



SUMMER 2019

FELLOWSHIP *of* CHRISTIAN COWBOYS

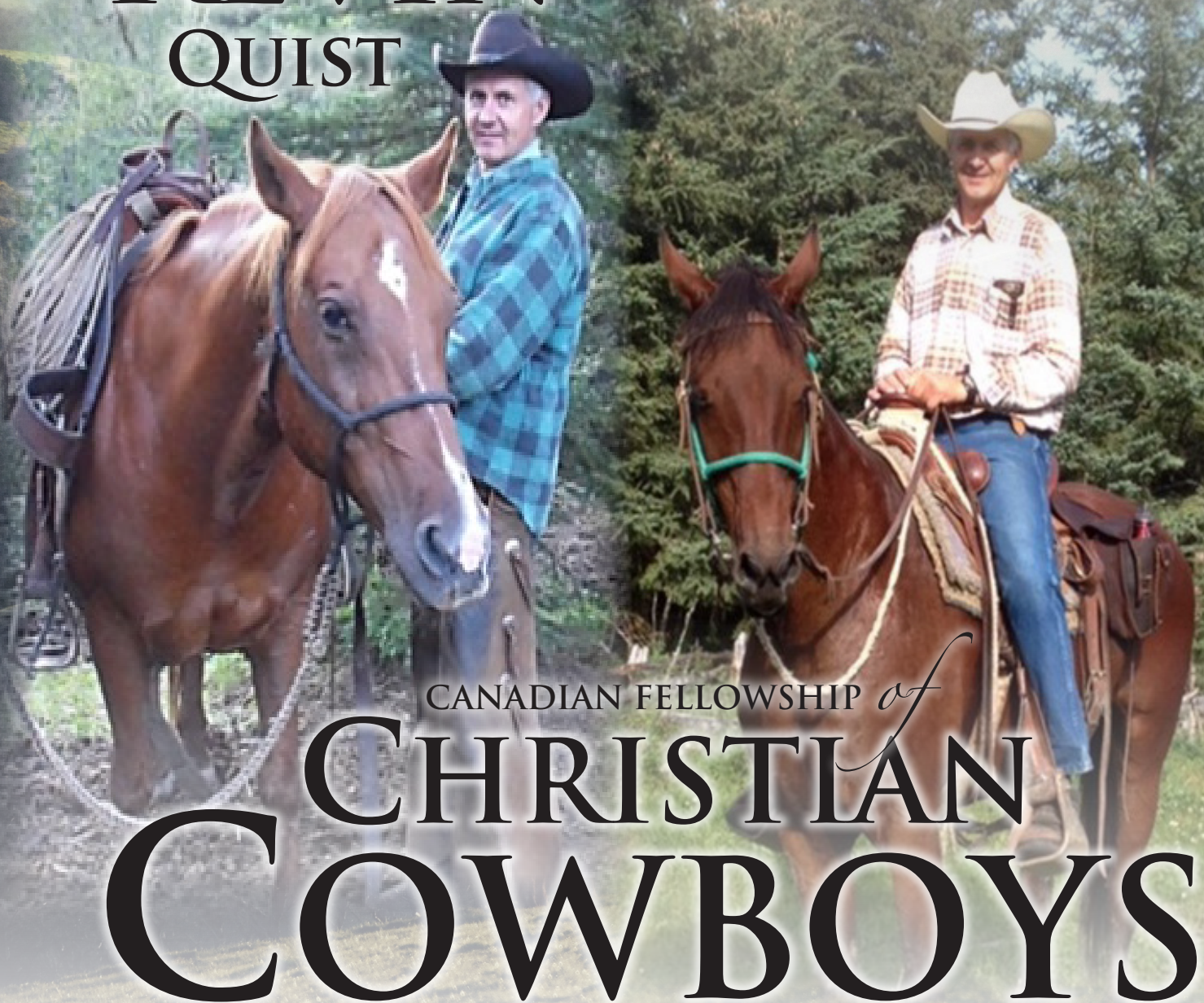
TESTIMONY OF KEVIN QUIST ~ PAGES 1&2

CHINOOK COUNTRY CORNER ~ PAGE 8

THE BENEFITS OF GIVING ~ PAGE 6

CARRYING THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST TO THE COWBOY WORLD

TESTIMONY *OF* KEVIN QUIST



CANADIAN FELLOWSHIP *of* CHRISTIAN COWBOYS

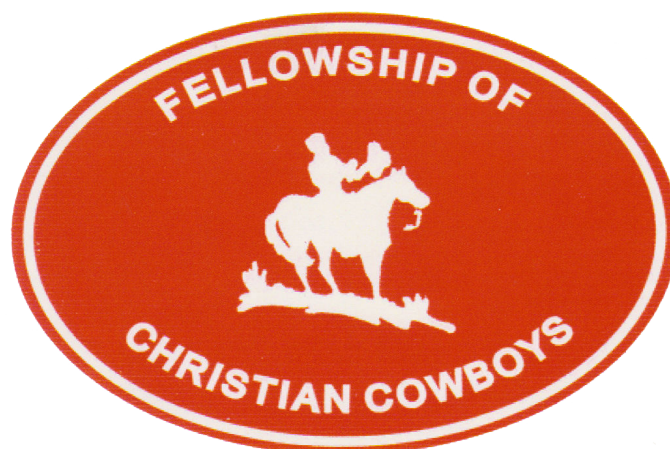
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

this month's issue:

