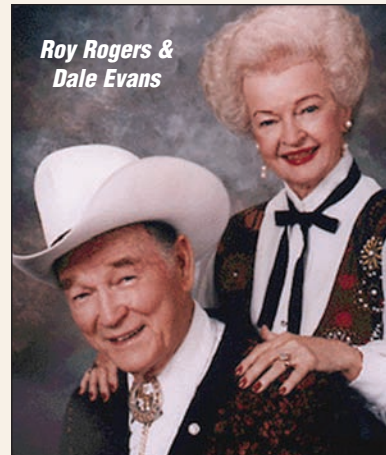


'Let's ride, My friend'

A poem by Roy Rogers

Lord, I reckon I'm not much just by myself,
 I fail to do a lot of things I ought to do.
 But Lord, when trails are steep and passes high,
 Help me ride it straight the whole way through.
 And when in the falling dusk I get that final call,
 I do not care how many flowers they send,
 Above all else, the happiest trail would be
 For YOU to say to me, "Let's ride, My friend!"



Three Miles from the Coffee

The old story is told of a cowboy alone out on the prairie. He lit a small fire in the grass to warm his coffee over and cook his breakfast. A slight breeze came up and he followed the grass fire with his frying pan, cooking the eggs just right and the bacon perfectly crisp.

When they were done, he found himself three miles from his coffee.

Silly? Perhaps, but that's how we often treat God. We get so busy moving along that when we stop to think about Him, we've drifted miles from God.

How far are you from Him today?

Like the cowboy's coffee pot, God has not moved. If you are feeling distant it is not because He has gone somewhere.



'New Joe' Ottom tells his story

By the time I was thirty-four years old, I was the proud owner of a Yellow Cab taxi and well on my way to owning my own home. That was back in 1959.

For several years before, I had been a logger. I had good jobs, but I couldn't save any money because of booze. One day I became so fed up that I called a friend in the taxi business who gave me a job. For the next four years I did very well in the taxi business and should have been very happy, but I wasn't. My drunken life style had gone from the frying pan into the fire.

I had customers who hired me just to drink with them. The more I drank, the more money I made. My life was a nightmare of parties to hangovers.

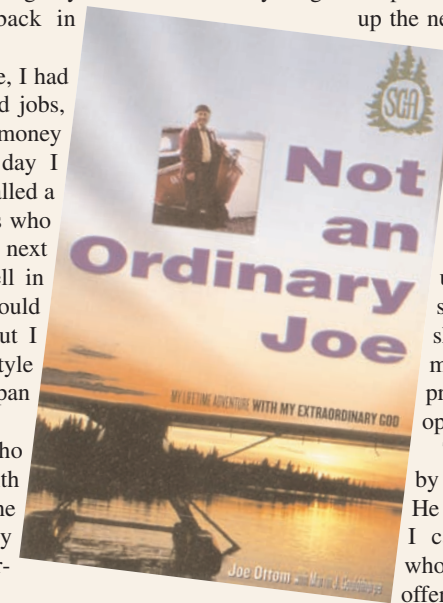
One night my phone rang and it was a religious guy I had worked with five years earlier.

I was horrified. Bert Nickle wanted to come and see me. I thought, "Oh no!" and did everything to keep him away, but he showed up the next day. Bert later told

me that he had argued with God. He knew I didn't want to see him and he hadn't wanted to see me either, but God was urging him, "Just go!" Bert made up his mind he would stay long enough to show me love for 20 minutes. He would not preach to me unless God opened the way.

Twenty minutes went by and Bert was leaving. He was out the door when I called him back. My whole attitude changed, I offered him tea.

I said, "Bert, if there is a God, I think you are one guy that might know Him." I had four questions for him: Does the Bible say there is a hell? Is it literally fire? Is it eternal? AM I going there? His answer was "Yes!" Then he told me that I did not need to go to hell because God loves me and that He is in the world saving people just like me. He soon had



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– Editorial –

In this issue of “The Shantyman” I tell the story of how I got from where I was to where I am today. I think we all have a story about how God moves us along so that we can fulfill the story He has written for our life.

As the DNA directs the way we look physically, I think God has a story He enjoys bringing to pass in our life if we will trust Him with it. Romans 14:7,8 says, “For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord’s.”

Enjoy this new edition of a magazine established in 1923 with the purpose of showing people the pathway to God through Christ.



