

# NORTHERN LIGHT

The Official Newsletter of

## The Cariboo Presbyterian Church

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

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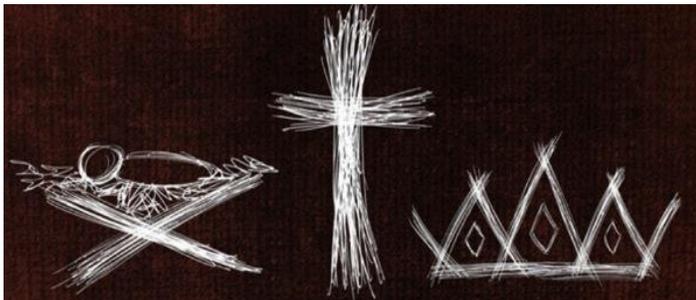
Editor: Jon Wyminga

Christmas Edition, 2019

## MESSAGES FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

### A Fresh Look at Jesus' Birth: Jon Wyminga

Christmas is coming! Soon we'll be in the throes of all the decorating, celebrating, gift giving, feasting and visits with Santa. I know it can be fun, at least if you have the financial means to participate, but to tell you the truth, I often find it completely overwhelming. I need something to help me re-connect; something that speaks into my spirit, something that brings me back to what is real. That's why I return to the Biblical Christmas story; a story that seems such a far cry from our modern celebrations; the story of the birth of Jesus. The thing is it's hard to imagine that I'll find anything new there. I've turned to that story every year of my entire adult life. I feel like I know it inside out. That's why it always amazes me when the Holy Spirit speaks a fresh message from that old, familiar story; a message that speaks deep into the core of my being.



Jesus' birth itself is described in only seven short verses in the Bible (Luke 2:1-7). In fact you could say it is really only in the last two of those seven verses. Yes, the Bible tells us more about the circumstances leading up to Jesus' birth – the announcements to Mary and Joseph for example – and the response to his birth – the visits from the shepherds and the magi – but the story of the birth itself is very brief. Those seven verses tell us that Mary and Joseph were forced to make a long journey to Bethlehem while Mary was pregnant. The emperor of the Roman forces occupying their land had issued a decree that required everyone to visit their hometown

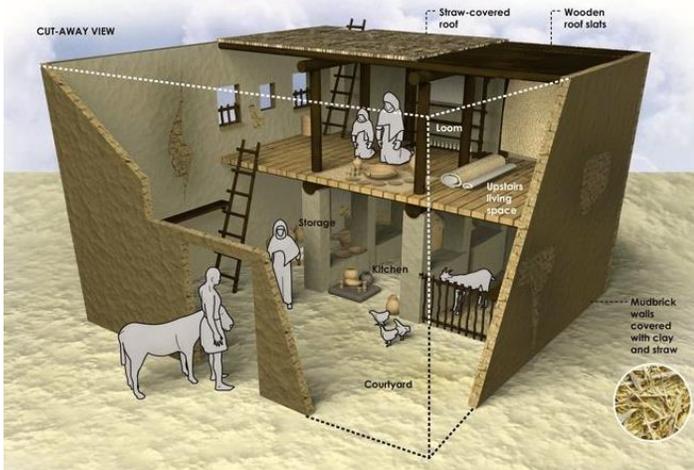
to be registered. Then the birth of Jesus is described in just a few short sentences:

*While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. (Luke 2:6-7)*

That's all the Bible says about it. There's no exasperated innkeeper (not to mention several), no stable, no cattle lowing; not even the donkey Mary allegedly rode to Bethlehem on. Some of these things may have been part of the story. The Bible just doesn't think they're important enough to mention. Strangely we do, and so we have created a great deal of elaborate traditions around the story. Other than Mary, Joseph and the baby the only other familiar elements we have in these two verses are the manger where Jesus was laid and the inn that couldn't accommodate them. But then again . . . do we even have the inn? It turns out that the original Greek text of the New Testament may not say "inn" at all. Elsewhere in the Gospel of Luke the very same Greek word (*kataluma*) is translated as "guest room." Remember when Jesus sent two disciples to find a house and ask the owner where the "guest room" was for their Passover celebration (Luke 22:11)? There's also another place in Luke that actually does talk about an "inn" but it uses a completely different word (*pandoxeion*). Remember Jesus's story about the Samaritan who helped a robbed and beaten man by taking him to an "inn" (Luke 10:34)? So could this story about Jesus' birth be referring to a "guest room" and not an "inn"?