Testimony of Kevin Quist	1&2
Hi Folks	3
"Ride on Reg, Ride on"!	4&5
Benefits of Giving	6
President's Report	7
Chinook Country Corner	8



**FAITH DOESN'T
EXEMPT US FROM
DIFFICULTIES. THE
STORMS OF LIFE
COME TO EVERY
PERSON. BUT GOD
WILL NOT ALLOW A
STORM UNLESS HE
HAS A DIVINE
PURPOSE FOR IT.**

SALVATION PRAYER:

Will I go to heaven when I die?
Can I have peace and blessing in my life?
The answer is YES - by asking Jesus to be your Lord
and Savior.

Pray a prayer like this...

"Dear God, I am a sinner, separated from You. I am
sorry for my sins and I ask you to forgive me. I accept
Jesus as my Savior and the Lord of my life. Thank you,
Jesus, for dying for me on the cross so I can have peace
in my life and a home in heaven to live forever with You.
Help me Holy Spirit to live a life pleasing to God, my
Father. In Jesus name, Amen."

If you've prayed this prayer,
please contact anyone listed on the Directory at the
back.

We would love to pray with you and send you a
free Cowboy Bible
and some literature to help you get started
on this exciting journey.




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“Yes, He did call me to a mission, and it is my intention to fulfil it as long as He directs.”

TESTIMONY OF KEVIN QUIST

KEVIN QUIST

Yesterday I was sorting and moving some late calving pairs to pasture. My granddaughter was helping me, riding a trusted old and usually ornery horse that she loves. She's just 10 years old but already gaining cow sense and I totally enjoy watching her progress.

At times like this I think man, I'm living the dream. With family living nearby, being able to do what I love, and getting to do it with family, it doesn't get any better than this.

This morning as I sit here, the kitchen windows are open and the only sound is from the choir of birds in the trees surrounding our yard. The sweet smells of early summer coming in on the breeze are slightly overpowered by the coffee, just done perking. My wife comes to join me at the table and together we just relax in the peace of the new day. We couldn't ask for more than this.

Later today friends will be coming over to visit a while and play a few tunes together. I think about the many wonderful people who over the years have graced our lives with their friendship and I have to say I really have been blessed much more than I deserve. At times like this I pray a prayer for those who don't feel so blessed today and who are presently struggling in life. I too, have had seasons of struggle as we all do. May we all learn to rejoice with those who rejoice and mourn with those who mourn. And in the times of struggle, may we never lose sight of the blessing of the Lord.

The Word says it is the blessing of the Lord that makes rich and He adds no sorrow with it. Reflecting back over my life, I have no question that that is true. In fact, what sorrow or struggles I have encountered have usually been of my own making. Some of us take more time than others to figure out that God's way is the way of blessing, and my way is the hard way. I'm grateful today that over the years I've been able, at least in part, to learn that.

I was born into a family that loved the Lord. For at least three generations, maybe more, on both sides of the family tree they were Christians. I remember very well the summer I turned four years old. As I played around the yard, the Spirit of God drew my heart toward Him. I went to my mother who was canning garden produce in the kitchen and with me kneeling beside her chair, she helped me to invite Jesus into my life. In spite of the early age, there was no doubt in my mind that Jesus did come in as I had asked.

The years of my childhood were pretty typical of rural life in the fifties and sixties. My family relocated to the northern Peace River country of Alberta and began the huge task of carving out a ranch from a mixture of bush and prairie. We were the first, with the exception of an old gentleman who had trapped the area for several years, to settle into an area inaccessible by road. We may have been among the last of the true homesteaders. That was in 1962 and there were five children in our family at the time.

Over the next few years our family grew to eight children with me being the second oldest. We all learned to pull our weight in the operation and Dad worked a couple of outside jobs as well as the work of building the homestead. Together with my grandparents and uncles and their families we worked to establish our homes there. A church family began to meet in the local school house, and we attended Sunday school every week. But, apart from the occasional times when I would feel the conviction of the Holy Spirit or sense his presence in a service, I pretty much lived for myself.

It's a funny thing about selfishness. It comes so naturally. Being born with it, and accustomed to it in us since our earliest awareness, we don't see it in ourselves. Priority is given to "my wants" and "my needs" and "my plans and ambitions". If God has a place in it at all, He is somewhere in the background.

continued next page...

Testimony of Kevin Quist continued...



That's how it was with me.

