

Reflections



HILLVIEW BAPTIST CHURCH

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Indominable Faith - by Pastor Norm Bleick



April showers bring May flowers, or so they say. The thrill of spring is not merely the end of winter but the hope that seeds sown will sprout and turn into something beautiful. Gabriele loves edelweiss; I love tomatoes. According to the worldwide web, edelweiss, “is native to the Himalayas and Siberia. These little flowers are naturally found growing in many Alpine countries at high altitudes. Edelweiss is a tough plant that is accustomed to harsh environments: rocky, poor soil, cold temperatures, and high winds. It grows slowly

and will begin flowering in its second year. Second year??? Who has that kind of time?!

Tomatoes on the other hand arrive magically, potted, ready to go. I know this is true because ever since we came to Hillview, tomato plants show up at the church with my name on them. Dete might have something to do with this, and I am grateful. Gardening is easy when you know Mr. Klingbeil.

We like things to be quick and easy, but growth rarely

is. Plants that spring up quickly tend to disappear the same way. Something about shallow roots. Deep roots take time. The same is true for our spiritual lives. Deep faith is the result of years of faithfulness, discipline, and vision. Keeping our eyes on the author and perfecter of our faith (NASB) as it were and as it is, we remember the cross and celebrate the empty tomb. Learning about the character and nature of God compels us to worship, pray, and spend time in the Word.

When we look at the people who demonstrate a profound spiritual maturity we see people who have clung to the rock amidst harsh environments, grown deep roots in challenging soil, endured cold winters with an indominable faith, who stood strong in the face of emotional gale storms. Sometimes it takes adversity to grow, not unlike the edelweiss.

ows and they took Him without a fight on our part. It was like we were all in a trance, unable to move.

They took him to the High Priest’s place, where everything was set up with the religious big wigs for a mock

(Continued on page 4)

Special points of interest:

- MOM QUIZ - PAGE 8
- ACTIVITY PAGE - PAGE 9
- GAMES NIGHT - PAGE 10
- COMMUNITY AND CHURCH EVENTS - PAGE 12

Inside this issue:

YOUR GREY MATTER MATTERS	2
HONOURING MOMS	6
MEMORIES OF HOME	8
LETTERS	10
WHAT WE CANNOT IGNORE	11
BIG BOAT QUESTION	12

The Easy Way Out - by Dale Hufnagel

Itold Jesus, “Even if I must die with you, I will not deny you!” Then in the garden, I slept while He wept. He woke me up to tell me they were coming. Foolish me, I grabbed my little sword and lashed out at the closest and easiest guy before me. He was only a kid who

looked terrified of being there. I didn’t even try for the big guard standing beside the High Priest. Jesus just pushed me aside, told me it was enough, picked up the boy’s ear I had lopped off, and stuck it back on his head as if it had just fallen off on its own. Confused, I stepped back into the shad-

ows and they took Him without a fight on our part. It was like we were all in a trance, unable to move.

They took him to the High Priest’s place, where everything was set up with the religious big wigs for a mock

Something to Think About . . . - by Kurt Redschlag



Don't Check Your Brains at the Door! Or Your Grey Mat- ter Matters!

"God created us in his own image, and one of the noblest features of the divine likeness in us is our capacity to think."

The Bible calls on Christians to think! It demands that we use our minds! It informs us that God-endowed intelligence is part and parcel of a Christian's makeup.

God created us in his own image, and one of the noblest features of the divine likeness in us is our capacity to think. Every person alive has a brain in their head. Our brain is an amazingly complex electrical-chemical marvel, consisting of about three pounds of semi-soft gray matter, but containing billions of cells that are capable of performing an incredible amount of work.

Scientists have estimated that by the age of 70, the brain of a mentally healthy person will have processed over 15 trillion separate pieces of information. And these marvelous minds give us the ability to think, reason, analyze, evaluate, and understand, as well as to

perceive, feel, and will. And if God gifted us with such an amazing faculty, then surely he meant it to be more than something to fill the space under our skull. Indeed, God meant for us to use it. Sadly, there are many Christians who are anti-intellectualism and who downplay the importance of the cerebral, of the mind, with some even seeing it as something evil. But since God created us as rational, thinking beings, how dare we deny this aspect of our humanity? Since God has renewed our "darkened" minds through Jesus Christ, how dare we not use them to, in the words of astronomer Johannes Kepler, "think God's thoughts after him"? While there are many more, let me point out just three aspects of our Christian lives in which our minds need to play an important role:

1. Our minds are intimately involved in our LOVE for God.

Loving God is more than shallow sentiment. Jesus said, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength" (Mark 12:30). I think Jesus added "mind" to the original Hebrew Shema recorded in Deut. 6:5 for a reason. Certainly we are to love God with all our heart and soul and strength, but by adding "mind," Jesus may be stressing that we also need to love God with intellectual understanding, because such thoughtful love has quality and demonstrates right attitudes.

