

GREETINGS FROM MANITOBA CONTINUED...

This world does not need anymore "green broke" Christians, but rather ones that are moving foreword and growing in the Lord. 2Tim. 2:15 tells us, "Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who does not need to be ashamed and who correctly handles the word of truth." Rom 1:9 also states that, "we are not to be ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God to salvation for everyone who believes." Before I knew the power of God, I was ashamed of the gospel. I didn't want anyone to know that I was going to church, never mind telling them about Jesus. 1Cor. 1:18, "For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God." I was afraid people would think I was the fool, because I was the one going to church. PTL.

He changed my way of thinking and I now understand what it means to have the Power of God. Can you imagine the chaos if everyone rode out in the morning with green broke horses??? Things do work much better to have some broke experienced horses in the mix that are sensitive and can work under pressure. This concept should also be applied in our Christian walk, allowing the more mature experience Christians to mentor and guide our young ("green Broke") believers. "Green broke" Christians don't get much done... when the pressure comes, they're gone because they lack the confidence and experience. If we are a saved people we are given a spirit of reconciliation. 2 Cor. 5:17. Like I said earlier, there seems to be an over load of green broke horses and perhaps this is due to the lack of work for them to do. This however is not the case for the church!!! "The harvest is plenty, but the workers are few." If you want to know the power of God, start by committing your life to Him and reading His word. Put your trust in Him and serve Him whole heartily.

Here is the testimony of the power of God, I mentioned earlier. It was the last day of the High School Rodeo finals and one of the last bulls to be bucked out. The chute opened and it wasn't long before the rider got bucked off. He went down hard and a lot of us heard a crack. I immediately went to praying and am sure there were others. He was taken to the hospital and returned for the awards a couple of hours later. I spoke with him and he was told everything was ok... he would be sore and given some pain killers. A few days later, it was suggested that he should have a CT scan done. A scan was done followed by an ambulance ride to Regina and then surgery on a broken neck. He went 5 days with a broken neck with no paralyse.....if that's not "the power of God" then I don't know what is. Surgery went well and he is recovering saying "God is good!" We are ever thankful to the Lord for showing His goodness to this family.

Our summer for ministry is filling up, here is a list of what we have confirmed thus far. If you're in the area, drop by and say hi... we would love to see y'all. You can contact me if you want more info on a particular church service.

Come and join us:

July 30th: Austin Service @ 10:30am

August 6th: Roblin service @ 10:00am

I will try to post other upcoming services on the website.

Blessed are those who trust in the Lord

Terry Baker



NEXT ISSUE: SEPTEMBER 30TH, 2017



That's a Dixon Kid

TESTIMONY OF JIM DIXON

BY JIM DIXON

FCC: Well Jim where your born and what did you do growing up?

Jim: I was born in 1953 in Fairview, up the peace country in Northern Alberta. I grew up on a small mixed farm. Dad farmed with horses once in a while even though he had a Massey 33 and a Case Tractor. We had some sheep, a dozen cows, and four or five horses. If I could I would catch horse and lead him to the corral and get on. I guess I was a cowboy when I was very young! We sold the farm in sixty-six.

FCC: What did you do when you were growing up?

Jim: Well, I grew up hating school. We had a twenty-mile bus ride so I didn't really like school. I helped out on the farm where ever I could like any other farm kid does. We lived way out in the country and didn't have electricity and so we did whatever we had to do to survive.

FCC: In that country you must have done some trapping?

Jim: All us kids knew how to set a squirrel trap and how to make and set a snare. Mom used to trap for spare money for Christmas and other things we needed. My Dad was what you might call a professional trapper. When he wasn't farming he was trapping. Dad was sixty-five when we sold the farm and he began full time trapping again. I was about

sixteen years old when I got out of school and I started trapping with Dad.

FCC: Do you have brothers and sisters? Where did you fall, in the end or the start?

