



WINTER 2019

Fellowship Of Christian Cowboys

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ME GOD AND MY GUITAR CHINOOK COUNTRY CORNER GREETINGS FROM SASKATCHEWAN

Testimony of Bill Dittman



"Carrying the Message of Christ to the Cowboy World"
www.canadianchristiancowboys.ca



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Salvation Prayer

“My friends, here is what I want you to know. I announce to you that your sins can be forgiven because of what Jesus has done.

Through him everyone who believes is set free from every sin. Moses' law could not make you right in God's eyes.

Acts 13:38-39

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We will gladly accept written submissions.

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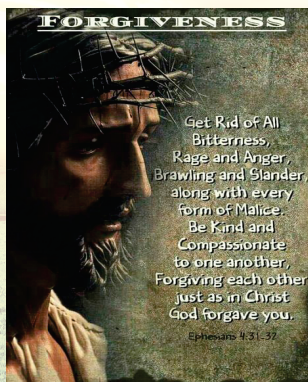
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All donations made to The Fellowship of Christian Cowboys will be sent a tax deductible receipt at year end.

*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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Website:

<http://canadianchristianccowboys.ca>


*Lord
I pray
to be Led to
and by you*



TESTIMONY OF BILL DITTMAN

BY BILL DITTMAN

Howdy Everyone

When asked to submit a written testimony of my life, and walk with my Savior, JESUS Christ, I struggled with the thought, "What do I have as an experience in life that would encourage others to seek out and find my Savior?"

The more I reminisced and traveled back in my memories I was convinced that my story could change some readers to find the "One", that has walked beside me most of my life.

I will try my best to fly over the everyday stuff and park on the incidents that God is leading me to spend some time on. Here we go!

I was born in Calgary in 1951. I traveled with my parents throughout Alberta, living in an Alberta Government Highway Camp. My father was a highway inspector installing guardrails and posts along Alberta highways. On weekends we would travel back to my grandpa's ranch where my Dad was raised.

At age six we had to settle in a house in Calgary and begin grade 1, in a school on McLeod Trail. It was a two-story building with two rooms. Grades 1-5 were downstairs and 6-12 upstairs on the second floor.

My father was transferred to Edmonton, where I spent the remainder of my school years. Throughout these years, my brother, sister and I were always taken to Sunday School and Church. Thank you, God, for my heritage.

After High School, I began an apprenticeship as a Machinist. Finished the four years with a Red Seal ticket as a Journeyman Machinist. During this time, I met the lady that I would spend the rest of my life with. Judi and I were married in 1971.

Together we would move back to Calgary and then Airdrie where my first son Travis was born in 1977. It was here in Airdrie, where I joined the Foothills Rodeo Association and started Wild Horse Racing with my best friend Gordon Terry.

After five years we decided to move back to Edmonton and then Ardrossan, for twenty-eight years, where we helped my father run Artic Arabians. There we had broodmares and a few stallions, that we showed all over Alberta. At the same time, I started a long-haul trucking career, that lasted thirty-five years for one company.

During those years you can only imagine the things that I have seen up and down the highways of Alberta, BC, and the Northwest Territories. Over those years I have earned million-mile awards, that I will not take credit for. I can't even count the number of times I could say, "Only God brought me home."

I've seen some good friends pile up in horrendous wrecks. One, in particular, is a friend named "Dave", he was in a head-on collision that caused his Kenworth to burst into flames. At that

spot on the Ft. McMurray highway are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway. At the very same time, Randy Travis's song came out, "Three Wooden Crosses". In the song, they are on the right side of the highway also. Two men pulled Dave from his truck, through the driver's window. He was already on fire and unconscious. In minutes the Kenworth was gone. Dave survived and went on to finish his career and retire. His recovery was long and he would ask me, "Why aren't there four crosses, why did I survive?"

During my driving career, while living in Ardrossan, our family attended a great church in Sherwood Park, where we got involved teaching Sunday School. I also became an Armour Bearer for my Pastor. He became my greatest mentor.

Then in 1982, another son came along and we called him "Justin".