Think about it some more and we might begin to wonder why Joseph would go to his hometown and seek lodging in an inn when his own relatives in town would have felt obliged to offer him hospitality and he would have been expected to receive it! A change in one word and a different scenario emerges. Joseph

and Mary arrive at the home of relatives but there is no place for them in the “guest room” which was commonly on the second floor. Maybe someone else is using it. Maybe it was too small to accommodate the mid-wife and others who would help Mary deliver her baby. In any event the baby is born and laid in a manger that was commonly on the first floor where some household animals were kept.



That changes the story quite a bit doesn't it – or at least our impression of the story? But it is no less consistent with what the Bible says and may be more so. Instead of an exasperated innkeeper trying to figure out what to do with these troublesome travelers I get the picture of a Jewish family desperately trying to honour their culture of hospitality in the difficult circumstances of a Roman occupation. It reminds me of the stories I've heard about my Dutch grandparents and their hospitality during the Nazi occupation of the Second World War. Someone displaced by the occupation shows up at the door desperately needing help. They're welcomed in despite the family's lack of resources because it's just the right thing to do. The already meagre provisions of food and sleeping space get further divided to accommodate the guest. And somehow everyone makes it work.

While our whole impression of the story's setting might be changed by the translation of this single word the essential elements of the story don't change at all. They're just illuminated in a different way; perhaps an even more brilliant way. What doesn't change is the baby in the manger, or the angels announcement to Mary that “he will be called the Son of God” (Luke 1:35), or the later angelic announcement to the shepherds that he is “a Saviour, who is Messiah, the Lord” (Luke 2:11).

From his very birth this unchanged and unchanging Son of God and anointed king (Messiah)

is surrounded by a loving family caught in a desperate struggle to survive. How many others have lived lives like that? He grows up receiving and displaying remarkable acts of love in those same desperate circumstances. Eventually his love, his power and his identity attracts the ire of the authorities. They conclude that he is a threat to the delicate balance they're trying to maintain; a balance between the local religious and the foreign Roman rulers; a balance that keeps their subjects oppressed and desperate. Because he is a threat they execute him by crucifixion. From the very beginning the cross overshadows the manger. Yet even then he overcomes the power of death itself. The empty tomb supersedes both the cross and the manger and verifies what the angels had told Mary and the shepherds some thirty years earlier. He is Son of God. He is Saviour. He is anointed king and he seeks to draw all people into his kingdom . . . his loving family. And he promises that the desperate circumstances created by this world's powers will one day be overcome by his kingdom, just as he overcame death by his resurrection. It's all the more reason to celebrate a Merry Christmas!

### **Church, Christmas, and the “Ripple Effect”**

**Bruce Wilcox**

Something significant about the Great Commission Jesus gave in Matthew 28 is that it is not only about making disciples, but about teaching them - that is, deepening the walk of the disciples already present. This should change the way we view the definition of a “successful” church. It's easy to buy into the popular assumptions of success for a church as being defined by outward external things such as the size of the building, the size of the membership roll, the size of the budget, etc. because that's the way these things are measured by the world. But none of this necessarily has anything to do with being spiritually healthy or growing in maturity!

It seems to me that the real measure of success in a church is something that in many ways can only be measured by God, because it has to do with a deeper walk with Him which in turn results inevitably in an impact on other people's lives - both individuals and the communities or neighborhoods in which the Lord has placed us. We in this Cariboo Ministry are a collection of what would be considered “small” churches, but what a blessing it has been to be part of this and to witness how the Lord has used this mission in so many ways over the years to make an impact far out of proportion to its “size.”

