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List of Superintendents &
Executive Directors

List of Board Members - 1990

About the Author

Foreword

In this, the 57th year of the operation of Union Gospel Mission, it is timely that a book be published which both recognizes the Hand of God upon this ministry and pays tribute to the many who have shared in reaching "the Least, the Last, and the Lost".

We are grateful for the author who has spent many hours in research in an effort to obtain as much accurate information as possible.

The ministry of the Mission from the start has been to reach out to the men and women in the lowest levels of society, sinking in sin, and who have become estranged from the influence of the average church but who, in due course, may experience the transforming power of Christ in their lives. Did our Lord not say, *"Go into the highways and byways and bring them in"*, as well as, *"For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in."*?

We thank God for all the dedicated staff who have laboured with love and concern for the spiritual welfare of each individual.

We trust that through the publication of this book a threefold purpose will be accomplished, namely: God will be honoured; Christians will be quickened and inspired to deeper consecration and greater zeal for service; and, precious souls lost in sin will be pointed to the Christ of Life and Light.

R.T. Rankin.

INTRODUCTION

My first introduction to Union Gospel Mission was in 1957 when, as a Bible School student I took my turn at Friday night preaching. But I only came to know the Mission intimately by working there from February 1989 to February 1990. Frankly, I have never been in a more draining ministry - physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. Yet, in many ways, I have never felt more free to confront the basic issues of human sin; Divine forgiveness; new life through faith in Jesus Christ. These are the fundamental issues which permeate UGM's programmes.

My admiration for the work done by UGM staff is matched by my wonder at the way in which so many Mission supporters faithfully stand with the staff to communicate God's love by providing food, clothing, and financial support for the preaching and distribution of God's Word. Only God can know the cause and effect relationships between the generosity of the saints and the good outcomes in the hearts and lives of hopeless people. I pray this record of God's gracious work through UGM to those on the street will increase prayer and personal interest in people throughout the churches - people who live far from the street.

I owe a debt of gratitude to those who granted me interviews and otherwise assisted in the manuscript preparation; but must acknowledge that any omissions, undue emphases, or mistakes of historical fact in the finished product are mine alone.

Edward D. Hughes.

WHO IS MY

*Asleep in a dumpster,
'Neath the bridge in a box,
Alone in a doorway,
Stooped as he walks.*

*Frost-bitten fingers,
Infected feet;
Flea-bitten, smelly,
They live on the Street.*

*Cars whiz on by them,
The Elite look away.
Not "beautiful" people,
Those forgotten each day.*

*-So few to love them,
-So few to care
-To help mend their broken hearts
-Love's warm hugs to share.*

*The work is so endless,
overloaded with stress.
The problems are complex,
For those lives are a mess.*

*Some jeer at the prospect,
To work in this hell,
They just might get dirty,
They can't stand the smell.*

*"These men made their own bed,
Now in it they'll rot.
They've all had their chances."
What a self-righteous thought.*

Burgen

See What God Has Done !

by
Edward Hughes

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of the
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Winnipeg Manitoba

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...BROTHER..

*For but the kind grace
Of God up above,
You could be that man
On the Street with no love.*

*"A cup of cold water,
You'll give in My Name.
To the least of my brothers,
You go, do the same."*

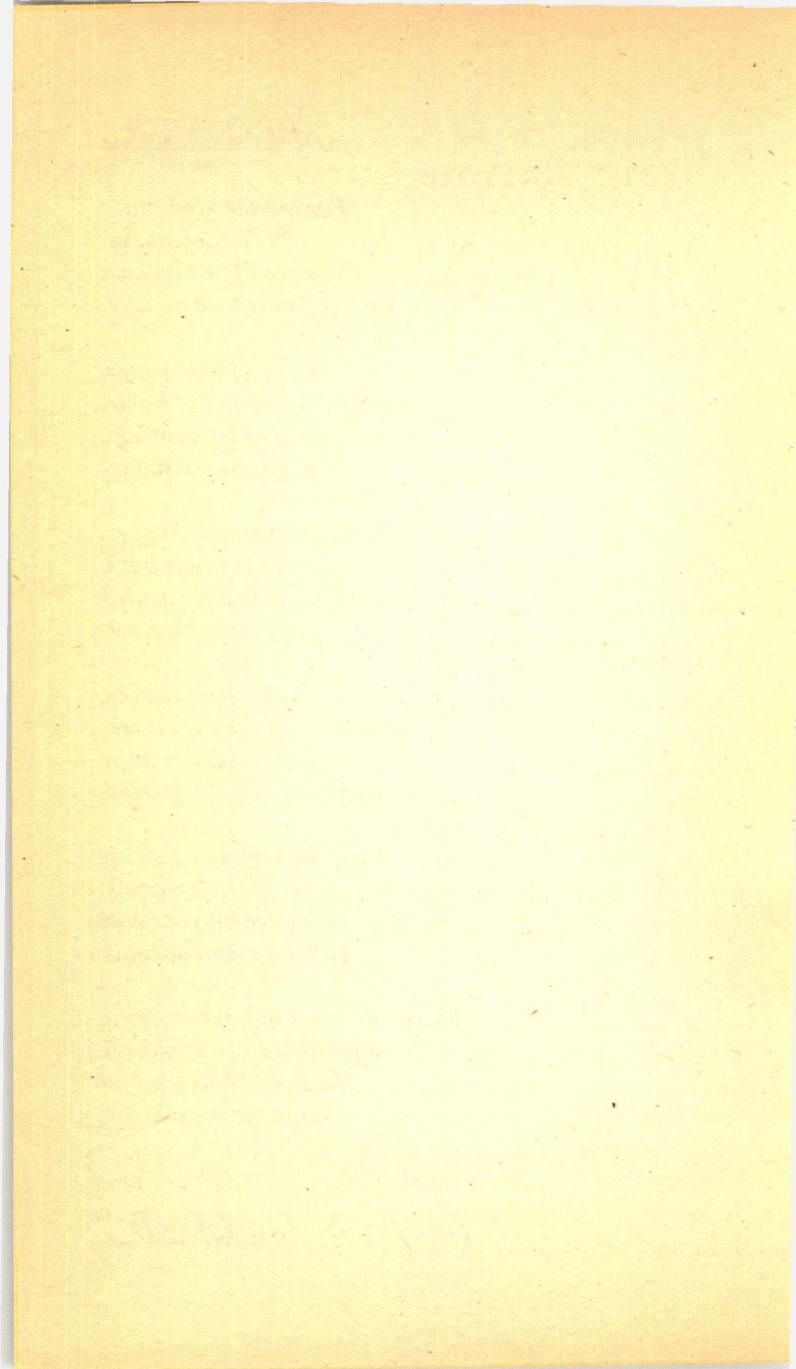
*"Give food for their hunger,
A coat for their back,
Give hope to their souls."
You cannot be slack.*

*The clocks keep on ticking,
Wounded soldiers lay down.
As people walk by them,
They bleed on the ground.*

*Take heed of your attitude
Lofty ideals;
Don't deafen your ears
To their silent appeals.*

*'Cause the ones that you sneer at
And look down your nose
The Lord Jesus died for
And for them arose.*

.. LORD ?



1 THE DIRTY THIRTIES

Times were tough all over the industrialized world - the 1929 stock-market crash was only four years into history and in Canada as elsewhere the resultant economic depression fractured family units. Men desperate for work rode the rails, hopping goods trains across the country to look for a job - any job. For most, it was an elusive search. With no money, no welcome from cities and towns already swollen with itinerant welfare relief recipients, and no hope of foreseeable change it is little wonder that many sank low into the abyss of despair. Cheap alcohol became one way of escape - but, by the time a man realized he was on a way which led to deeper despair, degradation, even death, it was often too late for that man to withdraw from the grim clutches of overpowering addiction. These shattered derelicts were all ages, all backgrounds, for both the Depression and addiction were indiscriminate in whom they destroyed. Someone needed to tell these socially disconnected wanderers that God loved them, that Jesus died for their sins, that there was forgiveness, deliverance, a new life that could begin for them at the foot of the Cross. These people needed their hearts and minds filled with the Gospel - and they needed something warm in their stomachs. A rescue mission on Main Street; a place of light in the middle of an area where darkness reigned; a supra-denominational outpost to represent the compassionate awareness of Winnipeg's collective Christian churches - that was an evident answer to the perceived need. But - where was the man or woman with vision and courage and commitment enough to translate pious good intentions into concrete action? From where would leaders arise to hoist the banner of Christ's love in the heartland of Satan's kingdom? Who had

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compassion, confidence, stubborn faith sufficient to sound the Word of righteousness and Gospel love in the slums and degradation of poverty-spawned ghettos hidden behind Winnipeg's Main Street? And, from where would come the means to maintain and develop the kind of ministries required to combat the hunger and want of a generation made cynical by the broken promises which reverberated across the world in the post-hostility rhetoric which followed "the war to end all wars"?

Today, in the last decade of the century, it is not easy to visualize the Main Street of that era. The beautiful Canadian Pacific Railway's Royal Alexandra Hotel (demolished in 1968) was situated on Main and Higgins, the most northerly street before the CPR's railway underpass. From Higgins south to the present location of the magnificent Centennial Concert Hall, a visitor in the early 1930's would have seen hundreds of people, mostly men, standing or sauntering aimlessly, filling the sidewalk on both sides of the street, leaning against the walls of empty storefronts. These men were there in summer's blistering heat, in winter's frigid cold. They were there because there was nowhere else to go. At night, they found a corner on the crowded river bank or in some abandoned shed. But, like today's prosperous motel-hopping trip-taker, they had to plan ahead and book in early. There was simply too much demand for the limited supply of usable space.

Early in the morning, many men went to the labour pools, hoping somebody would hire them, if only for a few hours. But only a fortunate few, a mere handful, ever found a job. The rest gradually wandered back to the Main Street Strip, drawn irresistibly by the vortex of hopelessness which never relented its downward pull. Collectively, these disillusioned, disconnected derelicts

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represented a great social need, a great humanitarian concern - and, above all, a great mission field, "*white unto harvest*". But where were the reapers? Who was willing to cross the sociological and cultural barrier? Was there a man, a woman, willing to say with Isaiah "*Here am I, Lord! Send me*"? These perishing multitudes were to a large extent already written off by members of the general population who struggled to survive and consolidate their own future. Would the church write them off, too? Would the Heavenly Father?

Whoever knows the Heavenly Father's heart knows the folly of such a question. Already, unknown to anyone but God, He was putting together the pieces of a grand design, unfolding gracious purposes of blessing for "the Least, the Last, and the Lost" of Canada's social outcasts. His plan involved only a few at first - a small group of people which, in time, would multiply into a great host of Christians with hearts and hands joined in Kingdom work. What follows is a record of the beginning of Winnipeg Union Gospel Mission - and you, supporter of this work, are part of the great unfolding purpose which God began then and continues today.

2 THE BIRTH OF A VISION

Psalm 139 makes the astounding statement that God our creator knows us before we are formed in our mother's womb. The New Testament speaks of our salvation being procured by "*the Lamb, slain before the foundation of the world*" - in fact, believers are informed that we were "chosen in Him before the foundation of the world." It should thus come as no surprise that the roots of Union Gospel Mission's beginnings are discernible in events long preceding 1933, the date of Union Gospel Mission's first ministry.

In the year prior to the turn of the century a shoe manufacturer named Dartnell left Cork, Ireland, to emigrate to the New World. Coming to the western prairies with his wife and nine children, he settled in the great agricultural centre of Winnipeg (population 150,000). There, he established his business and joined himself and his family to a local assembly of Christian believers similar to the church home he had been part of in Ireland.

One of the children, Albert, was nine years old when the Dartnell family came to Canada. Raised in a Christian home as he was, Bert lived a fairly sheltered life and enjoyed innocent pleasures such as ice-skating. It was in a skating rink that, as a teenager, he first met Jessie Ferguson. He didn't know it at the first meeting, but Jessie was to become, under God, the most important person in his life, a helpmate beyond description, the woman of Proverbs chapter 31, and a co-worker in all that God had planned for Bert Dartnell's future. It is no exaggeration to say that the accomplishments of Bert Dartnell's life

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ministry would have been unattainable without the determined mature understanding and laborious support of this special woman who became his dear wife and the devoted mother of their six children.

When Bert met her, Jessie was an employee of the Manitoba Telephone System. A greater claim to fame lies in the fact that she and two sisters played in a Manitoba Women's three-team hockey league. Jessie was the goal-keeper, feisty and full of enthusiasm. Surely it is more than coincidence that their son Eddie Dartnell became well-known as a professional hockey player and one of their daughters married Billy Reay who became coach and manager of Chicago Black Hawks when his playing career ended. Further, some of her grandchildren have also contributed much to the sport.

Bert Dartnell's parents were strict about faithfulness to God through attendance at worship. Consequently, Bert was present when, in his late teenage years, a special speaker held meetings at the West End Gospel Hall. Jessie was there, too. Though she came from a home background where Jesus Christ was not acknowledged as Saviour and Lord, Jessie's heart was hungry for truth and she attended gladly. God honoured His Word at these meetings - along with others, both of these young people were saved and gave Jesus their lives in joyful surrender to His Lordship.

Bert's evangelistic zeal soon became evident. He led most of his brothers and sisters to the Lord and became fervent in soul-winning. The salvation of others became his primary concern. Developing into a successful businessman he held partnership in Dominion Iron Foundry, an enterprise which bloomed before the 1929 crash and ensuing Depression. The good years, like the good years of Joseph's Egypt, allowed Bert to continue the

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Foundry without laying anyone off when the bad years hit. But, important though it was, the Foundry was secondary to Bert's main ministry - presenting men and women with the claims of Christ's Gospel. Customers, co-workers, all heard the invitation from Bert. And not a few responded favourably to this faithful man's concern for their never-dying soul. Thus, in early manhood, Bert was discovering in himself, and others were affirming his gifts of administration and his consuming commitment to bringing others to the Lord. Humbly, Bert and his helpmate laid these gifts on the altar for God, and expended themselves in continuous efforts to bring men and women, boys and girls to Jesus Christ.

3 ED CLARK'S MOTIVATION

Another person in whose life the purposes of God and the needs of Winnipeg's transients were converging was a man who didn't even live in Canada. Edward Clark was a converted alcoholic, a trophy of grace saved in Union Gospel Mission, St. Paul, Minnesota. The Mission Director there was Peter McFarlane, a man who, under God, was responsible for stirring up people to start rescue missions in several cities. At the human level, many missions owe their beginnings to this man's burning passion for the lost.

Clark had been lifted up from the fearful pit and miry clay of suffocating sin on to the solid Rock of Redemption provided by the Lord Jesus Christ to all who entrust themselves to Him in faith. Evidently experiencing the Holy Spirit's prompting, he came with his wife from Minneapolis to Winnipeg. As he challenged Winnipeg Christians, especially businessmen, the fire of Clark's compassion and conviction soon ignited a few other hearts. Not churches or assemblies but individuals responded to Clark's appeals on behalf of the forgotten and often despised inhabitants of the city's dark corners. Foremost among those who responded was Bert Dartnell.

At first it seemed a large group of God's people in Winnipeg would stand behind the proposed work. At an inaugural fund-raising dinner held in Winnipeg's respectable St. Charles Hotel, over five hundred people listened attentively to Ed Clark's plea for support. The majority of guests pledged varying amounts of money - but the record shows that very few of those actually honoured their pledge. One was a woman who, from that

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date until the date of her death, contributed \$1.00 a month. However, Sidney Smith, (a well-known Winnipeg Christian philanthropist whose full contributions to a wide range of Christian causes are known only in heaven) made a gift of \$1,000.00 and Union Gospel Mission came into being in October, 1933 with Edward Clark as its first director. Meetings were held in a rented main-floor hall in the Bon Accord building just South of Logan Avenue on Main Street. Chairs were begged, borrowed or rescued from refuse heaps and someone obtained from an unknown source sufficient quantities of that much-loved hymnal with the distinctive soft red cover - 1000 Redemption Songs and Solos.

From the first day, Bert and Jessie Dartnell laboured alongside Clark, as well as befriending him and his wife during their adjustment to the difficulties of the new work. When the day's work at the foundry was finished, the real work of the day began for Bert and Jessie. Wherever they could help their brother at Union Gospel Mission, they were ready, willing, and most eminently able. Nor were they reluctant to give financial support; in fact, one person recalls the frequency with which Bert sought to relieve some individual's difficulty by purchasing a bed ticket for him at the Salvation Army Hostel or slipping him the price of a meal as they shook hands after the evening Gospel service. No one but God Himself will ever know how much Bert and Jessie Dartnell gave personally and how much they inspired others to touch the lives of the poor through the new Union Gospel Mission. Still, the needs always seemed to outstrip the best efforts of everybody involved.

After directing Union Gospel Mission during its first year of existence, director Edward Clark returned to U.S.A., leaving the fledgling Mission in debt to the tune of

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\$2,000.00. History does not record the reason for his retiring, but it is thought the pressures of trying to commence and continue this kind of assault on Satan's stronghold may have become too discouraging. There was so little money available - the newly-formed Mission operated on the proverbial shoestring yet the ministry needs were so great. Men, mostly young men, came to the Gospel services each evening, some of them hungry for that Bread of which the Lord Jesus Christ spoke - "*the Bread of Life*." Because of cost and the absence of facilities in the rented meeting place, it was not possible to serve meals or even coffee except on Saturday nights when coffee, doughnuts (from Eaton's), cake from Robertson's bakery, and home-made sandwiches were served as a special treat. But, food or no food, the men still came, their quiet attentive presence a mute testimony to the spiritual hunger which only God's Word can satisfy. Amongst them, there was a harvest to be reaped for the Lord. Would there be reapers? Or would the whitened harvest be blighted and wasted by the destructive diseases of spiritual lethargy and debilitating discouragement which threatened so many of God's people during these depression years? If Union Gospel Mission was to move from infancy to robust maturity, a person must be found to stand in the gap and fill the void created when Edward Clark left. Would God find such a person? Yes! In fact, in the sovereign foreknowledge of God, a man and wife team had already been prepared in the best way possible - by helping Mr. Clark from the very outset of Union Gospel Mission's activities. In 1934, when Edward Clark's sudden departure created a critical need for leadership, the mantle of his ministry fell upon those two choice servants of Christ who had already demonstrated their commitment and ability. In 1934, God installed Bert and Jessie Dartnell in the leadership of Union Gospel Mission.

4 BERT & JESSIE DARTNELL

While running Union Gospel Mission, Bert maintained his business role as foundry owner and spent his working day there. Jessie worked assiduously at home, meeting family needs and supervising the children's activities. However, each night found them both down at the Mission which moved first to an upstairs hall and then along the street to the location which housed Union Gospel Mission until 1981. When they moved, it was a matter of many helpful hands manually transporting chairs, furniture and even a piano, down the stairs, along the sidewalk and into the ground-floor level of 645 Main Street. When things were settled at the new address early converts to Christ did what they could to help by sweeping, dusting, generally keeping all in order. In time, a man called Cecil Canning took much responsibility for janitorial work at the Mission - but that didn't prevent Jessie from getting on her knees with a scrubbing brush to help scrub the floor in the old-fashioned way. Both Bert and Jessie Dartnell accepted the ministry at Union Gospel Mission as from the Lord, and fulfilled their ministry as to the Lord. In spite of the pressures created by the economic depression, their first act was to pay off the Mission's outstanding indebtedness of \$2,000.00. Dedicated and energetic, they threw themselves into the task of consolidating the year-old work.

In those early days, not all of the Dartnells' church friends understood or appreciated the fellowship of mutual purpose which bonded the whole multi-denominational group of Union Gospel rescue mission workers. However, the ones who did help, though coming from various Bible-believing churches, worked together like combat soldiers

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of Jesus Christ marching into the fray, placing the soles of their feet on Winnipeg's infamous Main Street Strip and claiming the territory for Jesus Christ. The Dartnells and others handed out Gospel tracts and announced the good news of salvation wherever they found somebody willing to stop and listen. The Mission doors opened at 7:30 pm, half-an-hour before the 8:00 pm meeting. Summer and winter, passers-by were confronted courteously and clearly by these brave grace-redeemed witnesses who wanted to share their Saviour with others.

God did not leave His servants' efforts unrewarded. Some men were saved and went on to demonstrate the fruits of righteousness in their changed lives. One of these early converts to Christ was a convicted bank-robber named Joe. At the Mission it was not unusual to meet men like Joe - men whom life had scarred and embittered, men with a history of violent crime. When the Dartnells first met Joe they didn't know he bore on his back and shoulders the ineradicable scars left by a judicially-ordered flogging with the cat-o-nine-tails. Joe's soul was scarred, too, perhaps even more horribly than his back. But God's love reached into Joe's life. After coming out of penitentiary, Joe found himself one day at the Union Gospel Mission where God used Bert Dartnell to introduce him to Jesus Christ. Joe was wonderfully saved. The Dartnells loved him for Christ's sake and opened their home to him until other arrangements could be made. How willingly this rough tough babe in Christ helped Mr. Dartnell with various chores around the Mission; anything he could do he did gladly in the exuberant joy of his salvation. One day, Mr. Dartnell handed Joe a bag containing some money. "Will you cross over the street to the bank and deposit this in the Mission account, Joe?" Mr. Dartnell requested. The superintendent watched as Joe started out, clutching the money-bag tightly. Half-

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way across, Joe looked right, then left, then back toward the Mission building. Soon after, he returned to the Mission with beaming face. "Here's the deposit slip, Mr. Dartnell," Joe began. But his voice broke and the lump in his throat prevented further words. Nobody had ever trusted Joe before. From that day, Joe's growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ accelerated. In time, he met and married a Christian woman and together they maintained an unblemished testimony of living for the Lord.

The glorious victories in lives of men like Joe did not come cheaply. Misunderstanding from socially insulated fellow-believers was part of the price the Dartnells paid; so were bone-wearying physical demands. But, outstripping these was an even greater price. No human being can wholly measure the degree of sacrifice to Christ Union Gospel Mission work imposed on the both parents and children. Only eternity will show the cost of their dedicated service in terms of yielded family joys - a cost to parents and to their precious children who hardly knew what it was to have a father at home, yet themselves helped where they could in the ministry to which their parents had been called of God. The Almighty is no one's debtor and surely there is a special reward for those obliged to surrender life's legitimate comforts and pleasures for the sake of faithfulness to the One Who surrendered all for love of sinners. The Dartnell family will stand high among the most worthy recipients.

5 CHURCH GROUPS GOT INVOLVED

Through the years, until his death in 1952, Bert and Jessie Dartnell continued the Iron Foundry business while maintaining major responsibility for the operation of Union Gospel Mission. Faithful partners in ministry came alongside to share the burden and take a part in fulfilling The Great Commission the Lord Jesus laid upon His people. Among them was a long-time close friend and co-labourer, Robert Rankin who, upon the death of Bert Dartnell, was called upon to recruit suitable men to serve on the first Board of Directors that was formed to oversee the work of the Mission.

The chronicles of honourable service to God are incomplete on earth, but not in heaven. Many others whose names may not appear in this or any other book quietly followed their Lord in self-denying ministry. Seeking no earthly honour they served their Lord in their generation. Though honour should be given where honour is due, nobody kept records in these early years and only a few living witnesses remain. So, some whose foundational work was crucial to the early Union Gospel Mission may be inadvertently forgotten or overlooked here. But, of them as of the unnamed saints referred to in Hebrews 6:10, it may be said, *"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which you have shewed towards His Name. . ."*

Nevertheless, a few names are known and can be mentioned in the framework of the scheduled meetings which filled the week's activities at Union Gospel Mission. Some people preached, some led the services. Two men, Ernest Ellis and (later) Cecil Canning, did neither. Their

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ministry, which sometimes brought verbal and even physical abuse, was tract distribution on Main Street. Virtually every evening, these men stood outside the Mission, pockets loaded with tracts, hand outstretched to offer the Word of Life to whoever would accept. They urged people to come in to the meeting, encouraged them to read the tracts and, where there was a willing listener, these personal workers pressed home the Gospel imperatives. The number of tracts thus given out is incalculable.

In his supervisory capacity, Bert Dartnell attended at the Mission virtually every night - and was never there without Jessie. This meant a rushed supper at home; after which both parents readied themselves to leave while the children did supper dishes and cleaned up. Union Gospel Mission was really a family affair, dominating the lives of the whole Dartnell brood. Some evenings, to get to Union Gospel Mission for the eight o'clock meeting, Bert and Jessie had to leave about six-thirty to pick up Lillian Penner who lived across the city on Rathgar Street. Lillian was always willing to sing in the Lord's service, but she had a definite preference for Jessie as her piano accompanist. Jessie also accompanied another faithful soloist, Mrs. Alice Turk who, even on short notice was always ready to share in the services.

The Union Gospel Mission programme was ordered around Gospel meetings every evening at eight. Responsibility for organizing each particular service was assigned to a specific person. Once a week, Bert left the Foundry to meet at the Mission with Robert Rankin for a lunch-hour prayer.

With all the busy demands of integrating Union Gospel Mission matters into the rest of his life, (or perhaps

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it was the other way around - organizing all other matters into his absorbing relationship to the Mission) Bert Dartnell could hardly be expected to maintain extensive records of the events. Thus documented information is sparse, but it appears the evening service schedule in the early days looked something like this.

<u>DAY:</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
Sunday:	A. Dartnell. (3:00 Sunday School and pm. meeting)
Monday:	No records. Probably the Dartnells served.
Tuesday:	A. & S. Edgar.
Wednesday:	William Falk.
Thursday:	Dr. Hugh Munro
Friday:	Magic Lantern Series
Saturday:	A. Dartnell

Sunday: The 3:00 pm. Sunday School was for children living in homes close to the Union Gospel Mission. Many of these homes were razed in the early sixties to make way for the Disraeli Freeway, but in the 1930's the area was heavily populated with poor families. Bert and Jessie superintended and the whole Dartnell family attended - after spending the entire morning at Sunday School and Worship in Grace Chapel Assembly, St. Vital. Sunday lunch-time wasn't always a break, either. The senior Mr. Dartnell had already gone to be with the Lord so most Sundays, after a quick lunch, Bert took the family to visit his aging mother who was unable to get out. It was a busy day, especially for the Dartnell children. However, they were permitted to stay home Sunday evening while their parents

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looked after the Union Gospel Mission gospel service.

Monday: During the 1940's, Monday night was Girl's Club night, run by Marie Rankin and Lila Ellis.

Tuesday: Starting about 1938, two young immigrants from the south of Scotland undertook to minister every Tuesday evening at Union Gospel Mission. Raised in a Christian assembly, they had both come to know Jesus Christ early in life. Industrious and dependable, they managed to keep their jobs (Albert as a Trust Officer and Sidney as Accountant) throughout the Depression. Their meagre earnings were pooled to keep their widowed mother and themselves in a home located in the Elmwood district of Winnipeg. For many years these two men, Albert and Sidney Edgar, took turns alternately leading the Tuesday night Union Gospel Mission meeting or preaching the glorious Gospel of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ through Whom they had come into the assurance of eternal life. Sometimes assisted by a fellow-Scottish immigrant James C. Gilmour, the Edgar brothers also took opportunity to bring Christian young people into the meeting to sing or testify. Their whole ministry had as its prayerful goal, the desire that transient "strangers to God's grace" would be brought to faith.

Wednesday: The mid-week meeting, Wednesday, was taken by William Falk, a man designated by the Mennonite Brethren Conference as "City Missioner". This dear servant of Jesus Christ, a true missionary whose life was dedicated to bringing the

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light of the Gospel into the darkest corners of the city, held the weekly meeting at Union Gospel Mission for many years. In time, Mr. Falk brought promising young men into the Union Gospel Mission ministry, including Henry Unruh, who, over the years continued his involvement with Union Gospel Mission as supporter, Board member and, at the time of writing, Director of Public Relations.

Thursday: Two other noteworthy helpers from these earliest days were Dr. Hugh Munro and his wife, Dr. Isabelle Munro. Both chiropractors, whose offices were located in the Somerset Building in downtown Winnipeg, the Munros accepted responsibility for Thursday evening Union Gospel Mission gospel meetings. Dr. Munro preached and their daughter, Lucille played the piano. Elsie Everton, a lady in the Munro's domestic employ (who was also a sister in the Lord) joined Lucille and her parents for a ministry of music through quartette singing. As an interesting sidelight, the Tuesday and Thursday ministries came together one Saturday night when Elsie, who was helping serve coffee with other young people at Union Gospel Mission, allowed Sidney Edgar to take her home. It was the start of a romance which blossomed into marriage and continued until Sidney's homecall in February, 1990.

As well as a preaching ministry, there is well-documented evidence that the Munros helped carry some of the financial burden for Union Gospel Mission, a burden initially borne by the Dartnells alone. Also, the Munro family often attended the

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Saturday evening "coffee" service where Lucille, their eldest child, played the piano and sang while the parents helped serve the food and coffee.

Friday: Elim Chapel, a Winnipeg non-denominational church with a magnificent history of mission outreach, played a major role in the Friday night Union Gospel Mission meetings. A man from Elim Chapel named C.L. Johnston prepared Magic Lantern slides and an accompanying script. The series of slides, perhaps depicting the life of Jesus Christ or of some other Biblical character, always emphasized conversion and principles of Christian life. Ostensibly for children, the Magic Lantern program attracted people of all ages, who sat in rapt attention as the story unfolded. The Pilgrim's Progress was one of the most popular.