Jim: I was the second from the last. There were nine of us. The first one got killed in fifty-three in the spring and I was born that fall.

FCC: So when did you start trucking?

Jim: I started trucking in seventy-two hauling grain and water for the rigs.

FCC: Did you work in the bush?

Jim: I logged a bit and learnt how to choke logs and drive a skidder. Being a farm boy, it was natural to me to run that kind of stuff. I loved it.

FCC: Did you ever haul logs?

Jim: Yes, when I got older I hauled logs for a couple winters. I was always hauling something but in the winter time I hauled logs if other hauling was slow. I loved it.

FCC: When did you get your class one?

Jim: I got my class one in seventy-four. I've had it a long time.

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That's a Dixon Kid continued...

FCC: So you made a career out of trucking?

Jim: Yes, you could say that.

FCC: So, when did you get born again and how did it happen?

Jim: I was born again in sixty-four, when I was eleven years old at a camp meeting. Mom used to make a deal with us boys and my little sister that we would get some news clothes for going. We kind of looked forward to it. We would go to the Peace River tent meeting where we all stayed out in tents, ate different foods and washed lots of dishes. There was a church service every night. Mom and Dad got to know the Lord when I was probably about six. I had a little bit of Sunday school teaching but I never took it serious until I was eleven years old at that tent meeting. One night I thought this is for me; just as I am and whom so ever I will be. I want the Lord as my Saviour. I went to the front happy and proud as can be and a new person. But that didn't last long. When I got back out with my friends they started teasing and laughing at me so, I had to prove myself for a few years.

FCC: So, you got away from the Lord? But you came back?

Jim: Yes, I did. When I was seventeen I rededicated at another meeting at the Baptist Church. I just thought I need to rededicate myself because I am not going the right way. That lasted about six months and I was right back wrong people again.

FCC: When did you finally get it right?

Jim: I was probably thirty-five when I finally realized that no one was going to be praying for me like Mom and I need a relationship with the Lord. That's when things changed.

FCC: Did you get Baptized in the Holy Spirit?

Jim: I did.

FCC: What difference did that make?

Jim: it was my nature to be timid but being Baptized in the Holy Spirit gave me the boldness to speak out. If I heard someone talking and using the Lord's name in vane I would say something to stop it. God is a real person. I know who Jesus Christ is. The praying part was something I didn't really understand. I thought that if people could hear your prayer then they can hinder it. That's just way I looked at it.

FCC: Well I think the Lord has his hand upon you from an early age. Can you remember some things that happened when you were really young that made you think about the Lord?

Jim: I remember the summer when I was a year and a half old

and I wondered away from home onto the road. We lived on a little trail at that time about a mile off of the road. I remember the cars and trucks on the road. I walked across country at an angle through the bush. Everyone was looking for me. I was gone all afternoon I would think. I wandered out onto that road by the hall that was there. I remember the road was being either being rebuilt or just being built. I remember the big machinery and smelling the dirt. I don't remember anyone picking me up. But someone did and they took me to one of the neighbors to see who I might be. The neighbor said. "That looks like a Dixon kid!" and they took me back home to Mom and Dad. God had a hand on me that day.

FCC: When you were trapping with your Dad did you had some experiences?

Jim: I remember one November Dad had shot a moose, butchered it and dried the meat. We had some meat left from the carcass as there is always some waste. Dad had a twelve inch round bear trap with big teeth. It was anchored right in the middle of the toggle by a pole so whatever got caught in it could not go through the bush. We set the trap and went back home for a week or so. When we went back the snow had started to fall. We were just packing a single shot Cooney twenty-two and a few shells. It was starting to get dark when we reached the bear trap. Sure enough we had caught something but it was gone, that powerful animal had broken the toggle in half. We followed the trail for little way but the willows were too thick and by then to dark so we went back home. The next morning, we started off again to the willow cluster, this time with a rifle. About fifty feet into that willow cluster and we could see where that bear had been. He spent the night there and had chewed off his foot to get away while we were at the cabin. That's how close we were to him. He had been wounded and starved so you know a bear like that is not safe. God kept that bear in that trap until we could get home. We were spared that time.