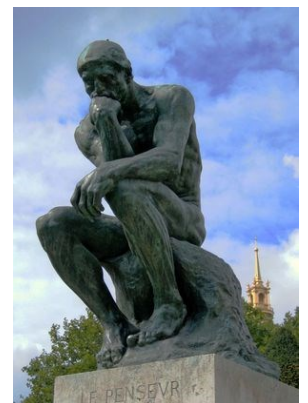
2. Our minds need to be fully engaged in our WORSHIP of God.

We do not need to park our minds at the door when we come into God's house to **worship** him, but rather, we need to exercise them so as to give depth and integrity and balance to our worship. Indeed, worship is more than giving vent to our feelings and emotions. Remember that Jesus said to the Samaritan woman at the well ". . . the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth" (John 4:23). God desires intelligent worship, that is, worship offered by those who have done some thoughtful reflection about, and are willing to respond to, the revealed God they are worshipping. As a German theologian aptly said, "Thinking is also an act of worship."

3. Our minds need to be utilized in our work of EVANGELISM, especially in certain situations.

Paul's mind was fully engaged when he "reasoned" with the Athenian philoso-

(Continued on page 3)



Something to Think About . . .

(Continued from page 2)

phers about the "unknown god" (Acts 17:16-34). Peter told the believers to "Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have" (1 Pet. 3:15). In other words, we should be able to give a reasoned and intelligent explanation for the faith we confess.

The unbelieving world is skeptical about Christianity. It feels it is irrelevant and irrational. The atheist George W. Smith stated, "Christian theism [belief in God] must be rejected by any person with even a shred of respect for reason." 1 But he is wrong. Dead wrong! True Christian faith is not illogical, is not purely mystical, but is consistent with reason and grounded in reality and rooted in verifiable historical events. As the Christian educator, W. Bingham Hunter, expressed it, "Faith is a rational response to the evidence of God's self-revelation in nature, human history, the Scriptures, and God's resurrected Son."²

No, the problem is not with the Christian faith. It is defensible. Our problem is that most Christians have not taken the time to carefully examine and seriously think through their faith, and thus are unable to articulate it intelligently and lovingly so others can understand and accept it. As Dr. D. Martyn Lloyd-Jones, perhaps the most eminent preacher/Bible expositor of the 20th century lamented, "The

whole trouble with a man of little faith is that he does not think." 3 Too many Christians are content with "The Bible says it. I believe it. That settles it." While this is very true, of course, and acceptable in the company of believers, it may not satisfy the skeptics who want a reasoned explanation of what our Christian faith is all about. They want to know why we can trust the Bible. They want to know how Jesus could be both God and man. They want to know what evidence we have for believing in heaven and hell. They want to know what salvation really means. They wonder why a powerful and loving God would allow so much evil. These are the kinds of questions to which unbelievers and skeptics want intelligent and convincing answers from us. How many of the above questions can you clearly answer?

So, does this mean that for us to be able to answer these questions, for us to be able to deal with their objections to the Christian faith, we all need to become profound theologians? Does this mean we need to become another apostle Paul or an Augustine or a Jonathan Edwards or a C.S. Lewis or a Wayne Grudem? Of course not! But what it does mean is that more rank and file Christians, that more of the people sitting in their church pews each Sunday be willing to use their God-endowed minds to diligently study, to carefully examine and to seriously think through their faith so that they can clearly articulate it

to those who ask what the Christian faith is all about. See footnote 4.

To be sure, we cannot "argue" people into the kingdom of God. Ultimately, we must trust the Holy Spirit who opened our eyes and our hearts to open their eyes and hearts as well. But at the same time, we should also have a clear understanding of what the basis of our Christian faith is so we can confront, especially the more skeptical unbelievers, with the reasonableness of the Christian faith that need not offend their intelligence or sensibilities.

Is the Christian faith all a matter of the mind? Absolutely not! When it comes to our Christian life, we walk by faith, we are led by the Holy Spirit. So no, our minds do not replace our faith; they undergird and empower it. Our minds do not overrule the guidance of the Holy Spirit; they provide the Spirit with an avenue through which he can guide and inform us. Our minds do not eliminate our emotions; they keep them in check. To repeat, faith and reason are never set in opposition to one another in Scripture, but are two sides of the same truth. Therefore, let us increasingly become thinking Christians who seriously examine what they believe, and who can make a convincing case for the Christian faith that appeals to both the heart and the mind. I trust for you too, this is something to think about.