Although Elim was impeccable in its commitment to the Bible as the Word of God, it was an indicator of Bert Dartnell's fastidious care that he always reviewed the script with the person assigned to read it prior to presentation to the Union Gospel Mission audience as he was determined to keep the platform ministry at the Mission completely in line with the Scriptures.

The Magic Lantern scripts were read by young women who came each Friday night. One was Lila Ellis (who also helped run the Monday evening Girl's Clubs). Lila was the daughter of Mr. Ellis the tract distributor. Another Friday evening worker was Mildred Johnson, whose father prepared the presentations. Yet another was Marie Rankin, one of Elim's prominent young people. There were

others who took part in this ministry, but history has not preserved their identity. They are known to God.

Saturday: Again, the Dartnell family had the primary responsibility for this service, but received help from various others who also served through the week. At first, this was the only meeting at which food was served. It was simply too difficult to obtain and prepare refreshments more frequently. Perhaps this made Saturday a little more special to many who attended, though attendance was never low in these early years with the 75-seat auditorium usually being filled to capacity. Young peoples' groups from city churches and assemblies came to help serve. Both transients and neighbourhood families struggling to survive attended what must have been for many the happiest evening of the week.

That, then, was the schedule of activities. As months merged into years the Dartnells kept up the pace. Aided by family and friends, Bert and Jessie poured into God's work their material resources, their prayers and their physical strength.

In addition to his other responsibilities the role of "substitute" preacher or chairman of the service fell to Bert by default. If somebody didn't make it, the service went on with Bert filling in the needed activity. It was fortunate that Bert, who never had formal Bible School training, knew the Word of God and had ability and experience in preaching it. These characteristics were rooted in the centrality given to the Word of God by the assemblies in which he grew up.

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For a while each summer, the Dartnells took time off to recuperate, to spend precious time with the children. At such times they kept the Mission open on Sundays only. It wasn't long before some other Winnipeg Christians voiced their objection to the Mission's temporary summer closing. These "armchair" supporters obviously recognized the crucial need for on-going ministry - even the ones who ignored the opportunities for the personal involvement which Union Gospel Mission presented to them.

6 HENRY UNRUH'S FIRST

RECOLLECTIONS

The story of how the Mission acquired ownership of its first permanent building is yet another testimony to God's gracious provision. During the Mission's early years, meetings were first held in the ground level hall then moved to an upstairs hall in the Bon Accord Building. In 1940 C.T. Lount, a well-known Winnipeg contractor and friend of Bert Dartnell owned a four-story building sitting on three lots of the city block where the building which housed the mission was located.

Annual municipal taxes were disproportionately high to the spotty rental income Lount's four-story building generated. At Bert's suggestion, the contractor demolished the top three storeys, thus reducing the tax burden. He then subdivided the lots into three properties and sold two of them. The third, with its single-story building remnant was first rented then sold for a very reasonable price to the Mission, reflecting Mr. Lount's gratitude for Bert Dartnell's innovative suggestion. This building, located at 645 Main Street, became Union Gospel Mission's home-base for over forty years. Though not grand, it became a sanctified place for many transients, the place on earth where they met God and started a new life in Jesus Christ.

Union Gospel Mission was also a birthplace of preachers. Many a first sermon was preached there, by students from Winnipeg Bible Training School (later to become the Winnipeg Bible Institute, and the present Winnipeg Bible College), by young men from local

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church groups, and even by some transients converted there and eager to give voice to their new-found faith.

Henry Unruh was one of the young Christian men who first started preaching at Union Gospel Mission. His story, typical of many whose involvement helped lessen the load carried by Bert and Jessie Dartnell, is told in Henry's own words.

"Mr. Falk disciplined me. I worked with him at Union Gospel Mission for fourteen years, starting in 1949. By this time, Mr. Dartnell's health was not so good. Usually, Mr. Falk preached and I led the meetings, but sometimes he stepped aside to give me opportunity to preach. I remember one evening I spoke about God giving men one more chance. A few days later, I met an older man, ragged and unwashed, sitting on the Mission's back door step. He had some buns so hard and stale he broke them into pieces by smashing his fist on them right on the doorstep. Also, he had found some raw bacon in the garbage of our neighbour, City Meat. The man had only one tooth and I told him to come into the Mission so I could give him something better to eat. As he came in with me, he told me he had been at the meeting where I had preached. 'And you know something?' he said. 'You talked about God giving us another chance! I went to sleep by the river behind Brown and Rutherford's Wood Mill. I slept on a bunch of logs and somebody dislodged them. The huge pile thundered over my head and landed in the river. I should have been killed, Mr. Unruh. Afterwards, I thought about what you said and I asked Jesus into my life.'

I think this man was about 58 to 60 years old. He came to the Mission the following Sunday - changed, happy. The following week police found him along the tracks. He was dead. No foul play suspected, it seems he had a heart

attack. He was a man who didn't know what it was to live in a home. Cardboard boxes, hidden corners where no one could see him, that's all he knew. Now he has a mansion in glory. Thank God he didn't put it off when God showed him one more chance."

Like other Mission helpers, Henry Unruh learned as well as taught, received as well as gave. He tells of yet another trophy of God's grace, a man named George Long. Not exactly fussy about his personal hygiene, George lived in a small poorly-kept house near the tracks. But God did a work of grace in his soul and George became a praying man. As Henry preached, George sat there praying for God's blessing on his ministry. He prayed continuously for all aspects of the Mission work because there he had come to know the Saviour. One day George, who was about 70 years old, was jumped by three men and badly beaten. They robbed him of the eight dollars he was carrying and injured him so severely that his whole facial bone structure had to be rebuilt. Also, one hand had every bone broken. When Henry heard about it, he visited George in hospital. Henry had never seen a man so badly beaten up.

'When you get out of here,' Henry told George. 'I'll drive you around and we'll find the men who did this to you. I want to make sure they get what they deserve.'

'Henry!' George spoke as best he could with the steel pin which had been threaded through his head to bolt the bones together. 'You always preach and I listen. Now, I preach and you listen. If we find the men, I'll tell dem, look at me! Look at my broken face. I tell dem, what you did is only a shadow of what I did to my dear Lord. Henry, my duty is to pray for dem, forgive dem, win dem for my Lord.'

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George Long died a year or so later. When he died, the Mission lost a converted street person who had become a faithful prayer supporter of the Mission."

Henry's own story of personal salvation is full of encouragement for God's people. He grew up in a church where the Word was faithfully preached, but he resisted. God spoke again and again and finally, during revival meetings, fourteen-year-old Henry got up when the preacher made an appeal for seekers to come forward - and left the church by the side door. His soul was in turmoil, he knew what he should do, but Henry tried to escape confrontation with God. Waiting around in the darkness of the church grounds, the youth finally decided everybody had left the church. He slipped back into the church for no other reason than to use the washroom facilities before trekking the two kilometre journey home. Inside the church basement, he heard footsteps and hurried into the furnace room. The footsteps came closer, and the boy, now frightened, crept around the octopus boiler and pressed himself into a corner in the coal bin. The footsteps continued closer, the coal cellar door squeaked open - then closed again and the footsteps receded. (The footsteps were those of the pastor making his final check before locking the church). By the time the distant thud of the upstairs door being closed reached Henry's ear, he had already been on his knees confessing his sins and resistance to God and inviting Jesus Christ to become his personal Saviour.

Although Henry's conversion was real and brought some change to his life, his prior love for sports, especially hockey, dominated until he was about seventeen. Then, a terrible accident in the course of a hockey game left Henry with a severely injured neck.

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Finding little help from his doctor, Henry tried other practitioners specializing in the manipulation of body structures especially the spinal column. Unfortunately, this resulted in Henry becoming virtually bed-ridden. A visit to Rochester's Mayo Clinic was totally discouraging. The doctors gave no hope for improvement. An added difficulty of his body losing its ability to grow hair left the young man reluctant to have visitors. But God did a strange and wonderful thing.

A family friend resigning from his ministry as colporteur with British and Foreign Bible Society asked Henry's parents if he could store boxes of books in their basement. These books became Henry Unruh's Bible School as he methodically made his way through each one. G.Campbell Morgan, Graham Scroggie, Henry Drummond, Alan Redpath, and particularly J.Sidlow Baxter all contributed to Henry's spiritual growth as, like some Alpine plant in the lonely heights, he experienced God through His Word. When strength and ability to walk without braces returned, only one path attracted Henry Unruh. It was the path of service for His Master.

Henry's service included helping Mr. Falk at Union Gospel Mission but went beyond that. His desire to witness to others led Henry to dedicate every Wednesday evening to tract distribution. One way he did this was by going to the train station and boarding the empty trains prior to departure. Carefully placing a tract on every seat, Henry prayed that God would prosper His Word. And God did. The following incident jumps forward a little in time, to the early 1950's, but is typical of God's blessing upon the ministry of tract distribution and of Henry Unruh's work.

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"Henry," Frank Koop, successor to Bert Dartnell and UGM's first Board-appointed Superintendent, beckoned him. "Come over here. I want you to hear this man's story."

"I'm a miner from Thompson," the fellow sitting in the Mission auditorium began. "I used to come down to Winnipeg by train almost every month-end, get loaded, stay drunk a few days, then go back to work. One night, still drunk, I was the first to board the train. I saw all these tracts on the seats and thought some idiot had put them there. I gathered them up and stuffed them into my pocket. I slept all the way up North. When I got to my cabin I needed paper to light the stove. Now I was fairly sober. I found these tracts and built a fire with them. As I put the match to the stove, while the tracts started burning, I noticed the one on top had something about a miner in the title. So I snatched that one out and read it. God spoke to my heart through that tract - the next time I came down to Winnipeg I came straight to Union Gospel Mission and asked somebody to help me pray. Now I'm a Christian."

One can only imagine how gratifying and affirming this story must have been to the young man who listened while the converted miner testified, unaware that the man he spoke to was the "idiot" who put the tracts on the train.

7 TWO DECADES OF FAITHFUL SERVICE

Born and shaped in an era of economic stagnation, Winnipeg Union Gospel Mission's programme hardly changed form in the first fifteen years of its existence. After World War II, the national economy came alive and unemployment lessened.

But the need for UGM ministry continued. There were still hungry, lost men wandering city streets, riding the rails across the vast reaches of Canada's far-flung provinces. In Winnipeg's Main Street strip, alcohol-enslaved men still needed to know they were loved - and discovered they were loved. God's Gospel declared so and God's servants, the Dartnells demonstrated so in their selfless Mission ministry. For the Dartnells the cost was high in terms of spiritual and emotional energy as well as in physical effort and family sacrifice. But the costs were not to be compared with the rewards. Men were being saved from lives of slavery to addiction. Families were being reunited, restructured with Jesus Christ as the Head of the home. Rough, tough sinners, embittered and wicked in their ways, became *"children of God through faith in Jesus Christ."* Though there were disappointments as some men faked interest in spiritual things for immediate gain, there were also those whose cleaned-up clothes, transformed tongues and changed characters evidenced an undeniable work of God in their lives. For many, the old Mission Hall at 645 Main became a holy place *"... none other than the house of God . . . the gate of Heaven."* (Genesis 28:17.)

Bert and Jessie Dartnell never lessened their commitment and hard work - until, in 1949, Bert became

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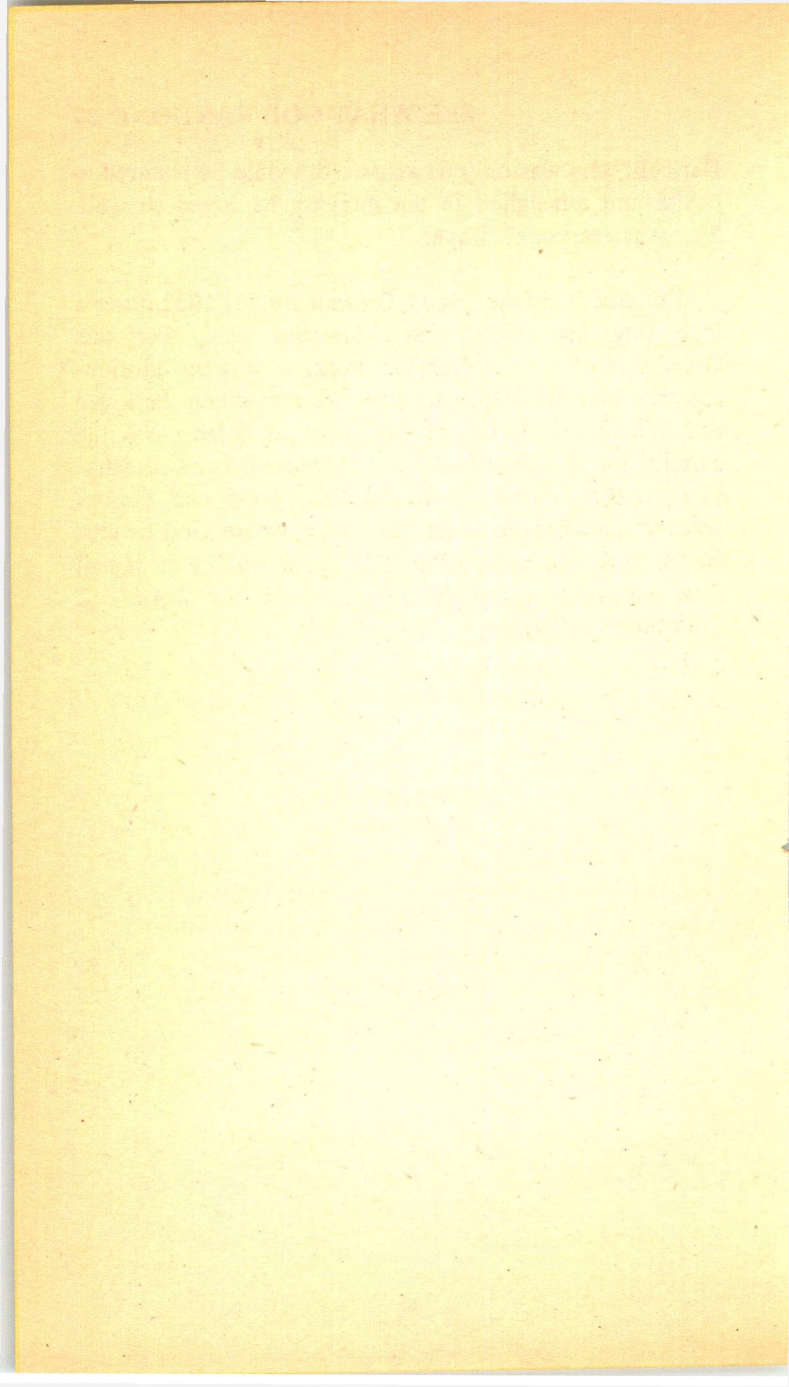
seriously ill. Friends and colleagues of the time insist that this big-hearted man burnt himself out in the Lord's service. Certainly, Bert's total involvement in UGM was bound to take its toll physically. For close to twenty years he and Jessie had been the heart and soul of UGM. Other church groups had come alongside in supportive ministry, other individuals had shared their labours, but none had matched the Dartnell's consistent presence and laborious output on behalf of the mission. They maintained a twenty-four hour day, seven day week commitment - for almost two decades. Now, as the 1940's drew to a close, it seemed Bert's leadership role would have to be relinquished. He suffered two heart attacks which seriously affected his strength and effectiveness for the ministry he loved. Inevitably, in tandem with wide-spread prayer for Bert's recovery, the question emerged. What would happen to Union Gospel Mission if Bert Dartnell did not recover his health?

During the early part of Bert's illness, his close colleagues in ministry gave extra effort and took up the slack to keep the Mission operating. These were mainly men from the various Winnipeg assemblies and churches which took responsibility for the weeknight meetings. Prominent among them was Albert Edgar who, by this time, had contributed twelve years of faithful service to the Mission. Others included Ernest Barter, Robert Rankin, William Pearce, William Falk, Hugh MacGillivray (Bert and Jessie's son-in-law), Ernest Morey, Fred Lang and Edward Dartnell (Bert and Jessie's only son). These men were all active Christians, busy in their own churches, but with a broad view of reaching out to lost souls wherever they were found. Together, with help from some others, they did what they could to keep things going. But it was a temporary measure, an ad hoc arrangement pending Bert's recovery. Surely Bert

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Dartnell, who was only 61 years old, would be restored to health and reinstalled in the ministry he loved so well. That was everyone's prayer.

But God had other plans. On January 21, 1952, after a long lingering illness, Bert Dartnell died. For this Greatheart of Rescue Mission work, it was the glorious entrance into the Presence of the Saviour whom he loved and Whom he served. The moment of death was the culmination of a life of selfless sacrificial Gospel ministry. That sacred moment promoted this "*good and faithful servant*" into heaven itself, the realm where God dwells. God's Word assures believers that this is so. "*To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.*" (2 Corinthians 5:6-9).



8 FIRST BOARD OF DIRECTORS

For Jessie and the Dartnell children (now adults) Bert's death was a grievous loss. For the Union Gospel Mission, it was a time of rethinking the future. God had called Bert Dartnell home! Did God want UGM to continue? The answer was obvious in the calloused faces of Main Street drunks, in the never-ending stream of transients who flocked to the Mission nightly, and, for those with a vision for future change, the need cried out from the eyes of deprived children who found a welcome at UGM evening services. They came to UGM to wait for parents who were drinking in the hotel close by. Yes, God wanted the Mission ministry to continue! And the Dartnells must have known this from God before Bert's passing, for Bert's will contained directions concerning the property and future organization of the Mission along with tangible help for UGM's on-going work.

On February 9, 1952, responding to a request from Jessie Dartnell, a number of men met in a Winnipeg restaurant to set up the first Board to run UGM. A constitution was drawn up and the following letter was prepared for mailing to those people who had, in some way, shown interest in Union Gospel Mission during the previous nineteen years. Dated March 1, 1952, the letter read:

Dear Christian Friends:

Since the passing of our brother Bert Dartnell, whose unstinted service and dedication to the work of the Union Gospel Mission is known to all, the question has arisen as to how the work should be carried on in future.

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At the request of the Dartnell family, a committee has been formed representing a cross-section of the various groups who have taken an interest in the work from time to time, whose duty shall be to oversee the work of the Mission. The committee is as follows:

Mr. R.T. Rankin, Honorary Chairman

Mr. Albert Edgar, Chairman

Mr. F. A. Lang, Vice-Chairman

Mr. Hugh MacGillivray, Secretary

Mr. Edward F. Dartnell, Treasurer

Mr. Ernest Barter

Mr. Ernest Morey

Rev. William W. Falk

Mr. William Pearce

The members of the committee have accepted this responsibility because they feel that a rescue mission in a city the size and importance of Winnipeg is an absolute obligation upon the evangelical Christian community. It is their sincere desire to retain the high standards that were set by our brother Dartnell in his many years of sacrificial service to the Lord in the Mission and wish to enlist your prayers, your personal help when required, and your financial support.

The building is owned by the Union Gospel Mission, free of encumbrances so that the operating expenses consist of taxes, insurance, heat, light, literature

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and salary for upkeep and superintendence. A budget of approximately \$250.00 per month will take care of all anticipated expenses. As you know, there are no collections taken and therefore the expenses must be met by those who are interested.

Funds given so freely in the past are no longer available (no doubt a reference to the Dartnell's abounding generosity, which they were reticent that others should know about) and therefore this letter is the committee's method of learning how many are willing to contribute an amount each month in order to enable the Union Gospel Mission to stay in business. We also commend this work to your Church's home-Mission program - "First in Jerusalem".

If you feel that the Union Gospel Mission is an "extra" that could well be dispensed with, please do not feel under any obligation to respond to this appeal. If you agree, however, that it should continue, please indicate your measure of support by forwarding a gift in the envelope enclosed. We would be happy to have you visit the Mission and any member of the Committee will be only too pleased to give you any further information you might wish.

The Treasurer is Mr. Edward F. Dartnell,
c/o Llentrad Harbour, Assiniboine &
Carlton, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sincerely yours in Christ.

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This group of men constituted UGM's first Board of Directors. It is noteworthy that, 38 years later, Albert Edgar and R.T. Rankin continue to serve as Board members. Another man, Jim Hadland, who joined the Board in 1953, has an unbroken record of 37 years continuous service to the Mission right into 1990. At the time of writing, Mr. Hadland and Mr. Rankin (who has been part of UGM since 1933) work at the Mission office almost daily. They keep the books, update records, and draw from their combined experience of 94 years to support and advise the Mission Director.

The early Board's first task was to seek a man called of God to fill the position of UGM Superintendent. Though Bert and Jessie Dartnell had given of themselves without reserve while still maintaining their business, the new Board felt that UGM ministries now required someone who, as a full-time missionary, could develop the work while being supported financially by others. To this end, Board members and others prayed, planned and deliberated for three years. This was a great need which would not be easily filled.

Meanwhile, a man recently saved and filled with a longing to enter God's service commenced studies at Winnipeg Bible Institute. Part of his student responsibilities involved Christian Service. The young man, whose name was Frank Koop, requested an assignment of preaching and distributing tracts at Union Gospel Mission. Though quiet and unassuming, Frank's soul burned with desire to win others to Christ. Soon, he became a familiar figure around UGM, one of the volunteer helpers who always seemed to be there when needed.

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As the Board would soon recognize, God was going before them in finding a Joshua to follow the Moses of Winnipeg's Main Street ministry. Nobody could replace Bert Dartnell, but, in God's plan, somebody would inherit the mantle of Bert Dartnell's ministry. In the providence of God, that man was Frank Koop.

9 FRANK & MAVIS KOOP

FILL THE GAP

Frank Koop was 28 years old when he became a Christian. The night before he was saved, he was drunk! Getting drunk wasn't a weekly event for Frank but he'd been to a party that Saturday night and with no definite convictions to prevent him, the tall affable lumberjack slipped easily out of sobriety into the illusive mists of inebriation. Not that he caused any trouble in that state. Born and raised in a gentle Mennonite community, Frank had a warm kindly personality which reached out in caring to others.

Almost six feet tall, and husky from hard work, he had more teddy bear than tiger in him. Everybody liked Frank Koop. His life was placid, industrious - and empty! Though his parents and family members disapproved, Frank didn't think that a few drinks on an occasional weekend could do much harm. It wasn't as if drinking interfered with his work or relationships too much. It was just something to do. Not, perhaps, something to do too near the family home.

One wonders what his missionary-minded brother John would have said if he'd bumped into Frank in that state. But John was in bible school, getting ready to go to Ethiopia to preach the Gospel of Christ to lost souls. Frank had never quite understood John's commitment. He knew John was embracing a career of hardship and toil without the large paycheques which young men were beginning to expect in the years following World War II. But the glory of John's expected rewards eluded Frank's comprehension.

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'- Souls for Christ? -' To a man not yet in the light of the Gospel, such glory was indiscernible. Ah, well, John must walk his chosen way; Frank would follow the direction of his own heart and mind. But Frank reckoned without God.

That weekend was the last time Frank Koop ever indulged. By prior arrangement, he had agreed to meet John after church at Elim Chapel, Winnipeg, on Sunday morning.

When John invited him to come again in the evening to hear a quartette from Winnipeg Bible Institute, he readily agreed. The meeting was at Lockport, a small village on the Red River twenty miles north of Winnipeg. The speaker was a Bible school student, George Hogman. The message was about characteristics of Jesus. First, the preacher pointed out that Jesus is the Light of the world. The effect on Frank Koop was amazing.

"All my life," Frank confided later. "I hated the dark. It was like a phobia to me. The preacher's words struck deeply in my soul. I knew I needed Jesus."

While Frank still reeled from the unexpected assault of the Holy Spirit, the preacher fired another cannon—that Jesus is the Bread of Life. Another idiosyncrasy of Frank's was his marked reaction to not having physical food. But tonight, he knew with startling clarity that he did not have the Bread of Life.

"I came under conviction at that meeting. I prayed all the way home," Frank recalled. "I threw my cigarettes away, knowing they should have no place in my life. Then I knelt by my bed and surrendered my heart to Jesus. He lifted the burden of sin. That was in 1947. I've walked with Jesus since then."

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Any onlooker could tell that dramatic changes had come to Frank. He enrolled at Winnipeg Bible Institute and began to devour the Word of God which had been honoured in his childhood home but politely ignored in his personal life since the age of understanding. Only two years shy of thirty, Frank had lost time to make up. Undertaking the full academic load for the semester, he also involved himself in student affairs and Christian service. One of his teachers, Margaret Moody, (who later became a co-founder of the Child and Family ministries through UGM's Youth Centre) remembers Frank Koop as "very quiet, a good speaker, and a man of prayer."

This man of prayer was also a man of action. As noted above, he sought out and received his particular ministry task - as part of his student experience and Christian service training, Frank was assigned the responsibility of preaching and generally helping at Union Gospel Mission.

10 TURN THE OTHER CHEEK

Frank's first activities at Union Gospel Mission were conducted under the kindly eye of Bert Dartnell until the latter's illness in 1949. During the course of Frank's school career he became friendly with Mavis Schimke, a girl from Harvey, North Dakota who started at Winnipeg Bible Institute one year after Frank. Mavis soon found herself busy at Union Gospel Mission. Though the Dartnells' reduced involvement brought out extra effort from others, there was always work remaining to be done. Mission friends too numerous to mention individually made sure the needy street people were not forgotten in the sadness and confusion of Bert's illness. Frank, with Mavis as co-helper became more and more immersed in ministry at UGM. In fact, the unromantic, disharmonious sometimes sordid transients in the disinfectant-charged hall at 645 Main Street unwittingly became witnesses to a budding courtship which blossomed into engagement. Frank and Mavis married in September of 1951, four months after Frank graduated from Winnipeg Bible Institute.

Mavis was surely God's gift to Frank, not only as a wise and supportive marriage partner but also as a co-labourer in the Lord's work. When she was a little girl in Harvey, a godly aunt took Mavis to a Vacation Bible School where she heard and understood that Jesus loved her and died for her. Thus Mavis experienced God's salvation in tender years and grew up in the knowledge of the Lord. But a spiritual crisis still awaited her. After high school, she attended business college, in anticipation of fulfilling her ambition to enter the business world and be successful. In her early twenties, however, Mavis had to surrender her own life plans and accept God's definite

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leading to bible school. The willing young Christian did this, never realizing that as God's purposes unfolded, she would have unlimited opportunity to develop her business acumen, not in gainful self-advancement, but in making every one of her family budget dollars do the work of ten. In 1951, Frank recalls, the Koops started at Union Gospel Mission with no salary except what came in through an offering box mounted at the back of the hall.

"We didn't take collections," Frank said. "I remember a week where there was one nickel in the box - and many weeks when there was five cents less! I had a job at Eatons in those days, then hurried down to the Mission to do my real work."

For the first year after Bible School, Frank and Mavis served the Lord while doing what they could to support themselves. But their dreams of expanding Union Gospel Mission ministries matched the Board's commitment to having a full time worker.

Eventually, the Board was able to provide \$50 a month - and in October, 1952, the salary was raised to \$100 monthly. For the first year, however, the Koops depended directly upon God for their needs. And God did not forget nor fail his young servants.

"One day a lady named Elizabeth E. came down to Main Street," Mavis reminisced. "Her sister had passed away and this dear lady from Elim honoured her sister's memory by passing out flowers to the poor from a huge bouquet of roses. We invited her into the mission and a friendship developed. Miss E. took a real interest in UGM. One day, when Frank opened the offering box, there lay sixteen cents - plus two crumbled fifty dollar bills. We'd forgotten there was so much money in the world. It was a

gift from God, for us. We've no idea who put in the sixteen cents. But we're almost sure that the two fifties was Elizabeth E.'s work."

One way or another God provided enough for the Koops to make ends meet and allow them more time to reach out in the community around UGM. "We wanted to have a children's work," Mavis said. "Mr. Falk, Mennonite Brethren City Missioner had a Sunday School at UGM. So, on Saturday afternoons we rounded up local kids for crafts and Bible stories. Through the Club, we got between fifteen and twenty kids out under the sound of the Gospel."

While Mavis led this part of the work, Frank found himself spending more and more daytime hours in personal work. Men stopped by to talk, to share their needs and sometimes to divulge their deep personal hurts. When they left, these men took with them the memory of a caring prayer, a warm handshake, a Gospel tract and as much material help as Frank could provide. It was all given in the name of Jesus. Word soon spread along the strip. There was somebody at UGM during the day and he cared for people.

"Not everybody responded favourably," Frank pointed out. "One man, angry because I would not give him train fare to somewhere or other punched me on the nose then ran out of the Mission. Others saw him, gave chase and a policeman brought him back by the scruff of his neck. I refused to lay charges. The next day the man, now sober, returned to UGM and thanked me with tears for not laying charges as he would have landed in jail. I was able to tell him about Jesus."