FCC: Well Jim you have been trucking a long time.

You must have had some experiences along the way.

Jim: I have. Some good. Some bad. In ninety-five I was hauling a forty-eight flat deck across the States through Chicago and was heading east looking for a truck stop at Gary, Indiana. I stared down a road where the truck stop should have been. The roads were under construction and there was a detour so I took it but missed the next detour sign. I had gone too far west; the streets were getting narrow but I never gave it much thought. I was getting into a scary part of Gary. An old Cadillac car come up from behind me flashing it's headlights. I thought. "Thank you Lord. You are going to help me with this one." I stopped and got out to go meet the two boys in the car. They were both black and wearing light blue tank tops. The one was really powerful. You could see his muscles, his eyes and face were awful. You could smell booze and Listerine on him. His little friend stood off to the side sort of behind me. The big smelly one came up to me and he told me straight out that he was going to take my money. I remember at the time, that this cannot be happening. I said. "I don't have hardly any money." He said. You truckers

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT GREETINGS FROM MANITOBA

TERRY BAKER

Donna and I were just out to the Manitoba High School Rodeo Finals in Swan River and had different opportunities for ministry. Cowboy Church Sunday morning was well attended despite the earlier start and I was asked to pray over the graduating contestants at the beginning of that day's performance. I find this a real blessing and honor as prayer has been taken out of pretty much everything. I always like to go behind the chutes and pray for a safe ride for the cowboys. I will share a testimony of the "power of prayer" later. At the awards banquet, Donna and I, presented 5 Trophy Bibles on behalf of the Manitoba chapter to the well deserving cowboys and cowgirls.

My mind often thinks in parables... relating to horses, of course. A few Sundays ago, the thought came to me that a lot of Christians are like a 10-yr. old green broke horse. If you go to the horse sales, you'll notice that most of the older horses being sold are only green broke, lacking the experience that the seller says it has....and I have had the pleasure of riding a few of these so called "broke" horses. It's all part of the process, a green horse doesn't become a broke horse unless it has had many hours of riding. Most people just don't spend enough time riding; they get their horse started, but never make much use of him after that.... just look at him and feed him.

Our Christian walk can resemble that of a green broke horse; we start by accepting the Lord as our Savior, (get saved), go to church to get fed, but never do anything to get passed that. Nothing is ever done with our faith. That's why I call them "green broke" Christians. I know because I was that way for years.... being saved didn't changed the way I lived. It wasn't until I started to seek the Lord, began reading His word and wanting more out my faith that I noticed a change. Heb. 11:6, "God is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him". I firmly believe that the Lord has a purpose and a plan for each and everyone of us and remaining as a "green broke" Christian is not one them. That's like a cowboy starting a horse, getting him riding, then just putting him out with all the other unbroke horses.... just doesn't make sense.

A cowboy starts a horse with a purpose in mind. I spend many hours with my horses because I like them to be soft and light, quickly responding with the littlest give and the same is true with the Lord. As we spend more time with the Lord, we become more sensitive to the Holy Spirit, begin to grow in righteousness and thus become more effective Christians.

The Benefits of Giving

THANK GOD FOR THE GIFT OF POWER HE HAS GIVEN US.

by John FitzHerbert

The last few times I have written about the power of God that was given to us based on Tim 1:7, I don't think I am done with that but I will go on to the next thing mentioned there and that is love. I guess the first thing we might think of is what is love? Webster's Dictionary defines it 1. affection for another person, especially of the opposite sex. 2. an intense affectionate concern for or a passionate attraction to another person. God's love for us in affection is found in John 3:16. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that who ever believes in him should not perish but have ever lasting life". God's love for us is unconditional. He loves no matter what circumstances we go through in this life, He still loves us. Whether we believe and receive Jesus into our lives he still loves us. This is called agape love and only God can do that. Also He is not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance. Every spring we hear of people who have been smashed up by a cow just after she had calved, their love for that baby is so strong she will die to protect it, anybody touches that calf is in for a fight. I feel that is the way God loves us.