Back to the church, we attended. It is from this church I signed up for a work trip to Rwanda Africa, where I spent a month helping to rebuild a war-torn country and set up a new church. I will leave you with one mental picture. I was standing on the hills, looking over the capital city of Rwanda, "Kihgali" in the late evening. All the hills glistened with glittering gold sparkles. The only thing is it wasn't gold glistening it was 50 caliber machine gun spent casings. A memory I will never forget. The evil was so intense, we would have to pray for hours before trying to accomplish any work.

It was also from this same church I was chosen to go on five different trips into Old Mexico, as a Chaplin for work crews. We had bases we could stay in that were built in the Barron's of Juarez, Mexico. On one of these trips, I worked at a men's hostel and Aids center, 29 km in the desert south of Juarez. While we were working a desert storm blew in. We had no place to run, so we hunkered down in an unfinished Adobe building and waited out the storm. From this trip, I came home and ended up in an Edmonton hospital with lung problems. The doctors came to me with the results. They said, "There is a very good possibility of Cancer". That's when a tidal wave of prayer on my behalf came. The doctors were wrong! I was treated for a couple of weeks and have never had a problem since. THANK YOU, GOD!

Finally to my favorite memory! I met an eccentric old farmer named "Harvey". This elderly gentleman had twenty-nine head of black Clydesdale horses that he wanted them all broke to drive in six-up sets. For the next couple of years, I spent an uncountable number of hours on a wagon or sleigh box driving new teams.

TESTIMONY Con't

I'm going to show you a scene I will never forget. Harvey had a set of long two-year-olds hooked to a round bale, skidding it down an alleyway of round bales. Something happened to cause the young horses to balk, standing on their hind legs they swung to my side. I had been walking beside the team and now had nowhere to go but over the bales. I tried to dive over the bales but didn't make it and the team followed landing directly on top of me.

I was face down with the neck yoke across my back. Both horses kept fighting to get over and their feet were hitting me higher and higher up my legs until one foot hit me in the butt. I was sure, at any moment a rear foot was going to take out my backbone. Harvey had been driving with a single twist on the lines around his wrists and when they jumped, they had yanked him to the ground.

This is what I want to leave with you, I knew this could be my last moment in life, I'm not super brave, but I had perfect peace at that time. I wasn't nervous, excited or hollering. I was at 'PERFECT' peace.

Fortunately, the story ended differently. My son Travis, was following us, saw what happened, jumped on top of the team and grabbed the check lines and yanked back. The team stopped lunging and stepped back one step. I slid down in front of their front legs.

The same God, that was with me in Rwanda, Africa was the same God that was with me in the deserts of Mexico and was now the God that was with me under those horses.

In 2015 I lost my father to a heart attack. My dad was an old ranch roper and had a reputation as being the best roper and handler of cattle anywhere around my Grandfathers ranch. He and his favorite horse, "Jimmy" were a team.

My two boys and I decided to pay a special tribute to my father for his funeral. The theme of his funeral was, Vince Gill's song "Go Rest High on That Mountain". After Dad's cremation and funeral, our family loaded our horses and hauled out to the

Hummingbird, which is west of Rocky Mountain House, into the mountains. The next morning, we saddled up and I tucked my father in my slicker behind my saddle. Before we could leave twenty-two people came to me, and said: "We heard what you're doing, we didn't know your father, but we sure would like to go with you." So, twenty-two people came with us over the mountain.

As I put my foot in the stirrup my oldest son, Travis said to me "Pop, Grandpa gave you your first ride on a horse, and now you're giving him his last." Trust me!! It got a little misty at that point.

We climbed approximately ten miles over a mountain, called the "Burn", to a mountain meadow overlooking three other mountain peaks called "Broken Lantern". We had a short service, said our goodbyes and let him rest. "High on that Mountain" SEE YOU SOON POPS.

My family and I have been so blessed over all these years.

I know now – Too whom much is given – much is required. That's why I felt, I had to tell my story.

If God has been calling your name and till now you haven't been ready to LISTEN - - REMEMBER

Sometimes He will use a mountain

Sometimes He will use a desert

And sometimes He'll use a troubled sea.

