all the men were at home with their eyes glued to an exciting Canada-Russia hockey game which apparently was all tied up late in the third period, and with their wives' Sunday

dinners still cooking in their electric ovens, when everything died.

A very sick feeling settled within as I began to process the consequences of my negligence, which now stretched before me. Cam and I should have been killed, and others on the ground easily could have been. My reputation was now publically tattered, and a concern for the family name and my dear parents also weighed heavily on my mind. The blows to my ego continued.

It seemed a cruel coincidence that the very next gig I was booked to play with our little dance band was the B.C. Hydro Christmas party that very week on Saturday night. Among the crowd were the very crews that had spliced my power-line back together, all at Sunday overtime rates, and all payable by Yours Truly. The whispers, chuckles, stares and comments made it seem a long night. Then there was a press report, a tribunal of my peers at the flying club, and the M.O.T. suspending my license for three months - and a wonder it wasn't longer.

For quite some time the splice-knot in that line remained, marking the notorious spot for all to see. I and others with better judgement than I surveyed the scene carefully, and none of us could quite figure out how an airplane could possibly get through there without crashing into the adjacent hillside. Not only that, but the configuration of the power lines almost all the way to Forest Grove at that time had two parallel lines on top, but the spot we went through had only one on top, with two parallel lines just a few feet lower. The steeply banked wingtip of my plane amazingly caught just that top line, which then slid up the wing, and as it stretched, miraculously broke instead of ripping the wing off or simply cartwheeling us into the ground.

When I think back on this, there is absolutely no doubt that God directly intervened, sparing our lives long before I ever knew Him. Although I realized our escape was somewhat incredible at the time, it never occurred to me that it had anything to do with the purposes of an awesome and sovereign God, whose ways are unsearchable, and whose purposes cannot be thwarted! He did not allow my life to end then, because He intended to save me by drawing me to His son Jesus, and doing His work in me as He is doing in all of His people. *"He destined us for adoption as his children through Jesus Christ, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of his glorious grace that he freely bestowed on us in the Beloved."* (Ephesians 1:5,6)

Summer Student Ministries

An Inuk in Carrier Territory: Dianne Metuq

Dianne is an intern for the summer in Nazko with Jon and Shannon.



My name is Dianne Metuq and I am from Pangnirtung Nunavut (Baffin Island), which is in the eastern arctic of Canada. I grew up and had an awesome upbringing and, like every family, we had ups and downs which is part of life. I remember when I was in grade 7, during our religious class the teacher introduced us to who Jesus is. Right then and there, I was intrigued to know more about Him. Ever since then, I have been trying my best to have a deeper relationship with Christ. Jesus is to me like my experience of my culture. We love to meet people, gathering and feasting with delicious country foods to share. I especially love eating frozen caribou and other delicious northern delicacies. That is how I see Jesus and His gospel. I just want to learn to share it properly and gather with people, savouring His amazing Word as though eating yummy mattaaq with soya sauce or frozen caribou with olive oil dip and fellowshiping with people. That is why I was encouraged to go school in Edmonton Alberta at Vanguard College where I studied and graduated with diploma of theology. Later on, my very good friend encouraged me to go to the Prairie Bible Institute in Three Hills, Alberta. Now I am a student intern from Prairie, where I am currently majoring in Intercultural Studies. I can say that it is one of the best Bible Colleges that I have attended, because their mandate says it all: “to know Christ and to make Him known.”

When I first arrived in Nazko B.C., it felt as though I was back in time because it was so peaceful in the bush. I also experienced a good cultural difference, which made me more curious of my surroundings. It has been awesome getting to know the differences and the similarities of my culture and theirs. It has been an adventure experiencing many new things and I have already learned so much. For example, we went to a conference and the speaker focused on how our speaking affects our way of living. It changed how I think and I need to learn to

be more true to Jesus and myself. I was encouraged to speak life into others. I also got to meet the Quesnel Ministerial Association and was very welcomed. All I could say was, “what a bunch of great team key leaders of the ministry.”

As I explore and discover many good nuggets of life’s great treasures within the Carrier First Nation culture, I just want to be a good caring friend, praying with them during this summer season. I already have great respect for them. I believe that this ministry has laboured much and I give all the credit to them and especially God. I know that it is a harvest time for all of us, the ministry, the community and for students for all the prayer needs and provisions. That is why I want to learn properly within the coming months. Knowing that, it is challenging at times but very rewarding. I also have made some mistakes and learned from them already. Yes it has taken me out of my comfort zone; which is worth going through.