We had neighbours that who were in the purebred business and as soon as a calf was on the ground it had to be weighed, tagged, tattooed, and given a bunch of shots. Their work place was back of a half ton pickup truck, I don't have to tell you that truck was all bashed up. Sometimes a cow would jump right into the box with them. It was quite a show. One person doing the work and another swinging a broken hockey stick to keep the cow away.

I have some other friends who were new to the cow calf operation, they were also into purebred Black Angus. They did nothing to the calves when they were born, so when the calves were about six weeks old they asked me to help them tag, tattoo and whatever else had to be done. When I got there they had the calves in a long alley in the corral leading up to the calf chute where they were watching them very close. The lady said "we are watching to see what cow a calf sucks, then we will take them to the chute." I looked on for a minute or two and then I said "We will be here all day to do it that way. Just take one calf out of the bunch to the other end of the alley and you will know right away who the mother is." It didn't take long to put that bunch through the chute when we did it that way. God has put such a love in a cow for her calf!!

We have small birdhouse in our yard and every spring two wrens come and make it their home where they will raise the babies. First they work very hard cleaning out the old nest. Then he builds a new nest in the box, this does not suite her so throws it all out and they start again building the nest together. Soon she has laid eggs and is sitting on them while he sits in a tree or on the fence and sings to her all day long. Right now mid-June they are feeding the hatchlings. They work from daylight till almost dark finding little bugs and insects to feed these babies. Their love is so strong for these little birds that they will sacrifice everything else just to keep them fed. I told you these stories just to show the love that the Lord has put into most all the animals and birds that He created. I am sure he put the same love in us, but as a nation North America has quenched this love for our young by terminating their life before they are born. We won't hear of it on the news but China is having trouble because years ago they passed a law that married couples could only have two children. Any more than that had to be terminated before the birth. Also if the baby was a girl it must be aborted. Now they have too many men and not enough women for wives for them. I don't have to tell you what kind of trouble that leads to. In Europe and North America we haven't had enough babies to keep the population up and provide a work force, someone to pay the taxes to feed us old folks so we have brought in immigrants from other countries, they are not all bad, but I say we will have lots of trouble with them people. Look at Europe and Scandinavia with the riots, rapes, and terrorist attacks.

If Jesus does not come soon to take us out of here I am sure we will see the same. As a country we go against God's laws and the love that he has put in us. I am sure there will be a penalty.

Thank God for al his great love that He has bestowed upon us.

More next time.
John FitzHerbert

REPORT

FROM JOHN FITZHERBERT

Hi Folks.

I guess I started a tradition by giving you a weather report, so that's what I will do. Last issue I told you it was dry. Well it still is. We had a few rains in April and May, but not much. June gave s just about two and a half inches early on. That is not enough. Crops look great, hay is below average yield, and pastures need rain. I am sure it will come as we pray. I just talked to a friend in Ontario, they had seven inches of rain in seven hours. Lots of trouble with flooded basements and roads washed out. If we could just get that evened out across the country!!!!

I have never heard of so many people protesting. When it started in the US against President Trump I thought it would soon end, now it seems that every group that has a problem with something decides to hold a march or some kind of gathering. Last weekend there were three in Calgary there were three protests all at the same time. Those in favour of Islam were on one side of the street in front of city hall while those against Islam were on the other side of the street. The police were in the middle keeping them apart while they shouted at each other. In another part of the city there was a group promoting the Palestinians. Earlier on in the week they had protest against Israel but the pro Israelites were right there fighting back. If we wanted to march to a rally for Jesus in Calgary we would have to get a permit. No loud speakers allowed and some of us would probably be arrested. It's got to be a job for some people, they travel around the country marching in protests and get paid for it.

