

Northern Light

*The Official Newsletter of
The Cariboo Presbyterian Church*

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For Eager Beavers



(By David Webber)

“Aaahhh crap! We’ve been logged!”

“Huh? What are you talking about?” said Linda, as she bolted out of the bedroom to stand beside me in front of our picture window. We were both staring and twisting fists into our eye sockets, trying to mung out the residue of sleep.

“Those dang beavers moved in on us last night and commenced to clear cut our lot,” I said. Three large diameter aspens that we had nursed from wee saplings lay neatly fallen across our lawn. When I threw on my boots and mackinaw and went to survey the damage, I found the beavers had also fell and limbed a half dozen smaller aspens on the border of our lot that we share with a neighbor to the north. Further surveying revealed two large weeping willows on the lot boundary that we share with a neighbor to the south were felled, bucked, skidded and floated across the lake to where the beaver colony lived. There was nothing left of the willows but two large pointy stumps and a pile of wood chips. In addition to all of the cutting, the beavers had constructed three large skid roads from their logging area across our lot to the lake. We had been developed. The beaver’s intentions were clear.

“Must have been a lot of them show up for work last night,” Linda said. “What are we going to do? We can’t let them clear-cut every aspen, birch and willow from our lot. We have been babying our trees since we moved here twenty years ago.”

“Well, the last time we had beavers move in on us I put stove pipes around all our trees to discourage them,” I said.

“Yah, but that was almost 20 years ago and our grove of trees are twice the size now,” said Linda. A ten-inch stovepipe won’t come close to fitting any of our trees, and you know chicken wire doesn’t work.”

“Yah, they just cut through chicken wire like they own pliers,” I said. “I guess we’ll have to conjure up another form of discouragement”. I could feel a deviant smile beginning to curl the corner of my lip. “Heh, heh, heh; I love a good contest with Mother Nature or one of her agents,” I muttered.

September in the Cariboo is what we call Indian Summer, bright cool days stuffed so full of autumn colors that your eyes almost feel assaulted. The nights are also clear, cold and bright with moonlight. And so, every evening at dusk the beavers would sail across the lake in the bright moonlight and descend upon our lake front lot. I started my discouragement campaign by

waiting for them in the swamp-birch brush along the shore. When they would come in to land, I would jump out and holler like a banshee. The landing beaver would swap ends, crash dive and smash the water loudly with its tail. It didn't take long though and the beaver would be attempting a landing at another point along the beachhead. After a couple of nights of doing this and failing miserably to discourage the beavers, they began to get aggressive. I would stand on the dock and they would swim up to within a half dozen feet of me and smash the water with their tails. I would yell and jump back and they would come and do it again trying to drive me away from the shore. I would shine a bright flashlight right in their eyes and they would swim right up to the light. You could literally see the hostility in their eyes, before they would dive and smash the water with their tails to drive me back. Their aggression got my aggression going. Hurling rocks were soon involved, and eventually a pellet gun. Neither worked. I smacked one large fella right in the head with a stone and he dove. I screamed in triumph, "That'll teach you to fool with me, you little bucked tooth logging maniac". I turned to stomp victoriously off the dock. I looked over my shoulder to see the same beaver swimming with determined purpose straight past the end of the dock heading for one of his skid trails on the beachhead.

Around about a week into the beaver battle, our son was leaving for his graveyard shift at the sawmill at around 10PM and he nearly tripped over a huge beaver right up beside the driveway where our vehicles are parked. It was a dominant adult and it was obviously cruising for new timber prospects for his logging crew. The large aspens that line our driveway would destroy a vehicle if they were felled on one, and so we reluctantly called the game department who lined up a trapper for us. That was the way our last beaver battle ended too, but not before they dammed a local creek and took out the railway tracks derailing a train just across the lake.

You have heard it said, "as eager as a beaver". Well I've learned that beavers are all of that and they are persistent too, not to mention aggressive. Once their sights are set on a project, they will throw themselves at it until either it or they are done. They are incredible animals, but judgment does not seem to be their long suit. They are task driven. My new awareness of this got me thinking about beavers and me.

I think I was taught by just about every adult that ever graced my life when I was growing up, that I should strive to be an eager beaver. What popped out of the mold of childhood development was an extremely task oriented and driven person in the likes of me. And I can be just about as persistent and aggressive as a beaver too (not to mention obnoxious). For the main part, being task driven has stood me in good stead, making me a likable person to parishioner and employer alike. And God only knows, I love to be liked. But like the beavers in my life, sometimes my judgment is lacking and I get seriously trapped.

