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Temera: 604-831-0268 temera@naim.ca Wylie: 778 808 2986 wylie@naim.ca Three years in Mt. Currie already! It still feels pretty new. Things that have been in storage for decades, like antlers, have finally found a place to hang. I could not have brought about such a delightful conclusion to the many dark years God brought me through. Despite the two months of voracious mosquitos here, I cannot think of a better place to be. We are so grateful. Youth from a First Nations church in Vancouver came out for a day for a tour of the wild horses, to hike a waterfall, and a hotdog roast.

I encountered two people in a week who have demonic influence over their lives. Evil speaks through them. I have not been pursuing an encounter, but the one girl did ask for prayer. It is difficult not to grow weary at times when the seeds you have planted appear to be gone with the birds. Other days you realize that God has those who trust in him embedded in many places.

A funeral was held for the man from the last newsletter with advanced cancer. When I had talked with him he had told me that he didn't think there was any afterlife, just a burial in the ground. I had left him the First Nation version of the Lords prayer in the card. Before he passed, he walked to a group of his friends and told them that it was

the last time they would see him. Then he told them he was going "up there," and motioned to the sky. Apparently, some change of heart and mind had transpired!

And then another funeral of yet another friend that I had sat with in the truck and spoke with of the good news of Christ against the backdrop of the bad news. He had affirmed and given assent to what I was saying.

"The wind blows where it wishes... so it is with everyone born of the spirit."

I had arranged to pick up an aquaintance to give a hand to another man with cancer, but the friend wasn't there. The woman who stays in the living room of the house was there and is sometimes homebound. She practices gratitude and reads her Bible. This home has no running water.



Flies, garbage, and the smell, was piling up all around her in the home. I realized it was a moment for immediate action. Now, this whole week a crew of students will be here at our place to help our community!

I have been flying powered paraglider for over a dozen years. I spied a waterfall from the air. On the ground, I was able to locate it after a few attempts. Building relationships and taking friends out into nature, they are amazed to learn of something in their territory that they did not know about before.

## **Temera's Update**

What happened in the last couple months? Had to look through my calendar to remember. One morning I had 3.5 hours of Zoom meetings; I drank 5 cups of coffee - and still felt tired!

Ashling has a great imagination. She'll dress up for school. One day she wore a white dress with wings. An angel. Wylie explained that angels are messengers from God. Later that day a text informed me that they had to tell Ashling she can't talk about Jesus at school. She was chasing people around saying, "I have to make them believe in Jesus."

This mama cried for a long while and wanted to pick up Ashling from school; I even researched some Christian homeschool options that morning. Students are allowed to talk about Santa, witches, faeries, leprechauns but not Jesus. How does a parent respond? We are building community, investing in the school and loving people. We choose not to enforce the rule they have placed upon her. Her faith and love of Jesus is deep. How will they respond if she continues to talk about her real God that is part of her every day? Stay tuned.

You are gonna see me through. I don't got this but, You got this. Our God is bigger than all our problems. Lines of a song that has been encouraging me to release control.

This past week I taught at three Christian schools about First Nations culture, shared my testimony and encouraged

people to think about missions. Over two days I taught four groups of grade 11 students

about Coast Salish weaving on a loom. Each session I spent 15 minutes sharing my testimony; they really listened! The students were invested in finishing their weaving, several blew me away

with their creativity and ingenuity. Although exhausted, it was also refreshing to spend time with these amazing teenagers.



To support this ministry financially, checks should be made out to NAIM and mailed to the NAIM Office. **Donations should be designated for Project #935**.

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