Another thing that gets my attention is all the unrest in the Middle East. We have dictators there who are looking for a fight, their sights are on Israel mainly but I am sure that North America is also in their plans. Then we have North Korea who defies the world by setting off neutron blasts and rockets. I am sure that man who runs that country would love to lob a few of those rockets into some of the big cities of the US that would cause a war that probably would be fought with planes, rockets and bombs. Soldiers on the ground doing combat might be a thing of the past. Canada could not defend themselves from any attack, because our military is depleted and our equipment so old, we would have to call on the US to help us. President Trump is spending billions to increase the armed forces there but I wonder where they

will get the manpower they need. As I stated a few years back so many of our young people are hooked on drugs and everything else that goes with it. I don't think they are able to carry out orders or fight.

Well enough negative stuff. I can't do much about it so I have turned it over to the Lord. He can handle it all.

Rodeo season is on again. Seems like we are not as busy as other years. Some of the smaller shows quit and some don't run over Sunday any more. Our bunch did the music at a Seniors Pro Rodeo in High River this spring. A man named Jerry Martin did the preaching. He gets a pretty good crowd of followers from across the line. He is also a good cowboy, he won the tie down roping at one performance. At Hand Hills, we were threated with rain but only got a few drops. Jim Dixon, Harvey Lubeck and I did the music for a big crowd in the beer tent while we were on that wonderful Calgary Stampede Stage. I preached on calling on the Lord. It was a good time. Merna Shields and her daughter Anna came to the Cowboy Church. Merna will be turning ninety in July and there will be a birthday party for her in Hanna in a park. I don't know the date, you could call Anna at 403 505 2556 if you are thinking about coming. John and Merna put on a Cowboy Church all over the three western provinces for many years.

God's Blessing

John FitzHerbert

COWBOY CHURCH AT HIGH RIVER, AB





Testimony of Joe Simpson

As a young boy growing up in Airdrie we always had horses around. Although my parents lived in town, Dad was connected with horses as he had trained on the track and always kept some race horses.

When I was about seven or eight we acquired three beautiful ponies: Buffy a Pinto filly, Sandy a sorrel gelding and Barney a black gelding. Buffy got into the barley bin and died of grain overload. That was a truly sad time in my life. I would go to my grandparent's farm six miles from our home in town and ride all day. My brother and I rode those ponies everywhere. We would ride to Airdrie and back which was about six miles. That was a long way for me, and by the summer's end we would lope most of the way.

Growing up in Airdrie there was not a lot to do so we spent lots of time with our grandparents at their farm. Pa would let us ride the butcher hogs, which was great fun, and we would ride Dad's retired race horses. I don't remember much about any talk of church or God at the farm. When I was in town at

Mom and Dad's I went to Sunday school. During the summer time, the Crossfield Baptist Church would hold a Bible School at Young's farm east of Airdrie, and I remember going and, at the age of 13, I accepted Christ as my Lord and Saviour. Growing up as a teenager I got a job pumping gas in town and always dreamed of being a cowboy. One day, a local rancher stopped in at the gas station and told me about some colts he needed to get broke, so after school I went out to his place and worked with the colts until they were saleable. That's when I started learning a little about horses.

As a teenager, I got into rodeo riding bulls and bareback broncs. I would get a cheque in the bull riding so I could enter bareback. Funny thing was I was not much good at either. I was rethinking being a cowboy but the love of horses just kept dragging me back in. At one rodeo in the bareback riding I got hung up and hurt bad, breaking my ribs, sternum, neck and back. When I woke up alone in the hospital the doctor said it did not look good for me and I may

never walk again. I prayed a lot over the next number of days and three weeks later I walked out of the hospital by myself. Funny thing was I was born in that same hospital. It was a long road to recovery after that and about 18 months before I could get back on a horse without any pain.