That's because it really is all about our relationships - with God, and one another, in His love. In our experience in the churches we have been part of here, Jackie and I have been blessed with one of the great strengths of our more de-institutionalized house church approach to worship - namely, a more informal and interactive environment which God uses not only to bless us abundantly in His Word, but to enhance our relationships. And where, when grace is tested, as it always is at times through even unintentional mistakes or misunderstandings, we learn together to grow in what it really means to "*make every effort to keep the unity of the Spirit through the bond of peace.*"

I remember as a kid having fun skipping stones on a lake, and also seeing who could throw the biggest rock into the lake. It's quite amazing how far the ripples from even a small splash actually travel, and how they continue long after the splash itself is no longer visible at all.



Mission is like that under a Sovereign God who is in control of the original splash, its magnitude and effect and the speed, distance and direction (or change of direction) of the ripples. It's amazing how one idea from God in the mind of even one person who makes themselves willing and available to Him can end up becoming a blessing for so many people in diverse places and for so many years!

One example of this in our Cariboo Mission is an idea one of our precious saints had to establish a Thrift Store in the village of Lac La Hache some twenty years ago. This faithful woman organized it, found and cleaned up an old empty building big enough to accommodate it, and organized other volunteers from our church and the community to help operate it. The new and used clothing and other items came from many local contributors as well as from some other Presbyterian churches around the country, and was of high quality. I remember one of our church folks participating in a mission to visit an orphanage in Mexico, and taking a lot of the clothes down there with him. Some was also contributed to

the First Nations people up in Ndazkoh in the northern part of our Cariboo Presbyterian Church ministry. Prices were either very low or free for folks in need around the whole area here.

At some point the Community Club of Lac la Hache decided our Thrift Store would be a project that they would like to be more directly involved in, and offered to continue to organize, operate and even expand it, which they did with an additional building.

So all these years later it's still going, and still blessing many people, both the givers and receivers. The ripple effect! Even as far away as Mexico! The lady that started it has not lived in the Cariboo for many years now, but long after the initial splash, God's ripples still reverberate.

And how about just one example of many from the Scriptures. We have been blessed in going through the book of Ruth recently in our southern churches here, and it's absolutely amazing what God did through faith in the lives of very ordinary people in their typical circumstances. A foreign woman caregiving for her destitute widowed mother-in-law, leaving home, gleaning grain in a stranger's field, falling in love, getting married, having a baby. All so seemingly common, yet all connected to changing the course of history, and of eternity itself!

Christmas is coming. Do you know why Joseph and Mary *had to go* to Bethlehem to register in the census of Augustus (*Luke 2:1-5*)? And why, also to fulfill prophecy, Jesus then *had to be born* in Bethlehem, which had come to be known as "*the city of David*"? Ruth and Boaz are the reason; because they lived in Bethlehem, because God placed them in the genealogy of Jesus Christ as great-grandparents of King David. And this is why to this day we sing "*O Little Town of Bethlehem*" about that first Christmas. The ripple effect.

This should encourage all of us in our own lives this Christmas and always, to remember that the transcendent repercussions of everything Christ does through us now, of everything that derives from faith in Christ, is in God's hands and is far beyond anything we can even imagine now, as it was for Ruth and Boaz - but which one day God will reveal to us in its entirety.

Speaking of "ripple effects," they still continue from the original splash created here through Dave and Linda Webber when they were led by the Lord to start this Mission thirty years ago! This adventure with Jesus continues, and along with that the inevitability of some kinds of changes. I'm going to be retiring early next year from most of the ministry I

have been doing (except musical events and our Seniors ministries in 100 Mile House) but we are so blessed that Mark Carter has responded to the Lord's call to come here, along with his wife Alicia and little baby Micah. Mark was part of one of our house churches here before completing a four year degree in Biblical studies earlier this year. We are really confident that God will continue to respond to our prayers powerfully, and that Mark and his family and the churches they will be connecting with here will be mutually blessed in all kinds of ways, just as Jackie and I have been!