When I was in the mid teen years the Spirit of God began to convict me of this. I knew Him as my Saviour but now He was making it known that He wanted to be Lord of my life as well. I struggled with this for some time. Some things I

knew about God. Some things I thought I knew. I knew you can't fool Him. He sees right through a lie. I would have liked to give him the reigns of my life and call Him Lord. But losing control of my future and my plans was not something I wanted to risk. I had some hopes and plans and for some reason believed God would put an end to those if ever I gave them over to Him. I figured that, given the chance, He would send me into "the ministry" or "the mission field" as it was termed. I resisted that possibility for sure.

One night, sitting in the back of the church, I had no awareness of anything said or done in the service. I was completely engulfed in the battle within. Looking back, it is laughable but at the time it was a big deal. So sure, I was that to give Christ lordship in my life would be too costly. He won the contest of the wills. That night I walked to the altar and repented of my selfish pride and acknowledged Him as Lord. To make an almost fifty-year long story short, I really think He has had a few chuckles over the years as He has shown me how foolish my inhibitions were.

He gave me the wife so suited to me that only He could have picked her for me. He gave us three beautiful daughters and allowed us the privilege of living and working and ministering together throughout their growing years. We homesteaded, we ranched, we travelled throughout western Canada as a family band, made several recordings and a lot of friends, and had many experiences together that we

cherish to this day. Since then we have been given three sons in law and twelve grandchildren.

After moving to the Teepee Creek community almost 20 years ago, and after the girls had all left home, we felt the Lord directed us to begin holding Cowboy Church services in our community and at some local stampedes. At this time, we are still involved in that along with many friends who have come along side to help.

Yes, He did call me to a mission, and it is my intention to fulfill it as long as He directs. He also has given to me all the things I thought I would have to give up to serve Him. It has amazed me to consider the detail to which He has blessed me. He really has given me all my heart's desires. To be honest with you, there have been times when I found out that some of my desires weren't all they were cracked up to be. And I would complain a bit to the Lord about it. And I sensed He said "well it was you that wanted it". And I had to agree.

So, I'm learning to be mindful of the things I desire. Trying to learn when enough is enough. Trying to learn to slow things down a bit and even say no sometimes. Trying to live my life in worship to God who I know to be entirely trustworthy.

I know that many who read this will also attest to the unfailing faithfulness of God and will have stories of their own to prove it. There may also be someone who wonders, even doubts that the blessing of God is a reality. To you I would say two things;

One, I would probably doubt too if I hadn't experienced it. And two, *Psalm 37:4. "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."*

**Be Blessed
Kevin Quist**



REPORT

FROM JOHN FITZHERBERT

Hi Folks.

Since the last time I wrote, we have had a few rains and some snow. Not enough to soak up the ground, but just enough to keep everything growing. The hay crop will be above average and most of the grain crops look great. As I write this the High River wagon races are on and true to form they were cancelled on Friday night because the track was to wet. Calgary had a deluge, Cochrane had flooding. But here less than half an inch came down. Central Alberta has been getting lots of rain and forest fires are out of control in the north where it is still very dry. We will have to keep on praying and trust the Lord to send us rain.

Lots of things going on in our world today, governments in Ottawa and B.C. have had session in their parliament calling it climate crisis. They claim climate change is responsible for the flooding that happened in Ontario and Quebec, and for the dry conditions causing fires that are out of control in northern Alberta. It seems like everything a bit unusual with our weather can be because of "Climate Change."

My dad came to Canada from England in 1902. He spent two weeks in the train station in High River because the creeks and rivers were so high that nothing could cross them (there was no bridge then). In 1910 the mountains were on fire from the Crowsnest Pass in the south to Rocky Mountain House in the north. In 1920 cattle froze to death in mid-May because of snow and 20 below temperatures that were accompanied by a strong wind. I could go on with the strange weather that I have seen, but I think you get the picture. There was no global warming then due to what man was doing. God created this earth and the Heavens above and He can take care of it. What can man do to change that? There are three things that man cannot control; that is wind, fire and, water. I believe there will be climate change because of the books of Matthew and what Revelations say, but God will do it not man.

Things don't sound good for our farmers and ranchers, as there is lots of dry places and now China is stopping shipments of meat, canola, beans and other things to their county in retaliation for Canada arresting one of the top officials of Huawei Technologies fraud charges in the USA. I think China can get everything they need from other countries that they have been getting from Canada, but it will put the price of agriculture commodities we produce down.

I am amazed at how much of the things we buy are made in China. Have we priced ourselves to high? As you look at the trains going east across the prairies we see miles and miles of containers full of things made in China going to stores all across Canada. Those people took our patents and ideas and made the products to sell them to us cheaper that we can make them here. They also use our coal and raw materials that we shipped to them.

I talked to a man this week who told me his wife had bought a new Buick car, don't have to tell you where it was made do I, China. Unions and greed have put the price of things so high that we can't compete, but I think it's time we put some restrictions on what we import from that country. Well, I unwound on those things and I didn't get to pipelines or conversion therapy. Maybe next time.