1 George H. Smith, **Atheism: The Case Against God** (Amherst: Prometheus Books, 1989), p 51

2 W. Bingham Hunter, **The God Who Hears** (Downers Grove: Inter Varsity Press, 1986), p. 153

3 D. Martyn Lloyd-Jones, **Studies in the Sermon on the Mount** (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1960), II pp. 130

To help you understand your Christian faith more clearly, I would highly recommend you read and study some of the following books:

Know the Truth, by Bruce Milne;

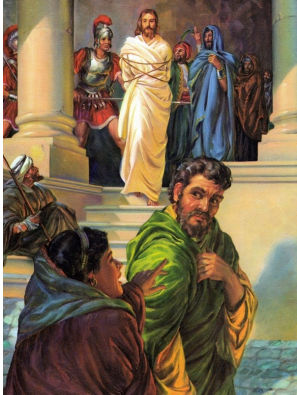
The Case for Faith, by Lee Strobel;

Know What You Believe and Know Why You Believe, by Paul E. Little;

Basic Christianity, by John R.W. Stott.

The Easy Way Out

(Continued from page 1)



Peter denying Jesus

...I FOUND
MYSELF IN
THE MORNING
CURLLED UP
IN AN ALLEY
SHIVERING
FROM
THE COLD.

trial. They had it all rigged. I snuck into the courtyard and watched from a distance, warming myself by the fire with the servants and guards. I was totally bewildered at what was happening to the one we had all thought was the Messiah who would free us from the Romans and re-establish the Davidic Kingdom of Israel.

He answered their questions and accusations without flinching and wavering. He even acknowledged to them exactly what they wanted to hear. He was indeed the Son of God, therefore, God in very essence and being. They cried out in exultation, "Blasphemy!" –They thought they had Him where they wanted Him.

And then... a couple servant girls said to me, "You also were with Jesus the Galilean." A few minutes later, another one accused me as well, as if I were on trial like Jesus. Without thinking twice I denied it and even cursed to prove I was not one of Jesus followers. I slinked into the shadows towards the gate, but another person accused me again and I denied Jesus the third time like a total coward, the big fighter who had lopped off the ear of a servant boy. Then I heard the rooster crow and I turned to see Jesus looking at me! I tell you, Judas took the easy way out of his shame and guilt! I just turned tail and ran. The look I saw, I'll never forget. He knew He was headed to the cross, but instead of re-

proach or disappointment or even shame for what I had done in denying Him, I saw and felt overwhelming love and forgiveness. It was too much. I wanted to take out my sword and kill myself, but I couldn't. Somehow that look kept me from doing it. I wandered for hours in a shameful, guilt-ridden daze, until I found myself in the morning curled up in an alley shivering from the cold. I heard a noise and began to follow the crowd and watched inconspicuously from a distance, again, a despicable coward! To my horror, I watched Jesus collapse under the weight of the cross. Instead of being there myself to help Him, it was a total stranger, Simon of Cyrene, not Simon Bar-Jonah as I was called, that helped Jesus carry the cross.

I watched as they crucified Him and knew that I had already done so by betraying Him. Later, I came to understand how true it was that He had literally died for my sins, but all I could think of was my shame and guilt. Again, instead of me leading the cause to get Jesus' body off the cross and into a tomb, another fellow, Joseph, did the deed. I thought I was the leader, but in the end, I could only watch from a distance as John comforted Mary while Joseph laid the body in a tomb.

Then Jesus rose from the dead and eventually told us to meet Him in Galilee. When we arrived, we did not see Him right a way, so we went fishing. What a waste of time. There were no fish!

As we approached the shore, a man shouted out asking if we had any luck. Hearing that we had none, He told us to throw our net over the right side of our boat. What a catch! Then John said to me, "Peter, He's Jesus!" I do not know why, maybe it was the shame and guilt I still felt, but I just had to get to Jesus. I dove into the water. When I reached Him, I fell at His feet and wept. He looked at me. That same look of the night I had denied Him three shameful times. Then quietly, He asked me if I loved Him. He did that three times. Each time I said that I did. By the third time, I was really wondering where this was leading, but it slowly dawned on me. He was giving me opportunity to confess my love for Him three times. And each time, He invited me to take care of His flock. He had forgiven me. What a relief and sense of cleansing washed over me. I'm so glad I didn't take the easy way out! But Jesus was not finished, He then told me that I would indeed love Him until my death, a death as horrendous as His. But my death would not be because I deserved it. No, it would be because I loved Him and His flock. Indeed, I had not taken the easy way out as Judas had!