Recently I have been enjoying the portion of the Psalter that is classified as, The Songs of Assent (Ps. 120-134). One of these songs puts it so simply " *Unless the Lord builds the house, those who build it labor in vain. Unless the Lord guards the city, the guard keeps watch in vain. It is in vain that you rise up early and go late to rest, eating the bread of anxious toil; for he gives sleep to his beloved.*" (Ps.127.1-2, NRSV).

What I think I need to bring to the pond that I live and work in is a little Psalm 127 judgment. It's not what I get done that is so important, it is whose work it is. As a task driven person, I often forget to inquire of God concerning the task. At best, I get beavering away at a project, inviting God to make my agenda His agenda as an after thought. The Psalmist labels that kind of task driven approach to life and work as vanity. And when I get seriously trapped out, in the long arm of the night, I know that it is ... that being task driven is very often being driven by my own vanity.

Ministry At Carefree Manor, Fischer Place & Millsite Lodge

(Submitted by Bruce Wilcox)

Thanks again to everyone for your prayers for the ministry at Carefree Manor in 100 Mile House. The Lord continues to be faithful in His great love, continuing to draw new people to Church here, planting faith in some, increasing existing faith in others, and preparing His people to be with Himself at the end of the race! And it's wonderful the way the Lord keeps us unified in His love and care for one another in spite of many different types of backgrounds, including family and friends from outside the Manor who often attend here. So praise God, the Gospel continues to be proclaimed to a lot of people here and at ongoing celebrations of the lives of dear ones no longer with us.

This is a ministry of the Word, Sacraments, Music, and many kinds of Care, for which I thank Rev. Charles McNeil, Ginny Alexander, Gordon Kellett, Maggie Wiens, Barb Wilson, Brenda Bittner, Carolyn Wilde, and my wife Jackie for their ministries here.

Regarding music ministry, exciting news! Maggie Wiens will soon have her CD of original music titled "How Can We Not Believe?" available...it's at a graphics place being packaged now.

Blessings to the rest of the CPC from the brethren at Carefree Manor, Fischer Place, and Millsite Lodge!

The Galilean's Coffee House

(Submitted by Dave Webber)

For those like Maggie and Bruce, not to mention a bunch of other serious musicians in our midst, there is now a new outlet for ministry, a new place to dedicate your work to the glory of Jesus. We are calling it **The Galilean's Coffeehouse**. On the second Friday of each month the little church on the hill in Lac La Hache is going to become a little Sixtyish. Featuring acoustic music that is either Gospel or informed by the Gospel, The Galilean's Coffee House will open at 7PM sharp and offer 2 ½ hours of heavenly entertainment not to mention enough coffee and desserts to keep you awake all night. Would be performers need to get in touch with Dave Webber. Would be bakers and such need to get in touch with Charles McNeil. Please pray for and fully support this outreach ministry.

A Remembrance Day Meditation.

Remembering The Canadian Military Men And Women

(Submitted By Bruce Wilcox)

- The average age of the Canadian military man (or women) is 19 years. He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid who, under normal circumstances is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, in past times not old enough to vote or buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country.
- He's a recent High School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away.
- He listens to rock and roll or country or rap or jazz or swing and sometimes 155mm howitzer.
- He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk.
- He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark.
- He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

- He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional.
- He can march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.
- He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity. He is self-sufficient.
- He has two sets of fatigues: he washes one and wears the other.
- He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry.
- He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle.
- He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts.
- If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.
- He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands.
- He can save your life - or take it, because that is his job.
- He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay and still find ironic humor in it all.
- He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime!
- He has stood amidst many dead bodies, and helped to create them.
- He has wept in public and in private, for friends who have fallen in combat and is unashamed.
- He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning desire to 'square-away' those around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking.
- In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespectful. Just as did his Father, Grandfather, and Great-grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom. Beardless or not, he is not a boy. He is the Canadian Fighting Man that has helped keep this country free.
- He has asked nothing in return, except our friendship and understanding.
- Remember him, (and the women who also serve) always in your prayers, for they have earned our respect and admiration with blood.

A Parable; From One Pumpkin To Another!

(Submitted by Mary Krajczar)

A woman was asked by a co-worker, "What is it like to be a Christian?"

The co-worker replied, "It is like being a pumpkin. God picks you from the patch, brings you in, and washes all the dirt off of you. Then He cuts off the top and scoops out all the yucky stuff. He removes the seeds of doubt, hate, and greed. Then He carves you a new smiling face and puts His light inside of you to shine for all the world to see."