Sincerely, John Noble, editor



“The Shantyman”

Spring 2010 – 3000 copies printed

www.scainternational.org

In 1907, William Henderson founded the present-day Shantyman Christian Association. This was a group of dedicated evangelists bringing the good news of Jesus Christ to those who were working in the logging camps of northern Ontario. These people lived in isolation in dwellings called shantys. The missionaries were dubbed “Shantymen” by their grateful “congregations” and thus the name of the organization. Today SCA International still works with a staff of about twenty-five in logging and oil camps, prisons, ranching communities, hospital chaplaincy, and personal counseling, but primarily with an emphasis on aboriginal work carried out through four established isolated ministry centres across Canada.

“The Shantyman” is a communications ministry of SCA International. It seeks to inform of God’s unconditional love for all people as expressed through Jesus Christ.

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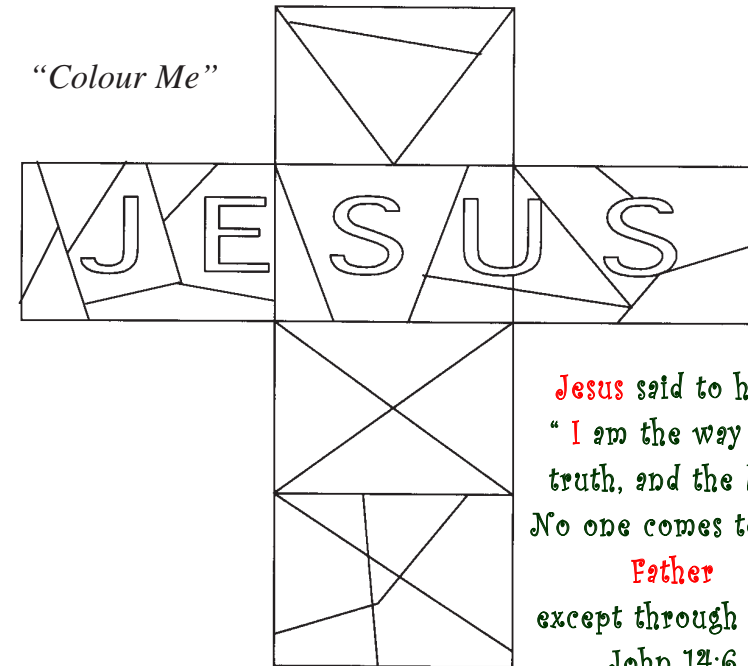
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Opinions expressed in personal experience stories do not necessarily reflect the opinions of “The Shantyman” or of SCA International. Scripture is (unless otherwise stated) taken from “The Holy Bible- King James Version”.



Kid's Page

“Colour Me”



Jesus said to him,
“ I am the way the
truth, and the life.
No one comes to the
Father
except through Me.”
John 14:6

WORD SEARCH

Find these words
vertically,
horizontally,
and diagonally.

- Jesus
- Way
- Truth
- Life
- Father
- God
- Heaven
- Love
- Cross

B	L	R	Z	T	C	F	I	O
P	W	G	O	D	R	V	A	D
N	K	A	C	J	O	U	P	N
U	D	S	Y	E	S	L	T	R
L	I	F	E	S	S	W	O	H
O	C	R	D	U	M	O	B	K
V	Y	T	G	S	H	J	Q	V
E	M	X	H	E	A	V	E	N
A	F	A	T	H	E	R	D	I

Fulfilling God's Plan for Your Life

Bible Study with John Noble



1. The first two disciples Jesus called were _____ and _____. —Matthew 4:18
2. These two brothers were professional _____. —Matthew 4:18
3. Peter began his work as the “first” disciple and with power against unclean _____ and to heal _____. —Matthew 10:1 & 2
4. Peter was so exuberant about Jesus that when he saw Him walking on the water he asked to _____. —Matthew 14:28
5. Upon hearing Peter’s words of faith Jesus stated He would use Peter to build His _____. —Matthew 16:18

So the fisherman became a man of faith upon which God could build something. But the story of Peter was far from over. He was still a fisherman at heart and God needed to make him into a shepherd and a foundation stone for his church. So he had to show Peter what fragile stone he was in his own strength.

6. After taking Peter, James, and John to a high mountain Jesus was _____ before them. —Matthew 17:2
7. Peter’s human commitment to Christ was so great that he promised that he would rather _____ than deny Him. —Matthew 26:35
8. Yet he could not even _____ with Christ for one hour in the time of danger. —Matthew 26:40
9. So when the trial arrived, Peter was hiding and denied Christ _____ times. —Matthew 26:74 & 75

Peter is not even mentioned again in Matthew but in John 20 the story is picked up with Peter as he is running to the empty tomb.