I met Frank Droucher in Rocky Mountain House a couple of weeks ago and he told me his wife Gloria was in the Red Deer Hospital. We pray that she will have a quick and complete recovery. Frank and Gloria have been doing Cowboy Church in their area since the 1980s. God's Blessing on you both.

I got word a few days ago that Hilda Munton was celebrating her birthday in Lethbridge in early July. I know she is up in her nineties. We offer our congratulations on such a long life. Hilda and her husband Stan helped to get this Fellowship going in the early 1980s. She did the secretary work on many of the government forms to get us registered as a charity so that we could issue receipts for tax purposes. Stan organized our very first Cowboy Church in the Vulcan arena when the rodeo was on. They farmed in Champion, Vulcan area for many years and were known far and wide for their prize-winning Angus cattle. Have many more birthdays Hilda. God Bless You!

On a sad note, you will read about the death of Reg Pomeranz in this issue. Sadly, another cowboy gone. We offer our sincere condolences to the family. Reg's parents Dennis and Ruth have been putting on breakfasts, jamborees and Cowboy Church in west-central Alberta for many years. We will keep them in our thoughts and prayers through this time of tragedy.

I just got word that another of our longtime members, Stella Hand has passed away. Stella and her husband Jerry supported this Fellowship for a long time. The came to our rodeo services, breakfasts, cowboy weekends and just about anything we had going on. They attended The Ranchman's Cowboy Church for many years in Calgary. The funeral will be in Airdrie, Aug 10 at 1:00 pm. We pray that our Lord will help Jerry and his family through this lonely time. *1 Thess 4:13, "But we do not want you to be uninformed, brethren about those who are asleep, that you may not grieve, as do the rest who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even God will be with Him those who have fallen asleep in Jesus."* Praise the Lord.

That's all for this time

God's Blessings on you all
John FitzHerbert



Lyle Braunwarth, Miss Rodeo Canada Jaden Hollie, Ed Preston, John FitzHerbert, Debbie Graham

"RIDE ON REG, RIDE ON!"

BY DENNIS POMERANZ

Founders of Ropin Rodeo Christian Cowboy Ministries and now the pastor of Runnin Free Country Fellowship
...Here is their story, told by Dennis.....

On April 12th, 2019, we received that dreadful phone call that every parent fears, that our son had been in a tragic motorcycle accident and his hopes of survival were not looking good. The family arrived at our home within minutes and we gathered in a family circle and started to pray. Our faces were already tear stained and voices were weak and quivery, but our prayers were powerful, that our son would survive.

God had a different and perfect plan, within a couple of hours, our beautiful daughter in law called and we heard that gut-wrenching news, that our son Reg had passed. Immediately the flood of disbelief overwhelmed us, many loud moans of "NO, NO" could be heard throughout the house.

Those parents reading this that have lost a child know that at that moment instantly and throughout the night and the days to follow all we could do was "exist".

Our son was an "Arizona Snowbird" and that is where he spent his last days, so we could not go and say our final good-byes, nor could we be with his wife and two daughters. So, many factors played a part to deepen our heartache in the coming days. The horrific details of the accident. His family was fighting the legalities of transporting his body back to Canada. The driver that turned in front of him, it was rumored that he was intoxicated so it was now a man-slaughter investigation and so-on. Some days it is so hard to even pray, but we know our friends are standing in the gap for us and God is good.

I knew that my son had lived a good life and his humorous and fun-loving personality touched many lives. I knew that when we finally were able to have his celebration of life there would be many attending. I also knew that God was telling me that, that day would be an opportunity to share with many the gospel of Jesus Christ. There was no doubt in my mind that I would be able to give a tribute to my son at his memorial service and reach many lost souls for the kingdom.

God is good, however "three" weeks seemed like forever but our son finally arrived home. We went through the normal funeral arrangements and we were finally able to view him and say our good-byes. The next day on May 03rd we had a beautiful burial with our family and close friends and then that afternoon we had his "Celebration of Life". No one could have prepared me for the packed arena, in his home town of Drayton Valley, Alberta. There was over "900" people there, it was unbelievable the impact he had on so many lives. Through my brokenness I took the opportunity God gave me to reach so many unbelievers.

Here is my tribute to my son and to my Saviour, the words I spoke that day to honor both.....

I would like to welcome each one of you that is here this afternoon, and I especially would like to thank all of those who have showed so much appreciation to our family. We had so many people come and visit with us and phone calls sending their love and condolences, it truly has given us some comfort on this journey. It is just hard to believe that there are so many good people in our world. So, thank you to each and every one of you. What I'm going to do here today is a tribute to Reg, I will have trouble getting through it I'm sure, because I am his father and he meant the world to me. If I was to describe the past twenty-one

days, since Reg passed, I would have to put it in the words of an old country song, that goes like this. If teardrops were pennies, and heartaches were gold I'd have all the treasures, my pockets could hold, but teardrops aren't pennies and heartaches aren't gold so, all we have left is memories to hold. Someone came to me in this past few weeks and he said "What does it actually feel like, to have a son pass away"? I said "it's pretty hard to explain, but the nearest way I could describe it is that someone has their hand inside your chest trying to rip your heart out and expecting you to survive that".