But He will get a hold of you!

Why don't you TRUST HIM AND BELIEVE!

Allow Him to be your Savior.

God Bless Yaw' All

Thank you for listening to the country kid from Ponderosa City Cowboy Church.

Billy the Kid
(AKA Bill Dittman)



PRESIDENT'S REPORT



We have had a warmer fall and early winter compared to the previous ones. The lack of snow was certainly a blessing as it allowed the cattle to remain out on the pastures longer and lessen

the need to buy the costly hay. At the end of October, we had our booth set-up in Brandon during the MRCA Finals/AG EX. Once again, we presented Trophy Bibles to the MRCA Cowboy and Cowgirl of The Year. The Church Service on Sunday morning was a good time of Fellowship as The Thiessen Brothers ministered in Music and I gave the word.

At the end of November, the Canadian Board met in Regina for our AGM. I always enjoy getting together and catching up with the guys. Always a good time of fellowship and prayer. and yes, we did get through the business side of things! A few changes on the board this year; first of all, I would like to thank Mike Housek for the many years he has served with The Fellowship of Christian Cowboys, I would guess thirty or more. I have been involved for more than twenty and Mike was there at the first meeting I was. I have always appreciated Mike's wisdom and friendship over the years. Dirk McCarroll has also stepped down for a time. Blessings to you and your families and a big thank you for the time you served on the board. Marty Gilfillan has taken on the position of Vice-President and we look forward to his input.

In December the Manitoba board of directors and their families gathered at our place for a Christmas Gatherin'; we shared a hearty meal, played a few silly games and had a good time of fellowship. The directors managed to squeeze in a short meeting.

I want to share a bit of what I spoke about at the Church Service in Brandon. The first thing I want to say is that Ford Got It Right!! (and all the Dodge guys went. . . . What?) Not sure if they were trying to prophesy, but Ford mostly makes white or black trucks and the world we live in today, things are either black or white. For example, look at how our Prime Minister runs his cabinet. You are not allowed to sit on his cabinet unless you are in total agreement with what he believes.

At one time you could voice your own thoughts and values, but not anymore; it's his way or the highway. If you're not a climate believer, you're a climate denier. Folks either love Trump or they hate him (black or white). So how does this relate to our Christian walk? Jesus says in Luke 11:23, you are either for me or against me. There is either heaven or hell; the kingdom of light or the kingdom of darkness (black or white). . . . nothing in between. Reading through the book of Amos (I would encourage all of you to read), I couldn't get over how much it resembled our world today.

Amos was a herdsman (almost a cowboy), a keeper of sheep who was fed up with what he saw going on around him. There was immorality, corruption, greed, injustice and a false sense of security as God's people turned away from righteousness; enjoying the prosperous time they were living in. Sure sounds like the times we're living in today!!! We must be living in a prosperous time, with the price of land and expensive price tag on that white diesel pick-up. Immorality runs wild today because the truth is not preached, corruption and greed are just a normal part of everyday business and injustice can be seen everywhere. Amos warns us in 5:14, *"Seek good and not evil, that you may live."* We, the church need to take a stand as Amos did. Amos left his sheep to warn the people of God's coming judgment of drought and destruction and plagues that would lead to famine. God caused it to rain in some places and held it back in others. This affected the lives of the ranchers back then just as it has today, but we rationalize it as being climate change. In Amos' day, they were trading wheat on the Sabbath and nowadays it's not uncommon to see lots of combines out in the fields, on your way to Sunday worship.

Harvest has been tough the last couple of years. . . something to ponder. Amos even talks about abortion; lots to judge our nation over. But worst of all, Amos tells us there will be a famine, but not for food, but the truth of God's word. How many places have already banned the Bible? So, church, we need to wake up, get off that pew and be an Amos. . . . folks need to know the truth of God's word. The world can't continue to live in unrighteousness without the repercussions that the Lord warns us about. It's time to be a doer as it says in James 1:22. God is the restorer of all, *"I will raise up the tabernacle of David which has fallen down"*, Amos 9:11.

