

Filling In . . .

Thinking of Winter



With Terrace Bay and the rest of the people of the North Shore getting ready to turn over the gardens and put away the lawn chair for another

year, we here at the paper thought it would be nice to extend a welcome to each and everyone of you to come and visit. This winter

when you have nothing to do and the snow is too deep to stroll down the beach, why not drop down to the "dungeon" and visit. We will give

you a free coffee and you give us a great community story, and you can say "Hi to our friends", you saw one of them last week in the paper getting the smarts by reading The Terrace Bay Schreiber News. So what do you say, come

by, maybe you have an old family recipe that you would like to see in print or a pattern for a sweater that will take someone like me, ten months to make, and before we know it, summer will be here again and I will have my

sweater finished and you will have given to a worthwhile cause, the survival of the community paper. So put on your old thinking caps and we will be waiting here (we are "Always" here) for you, come December when the snow starts to

fly. And remember this when you are heading south to Toronto on Highway 17 there is some sort of spirit in the air or ground just this side of North Bay, just ask me; I will tell you. "I ain't afraid of no Ghost."

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario. P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.

MANAGING EDITOR..... Lynne Badger BPHE
ADVERTISING SALES..... Vivian Ludington
ADVERTISING SALES..... Sandy Scollard
PRODUCTION MANAGER..... Mary Melo



DEADLINE: Friday NOON
Subscription rates: \$12.00 per annum (local); \$18.00 per annum (out-of-town). Second Class Mail Registration No. 0867.



Anchor

No Final Farewell

by rev. barry m. fellinger

As the time for His crucifixion drew close at hand, Jesus spoke words of comfort and reassurance to His friends. "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God; trust also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am. (John 14:1-3)." As believers in Christ we hold onto that promise and look forward to the day when we shall be with our Lord; fellowshiping with Jesus through the ages of eternity.

The disciples did not even have to wait that long however. That glad resurrection morning was just around the corner, when they discovered to their joy that

Jesus had indeed conquered death and the grave. Their hope then was to have Jesus remain with them and set up His Messianic kingdom; "Lord, are you at this time going to restore the kingdom to Israel?" But again Jesus' plans were different from men's expectations. "It is not for you to know the times or dates the Father has set by his own authority."

Then He ascended into Heaven before their very eyes leaving them rather dumbfounded. But the angels who appeared to them told them that "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."

The disciples were beginning to understand an important truth of the Christian life. The truth, that for believers, good-byes are never final. It began with Jesus' ascension and promise of return - it will end in those mansions in the Heavenly City of which He spoke. Stephen understood this truth as he was martyred by the maddened crowd. He saw his beloved Lord stand up to receive him: "But Stephen, full of the Holy Spirit, looked up to heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. "Look," he said, "I see heaven open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." His earthly good-bye to Jesus was not the final one. Nor was it the final farewell to fellow disciples. They all, through martyrdom or natural death would be reunited with Stephen and with Jesus.

The Apostle Paul understood this also. He wrote that to live is Christ, but to die is gain. He expressed how he was torn between the two, but realized that

our earthly sojourn here is so short in comparison with how long we will be in eternity. He knew too, that whenever he did become "absent from the body, present with the Lord," he would still one day again be with all those he had ministered to and loved. So he could write in I Thessalonians 4:13 that believers do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Christ gives us a glorious promise of reunion. Looking beyond the immediate and temporal to the infinite and the eternal puts things in a completely different perspective for the believer. For the true Christian lives in both worlds; the immediate and the eternal, He lives in the here and now, and yet his hope is beyond that, secured in a heavenly realm. This enables the believer to realize that good-byes to brothers and sisters in Christ, whether in relocating, or

death, are never final.

So it is that Beth and I must say a temporary good-bye to the many dear friends here in Terrace Bay-Schreiber as the Lord leads up to prepare for eventual missionary service overseas. I will be returning to school for at least a year in Peterborough to pick up my B.Th. and B.R.E. degrees. After that, Lord willing, we will be teaching in one of our P.A.O.C. Bible Colleges overseas.

We have enjoyed our time here in this lovely country - even the winters, and have enjoyed meeting and making many new friends. I'm certainly thankful for the opportunity I had to serve on the Community Corrections Board and for the chance to teach the Grade 1s and 2s in Schreiber religious education. I know that I will certainly miss being with those boys and girls on Wednes-

day afternoons, even as Beth and I will miss so many others whom we have come to know and love. We thank you for giving us the privilege of getting to know you.

