

Mount Currie Ministry



NAIM OFFICE:

PO Box 220, Stn A
Abbotsford, BC
V2T 6Z6

PO Box 499
Sumas, WA 98295
604-850-3052
office@naim.ca
www.naim.ca

Temera & Wylie:

PO Box 616
Mount Currie, BC
V0N 2K0

Temera: 604-831-0268
temera@naim.ca

Wylie: 778 808 2986
wylie@naim.ca

Wylie's Update

The beat up skateboard went flying out from under him. He walked over to me as I was sitting in my vehicle, and with a tinge of desperation said to me, "I love you man." I told him I loved him too. He replied with even greater desperation, "then let me see it!"

It was just a dream, but from that day I have been more intentional about giving better hugs. That day I also made it my business to make every attempt to reach out on behalf of my friend, a single parent dad with two kids who was being unfairly evicted on short notice. But it was entirely providential that the right connections were made that day and the situation has been saved. I had met the family a year ago, and chose them to be recipients of an incoming donation at Christmas. As conversations and the relationship developed, my friend has come to a tender understanding of repentance and trust in Christ.

My friend A told me he was certain that there was no Creator. Try and get a word in edgewise about it and I was told that I really annoy him. Gave him a hundred bucks when he couldn't access any income. A year went by, then he began telling me how he didn't know how to process the horrors he experienced at boarding schools. He is the only one in his family left standing whose life it did not devastate. I told him that the Creator is angry about the injustice. He listened intently as I told him how I knew, because of what I had read that morning. Christ came in the flesh, and set a child in the midst of them saying, "their angels always see the face of their father in Heaven. Anyone who causes one of these little ones to sin, (or perish v14), it would be better if a millstone were hung around his neck and drowned in the sea. "

My friend K who now trusts in God would have continued living in third world conditions as some do. Through our friendship he gained the courage and trust to approach the band office to ask for help. They are right now laying the groundwork to build him a real home.

One definition of my name, Wylie, is the idea of a meadow flooded full of water. This reminds me of Isaiah 58:11-12. "You will be like a well-watered garden, like a spring whose waters never fail. Your people will rebuild the ancient ruins; you will restore the age-old foundations; you will be called repairer of the breach, restorer of the streets of dwelling." This does fit the calling and task at hand for where we have been placed.

As we are engaging in peoples lives, we often find ourselves with opportunity to share what we have, offer help, and spend on behalf of others as we love people on all levels. Your support helps us go above our own needs, to be a conduit of the love and grace of God. I am grateful for your prayer as I want to convey the whole counsel of God with grace and truth where God would have me. For the help of our friends and for the glory of God.



Temera's Update

Living in the community and, at the same time, being in ministry, is a challenging balancing act! What each day brings is completely unpredictable – and what I plan changes on a whim. Starting each day begins with depending on the Lord.

We had youth coming to dinner and I didn't know if 5, 10 or more would show up. I decided to make spaghetti sauce; that can be frozen if there's lots of leftovers. I baked treats and stocked the fridge with various drinks. Three youth are now on their third can of ice tea ~ the frugal person in me wants to say, "that's enough". Generosity, hospitality and graciousness. Everyone leaves with cupcakes, cookies, candy and drinks. Some of the youth are from large families and live in poverty. Why not let them have all that they want? My goal is to give them a place that they feel safe, loved, welcomed and not judged. One youth is being raised by his great uncle, one has no connection with her dad, one does not really leave her house or socialize with people and another broke up with her boyfriend who then attempted suicide. Lord, help me be a person that shows them grace, love and compassion.

Ashling is now in the English grade 1 class. It was a sleepless night after the first day of school with her in the Immersion class. I was in class that day helping and there were 12 very young 4 year-old students just starting. It would have been a struggle for Ashling to be in a class with all those young children. She was nervous starting in a new class so I spent the week hanging out in the Grade 1 classroom. What a gift to get to know her new classmates, teachers and other parents. One weekend Wylie was gone and I wanted to catch up on some playdates, so I had 5 children from her Immersion class over on a Saturday. We are still loving her friends from the other class but now there are more 6 year olds to get to know. It was so hard to choose between learning to read in English and learning our language.

My mom messaged me that there was a meeting happening in one hour that she and my uncle were going to. It was the investigative team coming to report their findings from a Residential School that many Lil'wat children had gone to. Limited or incomplete records and unmarked or unknown location of graves need piecing together. What a honor to sit in a room of elders. My uncles told stories I had never heard before. Listening, intently, I worked hard to remember all

I could. So many childhood things about my mom and her siblings are unknown to me. At this point my heart grieves too much to write down what they have gone through. At the end an elder prayed in ucwalmicwts and tears started pouring down my cheeks. All the elders understood and were agreeing with what she said. Many times throughout the meeting they spoke in our language. I only know a few words. My mom is one of 12 and all siblings are fluent in the ucwalmicwts. I am one of at least 55 first cousins and we were only taught a few words. In the past my heart has been sad and angry for those that went to residential schools. This time my heart ached for what I lost out on: knowing my language and a deeper understanding of who my people are. One of my goals since moving home has been to learn as much as I can about my family, my people and my culture. Please pray that I will have wisdom as I actively engage in the community.



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.

Donations can also be made online at

www.naim.ca/donate