

The Last Word

Do it for Yourself

by LYNNE BADGER

I read recently that "Golf is great exercise if you run after the ball." The statement was made "tongue in cheek" referring to the fact that golf does not require as much strenuous exercise as *running* the length of the golf course. It is, however, very good exercise because it involves walking, and walking is good for you. You must walk further than you run to achieve the same affect on your fitness level but many people find walking a much more enjoyable pastime than running.

Quite often it takes a competition or a challenge for someone to try something different. The challenge has been issued by the North Shore Recreation Directors who care about your leisure time and your well-being. They have organized a competition to see which North Shore Community are the best "Participants." They invite you to walk, run, cycle, push a stroller, walk a dog, skip, etc. over a short distance on May 14 from 7 to 9 p.m.

You don't have to start at a certain time, cover the course in a

certain time, just leave the armchair in front of the television and get some much needed fresh air and exercise.

No matter how fit and healthy you are the evening out will do everyone good. You might even meet a neighbour whom you haven't seen all winter because the snow was too deep on the path between your back doors.

In years past it has been the young people who have participated in the walk in Terrace Bay

while in communities such as Longlac age is not a factor for participation. It is time for a change.

Mark the date on your calendar and make arrangements to go with a friend, your spouse, or your children. Do you know someone who doesn't get out much? Invite them along. Perhaps you know someone in a wheelchair who might like to be pushed. Suggest they come along.

If you don't do it for yourself, do it for your community, be it Schreiber, Rossport or Terrace Bay. Show the rest of the communities that you are number one.

You have been challenged. Don't take it sitting down. Stand up and walk, run, cycle, or whatever for yourself and for your community. **Participate.**

Happy Mother's Day to Mom L., Mom B., Grandma H. and June! (Lindsay).

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Anchor

The Devil's Deception

by REV. B.M. FELLINGER

It has come to my attention that there may be a number of people in these towns involved in occult practices. Whether you are involved in witchcraft, Satanism, Dungeons and Dragons, E.S.P. or Ouija Boards you are in great danger. Whether you are just playing at these things or you are deadly serious about your involvement, you are being very foolish and placing the welfare of your eternal souls in jeopardy. You are trifling with forces you cannot even begin to understand.

That is why God, throughout His Holy Word, strictly denounces and forbids such practices: Deuteronomy 18:10-12: "There shall not be found among you anyone who makes his son or his daughter pass through the fire, one who uses divination, one who practices witchcraft, or one who interprets omens, or a sorcerer, or one who casts a spell, or a medium or a spiritist, or one who calls up the dead. For whoever does these things is detestable to the Lord; and because of these detestable things the Lord your God will drive them out before you. Leviticus 19:31, 20:27, and II Chronicles 33:6 are just a few of the many other warnings in the Bible. God did not forbid these practices simply to be strict. Rather, He issued these commands to protect people from the demonic influences that are behind these practices.

Whatever "power" you might think you have through your involvement is demonic and if you think otherwise you have been deceived. Satan is, after all, the Master Deceiver - The Father of Lies, as Jesus called him. And if you think all this is so much hogwash, you too are deceived. C.S. Lewis probably said it best when he wrote that Satan's greatest lie is to convince the world he doesn't exist. Jesus dealt with demons as being very real when He walked the earth. To doubt their existence is to call Jesus a liar, or even worse, a fool.

He was not, as some would suggest, catering to people's superstitions when He spoke of demons. Jesus was not dishonest. He was and is the embodiment of Truth. If there had been no difference between a sick person and a supposed demon-possessed person Jesus would have made that very clear. He always dispelled ignorance, especially superstitious ignorance. But that was not the case. The Son of God always dealt with sickness as sickness and demons as people who really did have demons inhabiting them. The further revelation of the New Testament teaches that there is a spiritual warfare between God and the kingdom of darkness constantly being waged for the souls of men and women. "For we do not wrestle

against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual wickedness in the heavenly places." Ephesians 6:12.

Don't be deceived. There is no such thing as "good magic" and "bad magic." It all has one source, and that source is not the holy spirit of God. God's Spirit is holy. These things are unholy. To be involved in these practices is to be against Christ and all that He and His Kingdom stand for.

If you are looking for power-true power that power is found in Christ and His life-changing Gospel. All other "powers" are counterfeits, and though they may seem good on the surface, they will not save your soul from Hell. Only Christ can do that. I can speak out this strongly because I was involved in the occult before I became a Christian. I know the reality of its powers, but I am also aware of the immense dangers inherent in it. As a Christian I also know that Jesus Christ; His Name and His shed blood which defeated Satan at the Cross and redeemed my soul, are more powerful than any Satanic counterfeit. Colossians 2:15 says that Jesus disarmed principalities and powers and made a public spectacle of them, triumphing over them in it." To Christians I John 4:4 says, "greater is He (Jesus) that is in you, than he (the Devil) that is in the world."