Reading books and meeting people and getting involved in events and get-togethers have helped me to become more aware of what to learn, pray for, and to recognize the needs of the community. First of all being a part of a healing circle has given me more opportunity to get to know some of the people. I am also part of the healing circle. It is a life-changing experience. The most challenging part that I had to courageously face at times is connecting, talking to people and learning to listen to them carefully. So far it has been good!

The people that I have been connecting with are very welcoming in building relationships. As I learn more, I will have a better understanding of their culture and how to communicate with them the way they would want to be understood. I seek to be culturally sensitive towards them.

I know our mission work is not as intense as what the Bible teaches. There are also challenges we face at times, but God’s grace is sufficient in our post-modern world, because of his Son. He gave his life for us at the cross. In other words, I got to go to another reserve with a real experience of hands on mission outreach, by visiting people.

I used to think Inuit and First Nation were all the same, but my perspective about similarities was very different when comparing it to my culture. For example the political system and the way of living are different. That is why, it is a privilege for me to experience and learn more of their history, culture and

the traditional values they have. Also, their language is very complex but beautiful and it is being preserved by being passed on to the next generation of Carrier people. I got to learn few words, for instance, *Dahooja*, which means “what is happening”; *te’ont’e* means saying bye or a farewell greeting; *Atsoo* means Grandma, and *chanailya* means thank you in the Dakelh (Carrier) language.

In sum, I don’t know where this internship program will lead to, but I do know that it is going to teach me many things along the way of my journey of faith. Also, I know that it has been a significant milestone in my life and toward my future goals. I don’t know what my future holds, but I do know that, just like a little nomadic Inuk, I would leave a landmark of which is the “Inuksuk”. After making it, I too would say, and I quote, “now that the people will know that I was here.” That means if I am only here for a time, then God resides among his created forever.

Ness Lake Summer Ministry: Joelle Wyminga



This summer I will be returning to Ness Lake Bible Camp for my third year as a summer team volunteer staff member. This year I will be in the position of Cabin leader. I will get to spend my entire summer looking after cabins full of about 10 girls, hanging out with them, teaching different

skills like drama and climbing and so much more. I am so excited to be able to show the campers who God is and what he did for us. Our job throughout the summer is just to be able to open the kids’ minds and teach them about our loving and generous God. We are there to be there for them, and to make sure that they are shown that people love them and care about them no matter where they are from. Ness Lake’s mission statement really sums up what we are there to do: “*To glorify God by making Jesus Christ known by word and deed through camping and conference programs.*” Even though it is hard work and I barely get any time off, and I will always have copious amounts of sand in my hair, I am so stoked to go back and show these kids love in every possible way. While this is all happening I will be building strong relationships with the other staff members who I will be able to lean on, and support throughout the

summer. Last year I had the time of my life at camp, and I made some of the greatest friends that I have ever had. One of the best feelings you can have is knowing that you have changed someone’s life, just by telling them about the love that God has for us. If you are interested in what I am going to be doing this summer, and you just want to do something to help, the best thing you can do for me is to pray. Pray that I would have guidance as to what God really wants me to focus on this summer, and that I will have patience with those cabins that are hard to handle. Pray that while I am helping kids build relationships with God, that I would be building my relationship with God too. In the fall, I will be going to Trinity Western University to work on earning my Bachelor of Arts with a major in Theatre. Trinity is an amazing Christian school and I am so excited to be going there. So, if you are interested in financially supporting me in my summer mission that would be greatly appreciated. Thank you so much for your prayers and support, and have a wonderful summer.

Editor’s Note: If you would like to support Joelle in this camp ministry, any donations made through the Cariboo Presbyterian Church will be matched with a grant from TWU. You can send a cheque to the Cariboo Presbyterian Church and make a note on it: Joelle Wyminga summer mission.

The Adventures of the Noble Clan: Cynthia Noble

After being away for one year in the Fort St. John area, it has been wonderful for our family to get back into ministering in the Cariboo Chilcotin area again. This summer will see our family involved in the cowboy Church at the Tatla Lake Gymkhana on Father’s Day weekend. On June 27-30 we will have the chapel tent at the Williams Lake Stampede Grounds, have a float in the parade on Saturday, and have Cowboy Church on Sunday in the grandstands. John hopes to be able to fly quite a bit in the summer months to the ranches, resorts, and others who live in more remote places. The plane makes it quicker travel to these places that would otherwise take quite a bit of time traveling by vehicle.

Mary will be directing the Blueberry Ministry Centre this summer. She is gathering staff to have in place for the three weeks of Bible Camp that will take place at the facilities. Paul will be one of the staff members at Blueberry Bible Camp this summer -- helping out wherever his sister places him. Luke & Paul will be helping out at the Hope Haven Lodge Bible Camps in August.