But remember: good-byes are never final! For you who are believers - we shall see you once again! For you who are not believers, we pray that you will become so, that we may see you in eternity as well. We pray that you too will accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour, and be born again, as He commands us, and thus enter the kingdom of heaven. You will then realize as well, that in the Christian life, good-byes are never final - only temporary!

"Brothers, we do not want you to be ignorant about these who fall asleep, or to grieve like the rest of men, who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we

believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep (died) in Him. According to the Lord's own word, we tell you that we who are still alive, who are left till the coming of the Lord, will certainly not precede those who have fallen asleep. For the Lord Himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore encourage each other with these words. (I Thess. 4:13-18, N.I.V.)

See you soon (eternally speaking),
Love, Barry and Beth Fellingner

Arthur Black

Folk tale follies



There's a book out right now that deals with one of my favourite human foibles: the folk tale. You're familiar with the folk tale? I'll tell you the most abiding, enduring and annoying folk tale I know -- although I almost don't want to bring it up, for reasons I'll explain later.

In this tale (which has been murmured to me at least a dozen times) a cement truck driver makes an unexpected stop to pick up something at his house in the middle of a working day. He finds an unfamiliar Cadillac parked in his driveway. Suspicious, he tiptoes into his own house, hears the unmistakable sounds of fun and games emanating from the master bedroom ... and ponders his options, vengeance-wise.

Does he burst into the bedroom and confront the couple? Leave his wife? Join a monastery? No. He tiptoes back to his cement truck, angles it up beside the Cadillac so that the delivery spout will sit nicely in the open Cadillac

window, and hits the "Pour" button.

That's your Cement-Filled-Cadillac classic folk tale -- although I have heard "Oldsmobile" used in a downscale variation.

The point about the Cement-In-The-Caddy story is that whoever tells you, swears that it's true. Their brother knows the truck driver! Or, their cousin saw the Caddy when they towed it away, for crying out loud!

Should you suggest to the raconteur that ummmm, gee, the story sounds just a little too good to be true, the raconteur gets hostile. Which is why I have mixed feelings about telling the tale -- because I know that no matter what I say from here on in, I'm going to get dozens of letters from irate readers saying "No, stupid. That story really happened in Hamilton/Windsor/Winnipeg/Vancouver/Toronto! I know! Because my brother-in-law/cousin/second aunt/best bud-

dy/ex-husband knows the guy who ..."

And so on. But that's the way it goes with folk tales.

People want to believe them so much, nothing as puny as the truth stands a chance.

Ask Proctor and Gamble. Back about 1980, word started going around among the gullible that the Proctor and Gamble trademark, which is a kind of Halloweenish man-in-the-moon surrounded by 13 stars, wasn't a trademark at all. It was a symbol of Satan. It proved that P&G was just selling toothpaste and laundry detergent and floor wax as a cover. What the company really was, was in league with the devil!

Dumb, right? You'd have to have the I.Q. of a seed potato to fall for that. Well, in one month of 1982, Proctor and Gamble's switchboard fielded fifteen thousand phone calls from people asking about the rumour.

Proctor and Gamble finally had to get people like Jerry Falwell

and Jimmy Swaggart to absolve the corporation in their Sunday TV sermons. They responded, assuring their flocks that Proctor and Gamble was spiritually squeaky clean and not Satanically inclined.

Lot of other folk tales around: The mouse in the pop bottle. The puppy in the microwave. The human thumb in the tuna tin.

Which brings us to *The Choking Doberman*, title of a book about such tales, compiled by Jan Harold Brunvand. The title refers to a story in which a woman arrives home from work to find her pet Doberman gasping and hacking on the kitchen floor. She rushes him to the Vet, who knocks him out, goes down his throat and pulls out ...

... a pair of human fingers. The police are called. They search the woman's house and find, whimpering in the closet, a would-be burglar, clutching one of his hands with the other -- a hand that is very bloody, and shy

two fingers.

That is the Choking Doberman story -- and according to editor Brunvand, it's been around longer than Dobermans have.

He traces it back to ancient Welsh legend, which he boils down to: "Dog saves child from serpent; father sees dog's bloody mouth, thinks dog has killed child; kills dog. Child is subsequently found safe and sound, beside the mangled corpse of serpent."

The auld Welsh dog was a 'Good Guy' -- just like the Doberman of more recent vintage. Also like the choking Doberman, the Welsh serpent slaying never happened. It just made a good story, that's all.

That said, you better pick up a pair of scissors and cut out this column. That way you'll have something to bring out at the next cocktail party when someone comes up and says ...

"Speaking of dogs, did you hear the one about the choking Doberman?"