For "55" years I had the opportunity of being Reg's father, and spending time with him. We played together, we worked together, we traveled the rodeo circuit together and we had a very close relationship. We shared moments, that only a father could dream of doing together with their son. In our relationship I learnt as much from him as he did from me.

His first love was for the sport of hockey, at the age of fifteen he played for the Airdrie Colts. I had the privilege of coaching that team. The second year I coached that team we were invited to a seven-day tournament in Denver, Colorado. There were teams from all over Canada and the United States. We lost one game and tied one and won the rest of the games we played. The team that we lost to in our first game, we beat them in the "A" Finals. We come away from that tournament with a huge trophy, it took two of them boys to lift it. It truly felt like an "NHL" moment, winning the Stanley Cup. I know that some of Reg's fellow team-mates are here today and I'm sure they have never forgotten how amazing that memory is. Reg and I talked about that trip and our win many times over the years.

In order to get the best out of Reg, I found the secret, you had to get him mad. I remember times when he was playing his best, but I needed a little more from him, so when he came back to the bench I would chew him out in front of his fellow players for something he did wrong. When I saw his ears get red, well I knew I had got through to him. And when he would hit that ice again, he was unstoppable. He played to win! So, I used that technique on him lots.

Then he developed a love for the sport of rodeo. He rode bareback for a short time and then calf roping. He became a steer wrestler after that and he stayed with that event. In his amateur rodeo days, I was his hazer, I got to know exactly where he wanted that steer and I always tried to do my best for him. I remember one weekend we had three rodeos and the first two went by and he never got down on either steer. And there again I wanted him to get aggressive, because I knew he could do better. The third and last rodeo of the weekend was St. Albert, AB. We both backed our horses in the box and he was having a little trouble with his horse stepping out of the corner. I figured ahh here's my opportunity, I looked over at him and I knew I had to speak pretty loud. I said to him "Reg are you going to bulldog that steer or are you going to sit here and look at him all afternoon?" And he turned to me, with a half-way sort of a grin and he said "you know it's not going to work this time dad!" But guess what it did, and he had an awesome run and he ended up winning the rodeo.



CHRISTIAN COWBOYS

Our entire family at one time or another worked in the construction business and we were all operators of heavy equipment. My youngest son Jim, my daughter Joyce, my oldest son Joe and even my wife Ruth, as well as Reg and me. My wife Ruth would operate packer for us. She would get up at 4:00 am to make breakfast and pack our lunches. She would then go and run packer all day and come home at night to make supper and start cleaning the house, while us guys would head to the practice pen. She was a devoted wife and mother and we appreciated her hard work, that allowed us the time to practice for the next rodeo, it truly was a family effort.

Reg was the type of man who set goals, and he always reached them no matter what. He never started something that he never finished. It was done with perfection, he never left anything unattended, that was just the way he was. However, I saw another side of him that many didn't, because I worked alongside of him for many years. I remember one afternoon we were working together cleaning up the yard and we got arguing over something. I wanted to get it done my way and he wanted to do it his way, and he got mad and so did I. We got toe-to-toe and tongue lashing each other and maybe if I wasn't scared of him, I'd set him straight. Anyway, we both walked away from each other, and about ten minutes later, I looked over and there he was working on it again. So, of course I had to go over and check on him to make sure he was doing it my way. And when I went over there, I was still mad so I didn't want to look him in the eye. So, I kept my back to him and he came over to me and asked me "Are you still mad"? I said, "ya I guess so." He said, "Well I guess you're going to be mad for a long time, because I'm not". He got over it real quick. In the last eight years we have been working in the oil patch, side by side he was foreman and I was an operator. And when he wanted something done he would get on the radio and say "Dennis" and would state what needed to be done. But if he wanted something done right away, he would get on that radio and you would hear "Hey Dad", he knew that going from Dennis to Dad would be way more effective.

The last time that I was with my son Reg was in Las Vegas this past December at the Team Roping World Series. We were there with his family and his father in law whom I traveled down there with. We were all there to watch Reg's daughter Brooke rope. We spent the last four days of the World Series together watching her compete. Reg was so proud of his girl, and that was the way he was, he was always so proud of his family as well as the people he worked with.

When I came back home, all winter long we would talk a lot on the phone. It always made me chuckle when I would call him and he would say jokingly "Oh Dennis, yer finally gonna call a guy are ya?" On many occasions he would ask for Ruth and me to come down for a visit, and it just worked out that, this year we were unable to, and oh how I wish it would have been different.

Out of all the things we did together over the "55" years of my son's life I only have one regret, only one! I never told him I loved him, not once, nor did he tell me. We showed our love through our actions, and you know it would have made our relationship perfect if I would of just spoke them words but I didn't.