Jesus told us to meet Him on a mountain where we had ministered to the crowds several times. As we climbed, we reminisced of the wonders we had experienced with Him, like feeding

(Continued on page 5)

The Easy Way Out

(Continued from page 4)

the thousands. We wondered what was next. He suddenly appeared before us! He looked somehow transformed, almost ethereal. Most of us fell down in awe and worshipped Him. A few of us held back doubting, confused. But then He addressed us in a voice that both haunts us and inspires us, even in our dreams. He said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore, go and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I will be with you always, to the very end of the age."

Jesus met with us again. He told us to stay in Jerusalem until we received a gift from the Father. He explained that we would be baptized with the Holy Spirit in a spiritual sense. Just like John immersed us in the water physically, we would be immersed in the Holy Spirit. We were confused, but terribly excited, wondering what was about to happen. He told us that we would then be His witnesses, first in Jerusalem, then in all of Judea and Samaria, and finally to the ends of the earth. While we pondered His words, He just floated into the clouds and we never saw Him again. I don't know how long we gazed at the spot He disappeared, but suddenly two men dressed in white appeared out of nowhere and said, "Men of Galilee, why do

you stand here looking into the sky? This same Jesus, who has been taken from you into heaven, will come back in the same way you have seen Him go into heaven." We returned to Jerusalem and tried to make sense of what Jesus said,

I became the de facto leader of the group. It was like Jesus had His hand on me and the others just turned to me for leadership—me the coward, the betrayer, the arrogant, the loud mouth.

Then it happened. The morning of the feast of Pentecost, the city was in a frenzy of celebration. Those who had the means came to Jerusalem for this annual feast 50 days after Passover. The crowds were massive. People still talked about what happened to Jesus and wondered what became of us, His followers. There was talk of a possible rebellion against the Romans, and the zealots continued to grow in popularity. We were all together in one place sharing when a sound like a violent wind filled the house. Something like little tongues of fire floated around us and then settled on each of us. We all started speaking in different languages unknown to us. It dawned on us that we were being immersed in the Holy Spirit. He was filling us, He was taking charge of our very being. He was merging with our spirits, souls, minds, and bodies. This is what Jesus had promised. We were beside ourselves in joy and wonder. Yet, we remained puzzled.

At the sound of a violent wind, crowds began swarming around our house. Hearing the cacophony of the different languages emanating from the open windows, they tried to make sense of it all. Some explained things away by scoffing at us and accusing us of being drunk. They knew we were the remnant followers of Jesus. Suddenly, I felt compelled to address the crowds. I found a good vantage point, raised my voice like I remembered Jesus doing and just spoke whatever came to mind. It flowed out of me like a torrent. Everything I said made sense and was supported from the Scriptures. I felt like an old time prophet. No, that is not true. I felt like Jesus was speaking directly through me to the people. These were God-fearing Jews from all over the world. They fell silent and listened intently. Of course, a few sneered and turned away, but many, 3000 in fact, were added to our number that day. I did not have a moment to be nervous or doubt myself. The Holy Spirit took over and He fulfilled what Jesus had given me as my mission.

WE WERE
ALL TOGETHER
IN ONE PLACE
SHARING WHEN
A SOUND LIKE A
VIOLENT WIND
FILLED ...



Jesus forgiving Peter

**"Feed My
lambs!
Feed My
Sheep!"**



HONOURING MOMS ON MOTHERS DAY!

For Joanne Hickman,

Paul says to Timothy that in his prayers for him, he is thankful to God for his sincere faith, a faith that dwelt first in his grandmother and then his mother. (2 Timothy 1:5) Praise God for our mom's!

As I reflect on my own mother's faith, I thank God for our family's parallels to this verse. The confidence both sets of our grandparents had in Jesus was passed to my parents and is now evident in my own children. Both my mother and father grounded my sister and I in the truth of the gospel from birth. Not placing burdens of the law upon us, but in placing the truths and practice of the Old and New Testaments all around us like kindling, ready for the spark of spiritual life given by his Holy Spirit.

My father, as family head, and my mother, his gifted complement, were able to raise us on his income and her ingenuity in the home, both lovingly saturating us in the word and in prayer. As Deuteronomy 6 and Ephesians 6 both compel, we were raised with the discipline and instruction of the Lord surrounding us like air, as we would walk or sit, lie down or rise, the fulness of the gospel touched every part of our daily life. And my mother's quiet diligence, dedicated service and care filled hands shaped our experience of God's grace, a grace translated practically in her abundant quantity and quality of time close to us.

God has placed parents as the primary instructors of their children (regardless of where they attend school) and mother's carry much of the daily weight of this formation. The Greek of Titus 2 in its basic form says, the older members of the family (whether church or biological) are to 'put feet' to (teach in v3) the teaching (v1) of the Elders. Discipling the next generation in the gospel, walking with them and training them in practice and love of God's word.