When I was old enough I went to work on a drilling rig. There all I dreamed about was having horses and cows. I worked the rigs all winter.

As I got older I wanted to quit working on the rigs. My brother Tom was good friends with a guy who was looking for ranch help, so I went to see him about hiring on. The boss had a ranch hand who didn't always show up, and he told me if the hired man didn't turn up, I could have the job for the day. As it turned out that guy never showed up again so I got the job. This rancher's Mom fed us well and pretty soon I was told to just move in, so I did. This woman loved God and she would talk about God a lot. Sometimes this bothered my boss, but I was all ears. She had a real impact on me and I enjoyed my time working there.

I started ranching with him, and for part of my pay I was allowed to keep cows and horses. This was good for me as it helped me feel like part of the ranch. I was working with my first team roping horse and I didn't even know it. Some of the fellows in the area were team roping so I went along to run the chute for them. Gordon Lunde had a spare horse and they needed a heeler, and not knowing the first thing about team roping I went out and heeled the first steer I chased. I was hooked! Just maybe I could rope! So, I bought horses and ropes and a truck and trailer and started roping.

Another brother and I roped together at rodeos and in 1981 we won the Airdrie Rodeo Team Roping buckles. He was also calf roping at the time, so I thought what the heck, and started entering the calf roping too.

As time went on I married and started a family. All good things come to an end and the time came to move on from my ranch job, so we moved from Sunnybrook to Crossfield, sold the cows and kept a couple horses, and I got work at the bull stud in Balzac. That was a very sad time for me. I worked at the bull stud that winter and it felt like I was getting away from God. There was a lot of partying going on and I was not much good at drinking. I found work as an operator checking wells for a contractor who had 35 wells to check. This was good as I got to drive around to all the sites and gauge tanks, make repairs and that kind of work. Colby was a baby and the itch came back trying to fill the God hole in my heart.

Colby was born in 1985 and Justine in 1987, truly the brightest lights in my life. When Colby was on the way I remember praying to the Lord for a healthy blue eyed, blonde haired son. And you know what? On that day in April Colby was born – a healthy, blue eyed, blonde haired son! I praised the Lord! When Justine was on the way I prayed a lot for a beautiful daughter, and the Lord never let me down. I am very proud of my two children. They mean everything to me.

One day out of the blue, the contractor decided that I was a problem and let me go so I applied for unemployment insurance and started looking for work all over. I would leave home at 6:00 a.m. and sometimes not return until 8:00 at night.

The oil patch was slow and all I had was one and a half years operating experience. There was a rig working just down the road from home, so I stopped in to ask about a job. The tool push said he had no openings at that time, so I left. Before even getting home an hour later, the derrick hand broke his ankle. The tool push gave me a call, and within four hours of stopping in at the rig, I was back at work. Praise the Lord that I had just stopped in and got the call that helped feed my family.

I always had it in my heart to have a place of my own and I worked hard towards that all my life. In 2004 my dreams all seemed to be ending along with my marriage and I had to walk away from it all. A few years later I started working back in the oilfield and building a ranch in Wildwood, but after six years of missing my kids, God called me to move back home. In a leap of faith, I held a farm sale, packed my bags and moved to the Airdrie area. I had no idea where God was leading me. Over the next few years, God opened many doors and I started rebuilding again. I have had lots of success in life. I have a beautiful home, great kids and super grandkids, good friends, some great horses, good dogs and a love for the Lord.

The Lord has a plan for me I am sure. Sometimes I have problems with getting His message. I have always had a Bible close at hand and sometimes it is the hardest thing to pick up. I have much to be happy about. I have thanked the Lord many times for helping me to recover. As a stock contractor and good friend Harvey once said to me, 'Joe you just keep reinventing yourself'.

One thing I have never had to reinvent is my faith in Christ.



Family Bible presented to Jason Ungarian at the Grande Prairie Stampede.

Bible reading by Marty Gilfillan.

Worship and Message performed by the Quist family!