If you are playing around with the occult I would like to leave you with a warning and a challenge:

A warning, that if you do not repent and forsake this sin, and turn to Christ as your Saviour and Lord, you are doomed to a horrible eternity separated from God. "But for the cowardly and unbelieving and abominable and murderers and immoral persons and sorcerers and idolators and all liars, their part will be in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Revelation 21:8. Our church will be praying that your bondage to the occult will be broken and that you will turn to Christ.

A challenge: we are praying for the complete breakup of any occult bondage in this town.

You will see that the power of Christ is greater. I challenge you to examine the claims of Christ, examine the New Testament, and see if it does not bear out what I say. And I challenge you to go one step further. Come to church and see Christ minister through the power of His Holy Spirit. You will realize that the power of God is greater than any occult satanic counterfeit. You need to know "what is the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, according to the working of His mighty power which He worked in Christ when He raised Him from the dead and set Him at His right hand in the heavenly places, far above all satanic forces and every name that is named, not only in this age but also in that which is to come. And He has put all things under His feet, and give Him to be head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fullness of Him who fills all."

Ephesians 1:19-23.

Arthur Black

Here's to the nurses



Ain't Life wonderful? One moment you're strolling down the street whistling, speculating about the Oilers and the Stanley Cup ... then Fate shuffles the deck and deals a new hand.

The next moment you're on a stretcher wearing a drafty little blue cotton smock that ties at the back, looking up at a stranger in a brown suit who's telling you that they're going to perform an abdominal laparotomy.

Using your abdomen. Happened to me a while back. Two days after April Fool's Day, to be precise. I'd limped into the Emergency Ward of St. Joseph's Hospital with what I thought was a particularly vicious strain of 'Flu. A couple of hours and several dozen tests later, they were laparotomizing my abdomen (down on the farm we called it slitting bellies) — to see what the real problem was. Turned out to

be my appendix. Or rather my ex-appendix. Several hours earlier, the little beggar had puffed up like a party balloon and burst, scattering unsavoury glop all over my unsuspecting innards.

The operation was swift, painless and totally forgettable — mainly because they cold-cocked me with a shot of sodium pentathol before they brought out the knives. I don't remember a thing about the Operating Room.

The Recovery. That I remember.

I remember the morphine shots. Normally I break out in a cold sweat at the sight of a hypodermic, but I positively sang for those morphine shots. Matter of fact, if the nurses were two or three minutes late, I rang for them and reminded them through clenched teeth that it was time for my morphine shot. Now! The medics saw an unhealthy pattern

developing and wisely weaned me from morphine onto something less spectacular, not to mention less addictive.

Nothing more depressing than a junkie with an appendix scar.

I remember the hospital food, of course, but I'm not going to make any jokes about hospital food. I don't think we should blame hospitals for what they serve. I have a theory that there's this monstrous government program that turns out chefs with menus under their arms exclusively for hospitals, airlines and school cafeterias. I figure that the Institutions have to take the government cooks or they lose their grants.

There are plenty of unpleasant things about recovering in a hospital. Tubes up your nose. Intravenous needles in the arms. Enemas. The annoyance of lying in one position for so long your

bum goes numb — and not having enough muscle control to shift to another position.

Lots of crummy things to dwell on in the hospital, but I remember one overpoweringly pleasant thing, too.

The nurses.

I must have dealt with 20 to 25 nurses during the three weeks I was in St. Joe's, and none of them — not one! — was ever less than cheerful, helpful, competent and compassionate. And I'm not talking about mere bedside manners here. These nurses had to help a 200-pound cripple into and out of bed. They had to change his dressings, wash him, feed him — and listen to his tiresome litany of aches and pains.

Which would be burden enough if said human millstone was the only patient they had to endure, but there were others. A biker in the next room had left a

good percentage of his body skin on the pavement of the Trans Canada highway after being clipped by a car. A lady three doors down died the second night I was there.

Your average nurse deals with more pain, sadness and simple horror in a single eight-hour shift than the rest of us have to face in a decade. And somehow they do it without going to pieces, without blowing their cool.

... And without a helluva lot of recognition — financial or otherwise.

As an experience, I don't recommend a ruptured appendix to anyone. But mine had a high side to it — I got to meet a whole flock of ladies in white I otherwise would have missed.

Sisters of Mercy, they've been called. God bless them.