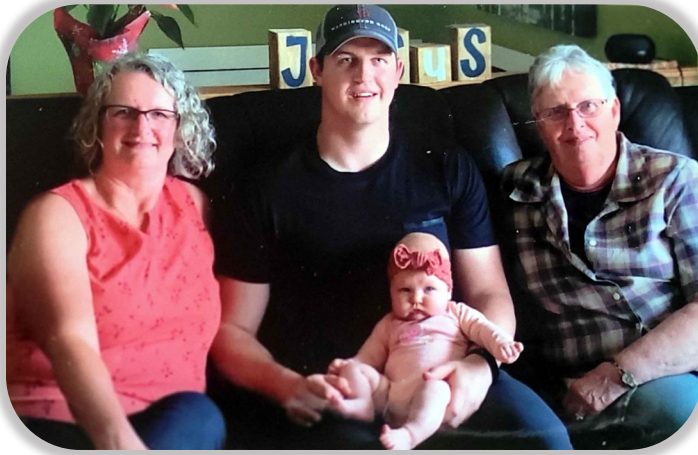
In this season, I thank God for the faith of my mother, passed down to me through her faithful discipleship, discipline and prayer, and all for the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Leighton Hickman

Leighton is Associate Pastor at Rose City Baptist Church in Camrose, Alberta. Obviously a preacher type person. Ed



HONOURING MOMS (CONT.)



For Barb Hubscher

Most of you reading this know Barb Hubscher as the lovely lady in the library. But Barb Hubscher is much more than that to me. She is my mom, my mentor, my cheerleader and my best friend. She taught me how to cook and clean and craft and care for others more than myself. She taught me how to rely on Christ, others and myself. When to dig in and stand strong and when to let go and let God. I am the woman I am today due to her loving heart and her knees bent before her loving God.

Corrinne Knop (nee Hubscher)

Picture (left to right) - Corinne, her son Daniel, Barb and granddaughter Ryleigh

For Joy Holmes - two contributions

On May 12, we celebrate our mother's, those beautiful women who brought us into the world, raised us and released us to live our own lives. I am so grateful to my mother who focused so much of her life around my brother and I while we were growing up. She made many sacrifices for our happiness. Some sacrifices felt large, like time to herself, while others felt small like extra money for expensive clothes. I have always appreciated these incredible gifts. Now that I am an adult, my mom is my closest friend. I get to talk to her every week, and I get to support her through some of her more difficult days, even as she continues to support me through mine. She is still the first person to hear about my rough days and the first to rejoice with me on the good ones. She knows all my secrets and all my joys. I don't live near her anymore, so spending time with her is even more precious than it was when I was a child. It makes me even more grateful for our relationship. I Love you, Mom.

Meredith Wiersma (nee Holmes)

Every year we are asked to think about our mom's and what they mean to us.

"Mothers Day is coming, why is your mom special? What has she done for you? What is the best part of your mom?" MOM MOM MOM!!!" I think that the fact that having to answer these questions each year never gets old is a testament to the fact that, yeah, our moms can be wonderful.

This year, more than others though, I think about how lucky I am to have a great mom. I have too often seen the hardship that children go through when their mom is not there for them, or worse, actively sabotaging them, whether they realize it or not. Why was I fortunate enough to have a mom that put me first every day, a mom that made sure I had what I needed, and a mom that listened to the good and bad that I went through?

The easy answer is God helped with that, but that does not give enough credit to a woman that put in the work of being the best mother she could be. Whether that is coming to hockey games to cheer me on (She still does that even though I am 31 now), or talking me through any problems I might be facing with life, or letting me vent about work. She has never stopped being a mom even though I have grown up, and I could not be more thankful for her.

My mother is the perfect embodiment of love, and the perfect model of care. I can only try my best to emulate everything she has shown me over the years to make her proud.

Mark Holmes

Not to question my son, but those last two sentences are almost too flawless. I am suspicious that my son cheated and used some fancy sort of secret teacher program to write this. Nevertheless, I am sure the sentiments expressed by these children accurately reflect what most of us feel about our moms. Ed

Reflections



Quiz on Moms - Biblical Challenge

1. Who was the "mother of all living"?
2. What mother "lent her child to the Lord"?
3. What mother urged her daughter to ask for a man's head?
4. What mother asked Jesus if her two sons could sit on His right and left hand in His kingdom?
5. What mother helped her son deceive his father?
6. What mother served as a paid nurse for her baby son?
7. What 90-year-old woman became a mother?
8. What mother arranged for her son to marry an Egyptian girl?