Blessed are those, who seek the Lord,
Terry Baker

REPORT

FROM JOHN FITZHERBERT

Hi Folks.

Since the last report, we have had some nice days but not many good combining days. There are lots of canola out in the swaths yet. The heavy wet snow we had at the end of September laid anything that was standing flat. That makes for slow going whether swathing or combining. There is lots of wheat and barley under the snow lying flat. I don't know what it will be like in the spring. Not much snow here right now. We have had about two feet in different storms but we only have about four inches on the ground now at the end of December. South and west of here in High River winds have been very strong from the southwest - at a ski hill they recorded winds at 167 kilometers per hour. That is strong. One old rancher told me. "This is what makes her cattle country." Not much snow left when we get those winds.

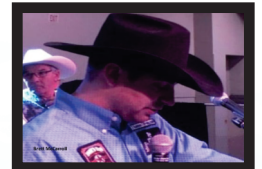
We got some surprises when we went to do the Cowboy Church at the CFR in Red Deer this year. They put us in a huge building (looked as big as a football field to me!) where they served breakfast from 8:00 am to 10:00 am. Lots of people were there. I thought when we had our service from 11:00 to 12:00 the place will be empty. They gave us a huge stage with great lights, sound equipment, and two guys to run it all. They also had a big screen about forty feet wide and twenty feet high and we were on that! If I had known that was coming I would have put some makeup on! About 10:45 people started coming in. Someone said there were about two-hundred and fifty by the time we were done. Phil Doan prayed for the contestants and stock. Justin and Brett McCarroll and I shared the Word. Marvin and Karen Engel, Jim Dixon, Harvey Lubeck and I did the music. It was a really good time. People said they could hear us no matter where they were in the building. Kevin and Mary Rowland looked after the book table and met people as they came and went. The breakfast cost was just a donation to Habitat for Humanity. Coffee was there all the time. So, a great big thank you to all who work at The Westerner in Red Deer. It was a pleasant surprise. God Bless you all.

As I look back in my mind to some of the great things God has done with this organization, how we started with about twelve members (including wives) and how God has taken it across Canada, I feel very humble. At our first Cowboy Campout at the Cypress Hills Park, we got Ted Pressley, the founder of Cowboys for Christ in the USA, to be our speaker by accident as someone else was lined up to come but he canceled at the last minute. How we got Ted I don't know, had to be the Lord. Ted gave us three wonderful spirit filled messages that upset some people and that led to a serious split in the Fellowship



later on. The whole board quit except for one member. It looked like the end but God took over and brought it up to where it is now. Praise His Name.

At our first Cowboy Church in Regina at Agrabition, they gave us the arena complete with a stage in the built-in the northwest corner. Wilbur Plaughter was the rodeo clown. He was very popular as he had animals that were trained by him. He had a monkey that rode a dog doing the barrel pattern among others. The bullfighter didn't show up so Wilbur told the rodeo committee, "Why shoot I'll fight those bulls for you." Wilbur was six-feet tall, weighed two-hundred and fifty pounds and was fifty-six years old. He had the crowd laughing all night. Wilbur was our preacher that morning. He got on the stage wearing his clown suit, carrying an 18" long, 12-inch-wide, 5-inch-thick Bible like you would have on your coffee table. He preached a powerful message and, in the end, eighteen people came out of the stands to be saved. Praise the Lord. He spent a lot of time at our booth ministering to people.



Another man that comes to mind is Glenn Smith. He was the first person to start having Cowboy Church at rodeos. This Fellowship was started in the USA but they only had fellowship among themselves at rodeos. Glenn opened it up to everybody. He wrote the book "Apostle Cowboy Style" where he shared many miracles that God has done. One is where he had no money and no gas and his pick-up stalled out on the highway. He put his hand on the gas cap and asked the Lord to put gas in his tank. He got back in the truck, it started and lasted until he got to where he was going. We asked Glenn to come and show us how it was done at our very first Cowboy Church. I talked to him on the phone to find out what flight he would be in on. I asked him, "How will I know you?" He said, "God will show you" and hung up the phone. I was pretty nervous when I went to the airport, but God showed me a skinny guy with a cowboy hat. I went and introduced myself and he said "My name is Glenn Smith". He taught me a lot of things about the Word. The most important thing was tithing.