I also want to sincerely thank Jon Wyminga and Shannon Bell for your support, leadership, ministry, and the many ways that the love of Christ flows through you both! What a blessing it has been ministering and partnering with you in this far-flung ministry. And the same goes for our other faithful elders Ginny Alexander, Don Lipsett, Gordon Kellett and Doreen Patrick. Special thanks to Ginny and Don for your gifts and ministry in sharing the Word, as well as filling in for me here when needed.

Also a really big thank you to Clarence Colp, Mart Blazina and Dave Webber for your willingness to help with your gifts in sharing Bible messages in your respective house churches. Thank you as well to all of the musicians in our churches for helping to make our worship so blessed with your gifts. Also to our various house church hosts - Kathy Carter, John and Cynthia Noble, Pete and Nicki Bonter, Mart and Liz Blazina, Pat Lytton, Clarence and Suzan Colp, Anne Migvar and Sandi and Larry Evjenth - thank you for your amazing and ongoing sacrificial love and hospitality! And to everyone else who reads this thank you and Merry Christmas to all, with love from Jackie and me!

### **Our New Lay Missionary: Jon Wyminga**

Many folks of the Cariboo House Church Ministry gathered for a wonderful event on Sunday, November 10. That day more than 60 people came from far and wide to the building of the Old Age Pensioners' Organization in Lac la Hache. When we got there we enjoyed a special time of worship and commissioning for Mark Carter, our new Lay Missionary. Mark is preparing to take over for Bruce Wilcox after Bruce retires. Earlier this year Mark completed his theological training at Regent College in Vancouver. He has since been approved as a Lay Missionary with Special Training by the Presbytery of Kamloops, our oversight body. We also had the privilege of ordaining Mark as an elder of our congregation. As we gathered we shared in a rousing time of worship, we heard an inspiring message from my wife Shannon and then participated in a very moving ordination ceremony. Our afternoon concluded with a wonderful "Pot-Providence" lunch before everyone returned to their far-flung Cariboo homes. Our hearts were full. We are so excited that Mark, his wife Alicia and their infant son Micah have responded to God's call to join us in this ministry in the Cariboo. We trust that the Lord has many special things in store for them . . . and us. We would appreciate your prayers for Mark, Alicia, Micah and the rest of us as we embark in this adventure together.



*(Editor's Note: Mark has started to work on our website to make it more interactive. Please check it out for regular updates. The web address is at the top of the first page of this newsletter.)*

### **My Tidying Impulse: Mark Carter**

Alicia and I were walking back to our new home in Williams Lake and I remarked to her that one thing that really bothers me about our yard is the lack

of definition between the grass and the gravel parking area. The grass is like a slow moving tide working its way up the beach, which is my gravel parking lot. I need boundaries to clearly define what is parking lot and what is yard; otherwise they join in a messy transition that does not look good. Every time I get out of my car I imagine how I will dig up portions and create clear boundaries with borders, fences, and ground covers, all designed to give me the definition and boundaries that I need to have peace of mind. I have an impulse to impose order on chaos. I wonder if anyone else feels this way.

The interesting thing is that my ‘ordering impulse’ does not confine itself to fuzzy transitions between yard and parking, but I want order in all areas of my life. This is where life becomes more complicated. The fuzzy areas of life cannot be sorted into ‘black’ and ‘white’ as easily as ‘yard’ and ‘parking’. There are times when imposing these categories may actually do more harm than good. For instance, I could say that I think smoking pot is not appropriate for Christians even if it is legal but what if a doctor prescribes it for pain? Or where does idolatry lurk in our world today?

I could see myself tearing up grass and gravel and putting in my dividers without ever asking whether I should do so or what might be affected if I do so arbitrarily. Will it affect the way water drains in the yard? Will neighbours be affected? What about little animals and creatures who have made homes in

the area? The list of consequences goes on and all of this is because it will give me peace of mind to have clear definitions in my back yard.