My whole life I had this perception if you told someone you loved them, you were weak, a bit of a sissy. And how wrong, how very wrong it was for me to think that way. You know these past few weeks there has been so many people showing us their love, and actually telling us that they love us, and yet I couldn't speak the words to my own son. So, I'm telling you today, don't ever miss an opportunity to speak the words "I love you", don't take that risk, because you may never get the chance to. Don't let foolish pride get in the way, it made me miss my perfect ending with my son.

As I look over the past "55" years of the relationship I had with my son Reg and how amazing it was, it does not even come near our Heavenly Fathers love for his son. Out of love he sent his own son Jesus Christ, to die on the cross for each one of us, it took all the love he had to send him to die for the sins of the whole world. Do you think this was easy for God to do? Not a chance. I compare it to last night when I said my final good bye to my son and it was so much harder than that for God.

All you have to do is believe, believe that Jesus did die for your sin, and know that he rose again on the third day, and your sins will be forgiven. We know that our son Reg believed and we know that he is in Heaven today and we need to have faith in God, if we ever want to see him again.

So many people have this image of God, as an old man sitting on his throne with this big stick in his hand, waiting to punish us. That is the farthest thing from the truth, he is not there to punish anyone, he proved that by sending his son to die for us. He sits on his throne with open arms for you and me saying "Come unto me, I am waiting for you". What an offer, and all we have to do is believe and tell him we love him, and yet because of our foolish pride, we turn our back and walk away.

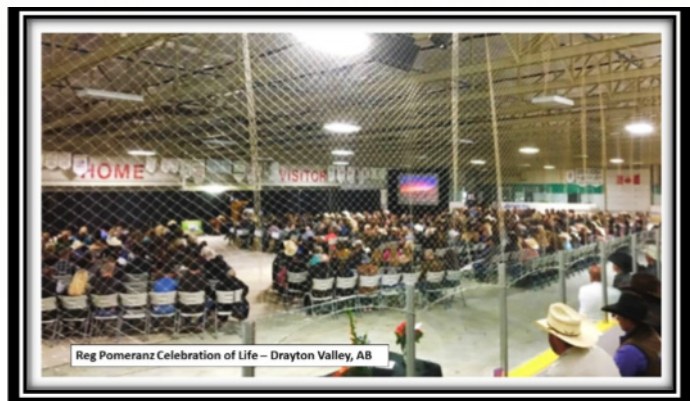
Want to know why it is important to talk about God and believing in him when someone has died? Because each one of us choose our destination prior to the moment when our curtain is pulled. The decisions we make today are going to determine whether any of us see Reg again. I hope you understand what I am saying, because once we die it's too late to choose our destination.

In the book of John chapter 14, it reads like this... If you believe in God, you believe also in me, for in my father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would of told you go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there you may be also, where I go you know and the way you know.

One of Jesus' disciples, the one who doubted him, his name was Thomas. He said to Jesus, " Lord, we don't know where you are going, so how can we know the way"? And Jesus said to Thomas, "I AM THE WAY, I am the way, the truth and the life, no man comes to the father but by me!"

There's no way in this world that you can be saved but by the shed blood of Jesus Christ. I don't want anyone here today leaving your decision until it's too late to make the right one. When judgement day arrives and it will, you will not be able to say, I never heard, I didn't know, because you heard it here today and the choice you make today is your own.

"Reg I want you to help Jesus get that rodeo arena built just right, for when the rest of us get up there, it will be ready to go."



The Benefits of Giving

by John FitzHerbert

Last time I wrote about the promises of God mostly concerning Israel. This time I will write about God's promises before the nation of Israel was formed. *Gen 1:3 "God said to Noah, the end of all flesh has come before me, for the earth is filled with violence because of them: and behold I am about to destroy them with the earth."*

The Word tells us before God made this proclamation, that Noah found favor in the eyes of the Lord because he was righteous, blameless in his time and that Noah walked with God. When God told him to make for himself an ark I'll bet he didn't think it was for all the animals as well. Noah got his instructions on how to build this ark, I have been told about the size of a football field, and three floors high. He must have been shocked at the size of the job he was to do. It took one-hundred and twenty years to complete. He must have had divine help to even get it done in that time. I can't even imagine how much wood it took and all the pitch that was needed to cover it inside and out. There had to be some kind of nails to hold it together. Inside there must have been partitions and rooms, floors and beams to hold them up. It would have been massive. *Verse 6:21 "And as for you, take for yourself some of all food that is edible, and gather it for yourself, and it shall be food for you and them."* That is another big job, to take food for his family and all the animals too. This was not an overnight thing. It lasted for half a year. I know what to take for cattle, horses, goats and, sheep to eat but what do you take for all those jungle animals? What do birds eat when they are in captivity like that and cannot hunt for food?