I will share more about people who helped this Fellowship grow in future issues. Thank you to all who support the Fellowship across Canada. Please keep on. Happy New Year.

God's Blessing on you

John FitzHerbert

The Benefits of Giving

By John FitzHerbert



This time we will continue with the promises that God has given to us. *Luke 6:38* – “Give and it will be given to you: good measure pressed down, shaken together, running over, they will pour into your lap. For by your standard of measure it will be measured to you in return.” If you give money to the church or other Godly organizations you probably have an

envelope with this scripture on it. We conclude that just refers to money, this is not right.

Now we will look at other things that have been given and how the Lord rewarded them. 1 Samuel tells us about a man named Elkanah who had two wives named Hannah and Peninnah. Every year they would travel to Shiloh where the temple was to worship and bring sacrifices to the Lord. Peninnah had children but Hannah had none so Peninnah would provoke her bitterly telling her she was no good and useless. This made Hannah weep bitterly. She went to the temple and prayed and wept telling the Lord if He would give her a son that she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life and a razor would never come on his head. This was called a Nazarite vow. People would make that vow to not cut their hair or their beard, drink nothing intoxicating and they would serve the Lord for a certain length of time. Hannah put this on her son for all the days of his life.

The Priest thought she was drunk and told her to put away the wine, but when he found out she was praying and in great need, he blessed her and said may the God of Israel grant your petition. Hannah had a son and named him Samuel. When he was weaned she took him to the temple and that is where he stayed and grew up. He was a prophet and a ruler in Israel all the days of his life. Hannah's reward was three more sons and two daughters.

Now we will go to 1 Kings 17. Elijah was running away from King Ahab because he just told him there would be a drought in Israel and it would not rain. Elijah was fed by the ravens morning and night with bread and meat and he would drink from the brook where he was staying. The drought came and the brook dried up so the Lord told Elijah to go to a city named Zarephath and a widow there would provide for him. When he arrived, he found a woman gathering wood to make a fire. He asked her for a jar of water and when she turned to get it he asked her for a piece of bread as well. She told him she had no bread and only a handful of flour and a little oil. She was going to take that and eat it and then because she had nothing else left her son and she would die of hunger. Elijah told her to make him a bread cake and bring it out to him, then she could make one for herself and her son. Elijah prophesied that the flour bowl would not be exhausted nor shall the jar of oil be empty until the day the Lord sends rain on the earth. She went and did according to the word of Elijah and she, her son and Elijah ate for many days. Later her son became sick and died so Elijah took him to his upper room and laid him on his own bed. Elijah prayed and stretched himself upon the child three times. The Lord heard the voice of Elijah and life

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

returned to the boy. He took the child and gave him back to his mother. Her reward was she got her son who was dead returned alive.

Our next story starts in 2 Kings 6:8. The King of Aram was warring against Israel but every time he planned a move against the King of Israel the King would know about it and would be ready when Aram attacked. The King of Aram thought there must be a spy in his army that was telling Israel all his plans. One of his servants told him it was Elisha the prophet and he even knows what you say in your bedroom. So, the King of Aram sent a great army with horses and chariots and surrounded that city where Elisha was by night. Elisha's servant saw this great army in the morning and cried to Elisha. “What shall we do?” His answer was. “Do not fear for those with us are more than those with them.” The servant's eyes were opened and he saw a mountain full of horses and chariots of fire. When Aram's army came to take Elisha, he prayed to strike them with blindness. The Lord did so according to his word. Elisha led them into Samaria where he asked the Lord to open their eyes again. He did. When the King of Israel saw all the enemy he asked Elijah “Shall I kill them?” He said no but fed them and sent them home. So, the King prepared a great feast for them, and when they had eaten and drank he sent them away and they went to their master. These people came to kill Elisha but he treated them with kindness. What was the reward? The Word says the marauding bands of the Arameans did not come again into the Land of Israel.