10. Peter went into the tomb and saw the _____ lying on the ground. —John 20:5
11. Peter feels his weakness as he says, “I’m going _____.” —John 21:3
12. The Lord tells Peter to “Feed my _____.” —John 21:17

From then on Peter does provide care for the believers (Acts 1:15 ff). After much growth, Peter fulfills God’s plan for His life. When Jesus changed Peter’s name from Simon to Peter, He was changing it to Petros or “a piece of rock”. Jesus’ plan for Peter was to be a piece of the rock upon which He could build His church. Peter truly fulfilled Jesus’ plan for His life.

Joe Ottom’s story

(Cont. from page 1)

me convinced that if I would go to a church that preached Jesus and would ask Him to meet me and save me, He would! I was about to say yes, but instead I said “No!”

“What has God ever done for me?” Bert asked if God had ever answered a prayer of mine. I was about to answer no, when I remembered that He had healed my mom a thousand miles away when I had desperately prayed at a logging camp. My prayer was “Oh God, if there is a God and I believe You must be, because who could make all the things in this world but You?” My mother was in her death throws and there were six specialists waiting for her to die. She sat up and was completely healed.



On Sunday, April 19, 1959, I parked my car two blocks away and hoped that no one would see me. Then I stomped out my cigarette and the next thing I knew, I was at the door of the church. I said, “Excuse me, are you Pastor Brooks?” He answered “Yes, who are you?” I told him I was Joe Ottom and that I came to meet Jesus and to get saved. Perhaps he was in shock because he started to straighten his tie. He made me go to Sunday school, morning service and invited me to come to the evening evangelistic service. It is hard to believe but I came and after the service, went to his office where I prayed the sinner’s prayer. He told me I was now a Christian and gave me a little booklet “Now That You Believe”. I was totally upset and disgusted for I know I had not met Jesus. Now I was sure that Christians were all phonies. I couldn’t rest all that night or the next day. I had a terrible war going on inside of me. I thought “How could God become a man? How could He die and live again. And surely, He would not do that for me!” I could not escape the answer “Yes, He did!”

I was home alone and began to prepare supper. I remember it was 4:20 p.m. I thought that I must have been brain-washed and was afraid I was losing my mind. “This is not going to happen to me because I am now going to be an evolutionist and atheist. Man and science are the only answers.”

The beautiful cherry tree in full blossom just outside my kitchen window caught my attention. Man and science could do no more than plant a seed in the ground. The seed would be in some dirt and worms. It would die and rot. I said to my self “Look what has come up, the tree, the branches, the leaves, the beautiful blossoms and the juicy fruit of the cherry.”

I had a potato in one hand and a peeler in the other, as I closed my eyes, looked up to heaven, I said “Yes Lord, now I believe!” Wow! Heaven came down and I saw a glorious Light that was beyond description.

In the past I used to curse and swear and take the Lord’s precious name in vain. I used to cry out “Dirty, dying Jesus!” Now God gave me a special revelation and I saw Jesus. He only turned His head toward me and without a word, I got the message. The message was “Yes Joe, I am dirty and dying, with your sins, for you!” I wept and wept with repentance. Then the assurance came, “It’s okay Joe, you are forgiven.”

I was so filled with joy that I started jumping around and praising the Lord. I became a new person in Christ (2 Corinthians 5:17)

I could hardly wait for someone to share my experience with. (Now, over 42 years later, I still have the same excitement and can hardly wait to tell others about Jesus.)

About four hours later my kid brother, Bill, came in with a drunken logger called “Gunny Sack”. The man had a lot of money and a bottle of whiskey. Because Bill drove the night shift in my taxi he wanted me to look after Gunny Sack and his money! I sat them down at the table and shared my experience. Gunny Sack began to cry and Bill was in shock. They both took off. As Bill left he said “Well Joe, I’ll always remember you as you were!” In response to that I said “Bill, you will be remembering a corpse, Old Joe died four hours ago and this is now a New Joe, born

again through faith in Jesus Christ, by the grace of God!" (P.S. I am still jumping and praising and smiling!")

Almost a year later Bert Nickel invited me to go to the Peardonville Mennonite Brethren Church in the Fraser Valley where he previously had been their pastor. Bert was invited to come forward and speak. "Folks, do you remember about a year ago when I told you there was a taxi cab driver in Vancouver that would be saved if we all prayed?" The congregation nodded their heads, others said yes. Next he asked if they remembered how the Order of Service was changed and we prayed for him? Again they replied 'yes'. "Well, I want you to know he is standing with me now and he'll tell you for himself."