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The years 1949 to 1953 were years of transition. The end of Bert and Jessie Dartnell's ministry overlapped Frank Koop's student service assignment and first full-time ministry there. Each evening, the regular groups and individuals continued their ministry. But, as Bert was forced by ill health to reduce his involvement, more and more Frank sought to fill the gap. Yet, even as he did, Frank had to pray through another question. Where did God want him to serve? A deep burden for Germany had entered his soul. Both he and Mavis became convinced that their Lord was leading them to foreign missionary service. Finally assured of His Will, Frank informed co-workers and Board members at UGM that the Koops had applied to European Evangelistic Crusade (Global Outreach) and were heading for Germany as soon as God provided support through His people. In 1953, after a stop-gap ministry of three years at UGM, the Koops (now with one little girl, the first of their family of eight children) left for mission work in Germany. The UGM Board found itself facing a crucial need for somebody to fill the gap.

The vacancy left by Frank and Mavis Koop's departure as foreign missionaries lasted for five years. From 1953-1958, despite the best efforts of the Board, no suitable man could be found to fill the gap. Men were sought out, interviewed, a couple even invited to come and see the Mission work in Winnipeg, but with no tangible result. It seemed that UGM had entered a holding pattern. At first, it was expected that the absence of a Superintendent would be very temporary. But months lengthened into years with no change. In some ways, it was a discouraging period. Yet the Board laboured on, making sure the evening gospel meetings continued. Some wondered if God's purposes for UGM had changed. But nobody initiated any movement toward closing the Mission. In fact, everybody involved talked only of growth, of

programme expansion, of growing large enough to meet the evident needs all around.

It was obvious, however, that programme expansion had to be preceded by a number of other steps. The building needed roof repairs as well as inside renovations to create dormitory space for a small number of men who, from time to time, expressed interest in coming off the street and seriously working on their personal life struggles. The need for a dormitory, in turn, depended upon the presence of a Superintendent. Though the Board did everything possible to utilize the opportunities to help such men, Board members were all fully employed and served UGM in their non-business time. It was difficult for any one of them to take responsibility for actually running a programme.

Innovative measures were attempted to meet programme needs. In 1955, Jim Hadland, a Canadian Pacific Railway man joined his boss, Sam Kelsall as a UGM Board member. A talented administrator with many years of office management experience in the Royal Canadian Air Force, Jim Hadland brought intensity and creative effort to the task of forwarding UGM's ministries, even without a Superintendent. Thoroughness being one of Jim's most prominent characteristics, it wasn't long before he became deeply immersed in the innermost workings of the Board, finally being appointed as acting Superintendent in January, 1958 even while working full-time at the railroad. Perhaps part of the reason for Jim's appointment was to spur him on in his efforts to find a Superintendent to replace himself. His job entailed wide travel across Western Canada, giving Jim opportunity to seek out and interview prospective candidates for the position of UGM Superintendent. Despite his strenous

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efforts, however, the position remained unfilled - until God gave one Board member an urgent idea!

11 THE KOOP'S RETURN

In 1949-53, the first time Frank worked at UGM, not many conversions were recorded. When the Koops went to Germany, God used them to win many souls. It was a great five years of fruitful ministry. But Mavis Koop's increasing health problems forced Frank to reconsider the question of what and where his ministry should be. In the midst of his cogitations, Frank had a letter from UGM Board member Reverend John Schmidt. This Mennonite Brethren pastor, beloved of his people, also gave himself over the years to active involvement in UGM. Now, with the Mission desperately needing a full-time superintendent, Rev. Schmidt remembered Frank and Mavis Koop. For Frank, the possibility of returning to UGM came as a definite answer to his prayers for God's direction. UGM Board minutes of October 15, 1958 record the outcome.

"It was moved by Mr. J. Hadland, seconded by Mr. B. Scarff that a call be extended to Mr. Koop to assume superintendency of the Mission effective November 1st., at a salary of \$225.00 per month, such salary to be reviewed after three months. Motion was carried unanimously." (And, it may be assumed, with a great deal of joy and gratitude to God.)

"I knew hard work lay ahead," Frank acknowledged. "In 1958, there was a total of only thirteen financial supporters of the Mission. The income that year was \$1,300. Now I was hired at \$225. a month. If the Mission was going to survive, and if my four children were going to eat, I needed to organize a mailing list and gather

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together the goodwill for UGM which has always existed in Winnipeg's conservative evangelical community."

Working in close cooperation with the Board, Frank began to send out a monthly prayer and information letter. The terms of his employment stated that salary was contingent upon funds being available, other Mission operating expenses to be paid first. Further, appointment was for one year only, at the end of which the Board would examine the situation. There was one month's holiday in the summer season and Frank was expected to have one free day a week. If Frank was out speaking to churches on behalf of UGM, all offerings obtained were to go into the Mission treasury.

Frank's duties included supervision of all activities of the Mission, deputational work (speaking to groups, usually on Sunday), introducing ministry groups each night and making announcements on behalf of the Mission, and being responsible for the caretaking of the building.

Tough though the task appeared, Frank entered it with an enthusiastic determination to succeed for God. Not yet forty, he had both the vigour of youth and the wisdom of life-experience. Added to that was his good-natured humour, the ability to see the funny side of things. For Frank, getting on his knees with soap and brush in hand to scrub the Mission's old linoleum floor was not too different from getting on his knees with a Bible in his hand while telling some old street-abused sinner that God loved him and wanted to bless him.

As part of building up UGM's support constituency, Frank also introduced the concept of having Friends Banquets at each Annual General Business Meeting. It

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was in 1961, Frank's third full year as Superintendent that the first Banquet meeting was held in Elim Chapel. Approximately 270 were seated for supper. Rev. Soderstrom, the host church's warm-hearted pastor offered table grace and the tradition began. Since that time, the now province-wide banquets have been a great source of pleasure and blessing for both the Mission and the friends who gather to hear how God is using their donations.

The annual reports read at the first banquet reflect the quality of effort Frank and Mavis were giving to their ministry. Administratively, 30 different Christian groups had shared in the 365 regular evening gospel meetings which had a total attendance of 31,482. Frank had overseen 79 noon meetings attended by 2,404. He had introduced a Late Meeting which occurred after the coffee and donuts were served and many regular attenders had left. Quartettes from churches sang, there was no preaching, and Frank was joined by other personal workers who simply spoke individually to the men who remained. In 1961, there had been 126 Late Meetings attended by 3,150. So, total meetings added up to 570 and total attendance, 37,036.

Other ministries were reported on. At least 30,000 tracts had been given out; at least 2,000 people received clothing; 320 lodgings were provided; a Christmas dinner was served to 50 men; and 35,000 had coffee and doughnuts.

The 1961 financial report also looked good. Receipts had risen to \$7,379 while expenditures totalled \$7,066. Receipts had increased over the previous year by \$1,164. and expenditures rose by only \$254. The number of donors was not recorded, but obviously the presence of 270 people to hear these reports is indicative of the broad base

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of support Frank and Mavis had developed. All in all, it was a gratifying and exciting compilation of the Mission's work during the past year. The chairman of the evening, Board President Mr. H. MacGillivray spoke for the whole Board when he expressed appreciation to Rev. and Mrs. Koop for the efficient and tireless manner in which they conducted and organized the work of the Mission during the year.

Before leaving that memorable banquet, the people present re-affirmed their commitment to UGM ministry by standing together to sing a Mission Chorus:

*Seeking "the Least, the Last, the Lost";
Bringing them Lord, to Thee,
Telling the story of the Cross;
This shall our Mission be.
Lord, keep us faithful to Thy Call,
Until Thy face we see.
Seeking "the Least, the Last, the Lost";
Bringing them, Lord, to Thee.*

12 LADIES AUXILIARY STARTED

Though she was primarily involved with running the house and caring for their children, Mavis Koop also worked hard at UGM. When Frank began to remodel the basement to commence a rehabilitation programme (forerunner of the present residential treatment programme) Mavis did what she could to help. Since returning to the Mission work, Mavis had been planning and dreaming of having a Ladies Auxiliary with a unique ministry. As well as reaching out to women, the Auxiliary would help to raise support especially to furnish the planned rehabilitation dormitory in the basement.

For Mavis, action went hand-in-hand with planning and dreaming. She visited city churches, sharing her vision with Ladies Groups and entire congregations. Then, at the 1962 Annual General Meeting (preceded by UGM's second annual banquet prepared by the ladies of Elmwood Mennonite church) Mavis and Mrs. Moore of the Union City Mission, Minneapolis faced the supporters with the challenge to be part of the proposed Ladies Auxiliary. The idea was enthusiastically endorsed and, the following month, an inaugural meeting was held. Between twenty and thirty women attended, a constitution was drawn up, officers selected and UGM Ladies Auxiliary was in operation.

One of the new group's first projects was to buy the Mission a refrigerator. The choice of project typified the practical nature of the group's intentions. Over the years, the Ladies Auxiliary has maintained this practical "homey" characteristic. Through their efforts, (and aided by many kind donations from Palliser Furniture) the UGM

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of the 1990's has beautiful room furnishings, and a modern fully-equipped kitchen which, incidently, utilizes a massive walk-in 'fridge and freezer, a dozen large deepfreezes and a second room-sized cooler in the basement not to mention donated commercial cold-storage space. (All this is necessary because donated food is often perishable if not frozen and must be picked up when offered). These dear women who started Ladies Auxiliary back in 1962 could not have imagined that the need for a refrigerator would be multiplied a hundred-fold as God developed the work which they helped to start.

Meanwhile, Frank was rejoicing in the success of yet another way to reach people for Christ. Modelled after a hundred-year-old Christian outreach group called the Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast Association, (Philadelphia is from two Greek words: phileo=to love, and adelphos=a brother) Frank and Mavis started serving eggs, (donated by farmers) toast and coffee at the Mission on Sunday mornings. In 1962 alone, nearly 1500 men came out to that Breakfast Bible Class.

Although Frank reported that about 15 men professed salvation at the Mission each month, he always qualified those kinds of statistics by recognizing that only God knows the heart. His 1962 annual report, reproduced below, reveals both his caution of over-reporting and his deep sense of burden. If the report had had a title, it would have been "I AM DEBTOR!"

"In reporting on this year's activities in the Mission, I'm afraid that I can only talk of outward things ... yet the real nature and purpose of the work are spiritual. In all our activities we seek to

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keep Christ supreme. The verse of Scripture that I would like to use to introduce this report is found in Romans 1:14 ... I am debtor. I realize that I am a debtor to every rubby-dub and drunken derilect of the street. God's great grace to me is the reason of my indebtedness to them. This is the reason that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus is preached every night - to discharge a debt and because the Gospel is the only force in the universe that is the power of God unto salvation. That is why the Mission exists.

During 1962, the Mission building saw some improvements. The hall was redecorated and the outside of the building painted. (Paint, varnish and even the texts artistically painted on the wall were the donation of well-known St. James decorator John Johnson who faithfully supported both local and foreign missions.) A new stove has been donated as well as a new loudspeaker. In discharging this debt we have conducted 647 meetings in the Mission. Just a shade over 40,000 attended services during the past year. Over 7,000 free meals were served during our noon meetings last winter. Almost 500 free beds were provided for the men in need. Approximately 2,000 pieces of clothing were distributed. Almost 1500 men attended our Sunday Breakfast Bible Class - and 2,658 were dealt with personally in our late meetings alone.

How many men confessed Christ? I cannot give you an accurate count. I gave up because I realized that God's list is so different from mine. Roughly, about fifteen men would profess salvation in the Mission every month. Where are they now? Some of them were not real, others are in other Missions now ... and going on for the Lord. To build a church without the home would be impossible. In the UGM's field, the home is gone and hence our greatest difficulty.

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This is one reason why we long for the day that a Mission Rehab Centre will be a reality so that the problem of the home might be solved for some, even if only temporarily. I AM DEBTOR.

Frank was able to start his desired Mission Rehab Centre - right in the basement of the old building. By moving the platform fifteen feet forward he was able to add a kitchen, washroom and little cubby-hole dormitory room. Total space was limited to seven. At the 1963 annual meeting, Frank reported that two men were already enrolled. The next winter, however, saw a population of four men in the Rehab programme. Unfortunately, when Spring came, three of the men simply moved on. The fourth, Art Thorne, stayed. Not only did he stick with the programme but this man later became a trophy of God's grace and Frank's Assistant Superintendent. The next chapter tells Art Thorne's story.

13 WHERE IS THAT TRAIN?

"Where is that train?" No doubt the question was asked more than once in the Winnipeg Rail Road office. The train to northern Manitoba had left on schedule, but never returned. Where was the train? The train was waiting on a siding at the end of the line while its engineer altered timetables to accommodate a non-stop drinking binge. Art Thorne, well brought up, a good employee, an intelligent man, an engineer who could keep the train on track (and usually on time) had himself gone off the track. His life was out of control. He didn't have a bad habit - the bad habit had him. Running a train to its destination and omitting to bring it back was no way to run a railroad. In fact, it was a sure-fire way of being rail-roaded into unemployment.

When the frustrated bosses in Winnipeg finally sent another engineer up north to find out what happened, Art had been drinking four days. The train was immediately removed from its siding and Art was immediately removed from his job. It didn't matter to Art. He was drinking himself deeper and deeper into the abyss of forgetfulness. Art didn't care about trains. Art didn't care about anything except booze. When he finally returned to Winnipeg, Art came to the Mission for food. Frank remembers their first meeting.

"I found him on the Mission doorstep. He was the picture of a man least likely to succeed." Frank reported. "His nose was runny, his clothes filthy, his body emaciated and dirty."

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"I was in Thunder Bay." There was a note of fear in Art's voice as he began to explain his need. "That's all I remember. I woke up here in Winnipeg. I was lying in front of the Countess of Dufferin on the CPR station grounds. Please!" Art pleaded. "Help me."

Help me! The two most difficult words for an addict to say. Yet, until they are said or at least silently expressed, God Himself seems unable to accomplish much. When Frank heard these words, he put his arm around the shaking skeletal man and led him into the Mission.

"Art meant business," Frank said. "He committed himself to sobriety, paid close attention to the Bible studies and was soon reading the Scriptures and praying on his own. When he publicly accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord, it showed in his life. He helped in the evening meetings, cleaned up the hall and became my right hand man. I was pleased when the Board agreed to hire him for \$10. per month plus room and board. Art was very pleased, too. He and I had become good friends as well as brothers in the Lord."

Art continued at the Mission through Frank's entire tenure as Superintendent. When Frank resigned in 1965, Art also left to join his unmarried sister in B.C. For years afterwards, Art phoned Frank annually. Each conversation began with a significant phrase.

"Frank! It's been two years." "Frank, It's been three years." The last time Art phoned, he opened the conversation the usual way. "Frank, it's been seven years." The time reference indicated the number of years since Art had finished with drink and started sobriety.

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Art remained faithful to the Lord. He worked for B.C. Telephone Company. In B.C., he met and married Anne Graf, a fine Christian lady with whom he shared four wonderful years before his sudden death of a massive heart attack. When Frank phoned to console Anne, she told him about Art's funeral service. In the eulogy it was publicly stated that Art had remained sober since his time at Union Gospel Mission. Art Thorne was amongst the "fruit that remained" of the Koops' ministry through UGM.

14 THE GUNMAN AT THE DOOR

In 1964, a total of eighteen men passed through the Rehabilitation Programme located in the cramped confines of the basement at 645 Main Street. It had become obvious to Frank that another building was needed to house this part of the UGM ministry. This was the Koops' dream and Frank began to search for farm property close to the city. Eventually, however, not farmland but a "Superintendent's house" was purchased on Noble Avenue. Since Frank frequently brought home a number of men to his small home already wall-to-wall with young Koops, the Noble Avenue house provided more space for this purpose.

Members of the Ladies Auxiliary were making good contacts with the women of the area, distributing clothing and food, Bibles and tracts. Auxiliary members included Miss Margaret Moody, Mrs. Davie, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Giesbrecht, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Hill and many others. The kind of ministries they undertook required extraordinary courage to face situations with which most of them were entirely unaccustomed. Frank Koop remembers one incident which highlights this fact.

"The ladies had their meeting and I opened the back door of the Mission to usher them out. There, standing by the doorstep, stood a man with a pistol or revolver." To Frank, the barrel of that pistol looked as big as the bore of Mons Meg, the large cannon looking out over the ramparts of Scotland's Edinburgh Castle. "The ladies simply stepped out one by one, walked past the man without a word and drove their cars away. When the the last one had gone I ended this wordless encounter, perhaps unwisely, by slamming the self-locking door in the gunman's face

and rushing to my phone to call the police." The man must have left immediately because he had disappeared by the time the police arrived. Fortunately, no one was hurt in what could have been a situation of horrific disaster.

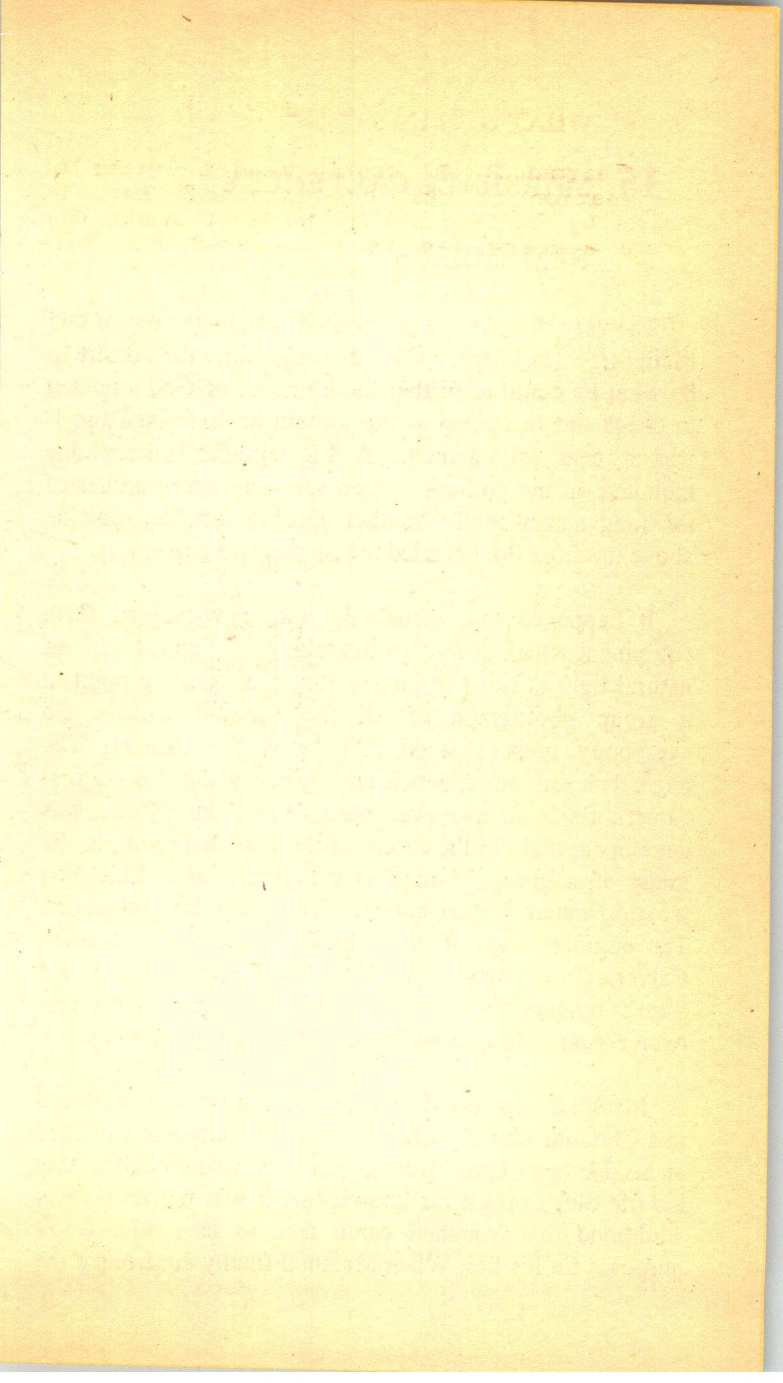
Today, a quarter of a century later, the faithful women who laboured together at UGM may be hardly remembered by any living person. *"But God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have showed towards His Name..."* (Hebrews 6:10).

Miss Margaret Moody especially gave herself to the ministry. Born in Winnipeg, she and her family had early associations with Elim Chapel before she left for missionary service with the Africa Inland Mission in Kijabe, Kenya. Forced to return home because of ill-health, she joined the staff of Winnipeg Bible Institute and College of Theology, working with the renowned Dr. Wesley Affleck. Miss Moody's zeal for evangelism, especially among children and families was limitless. She was a driving force in whatever she undertook. There are numerous missionaries across the world today who recognize Miss Moody as a formative (and formidable) influence in their response to God's call. Margaret Moody worked with the Mission for some years, eventually joining the staff as Director of Women's Work. More will be said about Miss Moody in another chapter. Sufficient to say here that God was preparing UGM for yet another major extension of ministry. But before that came, the Board once again faced an unwelcome circumstance. In June, 1965, Frank and Mavis Koop resigned from the superintendency of UGM. The June, 1965 Board minutes reflect the regret with which this turn of events was received.

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"Chairman R. T. Rankin read a letter of resignation of our Superintendent Rev. F. Koop. By letter and by word of mouth the Board members had been prepared for this and yet we were sorry and reluctant to accept this resignation. However, we feel the Lord must be in this change and must have another man to fill the vacancy. A sincere vote of thanks was moved by A. A. Defehr, seconded by F. Lang and accepted, to Brother Frank Koop and his family for the many years of faithful and fruitful ministry in this unique position."

For Frank and Mavis, the move was a prayed-through decision. Frank felt the Mission work had grown beyond the capacity of one man's energy and resources. He was convinced it was indeed God's time for change. As the Board started their search for a replacement, it became evident that, once again, God had gone before in preparing others to grasp the torch and press further along the course God had already planned for UGM.



15 MARSHALL CALVERLEY

REMEMBERS

The very first night a service was conducted out of 645 Main Street (in 1933), a Christian engineer with a desire to do what he could to further the kingdom of God attended to check out the novel sound system he had fixed up. It was a neat arrangement. A big circular microphone mounted on the podium carried sound to every corner of the long narrow hall. Another speaker mounted outside above the front door carried the message to passers-by.

It happened that somebody with new-fangled flash equipment which permitted the taking of pictures without natural light decided to immortalize that opening night in a group photograph of all the Mission friends. So everybody present stood and faced the camera. The engineer's son remembers it vividly because it was the first camera flash he had ever seen. When the picture was developed, there in the centre of the crowded room, in the midst of a group of men is the figure of a little boy wearing a snug leather helmet. The picture was prophetic. The engineer was Oliver Calverley. The boy? Marshall Calverley, Jr. who followed Frank Koop as UGM Superintendent; though many years would pass before that twelve-year old stood behind the Mission microphone.

Marshall was raised in a Christian home and nurtured in a Christian church (Elim Chapel). He accepted the Lord at his mother's knee. But he candidly acknowledges that his life didn't match his knowledge. It was not until early adulthood that Marshall came face to face with God's purposes for his life. When Marshall finally confronted the

challenge to totally surrender his life to Jesus, however, all the parental prayers and Bible teaching of his earlier life came to full fruition. Like Peter and John leaving their boats, Marshall and his wife Erika "forsook all and followed Him."

After he left home at age nineteen, Marshall started out with the Hudson's Bay Company as Retail Fur Trade Manager in a remote northern posting. His natural sagacity and winsome personality gave him both business success and popular acceptance in the native community. Eventually, the Calverley's bought their own store in Grahamdale, in Manitoba's Interlake district north of Winnipeg. They ran the store for two years. It was during this time that God began to exercise Marshall's heart about ministry.

"An independent missionary by the name of Jelmar Erikson who lived in Ashern used to stop off at our store on his way to the Bible camps he conducted for children in the area," Marshall said. "His testimony and teachings raised questions in my heart about living my life for self alone. Erika, who was saved very early in life and raised in a good Christian home, shared my concerns. I guess the Lord brought conviction and we decided to 'sell all' and follow Him."

Originally, Marshall and Erika planned to attend a Bible Institute in the States but, after hearing Winnipeg Bible Institute President Wesley Affleck speak at a communion service, they enrolled at the Winnipeg school. There, he and Erika became friends and fellow-students with Frank and Mavis Koop - a friendship which continued through later years.

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After graduating from Winnipeg Bible Institute in 1952, Marshall and Erika became missionaries with Northern Canada Evangelical Mission. Marshall was a pilot. He had been flying for NCEM since the previous year and continued to serve in that and other capacities for a total of fourteen years, opening up the north to other missionaries and offering medical and other emergency flying services. At that time, the Calverleys lived in Buffalo Narrows where their first son Ronald was born. Their second son, Stephen, was born three years later in Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan, the new location of NCEM headquarters.

In 1965 Marshall received a call from the Board of UGM and, after prayerful consideration, returned south. Always open to serving the Lord where he could, Marshall had, over the years, shown interest in the work at Union Gospel Mission. This made him an obvious candidate to replace Frank Koop when Frank and Mavis turned their efforts towards a pastoral ministry. Frank felt he had taken the work at UGM as far as his cluster of gifts could reach. God was redirecting his life and, as mature Christian servants, he and Mavis could only acquiesce in the Lord's leading. After much prayer and soul-searching, the Koops had recommended that UGM Board consider their old friend and proven missionary worker to lead the Mission work. The call was extended, the Calverleys sought the Lord's guidance and, on September 1, 1965, Marshall and Erika Calverley commenced their ministry at UGM. Six months later, their oldest son, now nineteen, joined the staff to work along with Mom and Dad in the Lord's vineyard. The record of the Calverleys' tenure will be resumed. The next chapter describes the flow of earlier events which gave birth to a great ministry extension - the founding of Good News Centre for Women and Children

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which was the forerunner of the present Christian Youth Centre on Pritchard Avenue.

16 MINISTRY TO

WOMEN & CHILDREN

Union Gospel Mission's ministries to women and children, especially families, was born in the early aspirations of the Dartnell's desires; kept alive on the Koop's priority list of crucial needs; nurtured in the loving intentions Marshall Calverley devised; and jolted into actual existence by the generosity of an anonymous donor, who in 1966 designated a gift of \$7,650.00 for that particular purpose. Always close to the Board's heart, the proposed project soon became reality with the purchase of an Aikens Street building formerly owned by American Association for Jewish Evangelism and occupied by missionaries Harry and Loretta Flaumbaum, intrepid people of dear memory to Manitoba evangelicals. The building was named Good News Centre and late in 1966 Margaret Moody was named Superintendent. Taking up residence in the three-story building, Miss Moody began a simple Bible-centered neighbourhood ministry which was destined by God to dramatically impact individuals and families down through the years.

Space does not permit extensive introduction of every major contributor to UGM's development. But Miss Margaret Moody deserves to be an exception if for no other reason than the uniqueness of her character and colourful affect. To those who knew her, what comes to mind are adjectives like indomitable, unconquerable, improvising, above all fervent in ministry. Marshall Calverley, UGM Superintendent when she joined the staff said of her, "She is one of the most devoted sincere servants of the Lord I have ever worked with. She always

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put others first and never held back in giving of herself for ministry. She was a great example, especially to her Bible school students."

Miss Moody's personal history merits a book on its own. Born and raised in Winnipeg, she arrived at Elim Chapel with her family around the time when Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalist churches joined forces to become the United Church of Canada. She trained to become a teacher but soon left that profession to follow God's call to Kenya, Africa. During her first furlough, Miss Moody's father, a well-known Winnipeg lawyer, was killed by a teen-ager driving a stolen car. Emergency plans to facilitate the far-off missionary's return home were complicated by World War II but, through the kind offices of Winnipeg Christian philanthropist Sidney Smith who had contacts all over the world, arrangements were made for Miss Moody to travel "across the back way" from Africa, wending her way through Siberia to finally arrive home in Canada.

Miss Moody's third term was interrupted by her mother's illness which required the missionary to return home to nurse her mother. Accepting this with equanimity, Miss Moody immediately found ministries to do. She taught Missions, Bible History, Bible Geography and the Evangelical Teacher Training Courses at Winnipeg Bible Institute, acting also as Registrar. She also organized and supervised a weekly Sunday afternoon Bible class in the community hall at Brooklands, a city suburb populated mostly by Railroad families.

All of Miss Moody's activities were conducted with wholehearted enthusiasm and cyclonic haste. When the writer was a second year Bible School student, he observed the following incident which typifies Miss

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Moody's high speed style. On registration day a girl used her day off work to come into school to enquire about correspondence courses. Busy with a dozen other preoccupations, Miss Moody hastily ushered the girl into line for course selection and fee payments. The shy bewildered enquirer found herself registering for a full year of day-time studies - which she faithfully finished and always appreciated.

Miss Moody brought to that first UGM Good News Centre missionary experience, unbounded zeal, fearless courage, and faith in the God with Whom nothing is impossible. She expected people to come to know the Lord. Like one whose name history does not record, she "prayed as if all depended on God - and worked as if all depended on her." It was not long before she began to see results. The testimony of one serves to represent the many who came to know the Lord through the Good News Centre.

17 DIETRICH DESMARAIS,

ONE OF MISS MOODY'S CONVERTS

As 1990 opens, Dietrich Desmarais is thirty-three years old. He is happily married to Edith (Penner) who is a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital School of Nursing. The couple have three children and, if all goes well, in June a fourth little one will be welcomed into the God-honouring Desmarais household. Dietrich is also the Director of Living Bible Explorers (LBE), an organization which started in Winnipeg twenty-one years ago and which ministers to over two hundred children through six Bible clubs. Dietrich wasn't in on the start of LBE - in fact, Dietrich's present love for the Lord and stable Christian home is not reflective of how things were when he was young.