Thank God for His Promises. Give and it shall be given to you.



More next time

John FitzHerbert

GREETINGS FROM SASKATCHEWAN



Happy New Year and greetings from Saskatchewan. We are currently in the middle of a deep freeze. We in our house thank God every day for a warm house on these frigid days. This fall saw the Sask. FCC at Agribition once again. We are very grateful for all the volunteers who showed up to work the booth. Please remember to pray for the folks who took tracts or bibles, that they may see their sin and humble themselves before Christ. It is always encouraging with the Christian people who stop in, whether an encouraging word, or a story about Christ working in their lives or community, to hear how God is working in our province. Sometimes you see our culture around us and think "what's going on," but Christ is still drawing a people for Himself. Our booth format, with comfy chairs and free coffee, goes over well. We have lots of people stop to rest, weary from walking, they leave rested and refreshed, usually with a FCC magazine. It really is a great opportunity to share the gospel of Christ with people.

Next on our agenda is our AGM. It is Feb. 1 at the Corman Park log cabin in Saskatoon. It's a great afternoon and evening of fellowshiping, skating, tobogganing, games, etc. I want to give a big shout out to all the guys serving on the board and those who have served. Being so spread out over the province sometimes it's a big commitment to get to things and serve, and these guys always step up, so if you see someone who is serving or has served, say thanks.

1 Thess. 3:11-13 says *"Now may our God and Father Himself and Jesus our Lord direct our way to you; and may the Lord cause you increase and abound in love for one another, and for*

all people, just as we also do for you; so that He may establish your hearts without blame in holiness before our God and Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus with all His saints." These verses are a good reminder for us as things slow down for the winter of what we're here for. We can get so caught up in the summer with all the things to do we forget the big picture. If you're a Christian, you've been shown the love of Christ, in Him, showing mercy to you and saving you from the penalty of your sin. Our response to that mercy is to love those around us, not because they are worthy or lovable, but because Christ loved us when we were not lovable. Take some time and read that verse a few times, let it sink in, love others so that He may establish our hearts without blame before God. I pray that as we go through the winter, that would be at the forefront of our thoughts. Asking ourselves what does it mean to love God and love our neighbour?

Well, in closing we hope to see you at the AGM, or if you can't make that, stop by the booth at the Saskatoon Equine Expo. We will be there Feb. 14,15,16. God Bless.

In Christ
Brian Hunstad
Soli deo Gloria



Alberta Cowboy Church

Teepee Creek Hall

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

Community Cowboy Church

Niton Junction Hall
Every Tuesday - 7:00 pm
Ron Deleeuw
780 728 9088

Mighty Peace Cowboy Church

Eureka Hall
1st and 3rd Tuesday of the Month - 7:00 pm
Ginger Patton 780 834 6551
Blue Hale 780 494 2062

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 Each 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

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

Alberta FCC AGM

January 18 & 19 – 2020

at Ponderosa City, AB

<https://www.ponderosacity.ca/>

Jan 18th – 2:00 AGM

5:00 supper followed by music and fellowship
Jan 19th – Breakfast @9:00 am followed by music
and fellowship

Contact: John FitzHerbert to let us know if you
will be there for supper. 403 652 1377
or Debbie at oldwomanabu@gmail.com

Saskatchewan FCC AGM

Feb 1, 2020, in Saskatoon, Sask.

We will be meeting at the South Corman Park Log
Cabin. Please join us for a good time of
fellowship, potluck supper, games, skating and
tobogganing for the kids.

Contact: Brian Hunstad 306 544 7976
sole.solutions@live.ca

If you have any events in your area please let us
know and we will add it to this page.
oldwomanabu@gmail.com





Chinook Country Corner

The Angel's job is to protect and guide human beings and carrying out tasks on behalf of God.

Psalms 91:11 - For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

I am sitting on the couch looking out of our kitchen window. The cows are all lined up behind the trees and they are facing to the north. The temperature is only minus five but there is a nasty cold wind blowing and they look cold. The cows can tell the weather is going to change. There is a Chinook Arch to the west of us and they are just waiting for those warm winds to blow so they can go back out to the open pasture. The cows know they are more protected from the cold when they are together. They look after each other. This is an instinct for all animals. They know they are stronger as a group than alone.