After Noah had done everything that he was told to do, it was time for God to go to work. He must have had a bunch of angels go and bring all those animals and get them into the ark. How do you herd a lion, or a wild deer or get a snake to do what you want to it do? Something that is often overlooked when we tell this story is that God took seven of every clean animal, but only two of the unclean. He also took seven of the birds of the air. We have to go to Duet.14 to find out what was a clean animal and what was unclean, what the Israelites could eat and what they could not eat under the law of Moses. I think God wanted more clean than unclean animals, the same as he wants more righteous men than unrighteous.

Hand Hills Lake Stampede Cowboy Church

Back to Noah, *Gen 7:15," So they went into the ark to Noah by two of all flesh in which was the breath of life."* Verse 16 tells us when they were all in God closed the ark behind him. The Bible says that the fountains of the great deep burst open and the floodgates of the sky were opened and the rain fell for forty days and forty nights. The water got so deep it covered the highest mountains to fifteen or twenty feet above them. Here is what we can learn from this; God made a promise, told Noah what to do, he did it, then He did what He said He would do. *Matt 28:18 "tells us all authority has been given to Me in Heaven and on Earth. Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of The Father and The Son and The Holy Spirit. Teaching them to observe all that I commanded you, and I am with you always, even to the end of the age."* Jesus told that to his disciples when he left this earth, we are his disciples if we are born again, so that applies to us. Some are called to go to foreign countries while some stay here and speak to their neighbors. Others are called to preach or teach. It might look like an impossible job whatever you are doing, but remember Noah, you won't have to work at it for one-hundred and twenty years. God called Noah because He knew he could be trusted to finish what he started. I think we need to find out what God would have us to do. There are some very unique things going on to win people to Jesus. A young man came from California and stayed with us for a couple of months. He said he wanted to minister to cowboys and wanted to do some rodeo events so he could get close to the cowboys. He went to a bareback school with no success – they gave him his money back. Next, he went to a tie-down roping school, the results were about the same. He felt discouraged but found a job driving a handy-bus taking old people that couldn't drive to the places they needed to go. He enjoyed it and the old people like him. So, get where God wants you to be and remember "Lo I am with you always."

Thank God for His Gift of Promises.

John FitzHerbert

PRESIDENT'S REPORT GREETINGS FROM MANITOBA

TERRY BAKER



This was an unusual spring for many in our area; a lot of the harvest was still needing to get done, before one could even think about seeding. We had a very cool and dry spring with no rain from the time the snow left until early June. Cattle producers were having to feed hay a lot longer than usual, myself included....so thankful I had extra hay. This was a challenging situation for many, but the Lord did provide!! The crops came

off and produced exceedingly well, the new crops were planted and then it started to rain. The pastures have greened up and the hay fields are growing. PTL, the cows are out to pasture and I am going to get a hay crop. We have been blessed with a lot of rain, but we need to continue to pray for the ones that are still needing it. The community pasture I ride at is in desperate need of rain; cattle had to be held back for at least a month.

The chapter has been out doing some ministry, Donna and I were up to Swan River for the MHSRA Finals on June 9th. We had a nice morning for Cowboy Church with some new folks in the bleachers. We have made connections with some new rodeo families that would like to see more ministry at the high school rodeos and continue to pray on how to accomplish this. I was honored to pray for the graduating members before their last High School Rodeo performance. The chapter continues to present hand-tooled leather Trophy Bibles to the All-Around Cowboy and Cowgirl in both divisions. (and to the Queen when needed) Donna and I also present a trophy halter to the Paint Horse of the Year. We were in Dauphin for a Cowboy Church on Sunday June 30th in conjunction with their Ag Society Fair. I believe this was new ground as I don't recall doing a service at their fair in the past. We worked with a local church as they felt this was a great opportunity to get some ministry out there. Next stop will be in Austin for their Threshermen's Reunion on July 28. Heath Butler is working out the final details for a Saturday night banquet for the MHSRA members at their Roblin Rodeo held on the August long weekend. After the banquet there will be some guest speakers sharing their testimonies. This is Something new we are trying, to bring some ministry to rodeo grounds.

The grass has begun to grow at the community pasture where I ride at, so I'm back in the saddle spending some time there. I was out riding last week and heading north on a trail, but it wasn't too long before the trail just kinda disappeared. It was so overtaken by new trees starting to grow and a lot of deadfall from years of flooding. It was getting very difficult to get through all of this, so much so that I had to turn back and find a different trail, one that would get me to the north end. This made me think of years ago when the pastures were run by the PFRA. Dwayne had a "bush control" guy on staff, who's duties included keeping the trails open. With the Feds cutbacks, he was the first to go (too bad).