"I lived in city housing on Flora Avenue," Dietrich recounts. "Dad was an underground construction worker. His work was seasonal and hard. He was a drinker. My four brothers and I got most of our nurture from Mother in those early years. Though a practicing Roman Catholic, she was raised in a strict Mennonite home and always respected the Bible."

It was a rough neighbourhood. Even elementary school had its alcohol and drug problems; the police were frequent visitors to the playground. Dietrich, perhaps through mother's influence, tried to avoid involvement with trouble of any kind. That's probably why, when he heard there was a new Friday evening club for kids on the corner of Pritchard and Aikens, he was one of the first to attend.

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"Miss Moody was there and two guys younger than me," Dietrich remembers. "I was twelve years old at the time. We had Bible lessons with flannelgraph figures to illustrate. Songs. Games. I remember a ping-pong table which became very popular. Crafts. And refreshments. I loved it."

About six weeks after his introduction to the club, Dietrich went home one night in solemn thought. The lesson on forgiveness had moved him deeply. That night, in his bedroom, young Dietrich kneeled and asked Jesus Christ to forgive his sins. Next club night he told Miss Moody about his prayer. She encouraged him to memorize God's Word, especially verses which taught the assurance of salvation.

"I really got involved in the club," Dietrich continued. "I invited neighbourhood kids. Later, when I got to St. John's High School I helped start a chapter of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship. Though there were a couple of years in Junior High when I lived a sneaky double life, being a Christian but going to drinking parties with friends, I always knew when I was disappointing my Lord - and it always bothered me. By the time I hit High School I was sold out for the Lord"

When the club leaders told Dietrich about the plans to build a Christian Youth Centre on Pritchard Avenue, he saved money every week to help pay for the new building. Miss Moody used to tease him that many bricks in the new building should have his name on them. He was very committed and a loyal if not large supporter.

The young Christian also started attending church regularly, usually going to Elim Chapel with Fred Hill who taught crafts at the club. There, at Elim, Dietrich

constantly requested prayer for his family. Soon two of his brothers were also saved. Dietrich continued to challenge Dad and other family members about the need to trust the Lord Jesus alone for salvation. He knew no church could absolve or forgive a person's sins. Only Jesus, crucified and risen from the dead could do that. Though Dad especially was not easy to talk to about his need of Christ, the fifteen-year old boy was hopeful that behind the outside resistance, God was doing His own quiet work in Dad's heart. And so it was! Years later, Mr. Desmarais shared with Dietrich how those confrontations with God's truth led him to quit drinking - and finally to confess Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour and Lord.

The changes in his family fuelled the fires of Dietrich's enthusiasm for prayer and Christian work. He became executive president of all Inter-School Christian Fellowship groups in the city - organizing retreats, speakers, promotion of clubs. Then came university - a total of seven years during which Dietrich immersed himself in Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship activities. When he graduated, this product of a simple Bible club run by Miss Moody and her helpers at the Good News Centre entered full-time Christian missionary work with British Columbia Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, working in Prince George. Then, in 1982, fourteen years after he came to know the Lord in that north-end club, Dietrich returned to his home city and his home neighbourhood to lead the work of Living Bible Explorers.

How do such things come about? Certainly, through the Holy Spirit's orchestration of a number of forces: The \$7,000 gift of an anonymous donor (who, it is almost certain, was none other than Elizabeth E., highly suspected of similar kindnesses in the past); the faithful ministry of Miss Moody, Fred Hill and all the others who

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worked out of Aikens Street house in those early years; the support and guidance of UGM Board and Director; and the prayers of many. These are some of the forces. That prayer was a factor in Dietrich's conversion and Christian growth was confirmed to him in an unusual manner.

"My brother and I were students at U. of B.C. and somebody invited us for Sunday dinner." Dietrich smiles at the memory. "There was another couple there from Florida, retired Winnipeggers whom we had never met before. When they heard our names they said, 'Are you the Desmarais boys from Winnipeg? We've been praying for you for several years. Now we get to meet you.'" Dietrich's requests for prayer for his family had travelled far beyond Elim. And the prayers themselves had obviously ascended to the Throne of Grace and brought forth the blessing of God.

The work started by Miss Moody continues in the many ministries being conducted at Christian Youth Centre, (or CYC) the building that Dietrich's pennies helped to build. Presently under the direction of Greg Stetski, the Centre houses a food and clothing distribution programme, personal spiritual counselling, and a brand new programme which, it is hoped, will help break the cycle of distress and despair experienced by children of alcoholics. Called Family Life, the programme involves twelve children of eight native families in which parents were invited to contract with CYC to see that their children are ready for school in time each morning. CYC bus the children in the programme to a Christian school in the area and, by meeting with the teachers and CYC staff once a month, the parents become personally involved in their children's schooling. Started in September, 1989, the programme has been hugely successful by all measures. Expansion is planned, with a campaign underway to find

sponsors who will support a particular child at \$30. per month to pay the school fees (which Faith Academy, the host school has generously reduced to \$30. per child in their support of the preventive policy CYC is attempting to develop).

"I am praying that God will provide CYC with some school building the Division is no longer using." Stetski, a man of practical faith, really expects God to do that. He sees the thousands of children in the area who are from broken or abusive homes where alcohol is a major factor. "We can impact the next generation if we will be bold for God."

Working with Greg, a number of volunteer women help Elizabeth Noel and Sharon Anderson, two native Christians dedicated to reaching people for Jesus Christ. A graduate of Winnipeg Bible College, Elizabeth ministers to the wives of alcoholics, encouraging them to read God's Word and put their trust in the Lord. Sharon works with the children, teaching mid-week Bible clubs.

The CYC also hosts an indigenous native church of an evangelical denomination which uses the spacious hall as a chapel each Sunday afternoon. Gradually, the Centre is becoming a spiritual focal point for individuals and families, particularly native people living in the area. It is a vital outreach ministry of UGM and many men who come into the programme have wives and children who involve themselves with CYC.

18 A BANK MANAGER

WHO HIT THE BOTTLE

The Calverleys worked together at Union Gospel Mission from Fall of 1965 to Spring of 1973. Earlier, UGM had become a member of the International Union of Gospel Missions, an association of Rescue Missions which has its roots in the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission of New York City. To quote the IUGM 1989-1990 directory, "When McAuley founded his rescue mission in October 1872, he gave birth to an idea and a ministry that was to spread around the world". The directory lists 265 member missions which, like Winnipeg's Union Gospel Mission, preach and teach and feed and clothe the poor in the Name of Jesus. These 265 member missions are organized in a voluntary fellowship to exchange ideas and engage in mutual encouragement activities. There are thirteen administrative districts, twelve in North America and one, "Other countries", which includes Australia and New Zealand. Each district is represented on the Board of Trustees of the International Union of Gospel Missions by its elected President.

In May of 1990, those almost three hundred member missions will hold their annual convention in Winnipeg. (Winnipeg Mayor William Norrie has been petitioned to declare the Convention week "Rescue Mission Week" in recognition of the great work UGM and similar missions are doing.)

As well as linking UGM with this international body, Marshall also initiated a local expansion scheme - a farm programme which allowed Winnipeg street people the

opportunity to get away from drinking buddies and enjoy the therapeutic goodness of fresh country air and energetic farm chores. Using his own father's farm and thus incurring no cost to the Mission other than transportation and food, Marshall had a number of men participate. Marshall's son Ron transported the men and lived on the farm with them as supervisor. The goal was to see these men accept Christ and teach them how to walk with Christ in daily life. It was a sensible and far-sighted concept - but the distance from Winnipeg (132 miles) and the strain on the already over-taxed staff made it difficult to continue. However, there were good results. One man who was helped in this venture was a former bank manager who hit the bottle, separated from his wife, and eventually became a Skid Row bum. Coming to UGM one day to beg an overcoat for winter, he listened while Marshall laid the way of salvation before him. In time, J- was saved and, through many testings and some failures, strove to be faithful to his new Lord and Saviour.

One of the Calverleys' greatest contributions to the Mission was their tireless efforts during the conception and completion of the new Christian Youth Centre described above. At the Good News Centre, the women's and children's programmes were growing rapidly, far outpacing the amenities at Aikens Street. Suitable space had to be provided. To this task, the Calverleys dedicated themselves. The excellent CYC building now in use is the fruit of their labours.

At one Annual Banquet the guest speaker was a Gospel preacher by the name of Murdy Getty. This brother, who spoke at the dedication of the new Christian Youth Centre was a great encouragement and facilitator in the early stages of CYC's birth.

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"I propose we commit ourselves to pray for the needed \$60,000.00 to pay off this building," Marshall Calverley pleaded before introducing Getty. Noting there were 600 people present, Getty started his address with a different proposal.

"I propose we knock the "R" out of the word pray - and pay for this building," the visiting speaker said. "There's a time for PRAYING and a time for PAYING. I'm going to decline honorarium and expenses - and donate \$100.00 for this enterprise. Now, who will join me? With 600 people here, if we all did this, the building would be paid for tonight." The record does not show how many individuals rose to the challenge, but the CYC building was erected and is debt-free. At the time of writing, Murdy Getty is still active in a gospel-preaching ministry which spans more than forty years. Though rendered blind from diabetes, Murdy still travels in active preaching ministry and keeps up his interest in Christian Youth Centre. Like hundreds of others who helped financially to make CYC a reality, Murdy Getty rejoices in the knowledge that souls have been saved and built up in their most holy faith through the ministries there.

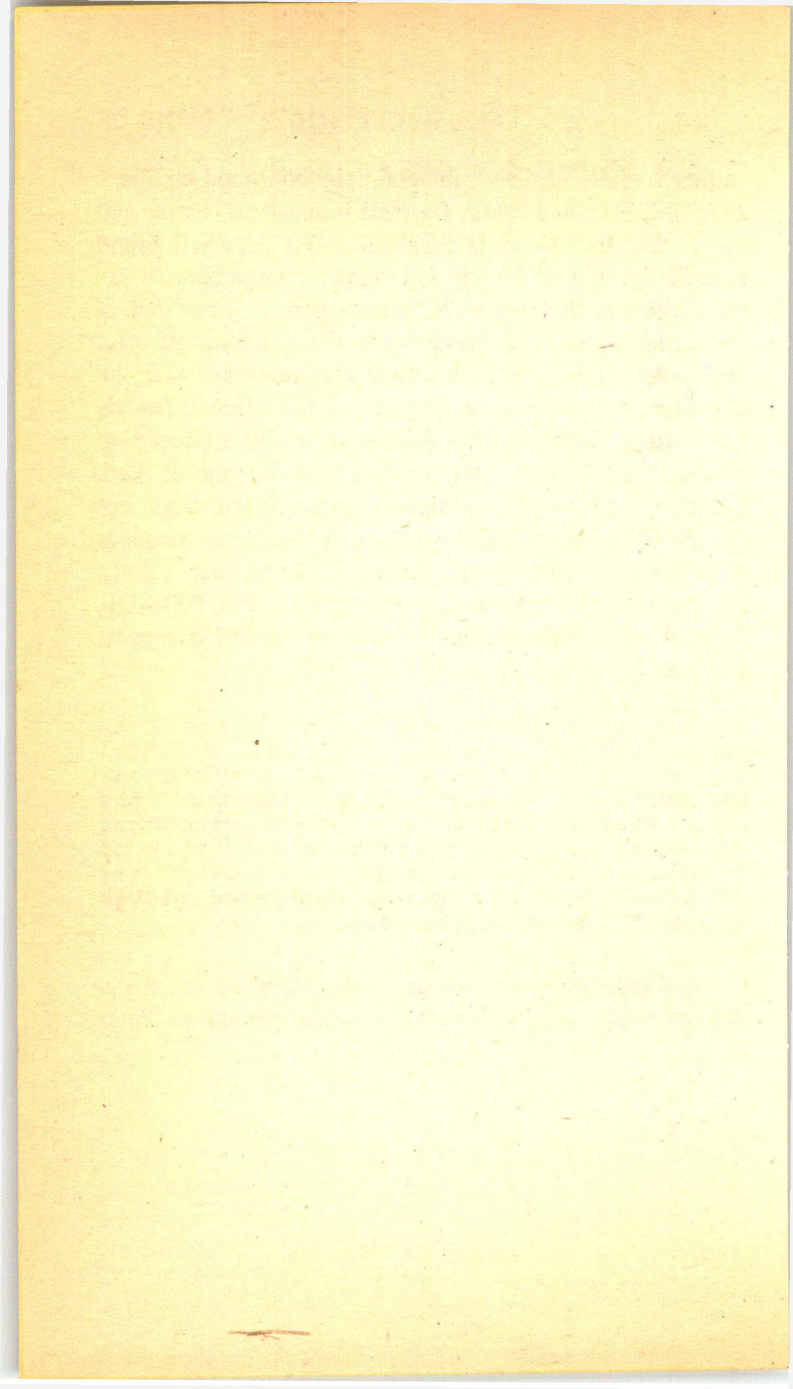
CYC has been served by a number of distinguished servants of the Lord. The first director Margaret Moody resigned in 1972. So did her colleague, Violet Smith a returned missionary from Colombia. Miss Moody's place was filled by Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Block, followed in turn by Mary Andres, Marilyn Goertzen, Eva Friesen, and Rosella Weibe. In 1988 the director was present incumbent Greg Stetski (and his co-worker, Gertrude Neufeld) of whom more will be said below.

Rescue Mission work is physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually exhausting, whether among

addicted adults or disadvantaged neighbourhood children. At UGM, Bert and Jessie Dartnell found it so. Frank and Mavis did, too. Now, in April of 1973, Marshall found himself battling ill health and finally recognizing in his circumstances the Heavenly Father's gentle "push" out of the arena of ceaseless service into the quietness of brief rest and change. His resignation was received with the utmost regret on the Board's part - to the Mission friends they wrote, "Words cannot fully express our appreciation of the conscientious and dedicated leadership of Bro. Calverley during these (eight) years. Space does not permit us to fully express all that God has wrought through the ministry and leadership of our brother,..." In the Mission publication **Voices FROM THE STREET**, (May, 1973) Marshall himself wrote to the UGM support constituency,

"The enlargement of the work has been possible only because of the faithful support of the Lord's people. I would ask as Brother Peter Dyck assumes the responsibility of directing the work that you continue your interest in this work of 'rescue', thus ensuring not only the salvation of souls but a continued growth in the outreach of the Mission."

In this humble spirit of gratitude, Marshall and Erika stepped aside and leadership of UGM passed to Peter Dyck.



19 THE MENNONITE

FROM RHINEFELD

A stone's throw west of the present UGM building there stands a building which used to house a truck depot. When Peter Dyck first occupied the Executive Director's office in the new building he could see the place where the truck sheds had stood. It wasn't Peter's first acquaintance with that scene. At age eighteen, as a young soldier-elect, he had started a weekend drunken carousel in that very shed which, at the time, was leased by a man who didn't mind providing liquor to minors.

How did a Mennonite boy from Rhinefeld Manitoba become a soldier elect, not to mention a hard-core drinker? Peter explains that readily.

"When I asked my Dad about conscientious objections to military service he said it didn't apply to me because I had no conscience towards Christ. I didn't understand or appreciate his words at the time but he was right. I had no time for the things of the Lord." For a man who later was used of God in a twenty-year ministry of presenting Christ to others, Peter's words are surprising. "At fifteen, I started drinking and hated when my parents preached the Gospel to me. I wanted to leave home and, when conscription came in 1944 I was ready. I didn't make the Army for medical reasons but in the two week assessment I sure did some heavy drinking with the other boys." It was during those two weeks that Peter and some friends went absent without leave and spent the weekend drinking in the truck shed. For the young rebel, that weekend started a pattern of drinking which lasted for years. Returning to his

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village, he was ostracized on account of having tried to join the Army. "You're no longer a Mennonite," was the general taunt. Defiantly, young Peter shook the dust of Rhinefeld from his feet and took off to start a series of jobs. Always a hard worker, the wayward lad got good jobs which usually lasted until the first pay cheque. Then work was suspended until he drank the money. Many bosses across the four western provinces recognized his potential to produce and tried to redirect his steps. But the same Peter who resisted his godly parents' pleas and prayers wouldn't yield to others. Now addicted to whiskey (an expensive habit) he only worked to satisfy his craving for alcohol. For a couple of years he didn't go home, seldom responded to his parents' letters which angered him with their Gospel content. Peter had hardened his heart and his steps took him far from the Lord.

One day in 1957 Peter and a friend went to hear Theodore Epp of Back to the Bible Broadcast. Epp was preaching in the old City Auditorium and the drinking buddies attended for two reasons. First, they wanted to see if anybody from their village was there; secondly, the Mall Hotel with its air-conditioned lounge was close by. Surprisingly, Peter returned to the meeting on the second evening.

"I can't describe the conviction of sin that came over me," he later recalled. "I felt every eye was focused on me. I wanted to go forward that night but somehow I wasn't brave enough."

Instead, Peter went home thoroughly miserable, to toss and turn on his bed all night. The next morning, he called a former school teacher whom he knew had a heart for God. John D. Adrian met Peter, listened sympathetically

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to his "spiritual problem" and proposed an immediate solution.

"Trust Jesus now, Peter." The kindly brother in Christ opened his New Testament and read John 3:36. *"He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."* Already knowing this was God's only way of salvation, Peter bowed his head, confessed his sin and asked the Lord Jesus Christ to save him. When he did, it felt like somebody lifted a ton of bricks off his back.

Peter's conversion took place on Mother's Day. What a gift for Mother - and Father, too. Peter's very first step was to return home. His parents were out when he arrived so he waited in the old familiar kitchen. As he waited, the returned prodigal opened the family Bible and read the warm assuring promises of God's acceptance. His heart was full of repentance, of joy, of excitement. Where were his parents? Peter could hardly wait for their return. Finally, they arrived - with company. The company consisted of friends from the West Coast who knew Peter's life style and shared his parents' heart burden.

"We were just talking about the 'Bengel.'" Using a soft low-German word that translates into something like "a mischievous boy" "a little scallywag", the visiting friend greeted Peter at the door. Then his eyes fell on the kitchen table. "Oba! Vot es dot? Hei de-it de Bibel lesa." (But what is this? He is reading the Bible). As soon as Peter began to explain, it became clear to his parents and friends that he had given his life to Jesus. There, right in the doorway, they all knelt and with tears of joy offered thanks to the Heavenly Father who had heard their prayers and saved their son.

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A brief two weeks later, Mr. Dyck died unexpectedly - but not before God, in His boundless kindness, had brought his erring son into eternal life. Thus sorrow was tempered with joy and Heaven became the place of planned reunion.

The first weekend after he was saved, Peter attended a Winnipeg church where he knew some of the young people. Among them was Susan Unger. When Peter shared his testimony she invited him to come with them to a Gospel meeting the Youth Fellowship was conducting that night. When he got there, the newly saved Peter was asked to give his very first public testimony. That meeting, and Peter's first testimony, took place at Union Gospel Mission!

20 PETER DYCK'S CALL TO SERVICE

Peter and Susan started courting. Exactly one year later (on Mother's Day!) they married and began to build a Christian home together. Peter had become the talk of southern Manitoba because of his notorious life style and now his dramatic change. Wherever he went his only desire was to give God glory. In his heart he had a great longing to serve God. But how could that happen.

"Because of the Depression, I had never gone on in school," Peter shared. "After Grade five, I always worked. Was there something God could do through me?" Indeed there was! Being voted in as a member of the UGM Board of Supervisors to represent his church, Peter took a great interest in the ministry there. He gave out tracts, shared his testimony, helped with physical work and did whatever his hand found to do. Sometimes at lunchtime or during the day when he wasn't working, Peter spent time at UGM encouraging the Superintendent and helping where he could. In 1970, when Marshall recognized the growing work required additional staff, he recommended to the Board of Trustees that Peter should be hired as Assistant Superintendent. In March of that year, Peter, no stranger to UGM for the past twelve years, officially joined the staff. Because he "knew the way out from booze," Peter was tireless in his witness to alcoholics who came to the Mission to warm up and have a cup of coffee and doughnut. Susan worked at the Municipal Hospital but began to spend more and more time helping Peter at 645 Main Street.

In time, Marshall Calverley moved his office over to the new Christian Youth Centre and became Executive

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Director, allowing Peter full responsibility for the programmes at the Main Street UGM. Peter became Superintendent and began to insert his particular interests and skills into the activities.

"At the time, there were about 2,800 names on the mailing list," Peter asserts. "Eventually, we reached a high of 17,000." This happened as a direct result of Peter's major gifts - visitation and encouragement to supporters. He knew southern Manitoba intimately and was known by a wide circle of people. As he travelled from church to church and among individuals the needs of UGM ministry were in his heart and on his lips. Others responded to Peter's intense burden. He organized annual banquets in Steinbach, Winkler, Altona, Gladstone, Morden, and Killarney. (Winnipeg banquet was already established and Selkirk came later). Peter seemed to be gifted of the Lord to express the needs eloquently and with great success. He reached all kinds of people - God's people with a heart for UGM's mandate to evangelize "the least, the last, and the lost". Eternity will no doubt hold many surprises, not the least of which might be the immeasurable importance God places upon the hidden prayer and support ministries of the large number of people to whom Peter introduced the work at UGM.

In 1973, Marshall Calverley resigned as Executive Director of UGM and moved to B.C. for health reasons. The Board appointed Peter as Executive Director which gave him complete responsibility for all aspects of UGM and CYC ministries. Recognizing that the work was outgrowing available space, Peter initiated a building programme. His dream was that God would provide a spacious new building with dormitory facilities and opportunities to expand outreach to street people.

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"When we started talking about building, the Mission was debt-free and holding about \$300,000.00 in its building fund. The Board was quite uncertain about spending a million dollars to build - I told them it would be paid in three years!"

Peter was right. In exactly three years to the very day, Peter received the last donation required to clear the title on the present building. Though deeply thankful to the Lord, Peter was not surprised.

"One day, a fellow who called himself a Christian was helping at the Mission. He complained we had no milk for the noon soup line. I told him God would send milk. He snorted something about me and my God and went to the kitchen. Just before service, he pointed out that God hadn't come through yet. I told him we didn't need it until twelve o'clock. He led the service, I prayed in my office. Just before twelve, an old lady and a young lady came in and asked for me. They carried what I thought was a box of clothes. The younger woman spoke to me in low German. 'I didn't want to come until tomorrow but Mother said, 'Go today.' I was not too interested until she repeated, 'Mother said you needed this milk today.' Milk! A full box of canned milk! You can imagine how pleased I was to hand it over to my doubting friend. 'You knew it was coming all along,' he accused me. 'No, but God knew,' I told him. God knows all our needs at UGM. I could tell you dozens of stories just like this one. But you see the milk for yourself. God is faithful!"

God's faithfulness was Peter's entire hope as he began the building project. God's faithfulness was Peter's boast when, in the Spring of 1981, the new building was dedicated to the glory of God as a Rescue Mission.

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"It was nickels and dimes that built the new UGM," Peter pointed out. "The largest gift was a \$5,000. donation from a man I had helped in the Mission some years before. Otherwise, it was all small gifts from the Lord's dear people."

About this time, opportunity arose for UGM to conduct a weekly thirty-minute T.V. programme. Recognizing the potential for a wider publicity for the work as well as a direct ministry of God's Word, Peter added this to his already busy schedule. He was the most frequent speaker as the programme was recorded during the day when most available helpers were working. But three men stood with him in this new venture, a musical trio consisting of Henry Thiessen, John Penner, and Harry Harder. Men with a heart for God and a will to serve Him through their musical abilities, the trio sang and played, somehow managing to work their employment schedule around the TV recording session. Today, almost twenty years later, these dear brethren still play at UGM Banquets and special Mission events. They are held in the highest esteem and are an important part of the UGM outreach ministries.

While Peter planned and preached and travelled around. Rev. Al Althaus and Mr. and Mrs. Foster looked after the day-to-day programme activities in the new building. No longer employed at the hospital, Peter's wife Susan also worked hard for UGM. She helped with the women's work at CYC, and was hostess for the many people Peter took home for meals. She also tried to keep Peter adequately dressed - on occasion, when he met a man who needed clothing and nothing was immediately available, Peter would take off his jacket or coat or even his shirt and give it away. "I knew I had others at home," he rationalized. "Their need was greater than mine."

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Peter remembers a day when a man drew a knife on him. He remembers another day when somebody went berserk in the Mission and threw seven metal chairs at him. Arms bleeding and bruised, Peter (six feet tall, muscular and strong with the strength a boyhood on the farm develops) managed to subdue the man. Later, the man asked Peter, "Why didn't you bash my face in?" Calmly, Peter explained. "If I had followed my old nature, I would have bashed your face in." Then he shared his testimony with the man, telling him of the pit from which God had lifted him and offering the Gospel gift to his avid listener. Peter held no grudges for the wounds he sustained. He knew they were as nothing compared to the awful suffering his Lord endured on Calvary's cross.

With the soupline running twice a day and the need for programme development becoming more and more pressing, the Board of UGM appointed Peter as Vice President of Stewardship. This was done in recognition of Peter's demonstrated gifts in this area. The burden of responsibility for programme development was transferred to Administrator, Bill McNairn. Though change was difficult for Peter because of his deep heart commitment to all aspects of the ministry among the men at the Mission - after all, he had mopped floors with them, had them cry on his shoulder, and led some to the Lord over the years - he filled the office of Vice President until his retirement on December 31, 1989.

As well as his many duties at the Mission, Peter "lengthened the cords and strengthened the stakes" by serving in International Union of Gospel Mission positions. He made his first visit to an IUGM annual convention in 1974 (at Los Angeles) and has attended each year since that time. Peter served as Vice-President international for three years and has been President of the

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North-West District for three terms. Currently, he serves on the Board of Trustees of the International office and maintains a keen interest in UGM and IUGM affairs.

"See what God has done!" When Peter and Susan Dyck reflect upon their two decades of ministry at UGM, this is their overwhelming sentiment. ***"See what God has done!"*** Sometimes Peter can hardly believe that the twenty year period really happened, that God really did all the wonderful things which now fill their memory. But there, a stone's throw from the site of the infamous truck shed, stands a monument God has raised both to Peter's labours and to the faithfulness of thousands of supporters Peter cultivated and encouraged - a million dollar plus, debt-free practical and well-appointed physical plant housing the Union Gospel Mission as its history progresses towards the year 2000 and beyond.