An Apropos Poem

(Submitted by Arlene Martin)

BEST POEM IN THE WORLD!

I was shocked, confused, bewildered
 As I entered Heaven's door,
 Not by the beauty of it all,
 Nor the lights or its decor.

But it was the folks in Heaven
 Who made me sputter and gasp--

The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the kid from seventh grade
Who swiped my lunch money! Twice.
Next to him was my old neighbor
Who never said anything nice.

Herb, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged Jesus, 'What's the deal?
I would love to hear your take.
How'd all these sinners get up here?
God must've made a mistake.

'And why's everyone so quiet,
So somber - give me a clue.'
'Hush, child,' He said, 'they're all in shock.
No one thought they'd be seeing you.'

JUDGE NOT. Remember...Just going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in your garage makes you a car.

Jokes That Can Be Told In Church

(Submitted by Jeannette Eenkooren)

Attending a wedding for the first time, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Why is the bride dressed in white?"

The mother replied, "Because white is the color of happiness, and today is the happiest day of her life."

The child thought about this for a moment then said, "So why is the groom wearing black?"

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A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class. As she ran she prayed, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!" While she was running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again! As she ran she once again began to pray, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late...But please don't shove me either!"

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Three boys are in the schoolyard bragging about their fathers. The first boy says, "My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a poem, they give him \$50."

The second boy says, "That's nothing. My Dad scribbles a few words on piece of paper, he calls it a song, and they give him \$100."

The third boy says, "I got you both beat. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect all the money!"

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An elderly woman died last month. Having never married, she requested no male pallbearers. In her handwritten instructions for her memorial service, she wrote, "They wouldn't take me out while I was alive, I don't want them to take me out when I'm dead."

A police recruit was asked during the exam, "What would you do if you had to arrest your own mother?" He answered, "Call for backup."

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A Sunday School teacher asked her class why Joseph and Mary took Jesus with them to Jerusalem. A small child replied, "They couldn't get a baby-sitter."

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A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "Honor thy father and thy mother," she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?"  
Without missing a beat, one little boy answered, "Thou shall not kill. "

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At Sunday School they were teaching how God created everything, including human beings. Little Johnny seemed especially intent when they told him how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Later in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and she said, "Johnny, what is the matter?"
Little Johnny responded, "I have pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

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Two boys were walking home from Sunday school after hearing a strong preaching on the devil. One said to the other, "What do you think about all this Satan stuff?"  
The other boy replied, "Well, you know how Santa Claus turned out. It's probably just your Dad."

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You don't stop laughing because you grow old. You grow old because you stop laughing!
Take heed and pass these along to people who need a laugh.

Jake's Prayer

By Brad Curtis

(Submitted by Cynthia Noble)

Jake, the rancher, went one day
To fix a distant fence
The wind was cold and gusty
And the clouds rolled gray and dense

As he pounded the last staples in
And gathered tools to go
The temperature had fallen
The wind and snow began to blow

When he finally reached his pickup
He felt a heavy heart
From the sound of that ignition
He knew it wouldn't start

So Jake did what most of us
Would do if we had been there
He humbly bowed his balding head
And sent aloft a prayer

As he turned the key for the last time
He softly cursed his luck
They found him three days later
Frozen stiff in that old truck

Now Jake had been around in life

An done his share of roaming
But when he saw Heaven, he was shocked
It looked just like Wyoming!

Of all the saints in Heaven,
His favorite was St. Peter
(this line ain't needed
But it helps with rhyme and meter)

So they set and talked a minute or two
Or maybe it was three
Nobody was keeping score
In Heaven time is free

"I've always heard," Jake said to Pete,
"That God will answer prayer,
But one time I asked for help,
Well, He just plain wasn't there."

"Does God answer prayers of some
And ignore the prayers of others?
That don't seem exactly square
I know all men are brothers."

"Or does He randomly reply
Without good rhyme or reason?
Maybe, it's the time of day
The weather or the season"

"Now I ain't trying to act smart
It's just the way I feel
And I was wondering, could you tell me
What the heck's the deal?"

Peter listened very patiently
And when Jake was done
There were smiles of recognition
And he said, "So you're the one!"

"That day your truck wouldn't start
And you sent your prayer a flying
You gave us all a real bad time
With hundreds of us trying."

"A thousand angels rushed
To check the status of your file
But you know Jake, we haven't heard
From you in quite a while"

"And though all prayers are answered
And God ain't got no quota
He didn't recognize your voice
And started a truck in Minnesota"

Bubba Had Shingles

(Submitted by Ginny Alexander)

(Those of us who spend much time in a doctor's office should appreciate this! Doesn't it seem more and more that physicians are running their practices like an assembly line? Here's what happened to Bubba)

Bubba walked into a doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had. Bubba said, 'Shingles.'