We also live in a world that is continually tearing down the line between good and evil and declaring all things relative. The temptation is to react to relativism by saying we are therefore the people of “demarcation”, but this is not what we stand for as Christians. We stand for God’s goodness made known to the world through Jesus Christ. That means we do live according to morals and ethics (referred to in scripture as being a ‘peculiar people’ [1 Pet 2:9 KJV]), that we learn from scripture and the leading of the Holy Spirit, but that should not make us known only as ‘morality’ police.

Yet in this deliberation I have hope. I know that God is the one who established order in chaos right from the beginning (Genesis 1:1-3) and will continue to do so in the world and in his church. God has seen fit to use the unseemly people and circumstances throughout history for his own purposes.

All of this has made me realize that I need wisdom from above in order to sort out the difficult issues in life. I need to think twice about what I thought was straight-forward before. I need to rely on the Holy Spirit to guide me as I think about issues I am facing. I need to drink deeply from the Word as I sweat it out digging out grass in some areas and replanting elsewhere.

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## REPORTS & REFLECTIONS

### Missing Mom Moments: Judy Sutton (Lac la Hache)

December 1<sup>st</sup> marked the day that my Mom (Ilya Jung) passed away last year. As I approached that day, I was having many “missing Mom moments.” This will be the first Christmas in 66 years that I won’t be with her or at least able to talk to her! Mom has always been there for us (six girls, one boy and all our kids) much as our Heavenly Father is. I can’t imagine going through the loss of a loved one without relying on our Lord God and Saviour. And I am so comforted to know that she is with Him, and that we will see her again, free from the cancer and dementia and other ailments. I want to share a poem that we found with her Will and assumed that she wanted it read at her memorial (which one of my sisters and I managed to do). Mom loved the Lord and it is so typical of her and what she thought. It was originally written by Ardis Marletta and titled *To Those I Love and Those Who Love Me*, but Mom had

paraphrased or personalized it in a couple of places. Here it is:

When I am gone, release me, let me go.  
I have so many things to see and do.  
You mustn’t tie yourself to me with tears.  
Be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love; you can only guess  
How much you gave to me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love you each have shown,  
But now it’s time I travelled on alone.  
So grieve awhile for me if grieve you must,  
But know that your grief be comforted by trust.  
It’s only for a while that we must part.  
I am there as the memories within your heart.  
I won’t be far away, for life goes on.  
So if you need me, call and I will come.  
Though you can’t see or touch me, I’ll be near,  
And if you listen with your heart, you’ll hear

All of my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you must come this way alone,  
*I'll greet you with a smile and say, "Welcome Home".*

How comforting to know that she had such faith and that she is at peace now and that for those of us who believe, we can have that assurance of "going Home".

I especially missed her as I harvested the garden. Mom loved her garden almost as much as she loved her bees, and picking berries, and her woodpile, and her motorhome, and her grandkids. She pretty much loved life, and pretty much everyone loved her. Anyway, she lived with me for the last two years of her life and as I inherited her love of gardening we had some great conversations sitting on the deck shelling peas or snapping beans, some profound and some hilarious. I don't know where she got some of her ideas from but at 96 years old, even with mobility issues and dementia; she always had an opinion on everything!

Being 96, she had lived a full life and when we found out she had cancer she was a real trouper. She was blessed to have had very little pain, mostly just discomfort, until she started having mini-strokes, and for the last month of her life she was more than ready to go. One morning when my sister was providing relief care for me, as Mom woke up she shared a "dream" she had had. Although she had extreme short term memory dementia, the dream was crystal clear and she was much distressed that she was still on earth! Apparently Jesus came to her in the night and they had walked in the woods, or maybe in the garden since 'In The Garden' was her favorite hymn. They sat on a bench for a while and talked about this and that and it was very peaceful she said, but when He got up to leave He didn't/wouldn't take her hand. He said "No, Ilya, it isn't time yet. You have to go back. Soon though." She wasn't happy about that! But about a month and a half later she was gone. Gives you shivers doesn't it? Miss you Mom.