Wow! Now I understood how I was whisked by the Spirit to the Tenth Avenue Alliance Church and how I met Jesus.

For days, I walked up and down the street telling God how sorry I was that I had blown

it and wasted my life and how I could never be a missionary.

I think God was saying "Be patient and stand in line and wait." (We are all used to doing that.)

I decided that I would have to be content to always be third in line: Jesus must be first. Others second. My turn will come. ■

Joe Ottom has now passed on after a lifetime of service to his Lord. He founded an Asian Church in Vancouver and accomplished many years of SCA service among British Columbian first nations, fishermen, loggers, miners, seamen, truckers, recluses, and many others.

*Copies of his book are available (\$14.95 including GST and shipping) through his co-author Martin Gouldthorpe
35457 Calgary Avenue
Abbotsford, BC, V3G 1J6
Telephone 1-604-850-9380*

John Noble:

I wanted to be a cowboy

I was a California kid who wanted to be a rancher far more than I wanted to be a preacher.

To my parents, the Christian life was the only way to go. Every Sunday the four of us kids squirmed through the church machinery. The oil for that machinery was old Mrs. Ryan's candy handouts, and the after-dark Sunday night games of hide and seek.

Later, I went to Bible camp, where we encountered mosquitoes, ticks, rattlesnakes, tree swings and spoiled horses. Somehow, through it all, I began to make sense of the Creator's approach to life.

Through interaction with close friends, I began to see life from the viewpoint of a loving God.

I was reading my Bible in earnest. I knew it had answers to many things. I hoped it had



answers for me. I couldn't fully understand what I read, yet I sensed it was true. It finally hit me hard. God loves *me*. Now I knew who I was, at least to God. I had ideas, too, about what I wanted to do. It didn't matter so much any more what everyone else was doing. So in my daily life, I took opportunities to promote "God" wherever I could ... in high school track, basketball, agriculture classes, a

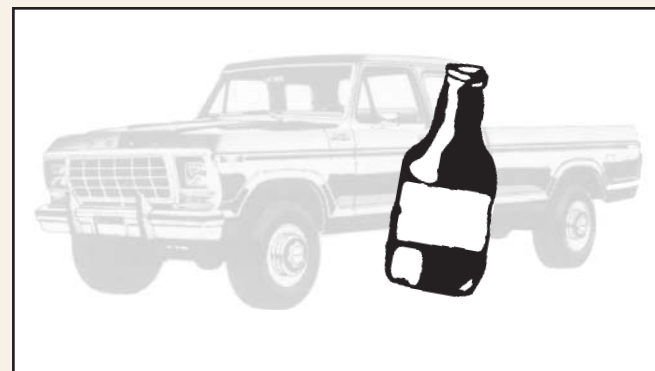
accept Jesus because I had tried everything else in this world. So I accepted Him as my personal Saviour. It was now the end of March of 1985.

From then on, Jesus set me free from jail and alcohol, and I have been on fire for Jesus ever since.

My wife has been totally healed and both of us are now serving the Lord. We have become foster parents of two boys 8 and 9. They also came to the Lord right away.

We live on the Redstone Reserve, and are both working at jobs.

—FRANCIS BILLY, APRIL 6, 1995



After the preceding story was written, Francis studied heavy-duty mechanics, and continued his life of ranching, logging, and trapping – and being a father and husband.

He loved to serve his church and community with his playing and singing.

He entered "the promised land" much sooner than expected – as the result of a heart attack while tending his trap line in 1997.



Many hundreds of his Chilcotin friends said a teary goodbye to this once alcohol-fired yet empty person, who later became a gentle, gifted man, filled with the Spirit of God.

At Francis Billy's funeral in the spring of 1997, the Chief of the Redstone Reserve had this to say:

Francis is one of the few of our people who has died from natural causes. So many of our people die a tragic death because of alcohol.

Several hundred people celebrated this man's testimony of having found life through Jesus Christ after a life of slavery to alcohol.

Francis Billy: My Story



*It was a deadly head-on collision.
My father and mother-in-law were killed instantly.
My wife Adele was critically hurt.
Both her legs were broken; her right arm was broken;
some of her ribs were broken.
They flew her to Vancouver where she was in a coma for
about three weeks. She was in the hospital for four months...*

I couldn't handle it, so I just drank more. My youngest daughter Caroline was in the accident with us. She had sprained both ankles. I had only a hurt neck and a cut on my knee.