So here we are years later.... with trails that are hard to find, narrow and difficult to get through. You learn to look for the different tree heights, finding the shorter ones or you look down and follow the cow paths. It's not always easy as the trails get very

narrow. This made me think of when Jesus said, the narrow way is hard to follow. *Matt 7:13-14," Enter by the narrow gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction and there are many who go in by it. Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life and there are few that find it."* We are more useful to the boss when we ride on those narrow paths. There are signs along the way, not only to help you find the path but also to guide you through them. Just as it is with Jesus; the Bible gives us instruction and He is always by our side to guide and help us get through the things he has asked of us. It would be so much easier to ride up on the ridges or the open pastures, and have a broader view, but that really isn't getting the job done, and as a result you ain't a lot of use to the boss. Christian, if we are spending too much time on the broader path, I'm afraid we are not much use to the Lord either. *Luke 19:10," The son of man has come to seek and save that which is lost."* Let's continue to follow the paths the Lord has laid out in front of us, striving to seek the lost.

Blessed are those who put their trust in the Lord
Terry Baker



Chinook Country Corner

"Be careful how you live: you may be the only Bible some people ever read. - - William James Toms

I read the above quote on Pinterest a few days ago. It got me to thinking about myself, the people I work with, the people I meet in public places such as stores, restaurants, rodeos, coffee shops anywhere you can think

of. "Be careful how you live: you may be the only Bible some people ever read." Hum, we all live in a fishbowl with people judging and we judging how people look, how people talk, how people behave, the car they drive it goes on and on.

Do we have the right to judge others – Matthew 7:1-2 Do not judge or you too will be judged. For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged, and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you. Do we say and do things to people but do not like it when the tables are turned on us? Matthew 7:12 "So in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you.

These are two examples from the Bible that we need to follow at all times. It is very difficult to live the way Jesus wants us to. We can only do the best we can at all times and ask for forgiveness when we fall and then change how we do things for the better. Just like the rider that gets bucked off his horse. When you get bucked off, get back up, get back on that horse and ride again.

I believe we need to walk the walk and not just talk the talk. Always put your best foot forward, be honorable, be kind and gracious no matter what or who you are faced with. Do not be conceited, live at peace with everyone. Take the time to make others feel important and needed. Show love to those you are close to. Help those who are in distress. Step aside so others can shine in the light. Be patient with those who are not versed in the Christian life and they will also find the same path to walk on. Read the Bible. Learn God's ways. Practice them the same as you would practice learning how to play the piano and then read His word some more. Be faithful in your prayers.



"Remember you may be the only Bible some people ever read."

Love, Light and Laughter
Deb Graham

CHRISTIAN COWBOYS

Family Bible Presentation



Dean Draeger (Kelly's son in law) , Deans son Tuff, Kelly's wife Debbie, Kelly Sutherland Presented by Kevin Quist

Upcoming Events

Alberta Cowboy Church

TEEPEE CREEK HALL

2nd Sunday of the month – 10:30 am
Barb and Kevin Quist
780 568 3510

COMMUNITY COWBOY CHURCH

Ninton Junction Hall
Every Tuesday – 7:00 pm
Ron Deleeuw
780 728 9088

VIKING AUCTION MART

Viking, AB
Last Friday of Each Month – 7:30 pm
Terry Leslie
780 376 3599

SEASONS HIGH RIVER, AB

660 7 Street High River, Alberta
4th Sunday of the Month 1:00 PM
John FitzHerbert
403 652 1377

PONDEROSA CITY

Alder Flats
Every Sunday – July and August
Pancake Breakfast 10:00 AM
Service 11:00 AM
Kevin Rowland
780 388 3088

THE MEDICINE TREE MANOR

Last Sunday of the month 7:00 pm
815 - 9 St. SW
High River, AB
John FitzHerbert
403 652 1377

Saskatchewan Cowboy Church

DIAMOND C COWBOY CHURCH

Diamond C Cowboy Church
208 Sidney St
Maple Creek, Saskatchewan
Every Tuesday Night- Music starts at 7:15
Ross Pollock 306 662 3431
www.facebook.com/Diamond-C-Cowboy-Church



FELLOWSHIP *of* CHRISTIAN COWBOYS



God loved me enough, not to offer me better, but the best!

***I stand amazed in the presence
Of Jesus the Nazarene
And I wonder how He could love me
A sinner condemned, unclean
How marvelous How wonderful
And my song shall ever be
How marvelous How wonderful
Is my Savior's love for me.***

My wife and I had left to help our daughter plant garden and I had nothing to do that had a deadline close at hand so I picked my guitar off the wall and began playing. It seems that I always have a song playing in my head so I just started playing along. This is something that I do frequently, start playing and let God lead. It provides some of the most sacred times that I spend with Jesus, and this morning was no different.

After a couple of songs of my choosing, the words to the above song ran through my head. "And I wonder how He could love me a sinner condemned, unclean" took me back to when that was the case. I am not going to enlarge on "a sinner" because I have often felt as if in giving a testimony it became a competition as to who was the worst sinner.

I always remember the testimony of a mafia hitman who had given his life to serving Jesus while in prison. He said that he was not telling about the things he had done to let us know what a sinner he was, but to show God's amazing love and grace.

That's what the words of that song brought to me. No matter what I have done or what I have been, God loved me enough, not to offer me better, but the best! His son took my place. I am free.

Me, God and My Guitar

CANADIAN FELLOWSHIP OF
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