### An Update from McLeese Lake: Clarence Colp

The McLeese Lake House Church has had an interesting year this year. Several things of importance have happened and I will outline some of them.

First of all we have to thank God for his faithfulness to us in leading us through different and interesting situations.

We are in the process of having a change of leadership from Bruce Wilcox to Mark Carter. We

thank God for the faithful leadership Bruce has shown in coming to lead us, counsel us and to instruct us from God's Word. And now we are transitioning into leadership by one of "our own" so to speak.

Mark Carter has grown up in our house church, being the son of Kathy and the late Colin Carter. He has participated in house church by his presence and his musical abilities. Mark has gone on to studying for ministry and has graduated with a Masters of Divinity degree. May God give us grace and help to ensure a smooth transition into leadership among us. Mark, his wife Alicia and their son, Micah have moved to Williams Lake.

In August we celebrated the marriage of Mark's sister and the Carter's daughter, Leslie Heppner to Chad Wiens. Many people attended and a great time was had by all. This took place at the Carter's ranch in McLeese Lake. Soon after the wedding we had our annual *Rendezvous* again at the Carter ranch. This was well attended. One of the highlights of the *Rendezvous* was the use of the burger bus which provided hamburgers for all.

During the month of September we worked with and helped John, Cynthia and Joshua Noble to pack up their belongings and get ready for their move to Horsefly. This will be a new experience for them and they can be assured of our continued prayers. They have been such a wonderful asset to our ministry here over the years. We and they believe that God has called them to do a new thing and that he will strengthen them, give them wisdom and open new doors of ministry.

God bless you!

### More on the *Rendezvous*: Jon Wyminga



On Saturday, August 24 we enjoyed another special gathering of the house churches for our annual *Rendezvous*! The event was hosted by Kathy Carter on her property in McLeese Lake. The whole McLeese Lake House Church organized a special day for us. The weather was perfect and everyone enjoyed

a wonderful time. The food was great, especially the burgers from the food truck on Kathy's property. The fellowship was heartwarming. The games we played were a whole lot of fun. Some played volleyball while I engaged in an intense game of bocce ball with some others. At one point the neighbour's dog decided to wander off with my ball. I guess he figured it was his right since we had inadvertently ventured onto his property. The *Rendezvous* concluded with a rousing time of worship and singing. Then I had the privilege of sharing a message and leading a discussion from the Scriptures. Everyone returned home with joyful hearts. We would like to extend a special thanks to Kathy Carter and the McLeese Lake House Church for hosting and organizing such a marvelous event.

**From our Newest House Church: Sandi Evjenth**

Blessings to everyone in the Cariboo Presbyterian Home Church group from the newest members here in Baker Creek. The Holy Spirit's presence was brought into our little community in a stronger sense over the past year and a half beginning with like-minded Christians praying for our community and its members each day. We were so grateful when the Spirit aligned encounters with Jon, starting with prayer for our friend, Steve at the Quesnel Hospice. Steve had recently accepted the Lord prior to his stay at the Quesnel Hospice and passed on in November, 2018. Things have evolved with many more encounters and assignments orchestrated by the Holy Spirit. Everything led to a small group meeting with Pastor Jon Wyminga, the desire to make a commitment based on the information shared amongst all members and then the Presbyterian Church leadership agreeing and blessing us with its approval. Since June, 2019 we meet on the second and fourth Tuesday of every month. Things have ebbed and flowed . . . . Some members thought it wasn't a fit for them and others have joined, primarily by word of mouth. Our numbers are anywhere from 3 to 16 for each service. Pastor Jon is taking us through the books of the Bible and pulling a chapter or some verses from each one to reflect, study

and discuss the way it happened then and how it relates to us now. It is wonderful how God is the centre of all of it. We enjoyed having Pastor Mark Carter join us on October 22<sup>nd</sup>. He was able to continue the vein of our journey through the Bible. It felt like we were true pioneers meeting in the cabin with no power, reading scripture by oil lamps and singing praise. It was a good way to realize our roots in our faith. We can continue to meet, build on that faith and bear fruit. Merry Christmas to all the groups in our new family of churches . . . may His peace surround us and dwell within each of us during this blessed season. *"Be still and know that I am God."* (Psalm 46:10)