In biblical times, being without a child was a great misfortune. Sarah, at age 90, was the oldest woman in the Bible to bear a child. She is also the woman most often mentioned (56 times).

Answers are within the newsletter, somewhere! Ed.

Memories of Home and Mom - by Ardath Effa

WE OFTEN
HEARD THE
EERIE HOWL OF
COYOTES IN OUR
FIELD WAITING
FOR AN
OPPORTUNITY
TO PERHAPS ...



A year and a half ago, my family travelled to my home town of Trochu, Alberta, for the burial service for my husband. After this time of final, sad goodbyes, we drove the 3 miles to visit the farm where I grew up. The present owner was very kind and showed us around. Great-grandson, James, just 5 years old, looked around and asked the lady, "Where are the chickens?" She said she didn't like chickens so they didn't have any.

Our farm had chickens that gave us wonderful eggs and an occasional chicken dinner. I remember picking up the crate of baby chicks that came on the train to reside in our chicken coop. The first thing mom would do after getting them home was to dip their beaks into fresh water to refresh them after their long train ride. Turkeys strolled all over and sometimes strayed far from home but always returned for their evening meal. Our dogs, Rex and Sport, alerted us when

someone came into the yard and acted as guardians and companions for my brother and me whenever we were outside. Cats kept the mice population down and would always sit nearby when we were milking the cows to wait for us to send them a squirt of milk. Cows gave us fresh milk and provided my mom's income - the weekly cream cheque! We had a horse that took us to school and home again each day, pulling the buggy or sleigh. Pigs were good at recycling our food scraps and provided a good pork or ham roast from time to time. Ducks and geese often gave us pleasure as they soared over our heads and then landed in the creek that ran through our pasture.

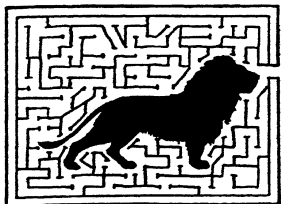
There were some unwelcome animals, especially the skunks who would come searching for a chicken and then leave their odor behind to let us know they were there! I remember my dad having to sit down with pliers

in one hand and our dog's head in the other and start pulling out the porcupine quills the dog had received as a result of biting this unwelcome visitor. We often heard the eerie howl of coyotes in our field waiting for an opportunity to perhaps steal a chicken. Gophers were plentiful and made holes in our fields that were a detriment to crop growth. My brother and I were paid 2 cents a gopher tail for each one we caught.

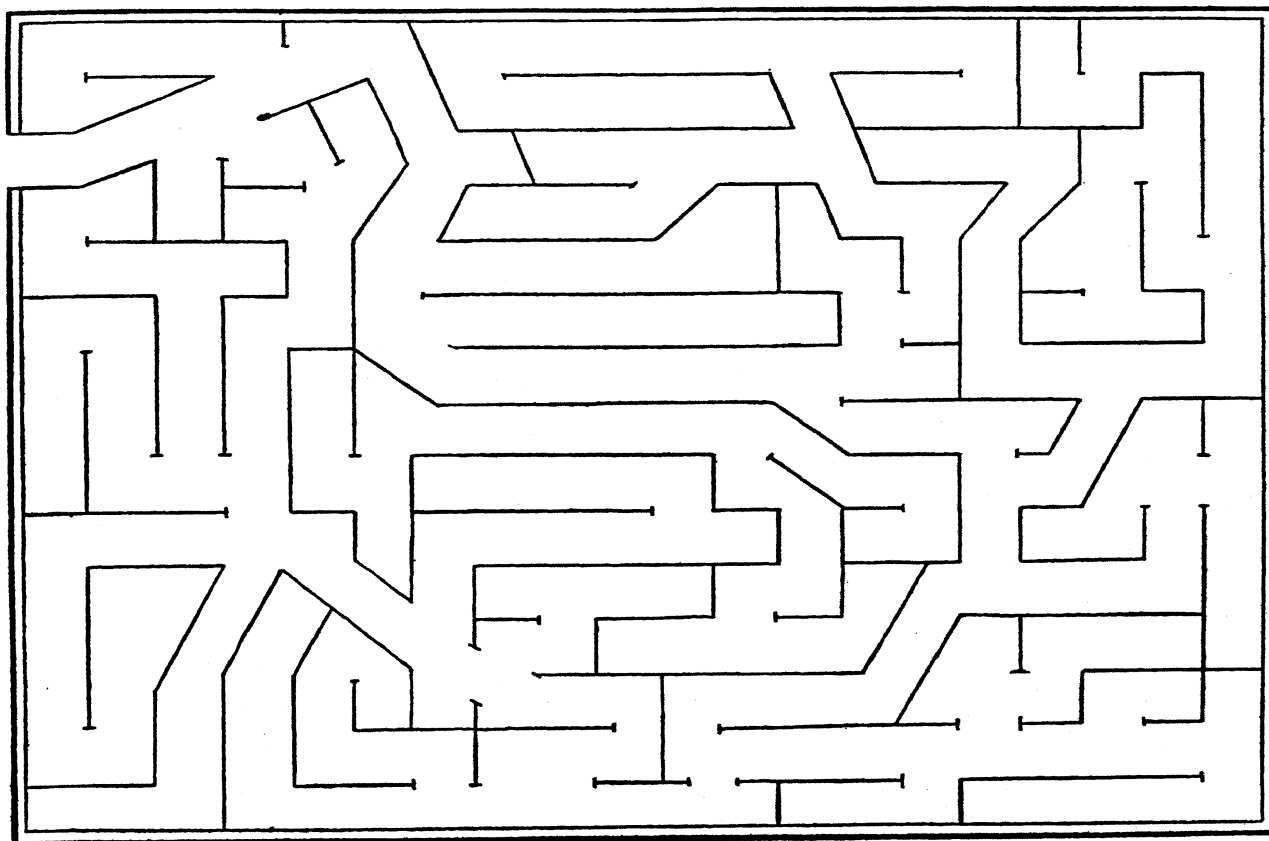
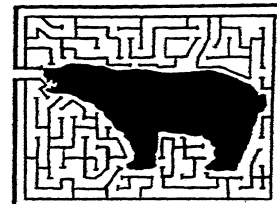
My dad ran the farming operation but it was my mother who was a special friend to all of our farm animals, especially the turkeys. They would follow her all over the yard when she was outside. She probably sneaked them some special treats occasionally to entice them.