Student Minister, First Presbyterian Church,

Prince Rupert: Mark Carter

I arrived in Prince Rupert in the evening after a long and tedious drive from Mcleese Lake. The drive was well worth it though. After meeting some of the elders of the church, who showed me to the home they had arranged for me to live in, my spirits were lifted. My experience has been great here so far. The Presbyterian Church building was built in 1925 and it looks like it too. From the soaring tower that has a great view of the harbour to the ancient basement that existed before the church was built, the smells and sights of the building are reminiscent of days long since passed.



I was struck by the magnificence of the antiquated building, but realized that it was a shelter constructed and decorated after a tradition that had many hundreds of years in the making. Its beauty should augment that of the bride of Christ that is housed, if nothing else.

Prince Rupert is a bustling port town, with many cargo ships coming and going, sometimes one a day. The crews of these ships often come ashore and there is a ministry called the Lighthouse that is aimed at serving these crews.

They have a building where they can have a meal, read, play games and puzzles, and there are volunteers there who are willing to visit with them. They also provide car rides for those who need to travel farther for certain things. One woman at the church volunteers there daily, primarily to translate the scripture message given at the end of the day for those who speak Mandarin. I hope to spend some time helping there this summer.

I have found that one of the most useful things I can do during the week is visit those who are in care homes. Many of those in the congregation have aging parents who enjoy having someone visit and pray with them. I am planning on setting a time when I will visit and play the Cello for those who want to listen.

The work of sharing the Word and encouraging people in their faith continues on here without regard to the number of people in the pews. Jesus tells us that “where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am there in the midst of them” (Matthew 18:20) and we hang onto that promise as we look to the possibilities the future could hold.

Pray that God would use His people here to bring the light of Christ to the lost.

Editor's Note: Mark is receiving a small stipend this summer, but needs to return to school in the Fall. If you would like to support Mark in his ministry in you can do so through: First Presbyterian Church, 233 Fourth Ave., Prince Rupert, BC V8J 1N4. Make a note on the contribution that it is for Mark Carter.

Some Other Reports

The Envelope Secretary's Report: Linda Webber

Let me first say thanks so much to all who have continued to support this mission in the Cariboo for 2014. I know how hard it is to find extra dollars in the family budget to support extra things like mission work. I have the interesting task of not only doing this for my own family, but also for the Cariboo mission church family and I am sorry to report that in the latter the income has dropped far below what we had expected it to be for this year. So far to the end of May, we are operating at a very uncomfortable \$42,587.00 budget deficit. This budget deficit consists partially of the following: \$13,253.00 from supporting congregations, \$11,495.00 from supporting individuals and \$14,784.00 from folks in

the Cariboo house churches. It is hard for me to report this to you because you have been so faithful in your support over the years that we have been in this mission, as well as I know that we are all struggling to make ends meet financially. I do however feel it is imperative that everyone knows the situation so that prayerful consideration can be given to this matter. Blessings to you all.

If you would like to support us, love gifts can be sent to:

Cariboo Presbyterian Church
Box 156

Lac La Hache BC V0K 1T0

A receipt will be sent in February 2015.

Interlakes Kids Space/Teen Space: Elaine Adams

This summer Kids Space is anticipating holding another day camp - Kids Space Vacation '14. Local children and child visitors to the Interlakes area spend a couple of hours for four days having fun through learning God's word. The focus of Kids Space is FUN! FUN! FUN! As well as to teach Bible stories, interact socially and gain the parents' confidence. Kids Space is for ages grade Kindergarten to grade seven.

Darby Howard is a grade nine teenager who lives in Chilliwack with her parents and younger brother Jackson. She attends a private Christian school. One of her electives at school is 'worship leading'. Darby loves to sing and after auditioning was chosen to play a lead role in a local community production of 'Sound of Music'. Her grandmother, Celia Visscher, is a coordinator with Kids Space and has been since the beginning in 2007. Darby led the Kids Space Sing-Along during Kids Space Vacation for the last three years and will do so again at Kids Space Vacation '14.

I asked Darby to respond to a few questions to share her feelings and thoughts about Kids Space



Vacation.

1. How did you hear about Kids Space?

I heard about Kids Space through my grandma who first brought me there.

2. When you come to Kids Space is it fun to meet people

and why do you come every year?

I love meeting everyone at Kids Space and I come every year because I enjoy being there and seeing old faces that I've met before.

3. Everyone at Kids Space appreciates that you lead the singing. What significance does being the worship leader have for you?

The significance for me is my brother and I doing something that can help spread God's love through something people usually enjoy doing anyways.