**Christmas Thanksgiving: Jon Wyminga**

We in the Cariboo Presbyterian Church continue to be so grateful to the many people who support this mission in so many ways. I often feel as though we cannot, and have not, expressed our appreciation enough. The busyness of ministry means we have not always been able to send personal messages of thanks the way we would like to. Yet we continue to be grateful for every single contribution, both small and great. And, of course, we also continue to appreciate your ongoing prayers, letters and other signs of support.

As usual this Christmas mailing includes a small pocket calendar for the upcoming year. It is a gift to you and a small sign of our appreciation. If you receive this newsletter by email, we obviously were not able to send the calendar but if you would like one please email me at [cariboopc@xplornet.ca](mailto:cariboopc@xplornet.ca) and I will be sure to send it to you.

We have always received a significant portion of our annual contributions in the last month of the year, since Christmas is the season of giving, unlike any other. This situation can leave us feeling somewhat anxious as the costs of doing ministry rises through the rest of the year but the Lord, and you our supporters, always come through for us. We thank you in advance for your ongoing prayer and support. May you know the Lord's guidance and blessing in your own lives and ministries of service to Christ.

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# RECIPES

## Sugar-Free Black Bean Brownies



### Preparation Time

- Preparation takes 10 minutes
- Cooking takes 35 minutes
- Ready to serve in 1 hour 15 minutes

### Ingredients

- cooking spray
- 2 cups of cooked black beans
- 1/3 cup of coconut oil
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup of maple syrup
- 1/3 cup of cocoa powder
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract
- 1/2 teaspoon of salt
- 1/2 teaspoon of baking powder
- 1/4 cup of chocolate chips (optional)

### Directions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C). Grease a 9-inch square glass pan with cooking spray.
2. Place black beans and coconut oil in a saucepan. Cook over medium-low heat until the beans are warmed through and the coconut oil is melted, about 5 minutes. Mix in eggs, maple syrup, cocoa powder, vanilla extract, salt, and baking powder.
3. Transfer black bean mixture to a blender. Cover and blend into a smooth batter, 1 to 2 minutes. Pour into greased pan and sprinkle chocolate chips on top.
4. Bake in the preheated oven until batter pulls away from the sides of the pan, about 30 minutes. Allow to cool before cutting, about 30 minutes.

## Walnut Biscotti (by Rosina from [allrecipes.com](http://allrecipes.com))



### Preparation Time

- Preparation takes 40 minutes
- Cooking takes 35 minutes
- Ready to serve in 1 hour and 45 minutes

### Ingredients

- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups of white sugar
- 3/4 cup of melted butter
- 2 teaspoons of vanilla extract
- 1 teaspoon of anise extract
- 1 teaspoon of black walnut extract
- 1/2 teaspoon of almond extract
- 1 cup of chopped walnuts
- 4 1/2 teaspoons of baking powder

### Directions

1. Stir together flour and baking powder and set aside.
2. Beat together eggs and sugar in a large bowl until well blended. Stir in butter, extracts, black walnut flavoring and the walnuts. Gradually stir flour mixture into creamed mixture, blending well.
3. Divide dough on a floured surface into 8 equal portions. Roll each portion into a 14 inch rope.
4. Place four ropes about 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 325 degree F (165 degree C) oven for approximately 20 minutes, until bottoms are pale gold in colour.
5. Let cool about 2 minutes on the baking sheet. Use a serrated knife to cut each rope on a diagonal into slices 1/2 to 3/4 inch thick. Lay slices close together on their sides and bake at 375 degrees F (190 degrees C) until lightly toasted (approximately 15 minutes). Cool completely on the baking sheet. Store airtight.