Mom made everyone and everything feel special, even the farm animals. Thanks, Mom!!

A Maze Puzzle



Granny's old grey goose is lost,
Please come and help her find it,
You'll have to look within this maze,
I'm sure you will not mind it.



To travel the maze, enter at the gate with your pencil. The puzzling part is to find the right path. It will bring you out at your starting point and will also find Granny's goose. You must not cross a line, not even your own pencil line. At first, make your lines lightly, so you can erase if you must.

When you have found the right path, make your pencil line heavier and fill in the outline with pencil or crayon. This will make Granny's goose stand out clearly in solid colour like the lion and bear at the top of the page.

Letters to the Editor



Or



Hi Bill.

As you know I help out at Hillview School with the reading program. However I help students with Math. Well, today I was waiting for my assigned student and came across this book in the library, which fascinated me with some trivia. This sparked an idea that perhaps, once in awhile, in our newsletter we should have some trivia facts...so here I am submitting my first trivia fact.

HOW MUCH DOES YOUR HEAD WEIGH?

The average HUMAN HEAD weighs about 7.5% of a person's body weight. So if you weigh about 40 Kilos, your head weighs around 3 kilos. If you are a 90 kilogram person, your head weighs about 6.75 kilos. There's a lot in there to make up that mass. Your head has 22 bones-the cranium, which protects the brain, has eight bones; and the face, fourteen. So when

you get tired of holding your head up high, you know why. It's Heavy!

We could call our tidbit in the Newsletter THE TRIVIA CORNER.
Rick deLeeuw

Rick, thanks for the insight on heads. Some related trivia. Did you know on a ship the "head" is the bathroom. Yes, we can have a trivia corner - just need people to provide the trivia. Ed



The evidence - the pilfered dish rag!

Dear Editor,

Don't know why I am writing you about this but I was convicted by a dish rag.

The kitchen teams at Hillview ensure that all the T-Towels, dish rags, etc. are

taken home and washed after each event. Doing my part for the team, I took the laundry home and washed it and brought it back. A few weeks later, as I was going through my own T-Towels at home, I came across one of Hillview's dish rags in my T-towel drawer. Not thinking too much about it, I threw it back in the drawer thinking, who is going to miss an old, used dish rag. Boy was I wrong. That night, as I lay in my bed, that dish rag came to haunt me, reminding me it wasn't mine and it needed

to go back. I actually got out of bed, took the dish rag out of the drawer and put it by my car keys so I wouldn't forget to return it when I went to prayer meeting in the morning. Back to bed I went and now I could sleep.

But first, I had to thank the Lord that He cares enough about my soul to convict me of an old dish rag. Thank you Jesus
Gloria Swain

I hear confession is good for the soul. Nice to know it helps soothe the guilty. Ed



What We Cannot Ignore - by Mary Anne Dietrich

I have, for my entire adult life, abhorred abortion but I have done little to battle it, save for voicing my indignation and posting Pro-Life memes on Facebook.