I stayed on the street in Williams Lake drinking, not even caring where the kids were. Finally my wife was returned to the Williams Lake hospital.

"Finally, I had to make a choice ..."



So finally I had to make a choice to go into a treatment centre. That was on October 15, 1984.

...

The accident had happened six months earlier. In 1984 we were into heavy drinking. I had lost a good job as a ranch worker and my wife had worked for the school district for eight years.

We moved back home and had to go on unemployment insurance.

On April 24, we went to the fur trader to sell furs. We had four guys in the back of the pick-up truck and five in the cab.

We'd been drinking for a couple of days and all during that day. It was on the way back, close to our home, that we had the head-on collision.

Adele was still on crutches when we went to the treatment centre for five weeks. We graduated, but we did not feel any support, not even from our own reserve. We did not feel peace or acceptance anywhere.

Our own family started blaming us for what had happened in the accident. Seemingly, we could never live with that hurt. We'd searched for love and peace through alcohol and drugs ... and everywhere. I was left thinking, "This is not life at all."

When I finally went to court for the accident, I ended up in jail for 15 months. While there, Adele and Caroline had to go on welfare. That was in January of 1985.

...

On February 17 of 1985, Adele and Caroline turned their lives over to Jesus. They began fasting and praying for me while I was in Hudda Lake correctional camp in Prince George. I, like them, had gone through a hard time.

I thought I was doing good about drinking, but inside I was really hurting. I didn't admit to anyone the pain.

Finally a Christian there in jail started talking to me about Jesus. I was ready to

speech contest. Soon I began to sound like a preacher. Others watched me, and I suppose, wondered what was happening to me. I didn't always know myself! I just knew a "Person" had changed my life.

Finally I decided to go to Bible school. What a blow that was to my Christian life! It was too strict. I couldn't handle it, and I didn't want to be there.

So I went back to the home ranch where I continued working. I worked at a feed mill and store. Again I was involved in church activities.

I wondered if my life would ever change, if I would ever return to that first love, to serving Him from my heart.

Following my interests, I began to ranch seriously with my parents. Cynthia, a ranch girl, and I, were married. We raised cattle in Washington State, trucking them from the mountains of the north to the deserts of the south each winter.

I thought about my life. I had given up a dream to serve the Lord for a second dream

to ranch. I thought if the Lord still wanted me, and I were to get back in the saddle where I had been bucked off before, perhaps I could make it.

Now I was listening. So after sixteen years of drifting, I went back to the spot that beat me before – Bible school. This time when I didn't understand the hard spots, I just hung on.

Once, when riding in the desert, my horse acted up and, impulsively, I swatted his ears. The next thing I knew I was in the sand with the horse on me! I had some time in bed to reflect on that!

I now know when you're riding for the Lord, you have to be patient, or you can be easily thrown. And God has a plan when He puts you through hard-to-understand times.



We now work in the Cariboo-Chilcotin region of the British Columbia interior.

In our 20 years here, I've known the presence of God's Spirit as He has guided us and cared for us.

Our prayer is that others may find the great truth that God loves them, that He is faithful and trustworthy through all our ups and downs. He knows our path, and He will walk it with us. "He cares for you." (1 Peter 5:7b)

How to be a follower of Jesus:

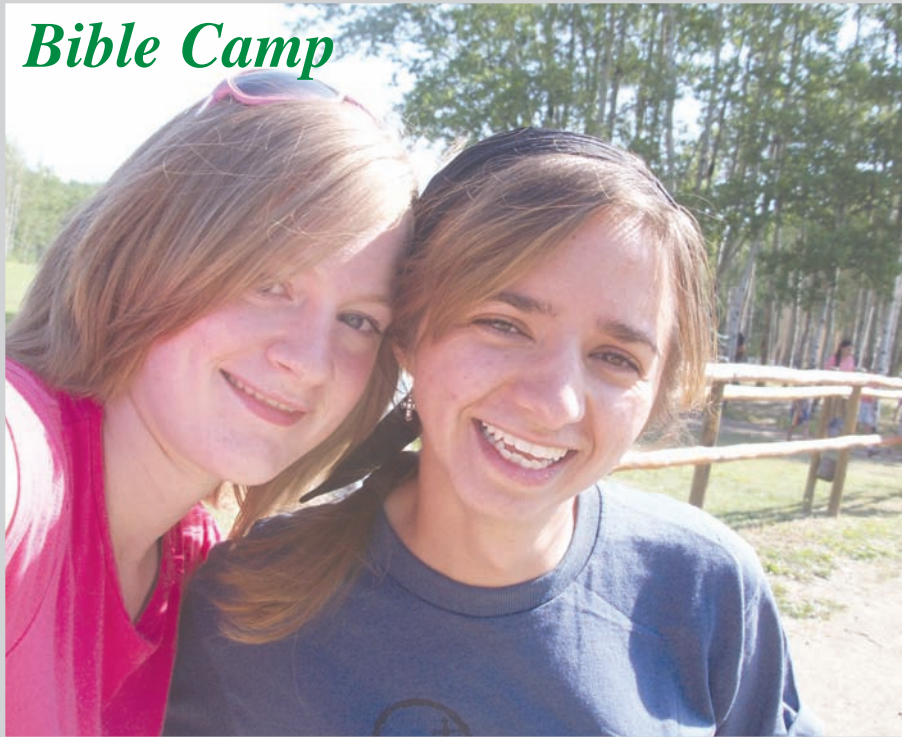
Acknowledge that God loves you, and that you've gone your own way.

Believe that Jesus, God's Son, paid the total price for your sins. "But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:8 NKJV)

Commit your life into His hands. He created you. He will help you live for Him. "... therefore, in view of God's mercy, offer your bodies as living sacrifices ... do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind."

(Romans 12:1&2 NIV)

Bible Camp



SCA Blueberry Ministry Centre & Bible Camp is a year-round centre with our highlight being the summer Bible Camp programs. Consider getting involved as a summer volunteer or sign up for one of our 2010 camps and take in all the action.

Visit www.scainternational.org or call 250-630-2321 to get a staff application or camper registration. We hope to see you this summer.

July 4 - 9	Staff Training Camp
July 11 - 16	Teen Camp
July 18 - 23	Pre Teen 1 Camp
July 25 - 28	Kids 1 Camp
August 1 - 6	Pre Teen 2 Camp
August 8 - 12	Junior Camp
August 15 - 18	Kids 2 Camp
August 22 - 26	Beyond Blueberry Trails Camp

Jared Braun, Director SCA Blueberry Ministry Centre & Bible Camp
Office: 250-630-2321 • Cell: 250-261-3891
Fax: 1-866-778-6805 • www.scainternational.org

PRE-MARITAL COUNSELLING

A hypothetical pre-marital counselling session

“Why are you seeking pre-marital counselling?”

“So we can get some advice.”

“If you’re seeking advice, here’s the best advice we could give you.”

First is this: Living together (“to see if it works” or because “everyone does” or just because it’s easiest) is one of the worst things you can do for the long-term stability of your relationship. Study after study shows that a much higher percentage of those who live together before marriage divorce than do those who wait till marriage to cohabit.

Sex is like the icing on the cake. If you lick off all the icing from your piece of cake, what is left is much less appealing. The same is true in relationships. It is wonderful, and exciting, really to get to know another person, to understand what moves them, to realize the things that mightily irk them and the things that deeply interest them. If all you’re focussed on is where and when you can next hop into bed, these things get missed. And it’s these understandings that build real intimacy.

Real intimacy is immensely valuable. This is what enables you to support each other in the hard times, and truly to rejoice together in the good times. This is what keeps you from drifting apart when the busyness of life, the demands of little children, and the challenges of the job would otherwise overwhelm your relationship.

The courtship period is an ideal time to build this understanding into your lives and relationship. You do not have children to take your attention from one another. You have the tremendous power of attraction to focus you on one another, and on what matters to each other.

Second, it is vitally important to avoid making the kind of jokes that put down both your partner and the whole institution of marriage. How do you feel when someone you care about “jokingly” says their life would be better without you? It makes you feel pretty insecure, doesn’t it? Your partner will have the same feelings. Now is the time to practise building one another up, rather than tearing them down, so that encouragement and support become a lifelong habit.

God’s desire is to bless marriage. When He made the first people, He said, “a man shall

John and Jean Tibbles have been traditional field missionaries with Shantymen Christian Association since 1988. Before joining SCA, John spent many years working in the Canadian prison system.



leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall become one flesh. And the man and his wife were both naked and were not ashamed.” (Genesis 2:23-25). They were together in a physically and emotionally intimate relationship.

*When we work with God,
this is what happens.*