BERT AND JESSIE DARTNELL



FRANK AND MAVIS KOOP



MARSHALL AND ERIKA CALVERLEY



PETER AND SUSAN DYCK



W.G. (BILL) AND EILEEN MCNAIRN



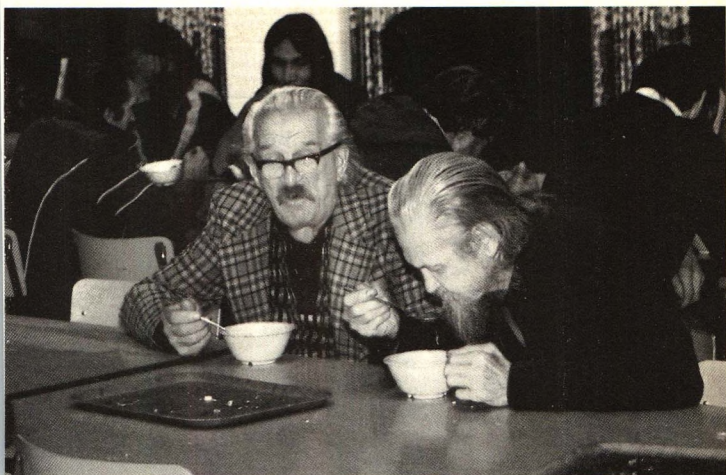
U.G.M. TRIO: HENRY THIESEN, HARRY HARDER,
JOHN PENNER



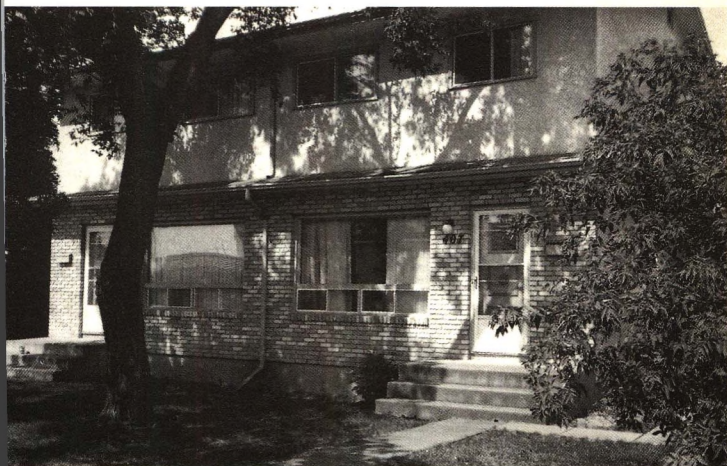
FAMILY CLOTHING CENTER AT 240 PRITCHARD



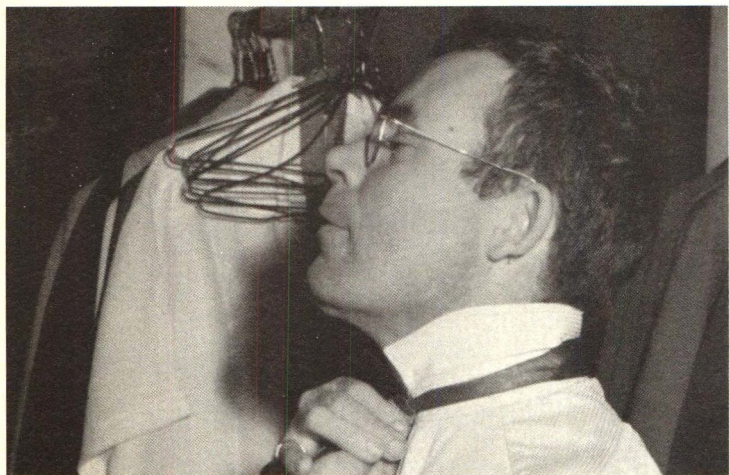
THE CHRISTIAN YOUTH CENTER AT 240 PRITCHARD



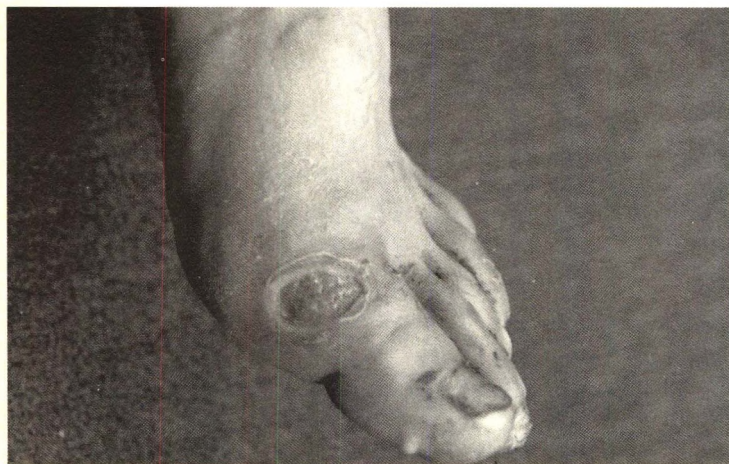
FEEDING SOME 300 MEALS A DAY



"FORWARD HOUSE" (Half-way house)



MENS'S CLOTHING FREELY GIVEN



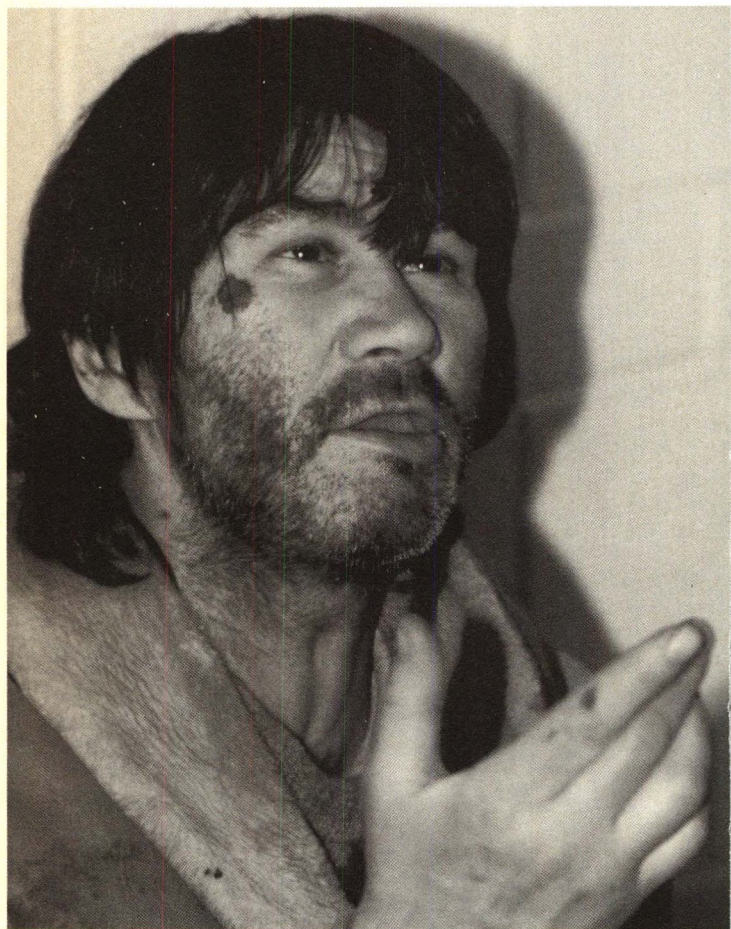
A MAN'S FROZEN FOOT



**12 CHAPEL SERVICES CONDUCTED WEEKLY
BY OVER 50 CHURCHES**



CORE AREA CHILDREN ATTEND FAITH ACADEMY



The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer

Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good folk," he cried,

"Who'll start bidding for me?

A dollar, a dollar- now two, only two

Two dollars, and who'll make it three ?

Three dollars once, three dollars twice,

Going for three" - but no!

From the room far back a gray - haired man

Came forward and picked up the bow;

Then wiping the dust from the old violin,

And tightening up the loosened strings,

He played a melody, pure and sweet,

As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,

With a voice that was quiet and low,

Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?

And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars - and who'll make it two?

Two thousand - and who'll make it three?

Three thousand once, and three thousand twice?

And going - and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,

"We do not quite understand -

What changed its worth?" The man replied,

"The touch of the master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,

And battered and torn with sin,

Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,

Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,

A game - and he travels on,

He's going once, and going twice,

He's going - and almost gone!

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd

Never can quite understand

The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought

By the touch of the Master's hand. II Cor. 5:17

21 A TRIBUTE TO FAITHFUL SERVANTS

The following tribute to Peter and Susan Dyck was prepared by Henry Unruh, Public Relations Director and long-time friend and fellow-worker with Peter. It appeared in the January, 1990 Voices.

"As 1989 drew to a close, so did Peter Dyck's many years of faithful, selfless and dedicated service with the mission. I have been Peter's observer and understudy for twenty years less six weeks, and although Peter would want little said about his many accomplishments, I'm compelled by duty and by sheer gratitude to publicly acknowledge his steadfastness in Rescue Mission service.

They were difficult years. After a two week orientation period, Peter was given charge of the Mission with the directive that he solicit his own support. A typical day meant starting at 6 am, making the rounds with the van to pick up day-old-bread, buns and doughnuts. Duties at the Mission involved a routine of making soup, cleaning the hall, shovelling snow, attending to those that knocked at the door wanting help, praying with counselees, unplugging sinks and toilets, making preparations to preach for those groups that would forget their commitments, scheduling pulpit supply, representing the Mission at some church in a preaching capacity, preparing for a TV appointment, doing the books, searching out sources for supplies, etc. This was Peter's routine seven days a week and every week of the year. Holidays were out of the question. The old building was infested with mice and rats and occasionally the sewer backed up and deposited six to eight inches of the foulest filth over the entire basement. His wife Susan was his faithful stand-by,

and she helped shovel and bail and clean and cook, and at the end of a harassingly exasperating week, she would take a few of the "down and outers" home for a Sunday dinner.

There was less distribution of clothing in those early days and Susan recalls times when Peter took off his socks to give to someone whose need was critical. "You take them, it's cold. I can go home in the van." If time permitted, and a few ounces of energy were still available at the end of a busy week, Peter would designate a few hours on a Saturday afternoon to search out a lead to beg for Mission support. There were times when frustration was evident. The Mission kitchen range, a donated cast-off, failed to function on a Christmas day. The turkeys had to be taken to various homes for the finishing touch. Vegetables were prepared on an array of hot plates - but the job got finished.

The rewards Peter experienced were beyond counting. There were those who found the Lord and were unshackled from alcoholism and the tyranny and enslavement of sin, and there were those who found the Lord and are serving Him to this day in a ministering capacity.

"Did you ever feel like giving up?" I asked Peter. His answer was emphatic! "No! I knew God wanted me at the Mission."

"Were all the struggles and trials worth the fruit you have seen?" I asked Mrs. Dyck. There was no hesitation. "Yes, and we would do it again. We can hardly believe that twenty years have come and gone. Life is but a fleeting moment. It's a matter of doing the work God has ordained for us to do."

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22 GOD'S MYSTERIOUS WAYS

"My parents are! And I don't smoke or drink." Emphasizing the personal pronoun, sixteen year old Bill McNairn squirmed uncomfortably. His discomfort deepened as the evangelist responded. "That's not what I asked. I asked 'Are you a Christian?'" Like Bill, the evangelist also emphasized the personal pronoun.

The concerned preacher's query remained unanswered while Bill made his escape. Up to that time, Bill had spent thirteen years of active involvement in the main-line denomination church of his family home in Cornwall Ontario, and another three years as part of the Methodist church in a town near the ten thousand acre Montana ranch to which the family had moved from their eighty acre Canadian dairy farm. Bill had been christened, enrolled in Sunday School which he attended faithfully, and occupied his pew in the sanctuary with his parents whenever the church door was open. Yet, that preacher had the temerity to ask, "Are you a Christian?" What kind of question was that to a person of his background?

As he moved towards his twenties, Bill became even more involved with church, eventually teaching a Sunday School class and practicing the outward respectability befitting a good churchman. But the question haunted Bill. Whenever he contemplated God, eternity, life's meaning, the spectre of his own inward uncertainty hung over him like a shadow. The thought of death scared him. A dull weight of dark foreboding settled over his soul. It all came from the question. "Are you a Christian?"

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God's convicting work in Bill's heart was further strengthened when, in his early twenties, he attended a meeting at Welcome Hall Mission, Montreal. The speaker was Jim Voss, a criminal who had been won to Jesus through the Billy Graham evangelistic campaigns. (Readers will perhaps be familiar with the movie *The Wiretapper*, depicting Voss's life of crime). After that service, at which Voss spoke with persuasive power, Bill and others had coffee with Voss. Though unsaved and unwilling to receive Christ at that time, Bill remembers praying, "Lord, make me like that man." It is remarkable that, in the purposes of God, Bill not only came to know Jim Voss's Saviour but also eventually returned to Welcome Hall Mission as Superintendent.

"If you're not a Christian, why not settle it tonight?" It was another preacher - but the same Voice of God, speaking to a Bill whose outward circumstances had changed but whose heart was still without light. Twenty-six now and back where he started life in Cornwall, Bill was married to Eileen Zeran, the girl he fell in love with when she came to buy an ice-cream at the Dairy Queen franchise he and his parents ran together. A car salesman and T.V. technician on the side, Bill was superactive during the week, but still a busy, involved pillar of the church serving in the parish of his youth, with his wife and infant daughter Debra at his side every Sunday church service. Like the original question, this preacher's question also pierced Bill's heart.

"Why not settle it tonight?" Why not, indeed? Rising from his place, Bill McNairn went forward to take the hand of Dr. Doug Percy who, with the Ontario Bible College Chorale, had come to lead that evening service. Some Bible verses and a very sincere prayer later, Bill rose from his knees to testify to something new in his

experience - a looking away from his own self-righteousness, a looking to Jesus *"the author and finisher of faith"*. A verse from the New Testament, 2 Corinthians 5:15, particularly impressed the young Christian. *"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."* These words became Bill McNairn's life motto.

New life in Christ brought immediate changes to Bill and his family. For one thing, the cloud of conviction evaporated from his heart and a fervent joy permeated his life. Realigning his priorities, Bill enrolled in a three-year missionary preparation course of studies at Ontario Bible College. This meant uprooting Eileen and Debra from Cornwall and replanting them in a small apartment in Toronto. Debra was too young to mind. Eileen was too full of gratitude to God to voice any complaints. Herself a believer in Christ since her teens (after her conversion Eileen was baptized in the St. Lawrence River near her girlhood home in Lunenburg, Ont.) Eileen appreciated the meaning of this step of faith taken by her husband. Though by nature a reserved person who strongly preferred stability to sudden change, Eileen then and in all the years since, gave total support to the decisions Bill made in his walk before the Lord.

After one year of Bible school, Bill, with his little family, spent the summer serving three churches in Saskatchewan as student pastor. The churches thrived and things began to look hopeful that Bill would attain his original goal of becoming a licenced minister in the church of his fathers. But it was an era of dissent. A new Sunday School curriculum had polarized conservatives and liberals. Unfortunately, liberal theologians seemed to head the committee which placed student pastors. When Bill applied, he was asked questions about the nature of

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the Bible as God's Word. His conservative fundamental convictions that the whole Bible is the Word of a God Who can and did miraculously cancel natural laws when He wished, brought no pleasure to the committee chairman. "Our church no longer has any need for people who believe as you do," the young Biblicist was informed. "You will not be invited to serve in any of our city churches during the winter nor in any student pastorate next summer." Already, the icy winds of Canadian Christendom's internal Cold War threatened the young vulnerable believer. But even as a young Christian Bill could say (like the apostle Paul) *"I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."* Putting God first, Bill turned away from that church to one where the Bible was honoured as *"the Word of God which effectually works in those who believe."*

Now a second year student, Bill had also become the father of a second daughter, Cheri. That year, as well as carrying his full academic load, Bill worked at Yonge Street Mission. There, under the tutelage of Andrew Chisholm, an experienced rescue mission worker, Bill had his first close contacts with street people. The experience spawned a determined ambition within him. Whatever he would do for the Lord in future ministry, Bill resolved that he would never go into rescue mission work!

Andrew Chisholm was a man of action rather than words. However, Bill recalls a day when the older man drew him aside. "Rememberrr, Bill," Chisholm's Scottish burr made the words even more memorable. "If you're evrr in leaderrrship, rememberr these thrreer worrds. Orrrganize! Deputize! Superrrvise!" The three words became part of Bill's leadership philosophy and have served him well over the years.

In 1966, Bill graduated and was invited to pastor two churches associated with the Ontario and Quebec Convention of Baptist churches. The churches were in Northern Ontario, one in Emo, the other in Barwick. After two years another invitation came, this time from Montreal's Welcome Hall Mission. Bill's organization skills had come to their attention and the rescue mission Board wanted him to come and develop their treatment and rehabilitation programmes. Somehow forgetting his earlier pledges to avoid this kind of ministry, Bill, Eileen and the two girls returned East.

"I had butterflies in my tummy," Bill said. "When I actually got there, the butterflies became pigeons." At thirty-one years of age, Bill had to administer a large complex of ministries to transients, resident treatment participants and a daily stream of individuals coming for food and clothing. Assisted by sixteen staff members, Bill found the work taxing but satisfying. Eight years later, however, Bill found it necessary to resign and recoup his spent energies.

For the next five years the McNairns lived in Montreal where Bill served as Eastern Canadian Minister of Stewardship for the Ontario Bible College. Simultaneously, he pastored an inner city church, keeping his finger on the pulse of ministry to the poor. The church was located in an area populated by no less than thirty-five ethnic groups, the majority being Chinese, Greek, or Armenian. The church's Sunday services were translated simultaneously into Chinese; at other meetings, Bill said a sentence; his words were repeated consecutively by a Chinese, Greek, and Armenian translator; then he went on to the next sentence. Laborious though it sounds, the Lord blessed these services and people were saved. Among the last group of people Bill baptized before finishing his

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ministry there was a young Chinese man named Tony Chan. At the time of writing, Tony serves as office manager of Winnipeg's UGM and is successfully accomplishing the mammoth task of computerizing office functions to keep UGM abreast of its growing ministries.

In 1981, Bill returned to the Executive Director's office at Welcome Hall Mission in Montreal, developing French and English ministries among youth and women as well as extending the men's work. Suffering a heart attack, and recognizing that Montreal Mission required a totally bilingual Director, Bill resigned and, on February 1, 1984, accepted a position as Administrator assisting Peter Dyck at Union Gospel Mission, Winnipeg.

23 NEW LIFE DEVELOPS

"I first met Peter Dyck at the 1983 IUGM convention in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He asked me to consider coming to Winnipeg." That's how Bill describes his first contact with the Mission he now serves as Executive Director. "In 1981 the new building had been erected and housed only six men although it had capacity for twenty-two. Up to that time, the Board's focus had been on paying off the building. This was completed in 1983 and I was then called to focus on programme development". Accepting the call, Bill and his family (which now included a son Jeffrey) made their way from Montreal to Winnipeg UGM's million dollar plus under-utilized building.

"When I arrived, I saw that Peter Dyck had worked very hard to build up the support constituency and oversee the provision of the physical structure," Bill reported. "Rev. Al Althaus, an excellent mission worker, had been on staff for many years and was editor of the monthly Voice. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Foster superintended the residents and Susan Dyck laboured in the Christian Youth Centre along with a Mrs. Friesen and Rose Wiebe. This small but diligent workforce, in cooperation with dedicated Board members had brought UGM to the stage it was when I came on the scene."

As Bill turned his hand to this new task God had placed before him, the Board began to reassess roles and responsibilities within the Mission. Up to that point, staff, particularly administrative staff, had been required to do things that had to be done as well as things they were gifted to do. The acquisition of Bill on staff freed up the

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Board to reassign tasks. Gradually, Bill's portfolio included administrative responsibility for food services, the Christian Youth Centre, the expanded counselling programme, and half-way houses; all of which were added to the over-all daily running of the residential treatment programme, chapel ministries, and coordination of volunteer services. His old mentor's three words, "Orrrganize! Deputize! Superrrivse!" enlarged into crucial rules for survival as he and the other staff members worked hard to meet the challenges of ministry that literally lay on the Mission doorstep. Bill invited Pastor Lee Holder, a Board member of Welcome Hall Mission in Montreal and local church pastor, to become UGM chaplain, a position he filled with distinction from 1984 to 1987. In 1987, following the Foster's retirement, Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis came to fill the Superintendent's role. To adequately meet the demands of a residential programme which now numbered up to thirty men (a continuous "full house") others came aboard, filling both new staff positions and extended volunteer opportunities. It was a time of growth, of internal adjustment and of envisioning even greater incursions into Satan's kingdom.

Ultimately, the Board appointed Bill McNairn as Executive Director and, in recognition of his unique abilities Peter Dyck was named Vice President in charge of Stewardship, a new title for a function Peter had fulfilled with good results for many years. Although organizational change is often accompanied by personal stress, especially when particular tasks are reassigned, the Board's wise deliberations appear to have brought balance and stability to both programme development and support base development.

At the time of writing, Peter Dyck has retired, drawing to a conclusion his UGM ministry of almost twenty years.

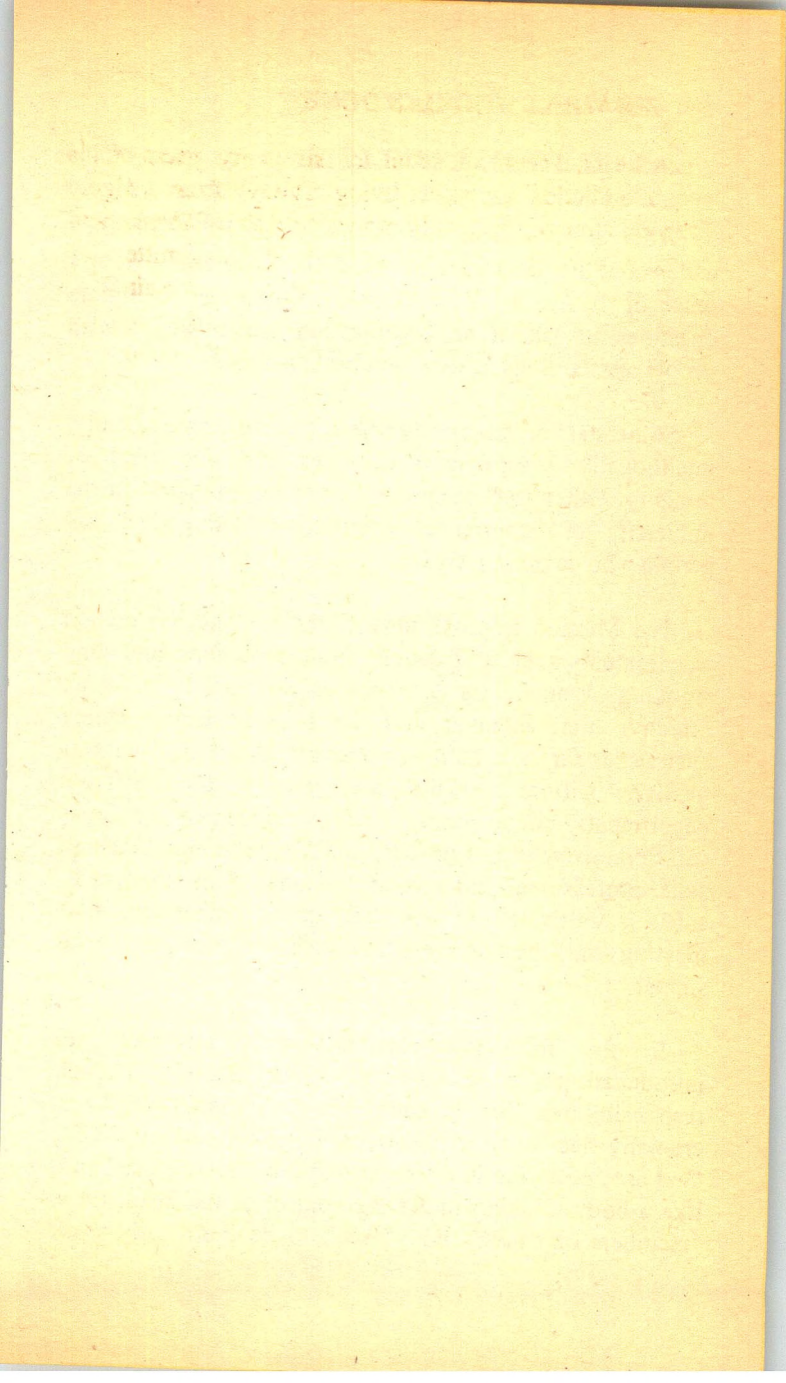
Bill McNairn continues to plan new programmes geared to meet the obvious needs of the present day. An Abused Women's Shelter and Chemical Dependence Treatment programme for Women are only two of the items which top the list of UGM's priorities as God, through concerned Christians, makes advance possible. Another dream involves the establishment of a truly indigenous church where street people can be saved, disciplined and go out to evangelize their world for Christ. Yet another vision is the establishment of a Christian school specifically focussed on educating children from damaged families - an effort to break the generational cycle of dysfunction and disorganization which so many children of the street inherit. The needs abound - and God has called UGM to rescue, to evangelize, to heal and to build up the broken lives of "the Least the Last and the Lost".

"There's no question God is at work here," Bill affirms. "We had one man come into the programme under an alias. He called himself Paul. During one of my discipleship classes (though Executive Director, Bill keeps personal involvement by occasionally leading a Bible class) Paul publicly prayed audibly to receive Christ as his Saviour. The change in his life was obvious and remarkable. Each morning Paul came down to Chapel for his own personal devotions. One day, breakfast being not quite ready, he returned to his room, where he was later found lying on his bed, dead - only three weeks after he was saved, and at only forty-three years of age!"

Paul had stated a number of times that his time at UGM was the best time of his life. When Bill phoned Paul's city welfare worker to report his sudden death, she responded with praise for UGM. "I don't know what you do down there," she said. "But Paul was a changed man." Evidently this view was shared by Paul's family from

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whom he had been alienated for the many years of his alcohol addiction and street living. Though from a highly liturgical church, the family requested that UGM plan and conduct Paul's funeral. They appreciated and admitted that great change had occurred, giving Bill McNairn the chance to tell them of Jesus, the One Who had become Paul's Saviour and Lord just three weeks before his unexpected death.



24 IT TOOK A MIRACLE

Who are the staff members at UGM? Do they understand the people they work with? Does Frank Koop's sense of "I AM DEBTOR" exist? These are legitimate questions to ask of an organization which works with people and families bruised and broken by sin.

Some staff members have been trained professionally, intentionally equipping themselves for this kind of ministry. Other staff members have been prepared in the university of experience, enduring suffering like the people who come to UGM.

The Mission employs only Christians and has certain requirements such as freedom from addictions including smoking. A blameless testimony is essential to being an effective staff member and the Mission hiring policy ensures, as far as is humanly possible, that UGM workers qualify. Different skills are needed for different departments, but a common acknowledgement of God's call to ministry and of growing obedience to Him binds all staff, professional and non-professional. This oneness of spirit is cultivated in the daily prayer meetings, staff meetings and the once monthly staff and resident special supper.

In the following chapters, staff members are introduced to a greater or lesser degree. Though responsibilities vary in each case, every staff person is crucially necessary to the over-all task faced by UGM. God uses each one in different ways; but all are used and, like a body working under the control of the head, these "members of Christ's body" seek to do their daily work

under the direction of the Heavenly Head, the Lord Jesus. These chapters introduce some of the men and women who staff UGM and CYC as it enters the 1990's. They are representative of the various departments and areas of ministry which together make up Union Gospel Mission.

Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis.

The residence at UGM becomes home for those men who come off the street and begin to work on their personal life problems. But the residence is not a home without parent figures. Officially called Director of Men's Work and Director of Operations respectively, Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis function more as parent figures offering nurture, acceptance, and guidance to the men on the programme. Living on the premises, Ed and Jo-Anne impact upon the men's lives in a way which is qualitatively different from that of all other staff members. Apart from their two days off per week when they retire to a city suite for recuperation, this couple expend themselves virtually twenty-four hours a day, week after week. Often the first people the men meet when they enter treatment, Ed and Jo-Anne are also the two people the men will interact with most frequently. In God's purposes Ed and Jo-Anne and the Mission residents are "bound together in the bundle of life." This is a ministry for which Ed and Jo-Anne feel God has prepared them in their own personal lives and family experience.

Ed's boyhood was spent in Toronto, in a busy rooming house ran by his mother, the dominant force in the family. Ed wasn't emotionally close to either parent; he always felt their love was conditional upon his pleasing them. In early years he did try to please. As a student of piano he agreed with pride when asked to play for visitors to the home. But the son being shown off soon built up

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resentment when he realized his parents paid no attention to his efforts. Ed remembers childhood as a cold time; a time of lonely underachievement; a time of paternal disinterest; a time when he sang with his parents in their traditional church but never knew anything about the glorious Gospel which brings joy and peace in believing.

Ed showed promise in his early grades, skipping from grade four to six; only to fail grades six, nine and ten because of a change of house (brought about by his parent's desire for upward mobility) and a change of schools. Never quite recovering from the trauma of that disruptive time, Ed began to drink and play poker with the boys in his early teens. Excessive drinking per se was not a hugely destructive factor (though Ed has never figured any way in which it helped) but gambling became more than pleasure. When he left school at age seventeen to join the Navy, Ed was already over-committed to gambling. This commitment continued to grow until it became a compulsion, an addiction, an obsession which took precedence over all other responsibilities.

Having very little moral commitment to order his life, Ed was picked on by the other sailors as a weak person, somebody who could be pushed around. He was tall and strong, but emotionally unsure of himself. Ed left the navy at the earliest opportunity (after serving three years and two days) and returned to his parental home in Toronto where he finished high school and started work.

Unfortunately, gambling was still central to his life. He lost six jobs in a row because, as he says, "people don't play poker during the day." Irresponsibility marked the ex-sailor's life on dry land. He arrived late for work, did very little and showed no initiative.

When Ed met a girl and eventually moved into a common-law relationship, his parents simply wrote him off. After two years this relationship ended and Ed moved into the real love of his life - he ran a bookie shop in Toronto. With the bookie shop came the late nights, the drinking, the shady sinister characters who skulk in the shadows of society's underworld. It was there, in a search for a love partner that Ed met Jo-Anne, his present wife and partner in ministry.

"Jo-Anne was married to a horribly abusive husband when we met," Ed shared. "She had a six year-old son and finally got protection by a court order preventing her husband from contact with them. As their relationship deepened, Ed and Jo-Anne decided to clear out of Toronto to a new life where nobody, particularly her threatening husband and underworld bill collectors, could find them. With twenty-two dollars in his pocket, Ed literally found himself aboard the midnight train to Montreal. On that train, a strange thing happened.

"What do I call him, Mum?" Looking at the tall stranger sitting by his mother, young Rick must have understood there was somebody new in his life.

"I don't know. What do you want to call him?" Getting no reply from the child, Jo-Anne pushed on. "Do you want to call him Dad?"

"I guess so," the boy murmured, already half-asleep. But Ed Mullis was wide awake, suddenly realizing in a way he never had before that he was undertaking responsibility for two other people's lives. He was being trusted. Jo-Anne and her little son were depending on him. If there is a moment when a boy becomes a man, that was the moment for Ed Mullis.

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What was Ed leaving behind in Toronto? He was leaving undiscovered crimes such as defrauding of banks by obtaining loans under false pretences, theft of cheques, forging false signatures and false insurance claims; Ed was in the big-time, committing sophisticated offences yet always keeping a step ahead of the law. Now, a new beginning lay before him and, stirring in his awakened heart was a beginning sense of dignity and self worth, a feeling of being needed, of being trusted.

"When we got to Montreal, I walked five miles every day to work, picked up and delivered fliers all day and walked five miles home again - all for \$1.40 an hour." For Ed it was the beginning of change from selfish irresponsibility to protective concern and care-giving to others.