As people, we do the same. An example of this is the fires burning in Australia. We have Canadian Fire Fighters who have volunteered to go and use their expertise to help. I heard on the news the other night about a lady who is making pouches for the baby kangaroos and koala bears to help them recover from injuries. At Christmas time there was a fellow in Edmonton who collected around five-thousand socks for the homeless people in that city. There are many good stories about people banding together to help each other in times of need.

But what happens when you are alone? Even if you have the support of the church, family, friends, and co-workers we can still be alone. I don't mean just being alone in the house, alone in the car, alone on horseback or alone at work. Those can all be good things. Sometimes we like and need to be alone to get things done, clear our head or just relax. I am talking about being alone in our hearts. That can be a devastating experience leading to depression, anger and loss of dignity. Many people are in a mental prison of despair because they are alone in their hearts.

I was going into Calgary a while ago with my son. We stopped at the gas station and while he was in paying for a pop I was praying to God to send an angel to keep us safe on our way there and back. I don't know why I asked God to send me the same angel who had traveled with me the day before. As soon as those

words came out of my mouth a voice came from the back seat. It said; "It is Oliver." I turned to see if someone was by my vehicle. There was no one and I don't know anyone named Oliver. I said, "Hello Oliver. Thank you, Jesus." Many times, I have felt the presence of an angel. They are there. They are real. But now I know his name. Oliver.

God has sent an angel to protect and guide every one of us, to be with us all the time. We are never alone when we believe in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Love, Light and, Laughter,
Debbie Graham

Angels Among Us

**Oh, I believe there are Angels Among Us,
Sent down to us from somewhere up above.
They come to you and me in our darkest hours
To show us how to live
To teach us how to give
To guide us with a light of love.**

*Written by Becky Hobbs
Performed by "Alabama"*





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Me God and My Guitar

*In the morning when I rise
In the morning when I rise
In the morning when I rise
Give me Jesus*

*Give me Jesus
Give me Jesus*

*You can have all this world
Give me Jesus*

We get the privilege of singing in "lockup" at the hospital next week. It always amazes me and humbles me how these people who can't function on their own, who don't know their own children, can come out of it and sing along with the old gospel songs. So I am trying to get into oldies mode. Later I will lay out an order but for now I'm just rolling from one to the next. Some songs I play and sing, others I pick as the words run through my head (I'm a pretty good picker if there's no one around). I have no idea what I had just finished but somehow as I strum I begin to pick, and as I pick the words begin to run through my head. I'm satisfied with,

Just a cottage below,
A little silver,

And a little gold.....when Someone whispered in my left ear. You don't want much do you.... Just a little silver... Just a little gold... Just how big does the cottage have to be? Then the words to the above song start running through my head. And I'm playing it and it's contemporary! I've heard it once before. There's this young piano player at our church. He comes from the Fenal Islands, and he's here on a "mission". To put music to a film based on the tract "The Story that matters". He's the kind of guy who puts so much into his music that you find yourself liking songs that you don't like just because he's playing them. There's not a lot of words to this song, Verse 1 In the morning when I rise, Verse 2 And when I am alone, Verse 3 When I come to die ...Give me Jesus. As I play along listening to the words as they run through my head I realize that not all the songs I sing match what I believe.

I realize that just because I've been singing something for forty seven years does not mean that it's true. As in this case I have let others lead me with no thought for what I truly believe and what I want my life to stand for. And if I've done this with my music, what about other aspects of my life. The way I make my living, the way I raise my family, the way I serve in my church, the way I serve my God. Everything has to be reassessed. Paul tells us plenty of times that we need to examine ourselves, test ourselves and here I have fallen short. I won't refuse to play songs like Mansion over the Hilltop if asked, but I won't be playing them for my pleasure. That's gone. For me I'm singing "You can have all this world.... Give me Jesus.

Me, God and My Guitar