THE LAND GIVEN TO THE SAINTS
(CANADA)

As I write today it is winter and I am reminded that several years ago through the good graces of Reverend Arch Gardner, Byron Phillips and Anglican Bishop Harold Nutter, Kay and I were invited to speak at a number of churches in the Diocese of New Brunswick. For two Floridians it was a very cold and snowy venture.

One night in Perth after a wonderful meeting in the High School gymnasium, Byron and I contemplated driving across to Newcastle where Kay and Miriam Phillips had been speaking to another Anglican gathering. Because of snow and adverse road conditions, reason prevailed and we drove north the following morning. In the light of day going through some real wilderness, it was surprising to see what a hazardous trip we would have faced the night before.

That day Kay and Miriam drove to Sussex through a real Canadian blizzard, following telephone lines much of the way because the road was totally covered with snow. The girls sang hymns of praise to Jesus all along the way. After that wonderful and successful venture, Kay and I decided that we'd ask our Canadian friends to invite us up when the weather was a bit better. (One of our next trips was to Edmonton and Stettler, Alberta in December with temperatures far below zero)!

Canadians, we find, love the cold weather and snow. They seem to praise the Lord better in below zero weather than when it is warm. They drive many miles across snowy roads to attend meetings while Floridians rarely go to church on Sunday evening if they feel a drop of rain.

So—— you might say that here are two Americans who really love Canada and our great Canadian friends. Whether it be at the Catholic Cathedral in Winnipeg or meeting with the members of Parliament in Ottawa, the sense of friendship and godly love is always there. Under the giant hemlocks of Beswick, Nova Scotia or talking with Newfies disembarking from their fishing boats near Gander, there is a sense of the loving Spirit of God. The doctors and nurses whom we recently met at the FGBM meetings in Saskatoon exhibited a love for Christ and a desire for more of the Holy Spirit than we have seen anywhere. Perhaps the size of today's cities, the speed, the complexity and the daily pressures tend to push the sense of God's presence to the periphery of life. Soon, I guess we'll head back to Fort St. John, BC and north to Wonowon and beyond, to feel truly free for awhile and to get quiet enough to hear what God and His Son are saying to us. Thanks Canada!
One day in the October Sun
Under the bluest sky I ever saw—
The breeze so sweet from God
The sun so warm and full of rays
An eagle glides through the sky;
So very high, So smooth he flies.
I could imagine me on wings sailing,
Or in the deep blue sea all so quiet
Floating on the waters, So far away from all
And close to God in the quiet.

Poem by Lusada Duer
New Albany, Indiana
(Pray for her healing please)