In time Ed moved upwards through a series of jobs to become a successful accountant. But his personal relationship with Jo-Anne was failing. Now divorced from her first husband, she wanted their common-law union to be regulated in legal marriage. Ed saw no need. Jo-Anne broke down, attempted self-injury. Finally, Ed married her "out of pity" as he says. But during Jo-Anne's three month hospital placement Ed had full care of Rick, now ten years old. In that time he began to truly love as a father for the first time.

"My wife's counsellor was helping her to deal with her basic problems from earlier days," Ed said. "About two years after we were married, Jo-Anne decided she didn't need my strength anymore to survive. She asked me to leave. I was devastated. I spent six months alone and went back to gambling and the old life." The old life included an abandonment of scruples. Ed met another woman at work who professed faith in Jesus Christ. "She took me

to her church. There I met her friends who were Christians living for the Lord. I saw a peace and happiness in them which I knew was not in my life." Through this encounter, God began to exercise Ed about his own emptiness.

It was during a four a.m. Monday morning drive from Toronto to Montreal that God's Spirit finally broke through into Ed's life. "Lord Jesus, if You're real, come into my life." Tired of the sin and aching void, Ed Mullis cried out with whole-hearted earnestness. And God responded in grace. "I knew that night I was changed. I became so happy, I couldn't keep quiet about Jesus."

Wanting to share his new-found joy with Jo-Anne, Ed began to visit her. Jo-Anne had a boy-friend and her life was not going well. Ed kept sharing Jesus with Jo-Anne. As Jo-Anne later put it, "One week-end, when Ed brought Rick home to my apartment from a weekend visit at his place he again shared Christ with me. I finally agreed to pray for forgiveness and invite Jesus into my life - just so that Ed would leave and go home." With this in mind, Jo-Anne did kneel by the chesterfield to pray. On her knees, though, she became conscious of her sin and her need for God to really enter her life. God knew she'd been disadvantaged as a child, brought up in the slimy morass of sexual perversity; she'd been abused, wronged, damaged physically and emotionally. "Oh, God!" What started as a convenient way to get rid of Ed became an anguished cry for the kind of peace and cleansing Ed had talked about these past months. "Oh, God! Take away my sin and come in to my heart - for Jesus' sake!" Like Ed on the Toronto/Montreal highway, Jo-Anne knew immediately that God had answered her prayer. She had kneeled a lost sinner. She rose a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ.

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Three months later, Ed and Jo-Anne were together again. They began to attend a home Christian fellowship then, when it disbanded, found a church and made the pastor's acquaintance - Pastor Bill McNairn, Temple Baptist. They began to tithe - and Ed contacted as many victims of his past crimes as he could to confess and arrange restitution. Although he had a good job with a high salary, restitution meant the repayment of over \$14,000.00 - a large amount for Ed. But he knew this was what God wanted him to do.

Through Pastor McNairn who formerly directed Welcome Hall Mission, Ed and Jo-Anne became interested in the men on the programme, people labouring under chemical dependency or other addictions. They opened their home to a mentally troubled teenager. Later, another young person, Chris Demers came from Welcome Hall Mission for Christmas dinner - and never left. He is still with them as their surrogate son. They didn't see it then, but God was preparing the Mullis's for ministry to alienated, disconnected individuals experiencing the pain and defeat from which they themselves had been delivered by God's grace.

In time, Ed and Jo-Anne became house parents at Friendly Home, a Montreal Christian orphanage. Since he held on to his job, Ed worked without salary, receiving only free board and lodgings. This was sufficient, however, for Ed to concentrate on paying back the money he had stolen.

Unfortunately, both Ed and Jo-Anne experienced disappointment because of the Executive Director's need to be in unilateral control, leading to friction which could be resolved only by their resigning. When this happened, Ed vowed he would never again undertake formal

Christian work. Instead, he and Jo-Anne bought a large house and developed a group home for needy people referred by churches and other Christian groups. If residents had means, they paid a reasonable rent. If not, the Mullis's accommodated them. In this way, they ministered to over forty people during four and a half years.

Meanwhile, in far-off Winnipeg, Bill McNairn had received notice of retirement from his live-in Superintendent couple, Mr. and Mrs. Foster. As he prayed about replacements, Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis were impressed on his mind. But how to get them out west to see the work? Bill McNairn kept thinking about them, but didn't know what to do. Obviously, UGM couldn't fly Ed in from Montreal at such an early stage in the proceedings.

A little time later the telephone buzzed on Bill's desk. "Ed Mullis here, Bill. I'm doing an audit in Regina, have to change planes in Winnipeg. Can you pick me up and put me up for an overnight?" Bill could scarcely believe his ears. Surely the Lord was in this thing.

"Exactly why are you showing me around the Mission, Bill?" It was clear to Ed that the tour Bill insisted on giving was too detailed to be simply putting in time. When Bill explained, even before Ed considered the logistical problems involved, he knew in his heart that God wanted him to say "Yes" and come to Winnipeg. But problems there certainly were!

"My mother came to visit, had a stroke and is being nursed in our home around the clock," Ed began to explain. "Rick and his wife Christine are going through a custody hearing for our little grandson James! Rick lives upstairs in our home and Christine is in our downstairs

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suite. And what about selling our house in Montreal?" These difficulties seemed insurmountable, quite beyond the power of man to resolve. But not beyond God. Jo-Anne, reluctant to go west and leave her grandson only agreed to go if God showed them His pleasure by having the house sell within a week and without advertising. Within two days, God sold the house.

Then, shortly after Ed and Jo-Anne made their faith decision to go to Winnipeg, Rick and Christine reconciled; and, Ed's mother was admitted to a Toronto care home by clearly divine intervention in the admitting system.

As a further sign, Ed's boss insisted Ed take a final week of holidays for that calendar year just as Albert Edgar phoned on behalf of UGM Board to tell the Mullis's the Board wanted to fly them in to see the work together and finalize an employment contract. Everything flowed smoothly and, in January of 1987, Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis left Montreal to start a new chapter in their lives and ministry together. But what were they getting into?

25 LITTLE IS MUCH

WHEN GOD IS IN IT

The leading of the Lord was so perfectly timed in their lives that Ed and Jo-Anne Mullis came to Winnipeg in January, 1987, fully assured that they were in God's Will and that He had a work for them to do. Their previous involvement at Montreal's Welcome Hall Mission prepared them to some extent for their new life at UGM. But there were still major adjustments to be made and challenges to be faced.

"In Winnipeg, the new building had sixteen beds for the residential programme; they weren't always full," Ed noted. "The men attended two one-hour Bible studies each day, and helped with serving the soup-line. I think we served about 50,000 meals that first year."

Joining their efforts to existing staff members Chaplain Lee Holder and Director Peter Dyck, the Mullis's were brought into the process of growth God planned for UGM. It was God who had provided the magnificent building at Princess and Higgins. It was God who had exercised His people to render the building debt-free exactly three years after it was built. Now God was moving UGM into a period of unprecedented expansion. And the Mullis's saw it happen.

"By January of 1990, we had thirty-four residential beds, (always full) including two half-way houses from which senior residents can gradually re-integrate back into society. We also had a very comprehensive four-phase Christ-centred treatment programme. In addition to the

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Bible studies, residents have Chemical Dependency classes, Life Skills, Pre-employment, and up-grading. As well, each man (and his family if appropriate) receives professional counselling."

UGM programme growth extends to the transient ministries, too. In 1989, a total of 90,000 meals were served; clothing distribution multiplied; and the number of regular volunteer helpers has increased significantly.

"Jo-Anne and I know our effectiveness with and ministry to people lies in us showing God's love in a personal way. So, as well as helping to create supportive programme structures we become very personally involved with the residents." Jo-Anne agrees with Ed's statement. "As Director of Operations, I try to make the residence homey. After all, it is the men's home while they are here." To this end, Jo-Anne travels around the churches requesting prayer and help to furnish and equip the residence and to share the story of what God is doing at UGM.

26 RESCUED !

AFTER 25 YEARS ON SKID ROW

UGM is supervised around the clock. Day supervisors work the two shifts from 7 am to 11 pm. A security watchman attends to needs which arise during the night. In early 1990, two of the day supervisors are men who have come through the Mission programme and shown themselves to be new creations in Christ Jesus. The first one is David Clory.

David's duties include supervising the residents in their general behaviour and fulfilment of their assigned chores, and receiving visitors to the Mission. Many donors come personally to deliver food, clothing or monetary gifts - they are graciously welcomed by this pleasant man whose quiet manner contrasts sharply with the life style he chose for the first forty years of his existence.

David was born into a devout Roman Catholic family and raised in a small Cape Breton village in Nova Scotia. He left home at fifteen to become a hospital worker in Halifax. In spite of his tender years, David already owned a three-year drinking habit. Beginning at age twelve, he drank everything he could get. Small of stature, though sturdy and muscular in build, young David felt like somebody when he was drunk and felt insecure, nervous and scared when he was sober. By age sixteen David was in prison doing two years for robbery with violence. His experience in penitentiary didn't make a penitent of him. Dependence on prescriptive drugs was added to his drinking problem keeping up the outward appearance of

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"macho" man, and concealing the emptiness and fears within.

After jail, David got married, but never straightened out. Inevitably, the marriage failed. In fact, David deliberately chose to leave his wife and infant son and go to live on Skid Row where he knew he could get drugs. Moving to Vancouver, he entered a fog of forgetfulness which lasted for years. He knows he spent many short periods in jail. He knows he took many lickings in his need to prove how tough he was, (though David also gave as many lickings as he took). But time for David was a meaningless merge of waiting between fixes. Everything else seemed to belong to another sphere of existence of which he had only a hazy awareness.

About four years after moving to B.C., David learned that his brother who had moved to Edmonton had died there. The family provided money for David to escort his brother's body home for burial. In this way, David found himself back in the family home; but only for a time. His erratic, unpredictable behaviour led to his being asked to leave - though his sister did give him the fare to Winnipeg where she thought he might find treatment help.

In Winnipeg, David hit the street once again and stayed on Skid Row for some years. Finally, he found his way into a number of programmes for alcoholics. But none delivered him. Then he came to UGM - once, which he blew by smuggling drugs into the building, a second time when he did the same thing and a third time which was destined by God to be the moment of truth for David.

"I was in Detox., shaking like a leaf," the pleasant-faced former alcoholic testifies. "And I somehow realized I had to get honest now. In my heart I always wanted to be

sober but life was too hard to face when I wasn't drinking. This time I knew I had to go through with it." Drawing from scanty little bits of information he had picked up along life's rocky road, David prayed for Jesus to come into his life and save him. "I wasn't sure I was doing it right," he said. "But I asked the Lord sincerely."

When David came into UGM for the third time he was different. He stopped smoking, drinking, taking drugs. He became honest with staff and was thus able to benefit from their input in his life. It wasn't too long until David entered into a clear Biblical understanding of his own relationship to God through Jesus Christ.

Peter Dyck put David in charge of the kitchen the second day he entered the programme. He'd been there before, but now it seemed he was dependable and cooperative. Exactly one year after entering the Mission in October, 1984, David became an auxiliary staff member. His first marriage being irretrievably ended, David began to pray for God to provide a wife. In due time he met and married Marlene and set up a home, while remaining on staff at UGM. He was promoted to looking after the front desk and supervising the soup line. Many street people, former drinking buddies and/or scrapping partners of David's now see him living a steady, sober, spiritually motivated life. Simply by his presence, David is a testimony to the power of the Gospel and an example of the blessing of God on UGM's ministry.

27 FROM DESPAIR TO HOPE

Rick Kincaid is also a UGM day supervisor, with the added responsibilities of Maintenance supervisor. Rick became a staff member in August, 1988, after God brought him from an early life of valleys to the mountain of His Grace.

Rick grew up in a home where stability and calm was seriously disrupted by his father's chronic alcoholism. Abuse, physical verbal and psychological, marked the daily atmosphere of the home. Rick's mother, a Christian lady, did what she could to protect Rick and his brother - but she herself was physically disabled due to polio and was confined to a wheelchair. Young Rick, then, found himself fearful, angry and desperately unhappy at home and he was failing miserably at school, though his natural intelligence should have resulted in good school achievement. He started using drugs and drinking seriously at age fifteen and his whole life soon gravitated around his addictions.

Dropping out of school three credits short of a complete Grade eleven, Rick enrolled at Red River Community College only to experience further failure because of booze and drugs. By now, father had left home and was living on Skid Row, a hopeless alcoholic. But the legacy of this man's poor parenting showed clearly in his son's experience. Trouble with the law complicated Rick's already disorganized life, his internal feelings of inferiority and shame multiplied each time he lost one more job, failed one more enterprise.

Rick got married - and determined that his would be a home free from the violence he had experienced as a child. A good and clever workman, he was employed as house painter and furniture finisher. But he didn't stop drinking. Soon, his time was split between working and recovering from his latest binge. Life with booze and drugs wasn't working for Rick. But he couldn't leave them alone.

Rick entered depression after depression. His wife, also a user, drifted off in another direction and the marriage ended. For Rick, it was one more failure. His marriage was to be the new life, the arena of change from the horrors he remembered of his parent's marriage. Now it was gone. Rick returned to his mother's home and sank into the depths of psychological disintegration. He became agoraphobic, locking himself in his room, refusing to meet other human beings, all the time continuing to feed his addictions. Finally, after a number of violent outbursts and two serious suicide attempts from which he was rescued only by the grace of God, Rick was hospitalized. After intensive diagnosis, his doctors informed Rick that his personality problems all stemmed from chemical abuse. His sense of being robbed by life, his feelings of being unloved, his self-pity were all natural reactions to his childhood experience but had been enlarged out of all proportion by the destructive distorting effect of alcohol and drugs.

After six months, Rick was discharged from hospital and admitted himself to a twenty-eight day residential Alcoholism Treatment programme which also had an A.A. group follow-up. Rick relapsed into his old way of life and took the time to visit the group and tell them, in non-parliamentary language, what he thought of their efforts to

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help him. Then he was gone, alienated from a source of help and sinking deeply back into the depths of addiction.

Although Rick's mother was an active Christian, her physical disability prevented her from church involvement. But she read the Bible constantly and prayed. Rick's father had finally died on Skid Row. Now deep thoughts began to penetrate Rick's mind. It was as if God Himself was revealing to Rick the basic truth of his own life experience.

"I couldn't buy the idea that I was merely the victim of a disease called alcoholism," Rick asserted. "I knew I could leave it alone. I didn't have to drink or do drugs. What lay underneath the alcoholism - I realized that's what I had to deal with." In the providence of God, Rick heard about UGM. The first day he came in, Chaplain Lee Holder assured him that help was available. Not the help of man, but the help of God.

That same day, another resident of the programme approached Rick and told him about Christ. This man, a senior resident at UGM and almost ready to leave, shared his testimony of how he had come to know God through Jesus Christ at UGM. The man's words pierced the defences around Rick's heart, but he didn't do more than listen. Some time later, Ed Mullis (the Director of Men's Work) sat down with Rick over a cup of coffee. As Ed related the timeless truth of God's love for sinners and his acceptance of sinners through His Son's finished work on Calvary's cross, Rick entered into the light of the Gospel.

"I felt like a prisoner of war being set free," Rick recalled. "When Ed Mullis showed me some verses from Romans (a New Testament book) I gladly decided to turn

the mess of my life over to Jesus and receive new life from Him."

That great transaction took place in 1987. Since then, Rick has never returned to his former habits. He became involved with a local church, finished the UGM programme and took a housepainting job. In his free time Rick also did volunteer work at UGM, telling others about the Saviour Who had rescued him. In August, 1988, Rick was invited to join the staff. From that date to the time of writing, Rick has demonstrated a growing experience of learning from life's disciplines and sharing with others what great things God has done.

28 ANTAGONISTIC

ATHEIST BECOMES CHAPLAIN

The Baptist minister in Sept-Iles, Quebec, sighed in disappointment. He didn't like what he had to say.

"Gertrude!" The woman he spoke to, a new church member, was a Christian of only two years standing, a mother of seven and wife of a well-known atheistic scoffer. "Gertrude! He's laughed in my face, he's thrown me out of the home, he's absolutely rejected the message. Today, I prayed with him, even cried and begged him to come to Jesus. He told me to go speak to the neighbour - he's not interested. I'm beginning to think Dick has sinned away his day of grace!"

In his house nearby the object of the minister's concern, Dick Neufeld, sat in his living room, a glass of expensive whiskey in his hand, an arrogant smile on his face. "That should keep him away from me," he thought smugly. The last thing Dick wanted was somebody reminding him of God. Born into a Christian home where both parents loved the Lord and honoured Him in daily worship, Dick himself knew God's Word very well. Until his late teens he had sat under a faithful Gospel ministry in a Bible-centred Mennonite church in his home community of Lost River, Saskatchewan; never missed Sunday School or Young People's group; memorized Scripture; went to Bible camp annually; yet, in spite of a godly heritage, he resisted the deep conviction God often brought upon him. "Just hold out ten minutes more," the young rebel often whispered to himself during a sermon. "He'll be finished soon." Then, mind and will steeled against surrender, Dick

Neufeld would hurry away from yet one more opportunity to trust Jesus Christ and be saved. It seemed God's gracious call could not penetrate the growing shell of hardness surrounding his heart. Nothing - not a praying mother's tears, not a godly father's entreaties, could shake this prodigal whose journey away from God commenced long before he left his godly home.

When he finished Grade Twelve, Dick Neufeld started on the path of his greatest goal - to procure wealth and power. This goal was shaped in the material poverty of his parents' homestead. Though it was a rich home in non-material ways, Dick knew nothing of the kind of spiritual treasures his parents and two siblings enjoyed. Keeping God out, he was deeply aware of his own great emptiness - and believed the Devil's lie that the world could fill that void. So, after a successful high school education, Dick started work in a local bank and began to court a girl who did not know the Lord. Though she came from a different ethnic background, Dick's girlfriend was received with warmth and respect by his Mennonite parents. Through their lives and words, both Mr. and Mrs. Neufeld tried to present the Lord Jesus Christ, and included this girl in their frequent prayers for the salvation of their spiritually rebellious son, Dick.

Nor did they pray alone. The local church was a family of God's people, believers who "bore one another's burdens". Though Dick stopped attending prayer meeting and other church services, the church never stopped praying for him. But, every report of his progress seemed to be more discouraging. There was no place for God or His Son in the life of this up-and-coming success story, Dick Neufeld.

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After three years Dick, now 20, left Nipawin for Winnipeg, where he married Gertrude, the girl he'd courted so long. The couple stayed three years in Winnipeg, with no church connection or close Christian testimonies to disturb their worldly pursuits. Two children were born before the family moved down to Quebec where Dick left the bank to work for the Iron Ore Company of Canada - a huge corporation which offered unlimited opportunities for advancement to those willing to work hard. Dick worked hard - so much so that he moved from junior clerk to division manager within ten short years. A division manager was a very prominent powerful position. The salary was in six figure; there was an unlimited expense account, trips around the world on Company business, staying in the best hotels, speaking to government leaders, a Company car, a Company house, use of a Company helicopter, an aeroplane; wealth, power and prestige all attached themselves to the position of division manager. And Dick Neufeld was there! He'd made it! A life-goal accomplished. Dick had what he'd set out to get - and, as a bonus, he was the father of five more children born in Quebec.

Dick acquired something else in those years. When he was eighteen, as a Grade 12 student he had tried his first alcoholic drink. It tasted terrible - so terrible that he poured most of it away. But now, through social drinking at business events, Dick finally found himself dependent upon alcohol simply to get through each day. Though he denied it to himself, just as he denied and suppressed the truth of the Gospel he rejected, Dick spent less and less time with his wife and children. While at home he was a strong loving father who taught his children the Bible principles of honesty and respect to parents (though he never spoke of the Bible to them). As time passed by, his business consumed most of his time. Eventually, even his

business responsibilities took second place to his alcoholism.

It isn't hard to understand how Dick Neufeld became a slave to alcohol. Determined to leave God out of his life, he rose to heights of power in the business world. For example, when he made a business trip to America's largest domestic locomotive manufacturer, he came as a potential purchaser of a hundred million dollar's worth of equipment. As such, he was wined and dined like a king, his every wish gratified. When Dick finally realized that he was alcoholic, he began to learn another bitter truth. He had no power to free himself.

During these years of vocational progress and personal regression, Dick would have noticed God's Hand reaching close, if only he had been willing to see. Dick and Gertrude had been drifting apart emotionally for some time, and Dick was either immersed in work or bending elbows at the bar with his drinking cronies. When he came home one day, his wife gave him some shocking news.

"Dick, I gave my heart to Jesus Christ. He has forgiven me and I want to live for Him as my Saviour. I'm going to be baptized on Sunday." Dick reacted to Gertrude's statement somewhat like a bull reacting to a red flag. "Do what you like," he exploded. "But I forbid you to mention that Name or speak of these things to me in this house."

Gertrude was baptized. Dick carried on drinking. And, for two years, the handful of Christians in the little Baptist church in Sept-Iles, Quebec, prayed that God would save Dick, too.

29 A GODLY WIFE'S INFLUENCE

Though she was forbidden to speak of Jesus Christ to her husband, Gertrude claimed verses from 1 Peter 3:1,2 as God's Word to guide her in the home. *"Wives, . . . be submissive to your husbands so that, if any of them do not believe the word, they may be won over without words by the behaviour of their wives, when they see the purity and reverence of your lives."* Gertrude had never been able to express it before, but she had been greatly influenced by the godly life and character of Dick's parents right from the beginning of her courtship. Her respect for them had so influenced her life that she repudiated for herself the drinking and other overt worldiness in her husband's life. Now that she understood the Gospel as *"the power of God unto salvation to all who believe,"* she set herself (and her church friends) to prayer and faithful witnessing through daily life. Perhaps her husband would come to Christ, too.

As month followed month, and one year passed into the next, no sign of softening appeared in Dick. But the children began to be saved. Incredibly, one after another, the seven children found their way to the Cross. One girl, Gloria, just home from a European trip, seemed a little depressed. "You need a change of pace," Dick suggested. "I'll pay the ticket. Go visit your grandparents in Nipawin." Dick himself had never returned home in twenty-five years - not because he didn't love his parents, but because he knew his lifestyle was offensive to them and would only hurt them. Twice, he sent tickets for them to visit him. But these visits were hardly pleasant for him - he had to try and curb his drinking during his parents' stay.

Gloria took her Dad up on his offer. She was in Nipawin a week when Dick got a phone call. "Dad, I've done what Mother did. I've put my trust in Jesus as my Saviour and Lord." If that was a surprise, there was more to come. "I want to stay here and go to Nipawin Bible Institute."

Unknown to Dick, when Gloria entered Bible School she immediately organized prayer for her father's conversion to Christ. His daughter's weekly phone calls home kept Dick aware of her prayers - and kept her aware of the continuing hardness of heart in the one for whom she prayed.

God had more surprises: When a son Rick who'd gone off into the hippy sub-culture returned home, he was concerned enough about Gloria to go to Nipawin and "straighten her out." Shortly after his arrival, he too was saved - right there in the Mennonite church where his father had sat years before barricading his heart to the Lord.

It was during this time also that the Baptist preacher in Gertrude's church in Sept-Iles, visited continually, but was met by rebuff after rebuff. It seemed that everyone in Dick Neufeld's family was open to God's love except Dick himself. But circumstances were about to change in Dick's life also.

God allowed Dick Neufeld to reach great heights in the business world. Because he was in upper management and lived in one of three company towns (where all the stores and amenities were beholden to the Company) he had social power. The respect he received was by virtue of his position. But Dick Neufeld himself was already on the slippery slopes that always precipitate the alcoholic's

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destruction. A growing pattern of absenteeism from work and inefficiency while on the job ensured that ruin could not be long in coming. Inevitably, God burst Dick Neufeld's bubble of illusion that a man can despise God and still find satisfaction. Dick's dream of prosperity and peace shattered in the explosion of a million dollar mine accident. At the time of the accident's occurrence in his division, Dick was nowhere to be found. He was off somewhere drinking.

One incident serves to illustrate the strength of his addiction and the wonderful life-changing grace which had occurred in the other family members. It was Dick's birthday and Gertrude phoned him at work. "Please come home at supper time," she requested. "The children all have presents for your birthday." Dick loved his children and he knew they loved him. "I'll be there," he promised. But, stopping off for just one quick drink at his favourite hotel, he became involved with friends and eventually staggered home at three o'clock in the morning. All was quiet in the house. Everybody was asleep. But not all in their beds. There on the downstairs chesterfield was Henry, Dick's thirteen year old son, still dressed but slumped in slumber, clutching to his breast a gift he had wrapped for Daddy and waited up to give him. This boy "waited for Dad," until he could wait no longer.

Though he was not responsible for the accident at work, Dick's absence at the crucial time left the Company no alternative but to relieve him of his duties. He was kept on salary, remained in the Company house - and continued to drink. Finally, he found himself in a hotel where he had been drinking for seven days and seven nights. Sick, debilitated, miserable, his foggy mind cleared enough for him to realize that he would never get out of there without help. With great effort, Dick forced his violently trembling

fingers to dial his home number. When Gertrude answered, it was the first time she heard her husband's voice in that whole lost week.

As she drove Dick home, Gertrude gently tried to comfort and encourage him with the assurances of God's love in Christ Jesus. Remarkably, Dick's habitual hostility seemed absent. But it was only because he deliberately ignored his wife's kind words. He was emotionally agitated, his inner mind and heart raging like a tempestuous sea; he knew he was destroying himself and determined to stop drinking. But Dick Neufeld discovered that sin is a hard and possessive master. He had no power within to break the bondage. Dick Neufeld was face to face with himself. And he didn't like what he saw.

"Mother, I decided I can't wait for Dad anymore." While Dick was upstairs, too shattered to get out of bed, his youngest son shared some wonderful news with Gertrude. Henry was the last child in the family to come to Christ. "Last night at midnight, I accepted Jesus as my Saviour." Now Dick's family was complete in Christ - except for Dick himself.

"My parents always prayed that I would get right with the Lord so that my wife and children would be won to Christ," Dick reported later. "But God did it the opposite way." The day after his last child was saved Dick, alone in his bedroom, struggled with the mess his life had become. A highly intelligent man, knowledgeable of the helping sciences, Dick wracked his brains to find a way out of his dilemma. Who could help? The more he pondered, the deeper he realized that there was no help from man for his need. But there was help from God.

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"Suddenly, it became as clear to me as if somebody had switched on a light," Dick reported later. "I saw that my problem was sin against Almighty God, and that He had already done everything necessary for me to be forgiven and cleansed. I fell to my knees, confessed my sin and thanked God for a Saviour Who gave Himself for a wretch like me."

After praying, Dick called downstairs. "Gertrude, I believe I have just become a Christian." Gertrude received the news with great joy and suggested Dick call his parents. "I don't know," was his response. "Maybe it won't last." Gertrude, practical money manager, then suggested that Dick wait until after six p.m., the usual time for calling because the rates were lower. Agreeing, Dick turned to go back upstairs. His eyes fell on his wife's Bible, a Book he had studiously ignored for all of his adult life. He felt drawn to it like a magnet. Opening the Bible randomly, he found himself reading Luke 12, the story Jesus told about the Rich Fool. The Word pierced his heart like an arrow from God. Immediately, he realized God was truly bringing to fruition the seed of His own Word which had been hidden in Dick's heart from childhood and had been watered through long drought years by the constant prayers of his parents and other Christians. A swelling joy - the joy of God's salvation - brought full assurance to Dick's soul. Dick Neufeld, the self-made man who for so long worshipped the world's baubles, was now a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ. Hallelujah! With what joy he phoned his parents - his precious, praying parents - to announce God's faithfulness in bringing their stubborn, sinful son to new life.

30 STABBED FIFTY TIMES

After his conversion, events moved quickly for Dick Neufeld and his family. The first Sunday found them leaving home to walk to church together, the Bible under Father's arm. What a warmth of welcome Dick received there as the little group who had stood with Gertrude in prayer for his salvation saw how the grace of God had entered his life. The minister who had laboured so faithfully in spite of insult saw the man whom he had thought of as perhaps being beyond God's grace now sitting in the community of worshippers. The town who knew Dick Neufeld the atheistic power-broker, alcoholic, had a public display of a changed life. Dick would gladly have stayed there to witness and live out his new-found faith. But one over-riding desire dominated his heart. Like the Prodigal of Luke 15, he wanted to go home to see his parents and friends whom he had been hiding from all the years of his rebellion. So, soon after becoming a Christian, Dick piled his family into the car and travelled the long miles from Quebec to Saskatchewan.

The angels surely rejoiced as these dear elderly parents, family members and friends welcomed Dick Neufeld home. As weeks passed by, Dick found he didn't want to leave, even though there was no work for him in the little Saskatchewan town. But God had a plan - although Dick had not prepared any future plans, he was challenged by Rev. Jacob Wiebe, president of Nipawin Bible Institute. "Why not attend Bible School?" Wiebe suggested. "I'd love to," Dick confessed. The Bible had become his constant companion and he read it ceaselessly. "But I have no money." How low God had brought this former supervisor of a fifteen hundred member work

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force. Now God intended to show His divine sufficiency in the lives of His obedient servants. Dick never did learn quite how it happened, or through whom God worked. But, within three days, financial support was provided, living arrangements were made available in the form of a house trailer located right on campus, and suddenly, everything necessary was in place for Dick Neufeld to attend the very Bible School where his daughter Gloria had mobilized prayer for his salvation. As an added blessing, Dick's seventeen year-old daughter joined him as part of the student body that year. God was enriching this babe in Christ - and preparing him for a life-time of ministry in the service of His Crucified Saviour.