4. How do you pick the songs you are teaching the kids?

I pick songs from a list I enjoy listening to and know will be fun and easy for the kids to learn.

5. How do you feel about being a part of a team in Kids Space 2014 with your cousins? (Jonathan & Jackie)

I am excited to be part of a team with my cousins and my brother this year.

6. Is there anything you like to say to the readers of Northern Lights?

I've been raised in a Christian home and when I was four I gave my life to God. I've had some doubts for a while but I've been talking to God and I understand that he is the one true God. He's helped me get through some things in my life lately.

The summer of 2014 for the Teens in the Interlakes Teen Space program includes getting together as often as possible. A Camp Out at Sheridan Acres, the home of Jody and Ken Malm members of the Sheridan Lake House Church, is planned for the first weekend in September. This summer the Teens also participate in a fund raiser selling hotdogs and drinks at the local Farmer's Market to pay for the Camp Out.

The focus of Teen Space is FUN! FUN! FUN! There is also a focus on teaching God's love and how His love makes a difference in a person's life. Knowing God loves us just the way we are is motivation to become more like Jesus. Some of the teaching includes introducing missionaries who brought God's Word to people innocent of the words of God. Teen Space is for age's grade seven to grade twelve.

Brent Ehlers is a grade eleven student at the Peter Skene Ogden High School in 100 Mile House. He is serious about his school studies and also loves being outdoors camping, horseback riding, canoeing, hiking and biking.

Brent joined Kids Space when he was in Elementary School. He was one of the first teens to be part of the Teen Space program when he was in grade seven and continues to be an active participant.

Similarly to Darby I asked Brent to respond to a few questions sharing insights and feelings about Teen Space.

1. Brent, you are now completing grade eleven but you joined Kids Space when you



were attending Bridge Lake Elementary School. Would you please share some memories of your time in Kids Space?

Kids Space was fun. I am now a volunteer fire fighter. But before I was one, I always found it fun when Santa came to give out ‘stuffies’ on a fire truck because I could examine it and see how it worked. Another fun thing was when we had our annual Halloween party at the Interlakes Rodeo Grounds. It was nice to get bags of candy and to watch the fireworks demonstration put on by the Rodeo Association and the Interlakes Volunteer Fire Department. It is amazing, considering not that many people watch the fireworks display, that it is so great. Thousands must be spent on fireworks every year. Another time we went and stayed at the Double T Guest Ranch for a couple of nights. It was kind of funny. In the middle of the night the tent three of my friends were sleeping in partially collapsed because it was extremely windy. None of them were hurt though. Two of them chose to sleep in a car for the rest of the night. Earlier that same night we played mission impossible in the dark which was tons of fun as well.

2. You were one of the first to join Teen Space when you were in Grade Seven. What attracts you to Teen Space?

Teen Space is great because I get to hang out with my friends, go on great trips to Barkerville, Kamloops or Williams Lake. Also we get good food, a time to interact and play with larger groups of teens outside of school. We get to help our community through gifts of food and other necessities for people who are in a money crunch.

3. Teaching God’s Word is important to me. Do you understand why?

I understand why teaching God’s Word is important to people like Elaine. It is important to them because they want us to be better people and not sin, learn from our mistakes and history, treat everyone the same and have fun.

4. Is there anything you’d like to say to the readers of Northern Light about Teen Space and how it might work in other communities?

Teen Space is an awesome program. We have so much fun and learn lots about our local history. It should be pursued in any community with teenagers because we get to have fun and learn about God which keeps us out of drugs and alcohol. As teens we love it so it should be done in other communities for no other reason than that.

Punchaw House Church: Anne Migvar

Hello, everyone out there in the Cariboo House Church! We are a very small house church but in the Spirit it gets even smaller – what with calving and now with the field work and fencing and the last dozen or so cows still calving. It makes our house church down to me and George Wheat, who comes later in the evening, and, of course Jon Wyminga. But we have good Bible Study and discussions and also meaningful prayer time. Then, of course, there is tea and goodies and visiting.

It’s so wonderful to see what God accomplishes. I can’t imagine being without God to guide me.

Israeli Salad Recipe: Shannon Bell-Wyminga

For all those fresh summer veggies....

Ingredients:

- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 2 cucumbers, peeled and chopped
- 1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1/4 cup fresh parsley, finely chopped
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- juice from 1 lemon
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- salt & pepper
- optional: zaatar (hyssop spice)

Preparation:

In a serving bowl, combine chopped vegetables. Toss gently.

In a small bowl, combine lemon juice, olive oil, and salt and pepper (to taste). Drizzle over vegetables and toss. Serve immediately or cover and refrigerate for up to 2 days.