The receptionist wrote down his name, address, and medical insurance number and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles."

The nurse's aide wrote down his height, weight, and a complete medical history and told Bubba to wait in the examining room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles."

The nurse gave Bubba a blood test, a blood pressure test, and an electrocardiogram, and told Bubba to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

An hour later the doctor came in and found Bubba sitting patiently in the nude and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles."

The doctor asked, "Where?"

Bubba said, "Outside on the truck. Where do you want me to unload them?"

Food for the Body

Hungarian Lecso (Submitted by Mary Krajczar)

One large onion sliced and sautéed in oil.

Add a packet of Farmer's sausage, 4 or 6, which has been sliced, and place in a very large pot.

Add 6 or 8 sweet yellow banana peppers or sweet red peppers, which have been cleaned, sliced and seeds removed.

Now add about 4 large fresh tomatoes and heat all together. Once it is hot add a small tin of tomato paste and stir well. Season to taste with salt.

Cook for about one hour, stirring occasionally.

Note from Editor: If you would rather not use fresh tomatoes, I used 1 can 14 fl oz/398 ml of crushed tomatoes and skipped the tomato paste. Add about ¾ cup of water.

Serve in bowls like soup with your favorite bread. Enjoy!

Salmon Dip

(Submitted by Linda Webber)

Here's a great recipe for a salmon spread that is quick and easy to make for any get together. It's a tasty dip that is ready in minutes thanks to the handy can of salmon sitting in the cupboard.

4 ounces of cream cheese, softened
1 cup sour cream
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 tablespoons finely chopped green onion
1 7-ounce can of drained salmon

Blend together cream cheese, sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice and lemon peel. Stir in remaining ingredients and season to taste with salt and pepper. Chill before serving. Makes about 2 cups of dip. Serve with crackers, tortilla chips or veggies.

Saskatoon Pie

(Submitted by Linda Webber)

This is my favourite Saskatoon Pie recipe

4 cups Saskatoon Berries
¼ cup water
2 tablespoons Lemon Juice
¾ cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
Pastry for double piecrust

In a saucepan, simmer Saskatoon berries in water for 10 minutes. Add lemon juice. Stir in sugar mixed with flour. Pour into pastry lined pie plate. Dot with 1 tbsp. butter. Cover with top crust; seal and flute edges. Bake in 425F oven for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 350F oven and bake 35-45 minutes longer or until golden brown.

Easy Sausage Casserole

(Submitted by Mary Krajczar)

1½ lb. Italian sausage, cut into slices
3 green or red peppers, sliced
3 large potatoes, washed and quartered
1 large onion, sliced
salt & pepper to taste

Place potatoes into large casserole dish; add seasoning, onions, and then peppers. Place sliced sausage on top. Add an ounce or two of water for moisture.

Bake covered for 1 hour at 350 degrees F. After one hour remove cover and bake for 15 minutes to brown sausage.

German Potato Salad

(Submitted by Mary Krajczar)

4 potatoes
4 slices of bacon
1 Tbsp. flour
2 Tbsp. sugar
1/3 cup water
1/4 cup white wine vinegar
1/2 cup chopped green onions
salt and pepper to taste

Bring a large pot of salted water to boil. Add potatoes and cook until tender but firm, about 15 minutes. Drain, cool and chop.

Fry bacon in skillet over medium heat and until browned. Drain fat and crumble and set aside. Reserve bacon fat.

Add flour, sugar, water and vinegar to skillet and cook in reserved bacon fat over medium heat until thick.

Add bacon, potatoes and green onions to skillet and stir until coated. Cook until heated and season with salt and pepper. Serve warm.

Brussels Sprouts

(Submitted by Linda Webber)

Amount for 4 servings: 1½ pounds

To Cook: Heat 1 inch salted water (1/2 tsp salt to 1 cup water) to boiling. Add Brussels Sprouts. Cover and heat to boiling; reduce heat; Boil until stems are tender; 8 to 10 minutes. Drain. Add Lemon Butter Sauce.

Lemon Butter Sauce

Heat 1/4 cup margarine or butter over low heat in saucepan until melted or microwave uncovered in 1-cup microwavable measure on high (100%) until hot and bubbly, about 45 seconds. Mix with 1 tablespoon of grated lemon peel. 2 tablespoons lemon juice and, if desired 1 tablespoon snipped chives.