Dick spent a year studying the Bible intensively. The following summer, an unexpected call came from the little Baptist church at Sept-Iles. The work was growing and Dick was invited to serve there as Assistant Pastor. The Neufelds accepted gladly and spent a blessed season of ministry there before being called to Labrador where they served another church for four years.

In 1979, Dick and Gertrude returned to Winnipeg, to start a church in the French community of St. Boniface. Fluently tri-lingual (Dick speaks French and German as well as English - not to mention the beautifully expressive Platt Deutche of his early childhood) and now a seasoned pastor, Dick established a new fellowship working in both of Canada's official languages. In 1987, the St. Boniface community church was sufficiently established to allow its founding pastor freedom to accept a new challenge. It was then that the Neufelds started their ministry as part of the Union Gospel Mission staff. Gertrude became a family worker through the Christian Youth Centre, working mainly with women and children. Dick became chaplain, with added public relations responsibilities. So started a

new chapter in the chronicle of God's gracious dealings with this dear couple - a woman quietly saved as she lived out a respectable life of spousal forbearance and patient motherhood, and a man plucked as a brand from the burning. Like the sinner in Psalm 40, Dick Neufeld had been drawn up out of a fearful pit and from the miry clay and had his feet set on a Rock. God had also established his way and put a new song in his mouth, even praise to his God. It was Dick Neufeld's fervent prayer that *"many would see it and fear and put their trust in the Lord."*

When the Neufelds joined the staff at UGM, the Mission had already been located at its present Princess Street address for seven years. Although two short blocks off Winnipeg's notorious Main Street Strip where Mr. Dartnell and the early workers had first established the work, the new building still attracts up to a hundred and twenty-five men and women twice a day. They come to attend morning and evening chapel, and to enjoy a hot lunch and supper. Twice weekly, they come early to receive seasonal clothing donated by big-hearted Christians and others with compassion for *"the naked and the hungry."* In spite of the network of private and government social programmes developed to alleviate hunger and homelessness, the words of the Lord Jesus continue to be true. *"The poor ye always have with you."* These poor people (mostly men but with a small number of women and occasionally a few children) became the recipients of Dick's friendly personal greetings and fervent evangelistic enthusiasm. He soon knew many by name and, during his first year when his duties were confined to chaplaincy, he visited many in their drab slum-like rooms. There, following his Lord's example and also fulfilling the mandate of Union Gospel Mission, Dick sought out *"the Least, the Last, and the Lost"*. No man was too low down in the pit of sin. Remembering always the grace of God

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which had rescued him, Dick Neufeld labours unceasingly to share the love of Jesus with other bruised and broken sinners. Some respond to the Gospel invitation by turning in faith to the Saviour of whom this weeping, pleading pastor speaks. Others listen politely, but say a silent "No" by not saying a resounding "Yes".

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" As he got to know them better, Pastor Neufeld became deeply aware of the threats and dangers under which his "parishioners" live. There are street-accidents, muggings, violent beatings, despair-induced suicides - and frenzied, random murders.

"One man, a drug-addict, often came into the Mission just to chat," Dick recounted. "He was a very intelligent man with a sharp wit. He once told me he supposed his native people were fortunate Columbus didn't come to Canada from Turkey - or we'd all be called turkeys. He said that's what we are anyway, a bunch of turkeys!" Pastor Neufeld's eyes moistened as he continued his reminiscence. "I begged this young man to accept Christ but he declined because he was shot up with drugs. I asked him to come back some day before shooting up and he told me that was impossible. When he woke up, he had to have a fix before anything else. Well, a week later I was watching the local news on T.V. - my young friend was named as the victim of a brutal murder. Somebody had stabbed him over fifty times."

As well as direct personal ministry to the hundreds of transients passing through UGM in an average week, and individual visits in the neighbourhood hotel rooms, Dick's duties involve teaching a course of foundational Bible truths to the twenty or more residents of UGM's Chemical Abuse Treatment programme. Each week-day morning

and Friday afternoon, this group work through hour-long sessions with open Bibles and very personal applications. The course contains twenty-three lessons outlined with Biblical references, given in a format which requires the men to handle the Bible and discuss the verses being studied. The themes are about God, sin, mercy, grace and judgment. And there is a constant Scriptural emphasis upon salvation through the finished work of Jesus Christ on Calvary's cross. Men's questions about their own dead religions or cultic Satanic influences in their past experience are dealt with Biblically. And, in it all, Dick Neufeld relates to the men as one with a great deal in common - a history of living without God and a testimony of a new life in God which, through His free grace, is available to all who *"believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."*

Dick's chaplaincy work also requires him to administer the scheduling for the numerous pastors and church groups who come to minister at the daily chapel services. Some come weekly, others once or more a month. In total, well over fifty lunch-time speakers and a like number of church groups are involved in delivering services each month. It is up to Dick to handle schedule changes, welcome the groups, follow-up transients or residents who profess faith during chapel services, and generally superintend that central part of UGM's programme.

"I remember being disappointed in the quality of a particular group's ministry one night," Dick recalled. "And God had to remind me it is His work, not mine or anybody else's. While I was feeling disappointed in the ministry, a man who had sat under my own ministry got up from the congregation during the message, insisted on taking me outside the chapel to talk, and pulled a huge handful of paper towels out of his inner jacket pocket. 'Here,' he said. 'I came tonight to steal whatever I could lay my hands on.

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But, that man on the platform has something I want. Please, can you tell me how I can be saved.?" Pastor Neufeld shook his head in wonder. "I was busy feeling critical, while God was using that humble man's preaching to bring another soul to the Saviour. It taught me a lesson I never forgot."

In the second year of the Neufeld's ministry at UGM, Dick's duties were extended to include public relations and promotion of UGM in Winnipeg and area churches. Preaching week-nights and week-ends, Dick seems to be tireless. Though not a tall or physically powerful man, Dick has a wiry strength and surprising reserves of energy. "The way I lived in the past, I should be a wreck," he acknowledges. "But God has been good." Certainly, Dick's onerous duties are exhausting - but not to the point of becoming an unhappy burden. "My early life was lived for Dick Neufeld," the former alcoholic admits. "I am determined to live my new life for the One Who died for my sins."

At the time of writing, Dick and Gertrude Neufeld have been called of God to undertake a new ministry in Montreal's Welcome Hall Mission. Like UGM, the Welcome Hall (La Mission Bon Accueil) reaches out to people who are seldom if ever influenced by ordinary Christian churches. Because of his early escape from his parents' influence by running to Quebec, Dick became fluent in French. Now, being called back to Quebec, he is seeing yet another strand of meaning emerging from his years in the wilderness of self-pleasing. In all his efforts to shake God off, Dick now realizes that God's purposes are still being fulfilled. For that, he and Gertrude give God praise - and continue to serve Him together in Rescue Mission work.

31 THE CHRISTIAN YOUTH CENTER

"I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."(Jesus: John 14:6). God has given only one way of salvation. There's only one place where a sinner can face God's holiness and live. That place is Calvary. That way is personal faith in Jesus Christ. At Christian Youth Centre, as at UGM, the Gospel of God's grace in Jesus Christ is the central message around which all else gravitates.

Greg Stetski, like his UGM co-workers, knows of only one way of salvation - but he has learned that God has many ways of bringing awareness of spiritual need. Greg himself grew up in a family which attended church for social reasons but never heard the Gospel preached there. Graduating from university with an engineering degree, Greg was married to a wonderful wife, had three children, a secure well-paying job and a happy domestic life. "I didn't think any person could have a better life," was how Greg expressed it. But, in a moment, Greg's life turned upside down. He went on a fishing trip one day with his uncle. During that trip, the older man suffered a fatal heart attack. The trauma of that event affected Greg deeply.

"I became overwhelmed with a sense of the utter futility of life," Greg later recounted. "No matter what the pleasures, it was all going to end in death. My dominant thought was 'I shall die, my dear wife shall die, my children shall die.' Nothing had permanence, so how could anything really matter?"

Greg entered a deep valley of depression which lasted for about two years. In that period one of his work

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colleagues took a great interest in trying to help Greg. Art Doerksen, also an engineer employed in the same Federal Government department as Greg, came alongside and shared God's Word with his suffering friend. God also brought other Christian friends into the sphere of Greg's experience. Finally, the 27 year-old joyless man brought his fears and darkness to Jesus, *"the Light of the world."* What happened was beyond the scientific explanation which engineers usually insist upon. Paul the Apostle (who had a similar experience of receiving spiritual light when he met Jesus) spoke of it in terms of a creative act of God in human hearts.

"It is the God who commanded light to shine out of darkness who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Corinthians 4:6). Like the blind man whose testimony is recorded in John 9:25, Greg was able to truthfully say, *"One thing I know; that though I was blind, now I see!"*

Going on in His own gracious process, God brought salvation to Greg's wife and their children. Commensurate with Greg's growth in Bible knowledge was a growing heart willingness to lay everything on the altar for God. A thinking man, and now a man whose thinking was under submission to the Spirit of God, Greg realized that the God who had brought unlimited vistas of eternal hope into his life deserved his unlimited love and service. God accepted Greg's offering of worship and led him out of government service and into full-time Christian service. In 1987, Greg became Director of CYC.

"I'm thankful for all that He does there," Greg testifies. "The heart of CYC's ministry in the 1990's is our Family Life programme. It's more than helping native kids have a

good school experience. Every family involved in the programme has a weekly Family Counselling session in which I am able to share specifically the truths of God's Word. We hope this programme will grow from the present eight families to fifteen - and up to twenty-four kids in Faith Academy. In fact, we pray that the Family Life programme will mushroom into huge numbers of neighbourhood residents coming under the influence of the Gospel through CYC."

All the other CYC activities are conducted with a view to funnelling participants into the Family Life programme. For instance, Sharon Anderson, another full-time CYC worker, teaches four different after-school Bible study groups Monday through Thursday; six to eight year old girls one day, boys the next; nine years and up girls, and the same age group boys. In each class, family contacts are followed up and parents are encouraged to become involved with CYC. Similarly, Elizabeth Noel gives encouragement to the forty to sixty women who come for Wednesday afternoon Bible Study, food and clothing distribution. Slowly but surely, CYC's influence is penetrating the community with God's love and God's message of light and life.

The staff of three at CYC is complemented by many volunteers who help in mundane tasks like sorting clothes. Greg, Sharon and Elizabeth try to reach out by visiting homes of individuals who come to CYC. Sometimes Greg goes door to door with invitations for special events. These events may involve Evangelistic Crusades featuring native evangelists, or simply telling children on the street about the various clubs they can attend. Ninety per cent of the people served at CYC are native - and God has brought Elizabeth and Sharon, two native Christians to share in the ministry there.

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As Director, Greg also takes initiative in attempting to bring together all the Christian agencies which serve the neighbourhood. Once a month, a number of church representatives, missionaries, and individual Christians meet to pray and discuss ways of working together. In this way, CYC becomes a central point where Faith Academy, Indian Alliance Church, Bethlehem Chapel and other concerned groups are able to discuss the over-all work of God in the community and to strategize ways and means of extending the Kingdom of God there.

"We're seeing good results." Greg exults. "Judy Janzen, Northern Canada Evangelical Mission worker comes to CYC as a counsellor for Abuse victims and perpetrators. And Canadian Sunday School Mission cooperates with us by ministering to the eighty children we've sponsored for Bible camp each of the last two summers. We've sent two complete families to CSSM family camp, too."

One of CYC's major goals is to produce mature Christian native leaders who will minister to the large native population in Winnipeg's north end. This long-term goal gives direction to Greg Stetski and his co-workers as they carry on the daily tasks at CYC.

32 JESUS IS THE ANSWER

It is humbling to attend the thirty-minute staff prayer meetings which start each working day at UGM. One hears such specific prayers - "Lord, send coffee. You know our cupboard is just about bare." Or the request may be for sugar, for cups or bowls, for cleaning supplies. God's responses are frequently as specific as the request, though He invariably goes above and beyond what feeble faith asks. Often, certainly too frequently for coincidence, a church or business group will send the very item for which a staff member prayed.

Nor are specific requests limited to material supplies. As staff members come under the burden of praying for the particular needs of men who are on the programme, the Lord draws near and prayers become bold and exact. Sins are named in that prayer meeting, Satan is bound in the Name of Jesus, victory is claimed through Him. Perhaps the men who are being prayed for are unaware of the spiritual battle staff enter into on their behalf. But God knows. And God, Who hears prayer, brings the best outcomes. Sometimes staff members see profound changes in residents' lives. Other times, changes comes in small steps. If there is one thing Rescue Mission workers quickly learn, it is that outcomes belong to the Lord. The workers themselves are called to two things. They must trust God for personal growth in Christ, and, irrespective of immediate outcomes, they must render obedient loving service to whoever God brings to UGM.

People come to the Mission for a number of reasons. Some are hungry and come twice a day for the hot meals which are served - usually soup plus whatever other food

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God has provided. Before each week-day noon meal, a fifteen minute Chapel service allows UGM to proclaim the One Who is the Bread of Life and longs to feed the hearts and souls of people, not just their physical being. These noon Chapel services are conducted by a roster of pastors and businessmen from Winnipeg churches who thus do their part to remember the poor.

Other people come to UGM to replenish socks, shoes, clothing of one kind or another. Donations of clothes and furniture arrive at the Mission almost daily and are carefully sized and stocked by a number of regular volunteers without whom this ministry could not continue. The clothes, clean and folded, are donated by thoughtful people who want to do something for the poor. Some donors, even in their grief, memorialize a recently-deceased loved one by making his or her whole wardrobe available to the needy. The Mission treats every donation with utmost respect and attempts to honour God in the distribution.

One more group of people who come to UGM are those receiving free counselling from one of the three professional counsellors on staff at UGM. Under the direction of Rod Buxton, the counselling programme extends services to resident's spouses and children. This service is offered in an effort to establish families with Christ at the centre and reverse the evil effects addiction has on other family members. A number of families have been reorganized for the better because of their involvement with CYC. One family, still in process, was abandoned by the father when he walked out of the UGM treatment programme. However, his wife had already commenced spousal counselling at UGM and continued her efforts towards a better life. Eventually, she gave her heart to Jesus and connected with CYC. In spite of her

husband's discouragement, she has joined a local Bible-centred church and is progressing well in her Christian experience. Her children attend a Christian school and the future of the family is unalterably changed because of the ministries provided by UGM and CYC.

There is, of course, one other central category of person who knocks on the Mission door. He is the alcoholic, the drug-addict, the socially alienated who has probably lost everything worthwhile because of hopeless addiction. He may have been here before - irrespective of that, if space is available he is always welcomed and affirmed in his desire to find help. What kind of help will he find at UGM? To answer that question, come to the door and meet a man named Carl. He's none too clean, pale and sickly-looking. Yes, his breath smells of Rubbing Alcohol - or is it Lysol? Whatever it is, it's going to kill him unless he finds effective help. His time is running out! Let the reader meet a typical representative of "the Least, the Last and the Lost". It is virtually certain he will never be present (in this state) at any ordinary suburban church service.

Carl is between forty and fifty-five years old. Born in Eastern Canada, he's familiar with the Skid-row strip of virtually every North American city and large town from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has boozed and caroused in their sleazy joints, conned their citizens and slept in their jails. Their detoxification centres have brought him back from near death to round one of yet another drunken spree. Every province in Canada (and many a state in the USA) has mobilized its collective ranks of professional helpers - psychiatrists, social workers, addiction specialists, even priests and ministers - to help Carl get the monkey off his back and live as a responsible human being. Now Carl is in Winnipeg, alienated from family, disconnected from

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society, without God and without hope. He's at the end of a trail of broken promises, broken hearts, broken dreams. Somewhere, an aging parent may be praying for him, his whereabouts unknown to them, his troubles and needs only guessed at. Friendless and incapacitated from continued wandering because his body rebels against further ingestion of alcohol, Carl raises a trembling hand to knock on the door of Union Gospel Mission. What may this slightly-built sickly social derelict find at UGM that he didn't find elsewhere? Carl slumps dejectedly on the doorstep, self-respect long buried in the debris of a godless personal history. What does UGM offer that can possibly help Carl to a changed life? Rod Buxton, Director of Counselling and coordinator of the current four-phase residential treatment programme at UGM has an emphatic and immediate answer.

"God! The love of God presented in and through the Lord Jesus Christ." The Winnipeg Theological Seminary graduate responds with deep conviction. "When Carl comes through the doors of UGM he'll find a comprehensive programme of Gospel ministry, Bible studies, counselling, group discussion, lectures, and personal acceptance from staff members who are here to serve Jesus." Rod Buxton's wry grin softens the serious expression on his face. "Some of us staff members know what it's like to live under the power of sin like Carl. I'm one. A Christian told me '*the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation*'. I found it was true. That's how I know Carl can find a new birth, the beginning of a whole new life if he's honest with himself and open to the Lord."

Rod Buxton knows what he's talking about. His expertise in treating compulsive destructive behaviours is rooted in personal experience as well as extensive academic and practical training. As he interacts with men

and women at UGM, Rod remembers how alcohol ruled him from teenage years through early manhood. When he quit a twenty-two year long drinking habit, no one was more surprised than Rod himself. He'd entered the pub that day expecting to be there until closing time as usual. After one beer he nearly sent his drinking partner into cardiac arrest. Without fanfare and without prior planning, Master Warrant Officer (CD) Buxton, (already a 20 year veteran in military service) looked at the second frothy draft just poured, looked into his friend's eyes and quietly said, "I've had my last drink! I'm finished -for good!" It was the first time Rod ever pledged such a vow. It was also the last time.

"I could hardly believe myself," Seven years later, the wonder of it still sounds in Rod's tone. "It was like I suddenly realized that my compulsion to drink was destroying me and my family relationships. Now I know that Someone greater than me was also involved. That night, however, my decision to quit drinking was as sudden as Saul of Tarsus changing plans on the Damascus Road."

Born into a military family in Victoria, B.C., Rod spent his boyhood years in a home where sobriety reigned. Though the family endured many moves to virtually every part of Canada, Rod's formative adolescent years were spent in New Brunswick. He left home at sixteen to join (with his parent's consent) the Boy Soldiers. When this organization disbanded some months later, Rod returned home to await his seventeenth birthday when he would be old enough to join the regular Armed Forces. For the next 23 years, until he retired, soldier Buxton did the rounds of army tasks which ran the gamut from painting everything that didn't move (and saluting everything that did) to

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joining the paratroopers so he could jump out of aeroplanes.

Right on the threshold of his military career, Rod met and married Katie Sorochan, an Edmonton Grade 12 student just starting a career as office clerk. Then eighteen years old, Rod Buxton soon learned that to most of his army buddies, life's motto was "Work hard, play hard, drink hard." - an unlikely formula for successful family life. Rod and Katie lived life army style - separated by job demands for up to nine months at a time. Two children came along; Kim, born in Germany and her brother Darryl who was born in Calgary, Alberta three years later.

It wouldn't be fair to say Rod learned to drink in the Army - after all, he'd been using alcohol since age fourteen - but it was macho to guzzle with the boys at the end of a day's work. Though Katie hated alcohol with a passion, Rod became a heavy drinker early in the marriage. For him, norms of intimacy involved elbows on the bar counter, surrounded by army colleagues who were also drinkers. The importance of developing relationships at home took a distant second place.

Like many other military men subjected to far-away postings for long periods of time, Rod "really didn't feel married" in those days. Alone at home, Katie gave up career-work to stay home until the two children reached school-age. Rod simply kept on drinking.

In 1973, the Buxtons moved to Winnipeg. For nine years no significant changes occurred. Then, in 1982, came an encounter with God through the spontaneous witness of an old drinking buddy who had become a new person through faith in Jesus Christ. Rod wasn't looking

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for God. But God was looking for Rod - and He found him in the most unexpected way.

33 RETIRED MILITARY MAN

FINDS NEW LIFE

"I can hardly wait for four-thirty so I can get a drink." It was smoke-break in yet another military training course and Rod was already anticipating his Happy Hour. Having noticed that his friend didn't drink any more and avidly read his Bible in the living quarters, Rod didn't expect him to come along to the pub. But he was startled by his friend's response.

"Me, too," the friend replied. "I can hardly wait for four-thirty; I'm going to a Bible study." The man's tone of voice and beaming face spoke more deeply than his words. His words were soaked in sincerity. He was clearly in a different space than Rod. It was obvious to Rod that there was something new, something different about his former drinking buddy.

Rod went drinking alone. But the arrow had pierced his heart. God's presence in another human life cut through Rod's restless emptiness and created a desire for something real. As yet, he had no idea what that reality entailed.

"He's got something I don't have." Rod realized. In the following few weeks, he remembered the scene again and again. Actually, the man was himself not yet saved. He did not become a Christian until a month later. But, at work, Rod badgered him with unceasing questions about the Bible. Finally the man gave Rod a New Testament and some tracts, including one which showed in step form how a person can be saved. To Rod, it was information he'd

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never heard before. Born and raised in the so-called Christian country of Canada, Rod was a complete stranger to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to *"the grace of God which brings salvation."*

It was during those weeks that Rod quit drinking. Almost unconsciously, he began seeking - though he didn't know the object of his search! What he was searching for began to clarify in his mind. A longing to know God gripped him. From his family's perspective, he appeared as a man on the verge of breakdown. Though former patterns of violent unkind and ungodly behaviours ceased with the drinking, there was little peace within Rod. Then one day, what can only be called a miracle occurred. Rod needed a Bible - his questions had their roots in the Old Testament and he and Katie had never owned a Bible in twenty years of married life.

"But there is a Bible somewhere in the house," Katie remembered. "When Kim was in Brownies and took a Religion and Life Badge, I bought her one. I packed it in one of the boxes. It must be downstairs somewhere."

Going to the basement, Rod didn't even bother putting the light on. Randomly, he shoved his hand into one of a pile of packed boxes and felt the outline of a book. Pulling it out, he gasped. It was the Bible. A deep sense of awe forced tears to Rod's eyes. God really was there. God really was aware of his sinful heart's yearning to be saved.

For a few days, turmoil reigned within Rod. Finally, in his small basement den, he kneeled and prayed his way to the foot of the Cross. Following the steps to salvation outlined in one of his tracts, he wept out his confession of sin and broken cries of gratitude for a Saviour Who, he now knew, loved him and died for him. His family tell

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him he was there about thirty minutes. Rod himself was unaware of time.

"It's the only time I've sensed so strongly the Presence of the Lord," says Rod who is now a mature Bible-taught Christian. "Then I could only describe it as a kind of smoky or foggy atmosphere in which I really expected to see the Lord Jesus, His Presence seemed so overwhelming."

Predictably, Rod's family didn't understand. They were supportive, however, with the caveat that it was good for him but not something to be pushed on them. But God wasn't finished yet.

"That prayer to the Lord Jesus for salvation was the first prayer of understanding I uttered in my whole life," Rod states. "My second prayer came a few days later. The first Sunday of my new life, I woke early. Katie, who knew I usually slept late on Sundays said to me, 'I think you want to go to church.' She was right on. Trouble was, I had no idea where to find a church."

Driving the usual route he took to work each day, Rod became aware of Grant Memorial Baptist Church, a huge modern edifice he'd passed every day without realizing what it was. As he drove on to the spacious carpark, a sense of fear slowed his steps. Fortunately, a Christian brother spotted him standing by his car and approached him with hand extended. The neophyte believer soon found himself sitting in the midst of an enthusiastic group of worshippers listening to Dr. Grant Richison expound God's Word. "This is the place for me," Rod whispered to himself. At the conclusion of the service, he completed a Request for Visit form. The church followed up immediately.

"I'd like to talk to you after prayer meeting Wednesday night," The voice on the phone belonged to Ken Harris, minister of discipleship at the church. During that interview, Ken gave Rod two Bibles and two sets of Bible Study booklets. "I don't think my wife will join me in study," Rod said. "Just trust me," Ken responded with a confident smile. Sure enough, not only did Katie begin to study with Rod, but she and both children began to attend church.

A month or so later, Katie and Rod attended a Christian banquet as guests of the former drinking buddy whose delight in Bible study had first been used by God to awaken Rod. There, another event occurred which demonstrated the sovereign grace of God in Rod and Katie's lives.

"I saw somebody lean over to talk to Katie across the table, but had no idea what was being said," Rod recalls. "When the speaker left the head table clear across the room to go to the podium, he pointed to Katie whom he had never set eyes on prior to that evening. 'What's your name?' he enquired. Then, having been told by no human being but completely spontaneously in the Spirit the speaker made an incredible request. 'Will you come to the microphone and tell the people what has just happened to you?'" Rod felt like it was a dream. There was his Katie, moving to the microphone with poise and confidence. And the words she spoke - he could hardly believe his ears. "I would like to tell you all that I have just prayed," Katie announced. "I have asked the Lord Jesus Christ into my heart to be my Saviour."

Since their conversion it's been onward and upward for the Buxtons. Brought together in a renewed marital bond that centred on their common Saviour, Rod and Katie

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began to discover new ways of expressing love and support for each other. While still in the Armed Forces, Rod embarked on an academic path which eventually earned him a Bachelor of Arts degree from University of Manitoba and a Diploma in Addiction Studies from Ontario's McMaster University. He wasn't sure what his future would be, but Rod wanted to prepare himself for some aspect of the Lord's service.

As Christian parents, the Buxtons pray with fervent longing that the wonderful grace of God which has changed their lives so dramatically will bless their children and extended family members. Both active in serving the Lord through faithful ministry in their local church, they also share a deep burden to see Jesus Christ honoured in other people's lives. They know He is able to transform troubled people into victorious Christians. They know He is able to keep His people victorious in all kinds of life circumstances. He saved and is keeping them. Their desire and delight is to share Him and the power of His Gospel with others.

THE FOURTH

When I was a boy, I was very fond of the sea. I used to go to the beach every day, and I used to play for hours in the sand. I used to build castles and dig for shells. I used to go swimming in the sea, and I used to catch fish. I used to go sailing on the water, and I used to have a lot of fun. I used to go to the beach every day, and I used to play for hours in the sand. I used to build castles and dig for shells. I used to go swimming in the sea, and I used to catch fish. I used to go sailing on the water, and I used to have a lot of fun.

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34 FOUR PHASE

WHOLISTIC PROGRAMME

After leaving the military in 1986, Rod completed M.A. studies at Winnipeg Theological Seminary, where he received the formal Biblical counselling training to equip him for his present ministry as Director of Counselling at Union Gospel Mission - a position which brings him into the life of Carl, the derelict drinker who has stepped across the threshold and entered the UGM programme. Rod doesn't mind entering Carl's life.

"When I minister the reconciling grace of God to alcohol and drug abusers, I remember that I've been there," Rod acknowledges. "I also know I was delivered into an abundant new life by the sovereign grace of God. That's why I insist that everything I and my counselling staff do at UGM must be rooted and grounded in the Word of the Living God. I want Carl and any other person who passes through these Mission doors to be confronted with God's love and God's power to save. That's why I'm here at UGM."

Carl will start out in Phase One of the New Life programme (an assessment period) which requires him to remain inside the Mission for two weeks unless he goes out in the company of a staff member. The reason for this is that it is necessary for the resident's physical system to be purged of the chemicals he's been abusing - in Carl's case, low-cost booze ranging from cheap wines to rubbing alcohol. Other residents may be hooked on substances like beer, spirits, glue or gasoline sniffing, street drugs or prescribed drugs. Whatever the case, time is required for

the residents to go through physical withdrawal and begin to deal with the psychological reality of removing their harmful habits as a means of coping with life.

During the initial two weeks, the men are given a handbook explaining the rules of residency at Union Gospel Mission. Some have come to UGM through the referrals of other helping people, such as a local church, a Christian parent or friend, a police officer, welfare worker or some other social agency staff member. One man, Wayne, came to UGM after sharing his unhappiness and alcohol-related problems with another drinker in a hotel bar one day. "Go to the Mission," Wayne's new-found friend advised. "They'll help you there." While the stranger continued drinking, Wayne not only applied to the Mission for help, but, when the Supervisor of Programmes explained the programme and shared the message of the Gospel, Wayne immediately responded with a desire to receive Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. He repudiated his former sinful behaviours and habits and began to read God's Word daily and pray. Since Day One, Wayne's new life in Christ has been consistently evident to staff and fellow-residents. As months rolled by, this remarkable man has demonstrated honest diligent obedience to God's Word. Wayne's study and application of the material taught in the programme have brought spiritual growth and a new sense of joy to this former drinker who lost his family, his job, and his self-respect with no hope of getting them back - until Jesus made him a new man. All of this happened because another drunk thought highly enough of UGM to tell Wayne about it - and because, when a person comes to UGM, he is confronted with the Gospel of Christ which is *"the power of God unto salvation to those who believe..."*! Let those who support UGM through prayer rejoice that God hears and answers.