Recently an invitation arrived in my email, to attend a conference hosted by March for Life and Edmonton Pro-Life. It was as if God was saying, "here is your opportunity to put your words into action".

The conference was attended by representatives of several programs/ministries whose mission is to stop the murder of innocent lives. I have provided a list of these groups at the end of this article.

The key speaker was Mark Mallet, cohost of the "Count Down to the Kingdom" podcast, writer, singer/song writer and journalist. He emphasized the importance of mature Christians mentoring the young and the need for providing them stability in the storms of current culture. He spoke about several very concerning issues, including late term abortion, world population control, medical experimentation and designer diseases. He concluded by saying that these things may not mean the end of the world is imminent, but that they are definitely labour pains (Mark 13:8) and that while we should not be afraid, we should be watchful.

The second speaker, Jeff Owen, representative of the Canadian Centre for Bio-Ethical Reform, presented an hour long workshop on practicing compelling and compassionate pro-life conversations. He explained that to be effective advocates for a pro-life position we need to exhibit -

conversations, how to address pro-choice justifications, and how to meet people where they are.

- **Wisdom** - learn through experience when and how best to reach those we speak to. How to use common ground, analogies and questions to

lessly murdered and would not stand by and allow it. We must have the same commitment to protect the unborn.

The following resources will help you better understand the issue and how to address it.



- **Character** - demonstrate respect and compassion .
- **Love** - genuinely seek to understand but provide a different perspective.
- **Knowledge** - provide accurate information concerning the abortion issue, both scientifically and philosophically. Learn about the issue, how to have effective

provoke thought and to continue the conversation.

As Christians we are called to be salt and light in this world. Unlike the priest and the Levite, in the Good Samaritan parable, we cannot turn a blind eye to those in need. We would be enraged if small children were sense-

Books

Stuck: Complete Guide to Answering Tough Questions about Abortion. Justin Van-Manen
The Case for Life by Scott Klusendorf

Podcasts

The Pro-life Guys
Case for Life
Think Biblically - episode 308

The following ministries provide opportunities for service through financial donation, volunteering, and advocacy.

Canadian Centre for Bio-Ethical Reform
www.endthekilling.ca

ALIES Alberta Life Issues Educational Society (Back Porch). www.alies.ca

The Wilberforce Project.ca

Alberta March for Life Association.
albertamarchforlife@gmail.com

Edmonton Pro-life. Edmontonprolife.org

Living, Growing, Reaching, Growing

HILLVIEW BAPTIST CHURCH

253 Woodvale Road West
Edmonton, Alberta
T6L 1E5

Phone: 780-461-5393
Email: office@hillviewchurch.ca
Website: hillviewchurch.ca

Here are some local outreach and community focused events being planned by the missions committee

May - outdoor fire-pit small event might be in the works

Ongoing - parking lot Coffee Outreach

May 25 - Big Bin Event

June - 1 - Ladies Tea - the Social Committee is also involved

July - Prairie Fun Days

Other activities being considered -

- Movie nights
- Games nights

On behalf of Hillview Church, we would like to send a big thanks to Mill Woods Senior's Association (MWSA) who donated boxes of articles of clothing for the Hillview Care Closet after their rummage sale on April 21. Special thanks to Karen, Bernice and Claire of the MWSA.

Jo Legaspi

Answers to Mothers Quiz:

1. Eve (Gen 3:20)
2. Hannah (1 Sam. 1:22, 28)
3. Herodias (Matt. 14:6-8)
4. Zebadee's wife (Matt. 20:20, 21)
5. Rebekah (Gen. 27:6-19)
6. Jochebed (Exod. 2:1-9; 6:20)
7. Sarah (Gen. 17:15-17)
8. Hagar (Gen. 21:17, 21)

Genesis Question

Wayne, how big was the Ark?

The Ark was 300 cubits (at least 450 feet), by fifty cubits (75 feet) by 30 cubits (45 feet) a cubit is thought to be between 18 to 22 inches. The Ark could hold 522 railroad box cars, allowing for eight animals per box car, you would have half the Ark for the humans and for the food and water.

Remembering that we are talking about animals that would not be capable of reproduction, but would enter puberty such that their first offspring would come following debarkation. Also, larger animals (e.g. elephants) would be significantly smaller at embarkation and departure than at full maturity.

If you have questions on evolution, creation or Genesis, please submit them either to Wayne Baker or to me. When it comes to these topics Wayne has done extensive and detailed research and I am positive he will try to answer any and all questions you may have from a Biblical perspective. Ed