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However they get there, needy individuals complete Phase One and are then asked to commit themselves to a further four weeks of participation in Phase Two (which is the Chemical Dependency Awareness segment of the programme). Like Carl, they will discover that this segment forces them to look into themselves to explore why they choose habitual basic ways of thinking and behaving. Phase Two is built around the Twelve Steps utilized by Alcoholics Anonymous and other Substance Abuse treatment groups - with this crucial difference. At UGM, each of the Twelve Steps are linked to Bible principles; and each counselling session, lecture and group activity acknowledges the absolute necessity of personal salvation through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary's cross. Residents cannot be coerced into deciding for Jesus Christ. But they are left in no doubt about the consequences of delaying or denying God's way of salvation.

"We offer the men compassion and personal acceptance, recognizing that virtually all of them have been victimized in some way. But with the acceptance we also confront them with their need to let God save them and keep them from sin," Rod Buxton asserts. "As we counsel and teach and pray and witness, we are aware of the great spiritual struggles which occur. We're thankful for the army of dedicated prayer warriors who support UGM through prayer."

Every worker at the Mission agrees with Rod's expression of dependence upon prayer - their own and the prayer of others. Each staff member faces daily the frontline pressures of ministry to "the Least, the Last, and the Lost". They feel keenly the need for prayer support. Stressful demands of ministering to drastically damaged individuals join with Satan's temptations to

discouragement and even physical dangers. It is not uncommon for residents to have in their personal background incidents of violence - rape, assaults in the commission of other crimes. At UGM, many find deliverance from their violent anger as they face themselves before God - but not all. One former convicted killer, jailed for man-slaughter, never overcame the horrible internal anger which underlaid his frequent violent outbursts. In spite of the love and acceptance of all the staff members, this man chose to deny his anger rather than claim Ephesians 4:31 and let God forgive and put away his anger. Although he covered it up with a profession of faith in Christ it was only a matter of time until he physically threatened a number of staff members. Though they experienced natural fear, the staff members involved cared enough for this man to gently confront him about the foundational need to confess and forsake this sin. Instead of doing so, the man packed his bag and left. He always receives a warm welcome whenever he comes in to the Mission for a meal but this dear man has never returned to the programme and continues to make shipwreck out there on the stormy ocean of his daily life.

Since the Twelve Steps form the structure for Phase Two & Three of UGM's New Life treatment programme, it will be helpful to lay the steps out and show the connections which are stressed by Rod Buxton, his counselling colleagues Tye Gamey and Mukayi Muza and the entire Mission teaching staff. It should be remembered, however, that along with Biblical principles emphasized by Phase Two and Three teachers, the Mission chaplain conducts daily Bible study classes for all the men. Residents are also obliged to attend UGM chapel and/or local church services regularly. In this way, the Bible is kept central to all UGM ministry activities.

35 THE TWELVE STEPS

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(The above disclaimer was prepared by and is required by AA World Services office as a condition of reproducing the Twelve Steps in this book. The author expresses his gratitude to AA and wishes this esteemed organization well in its world-wide provision of services.)

Here, then, are the Twelve Steps.

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol* - that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understand Him.
4. We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

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7. We humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. We made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. We made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. We continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics** and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

* UGM replaces "alcohol" with "our compulsion."

** UGM replaces "alcoholics" with the word "others."

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Since becoming UGM's Director of Counselling, Rod Buxton has compiled a comprehensive Scriptural cross-reference system to solidly identify the relationships between God's Word and healing from addiction. Though addiction is seen as symptomatic of a deeper spiritual malady, the Twelve Steps and accompanying Scriptures provide a helpful structure for group teaching during the four weeks of Phase Two. They also give the men a useful way of thinking about their own choices and behaviours in times of personal meditation or even if they leave the programme prematurely or come out without coming to know the Lord. The Twelve Steps cannot bring salvation - but, if they help a man to become free of addiction's deadening effects, the Twelve Steps may become a stepping stone to the next stage of a man's movement towards Jesus Christ.

Early in 1990, Rod began to teach on a monthly T.V. programme the same Twelve Step material he uses at Union Gospel Mission. Concerned Christians who listen to the UGM T.V. show (three shows monthly on CableVideon) will be thrilled to discover the ease with which discussion of the strengths and limits of these Twelve Steps leads so easily to sharing the unlimited love of God and power of His Gospel. There is no substituting of truth - rather, the Twelve Steps are a starting place by which sinners can be led to Calvary where a dying Saviour did everything necessary to save and cleanse and empower in newness of life "all who come unto God by Him." (Hebrews 7:25). But not all come, despite the prayers of UGM supporters and the best efforts of staff. The following chapter repeats the story of one resident who shared part of his life journey at the 1989 UGM Annual Business Meeting.

36 MY MOTHER BURNED TO DEATH

R. is a 29 year old man who has never held a job. He is illiterate, addicted to alcohol, poorly-motivated, shows marked under-lying anger and inability to trust himself or others. He is fearful of failing and compensates for not trying by "acting macho - talking tough" - while avoiding situations in which he may fail.

At UGM, the counsellor's first task is to make an assessment, then gently but firmly lead R. to a confrontation with the inner dynamics which underly his behaviours. Inevitably, R. needs to see himself as God sees him - which includes the knowledge that he is loved, morally responsible, and personally accountable for his choices. Instant "Damascus Road" conversions are not the norm at UGM. The process is more likely to follow the Bible teaching principle of "line upon line, precept upon precept" until the man owns his choices and chooses to come as a sinner to the Saviour. Even then, there are many old learnings to be unlearned and new learnings to be installed in daily life.

Counselling at UGM may seem cumbersome and drawn-out to the casual glance, but when one considers the damage addiction does to normal reasoning and the destructive disaffirming experience of living in the gutter like so much human garbage with no cultivated strengths or social skills, the wonder is that God's grace can bring any change at all. But it does - in the lives of people who are open to it. Some people have dreadful memories which may hinder their ability to trust anybody - even God! Listen to R. as he addresses a Breakfast meeting of UGM supporters and friends.

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"My father drank all the time. My mother never drank til we came to the city. They were always fighting. Us kids were scared. I didn't go to school 'caus I couldn't do the work. I felt stupid and the teacher was always mad at me.

When we came to the city, my mother started drinking. She was pretty mean when she was drunk. She cried a lot, too. One day she never came home. I had to look after the other kids. We hadn't any food. I didn't know where my father was - he buzzed off and never came back. He was on Skid Row drinking. He's still drinking. Sometimes he comes in to UGM on the soup line.

After three days, when my mother never came back, I phoned Children's Aid. They took us all away. I was in a foster home but that wasn't any good. None of them were any good.

A couple of days before Christmas, I went to see my mother in the block where she lived common law with this guy. The fire trucks were there. Cops, too. The block was burnt. Nine people killed. I saw them carry out bodies, but I didn't know it was my mother. They wouldn't let me go near the block. So I just went home.

I never saw my mother again. I didn't believe she was dead, though. I used to walk around where the block used to be and look for her. Sometimes I saw somebody on the street and I thought it was her. I used to follow people 'caus that's what I thought. I still don't believe she's dead. But I know she must be.

After the fire, I got thrown out of the foster home. I went to a Receiving Home, but I kicked a hole through a door and they sent me to Manitoba Youth Centre for

violence. I was there three or four months. Met my brother there. I never saw him for a long time before. I got in lots of fights there, too. Got locked up in my room. Then they sent me to Knowles School for Boys. Two years! My brother got sent there, too.

I had a good counsellor there. He taught me how to tell the time. But I had to go and live in a boarding house after Knowles. That's where I started drinking and doing drugs - with the landlord. We did LSD and other stuff. After two months I got kicked out and went to Detox. (Detoxification is the first admission stage to a hospital Chemical Dependency Treatment). Then I went to AFM (Alcohol Foundation of Manitoba) and stayed for the whole 28 days of their programme. But I met a cousin and we bought beer - next thing we got Valium. I had amnesia for three days.

We got caught on a B. and E. (Break and Entry) and got a year's suspended sentence. We kept on doing B. and E.'s. I got caught on the third one, got fined \$200. Then I had to pay \$480. restitution.

When I came to UGM, they helped me to read and write a bit. I know I should trust the Lord. I got lots of problems."

Sadly, R. hasn't yet accepted personal responsibility for his choices nor has he received "the gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." But before leaving the Mission to drink after aborting a sheltered job placement, R. had a year of being loved, being taught God's way, and being shown repeatedly that an honest confession of Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour will bring him from darkness to light, from death to life, from confusion to order. For R., as for every person, there is a

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new life that God gives those who confess their sins to Him and trust his Son for forgiveness and cleansing. If R accepts God's gift he will find new ways of dealing with his learning disabilities, his hostilities, and his deep hurts. God is able and willing to do for R. what He has done for so many UGM staff and residents - what He did for the man of Psalm 40 who wrote

*He drew me up out of an horrible pit
Out of the miry clay
And set my feet upon a rock
And established my goings
And He hath put a new song in my mouth
Even praise unto our God
Many shall see it
And fear
And shall trust in the Lord*

He established my goings! Many shall see it and fear and shall trust in the Lord! These are powerful statements of God's ability to forgive sins, change behaviours, heal memories, remove bitterness, transform defeated people into victors - in a word, give a person a new life. That's what God can do, and that's what God does for some men who come through the doors at UGM. But not for all!

Does God have favourites to whom He responds more kindly than to others? No! Without diving deep into the lake of theological niceties, from the human perspective it appears that a person's willingness to honestly confess sin and accept divine forgiveness is the controlling factor. Other factors are operative. *"The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit"* (John 3:8).

People interested in God's work at UGM and elsewhere naturally want to know what ratio of success occurs. This question is not as simple as it appears. First, "success" needs to be defined. If it means obedience in telling out the Good News of God, UGM claims 100% success, for its programmes, policies and people are centred on proclamation of God's Word. If "success" means men being confronted in love by tangible, physical representatives of God (and of the church of Jesus Christ) among the poor and downtrodden, again 100% is claimed. But, if "success" is defined as people being instantaneously and entirely and permanently delivered with no possibility of future falls and picking up again, that's a little more difficult to measure. In the New Testament, the model of a gradual or phasic work of Jesus. *"I see men as trees walking"* (Mark 8:24) stands alongside sudden conversions. There is no question that the moment of new birth is a crisis event which must be experienced for a person to enter God's family. But, at UGM, gradual, step by step approaches to the moment of crisis are often interrupted by "two steps forward, one step back". Occasionally, as in Wayne's case, total and immediate conversion takes place and is evident. Much more frequently, success follows failures, rejections, hesitations to trust - then finally surrender of fear and unbelief and acceptance of new life. Why it takes so long for some (up-and-outers as often as down-and-outers) belongs to the mysterious workings of God's sovereign purposes. But when it happens, salvation occurs. *"God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness has shone in the heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."* (2 Corinthians 4:6, author's paraphrase).

Can any success be claimed regarding R-'s life? If viewed as a step towards the light, a chance to see

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something different than the "dog-eat-dog" savagery of the street, then R-'s time at UGM may also be seen as a convicting confrontation with truth which he will carry with him even if he stumbles back into sordid sin. As a matter of fact, after lapsing, R- entered an A.A. programme very quickly (he admitted he was too ashamed to come back and ask for re-entry into UGM). He has recommenced visits to the Mission, where he receives counselling, acceptance, love, - and candid acknowledgement of his continuing need to embrace the love of God in Christ and be delivered from sin's power once for all.

37 RECOVERY FROM SUBSTANCE ABUSE

Our new friend Carl has stuck with it and finished the four-week Phase Two part of the programme. What a change on the outside. Regular nutritious food, orderly living, regular sleep and a relaxed environment where Carl doesn't need to keep looking over his shoulder; all of these factors plus the Christian warmth of the place have helped fill out Carl's emaciated body and bring a new light to his eye. He is beginning to connect with other human beings once more. From the solitary desolation of hiding within his own skin on the hostile street, Carl is starting to experience the truth of God's Word, *"It is not good for man to be alone."* His present community includes other chemical dependent people in treatment - and a throng of concerned Christians rippling out from the small group of staff and volunteers he meets daily to the wide circle of unnamed supporters who pray and give so Carl can hear the Gospel and have opportunity to be redeemed.

In working through the Twelve Steps, Carl has dug deeply into himself and faced God. His deep shame which he has covered so long, is now brought to the light and Carl has admitted to God what he is. His moral inventory of himself wasn't easy - it's still not easy because he knows that beyond the prayers for cleansing and change he brings before God there is the need to make amends where he is able. Carl has made a list! Some things can be put right - a letter of apology here, a reconciling visit there - and some things he must leave in God's Hands, knowing that his newly-awakened regret, even godly sorrow, cannot change the past. It can only alter future choices. Carl has started a practice of meditation and prayer in an effort to cultivate his spiritual life and he is willing to share with others the

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Twelve Steps which have started him on a path of sobriety. But Carl is finding that sobriety isn't enough.

One day Carl, like R-, stands up in chapel, not to address a Breakfast group with a prepared speech, but to spontaneously share an experience he had a few days ago.

"I told my counsellor already and I want to tell you guys. I took the Lord into my heart." Carl's voice breaks as he tries to find words to express unfamiliar concepts. "Jesus says 'Come to Me and I'll give you rest.' I came. Like the hymn says, 'Just as I am'. I want to live for Him." When Carl sits down, there's silence. But in Carl's heart there's a thrill he's never known on the street. He has made his first public witness that Jesus Christ is his Lord and Saviour.

From that point, Carl is indeed a changed man. Now he enters Phase Three, not merely to remain a resident at UGM but to get the help necessary to find and keep a stable and satisfying job - and to sit under ministry by which he may "*grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.*" (2 Peter 3:18).

During Phase Three, Carl goes through an academic and vocational assessment as the first step in preparation for employment. This part of the programme was initiated as a one-year pilot project in 1989 in cooperation with Winnipeg Core Area Initiative which provided major funding. (UGM policy concerning the use of public funds is simple. Residents of UGM are entitled to public benefits as much as any other citizen. In the infrequent situation where public funds are offered to commence a pilot programme, such funds are acceptable provided UGM autonomy is not affected. The moment acceptance of public monies compromises UGM independence, public

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monies would be refused, even for such a profitable programme as Employment Preparation).

Through the "no strings attached" funding of Winnipeg Core Area Initiative, Literacy classes, Life Skills and personal educational and vocational counselling were made available. In the first year, a total of 38 men entered the new Phase Three. At the end of the pilot project year (the time of writing) twelve men continue in Phase Three; five have gone on to further schooling; six left for full-time employment; and fifteen discontinued. While the majority of the items offered in Phase Three Pilot Project remain, the literacy classes have been discontinued as UGM residents can attend any one of a variety of literacy groups located near UGM and duplication of services was not considered necessary. Life-skills, educational and vocational counselling continue to be delivered by the counselling department staff.

For Carl, who also has now linked up with a local church sympathetic about his past and supportive of his new life, the prospect of becoming a responsible employee is scary; after all, he hasn't worked in decades. He needs to learn skills, relational as well as job-related. Others of his peers in the programme have demonstrated latent abilities for learning and some have enrolled at Red River Community College for upgrading before learning a trade. One fellow has returned to University; another has ventured into a little private business; yet another has finished a training period as cook and now works full-time for UGM. The three months Carl will spend in Phase Three is expected to remove his fears and insecurities about work and either direct him towards further training or help him locate a job. In Phase Three he will have an hour's lecture each day on subjects related to these goals; another hour of daily group interaction with his peers

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discussing in personal terms the content of the lecture; and individual counselling weekly or more frequently when necessary. Phase Three is intensive - but when one remembers Carl's condition at that first meeting on the doorstep, Phase Three makes a great deal of sense as a practical addition to the central issue of proclaiming the Gospel at UGM.

Phase Four is the final step in the programme when a man completes the other phases and is either working, looking for work, or in a further training programme. He lives at one of the two Forward Houses (half-way houses) and remains under the general supervision of the UGM which requires him to continue counselling and church attendance.

As well as continuing to pray for Carl and his peers, it is also highly appropriate to thank the Heavenly Father for those who do pray and otherwise undergird the UGM ministry. It is their faithfulness which, by God's grace, makes it possible for Carl and other former alcoholics and addicts to find new beginnings with God and other people. New Christians need new life structures to support their new walk. Working together with the Lord Jesus who "makes all things new", UGM staff and supporters rejoice together whenever a Carl turns from darkness to light and demonstrates newness of life.

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FUTURE HOPES

The more things change, the more they stay the same. There's something basic and true about this simple paradoxical statement. Perhaps Bert and Jessie Dartnell would stare in wonder at the new UGM building, the extended programming, the new staff structures. But they would have no difficulty recognizing and relating to some familiar things - like the hopeless look on a Carl's face as he rings the Mission doorbell; the disappointment of investing in a man only to see him stumble, fall away, and eventually return to the Mission sick to death of his own sin and its consequences. Bert and Jessie would exchange knowing looks as they heard the prayers of staff members crying out to God for Him to do His own work in hearts because only His work works. The Dartnells would smile with joy when they heard what they've heard before - the faltering first testimony of a man who has turned to Christ and heeded the psalmist's admonition, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!" And, if Bert and Jessie Dartnell could walk down Main Street and through Winnipeg's core area today, they might gasp at the immensity of the modern buildings, but they would shake their head sadly at the evidences of unchanged needs. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Part of the pulsating vision of UGM's staff and supporters is to be change agents in a world that needs changing. Today's opportunities are tomorrow's lost chances. It is so in the lives of individuals confronted with the knowledge of God's love. It is so in the life of an organization like UGM. That is why the Board and administrative staff, particularly Bill McNairn, meet frequently to pray, plan, dream, discuss. Through many

changes, UGM faces the same unchanged, unchanging mandate - to present Christ to "the Least, the Last, and the Lost" in today's society.

"Battered women are an example of a need for ministry," Bill offers by way of illustration. "In 1988, UGM attempted to purchase a vacated convent to establish a Womens' Shelter where abused women could find refuge and be helped in their situation." Citing alarming statistics which reveal that domestic abuse results in countless injuries and a high number of deaths annually, Bill referred to newspaper clippings which document the organized resistance of a neighbourhood residents' group opposed to the purchase and purpose. "We failed in our bid to get rezoning. The Womens' Shelter and Treatment Centre is still a dream for us - and its delay a nightmare for many women," Bill concluded sadly.

(In March, 1990, UGM accepted the first woman on to the programme. She lives out but comes in everyday to participate fully in the whole New Life programme.)

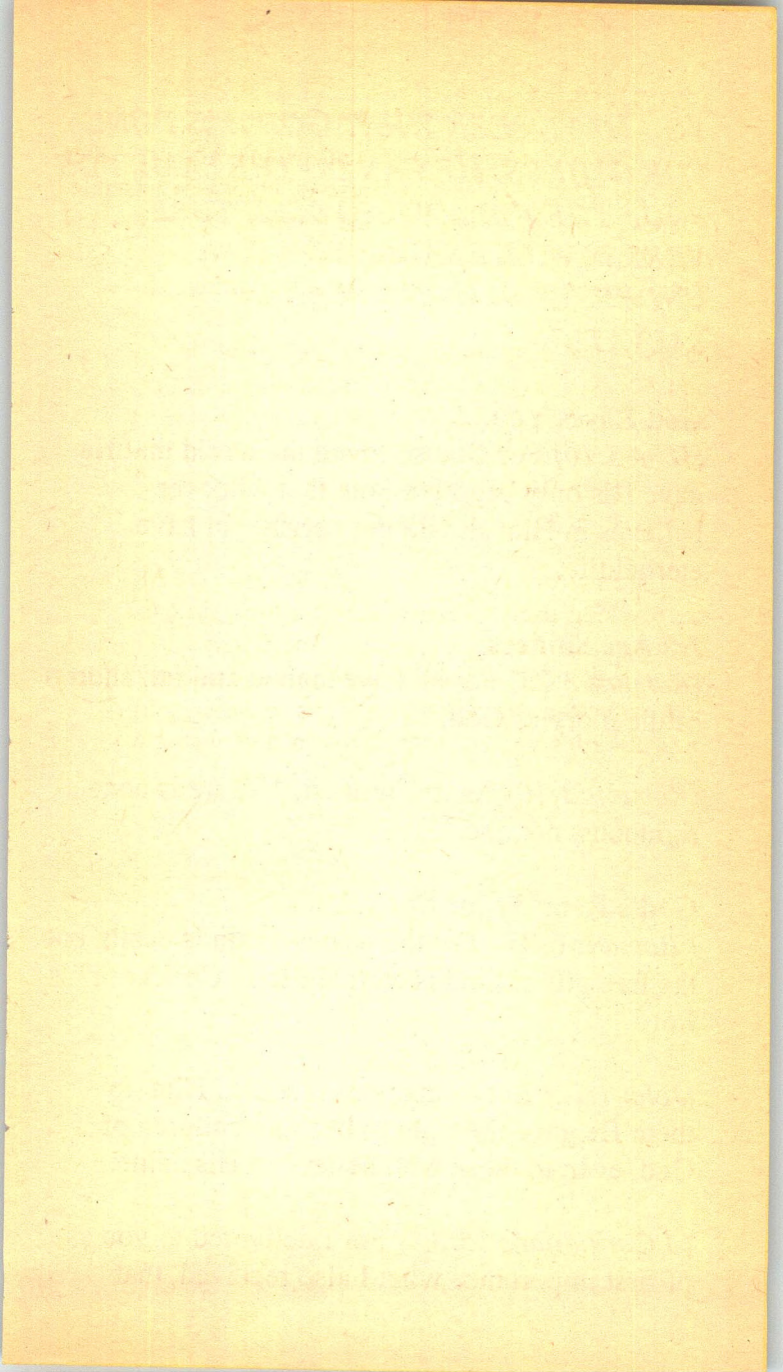
Other dreams envision an indigenous church to build up a fellowship of believers right in the core area around the Mission. This would also encompass a ministry to the elderly in the area, many of whom live in fear because they are terrorized by younger addicts who rob indiscriminately to support their enslaving habit.

"I know of one old-age pensioner who was murdered for the money in his pocket - eighty-five cents!" Bill said. "The two young men who killed him did their time in jail. Now they're back on the street - still addicts."

Yet another category of person represents a different need. Bill explains. "We need a sheltered workshop where

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we can train marginally competent people who are either brain-damaged by chemical abuse or otherwise unstable. There's no place for them in society except the street - and they die there!" Bill expands on his idea. We could teach them simple yard skills and have them hired out under supervision." Knowing that the sense of personal dignity an individual feels is related to the degree he perceives himself as a worthwhile contributor and not merely a taker, Bill and his wife Eileen are enthusiastic about these plans for UGM's future. "We must read the needs around us and keep on developing creative ways of addressing those needs within the context of Gospel ministry," he affirms. It sounds like an echo of the dedication in which the Lord's work at UGM was born. It's as if the McNairns are reaching back over half a century to join hands with the Dartneils, Koops, Calverleys, and Dycks - to encircle the great cloud of unnamed supporters and prayer partners and, with them, to reaffirm UGM's founding purpose of presenting Jesus Christ as the Light of a very dark world.



**YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT GOD HAS DONE
FOR OTHERS. HE CAN DO THE SAME FOR
YOU. THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE
VERSES WILL ENABLE YOU TO
UNDERSTAND GOD'S PLAN OF
SALVATION.**

God Loves You.

(John 3:16) For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

All Are Sinners

(Romans 3:23) For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.

(Romans 3:10) As it is written, " There is none righteous, not one."

God's Remedy for Sin

(Romans 6:23) For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ our Lord.

(John 1:12) But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become children of God, even to those who believe in His name.

(I Corinthians 15:3,4) For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures.

All May Be Saved Now

(*Revelation 3:20*) Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him, and will dine with him, and he with Me.

Assurance As A Believer

(*Romans 10:9*) That if you confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved.

(*John 5:24*) Truly, Truly, I say to you, he who hears My word, and believes Him who sent Me, has eternal life, and does not come into judgment, but has passed out of death into life.

(*I John 5:13*) These things I have written to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, in order that you may know that you have eternal life.

For further help or information contact

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Superintendents & Executive Directors

Ed Clark	1933-1934
Bert & Jessie Dartnell	1934-1952
Frank & Mavis Koop	1951-1953
vacant	1953-1958
Acting Sup. Jim Hadland	
Frank & Mavis Koop	1958-1965
Marshall Calverley	1965-1973
Peter & Susan Dyck	1973-1988
W.G. (Bill) McNairn	1988-

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R.T. Rankin	Honorary Chairman
F.A. Lang	Vice Chairman
Hugh MacGillivray	Secretary
Edward F. Dartnell	Treasurer

Ernest Barter
Ernest M. Grey
Rev. Wm.W. Falk
William Pearce

Executive Officers - 1990

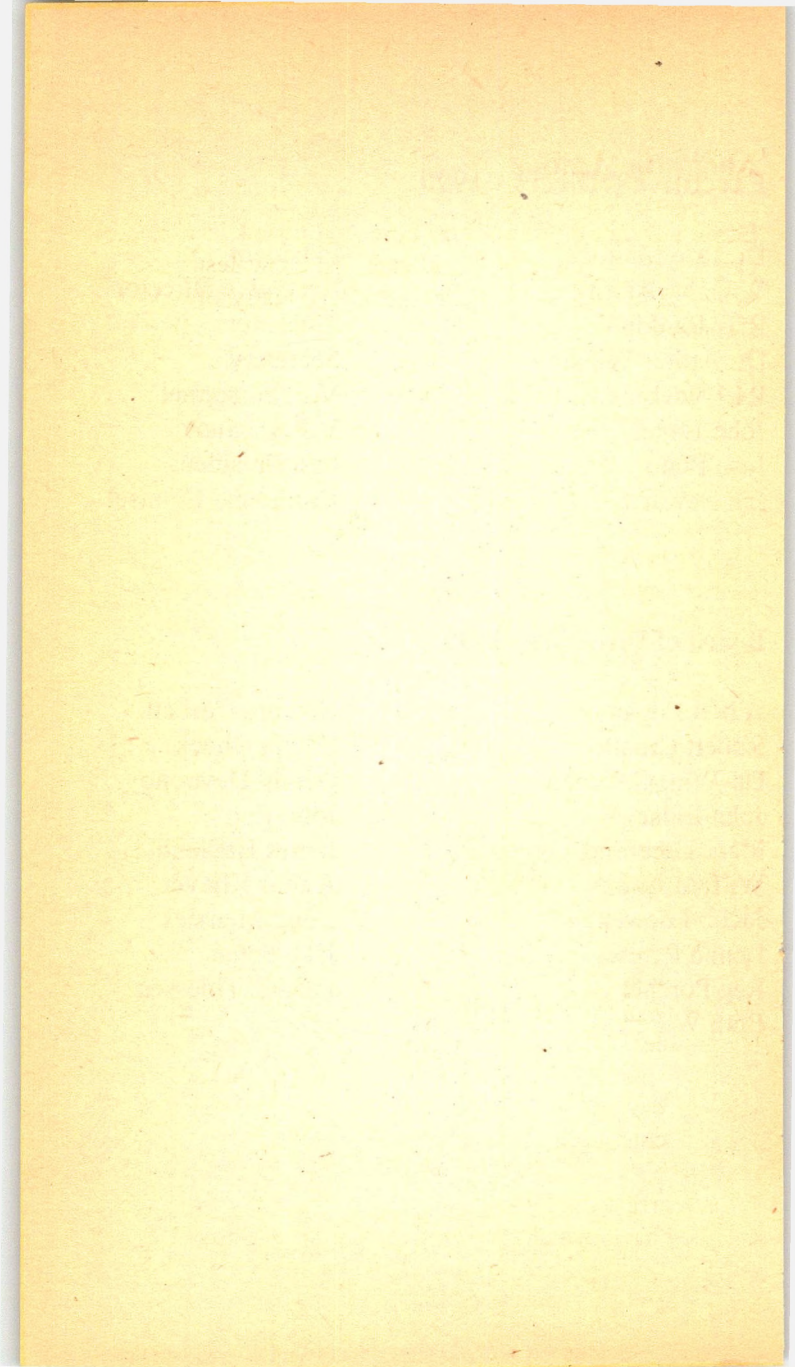
Dr. Ron Mattock
W.G. McNairn
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Dr. Arthur Wilson
Irv Hildebrand
John Hayes
Jose Pinto
Jan Dewar

President
Executive Director
Treasurer
Secretary
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Robert Croatto
Dr. Wm. Coleman
John Eidse
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Beth Wilton

Howard Corbett
Edwin Dueck
Gerald Devuono
John Epp
James Hadland
Arthur Kliever
Doug Menzies
Jake Peters
Jake C. Thiessen



About the Author

Edward Duncan Hughes was born and raised in a single parent family in Scotland and came to know Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour through the ministry of a Billy Graham Crusade in 1955.

Moving to Canada in 1957 he earned a bachelor of Religious Education at Winnipeg Bible College; a bachelor of Arts at the University of Winnipeg, and a Master of Social Work at the University of Manitoba. He subsequently served as a family services worker for the Children's Aid of Winnipeg and as a school social worker before pastoring several churches in the greater Winnipeg area. During his pastoral ministry, Ed earned his Doctorate of Ministry at Sioux Falls Theological Seminary in South Dakota.

In 1989 Ed came on the staff of Union Gospel Mission as the Director of Education, initiating a literacy, life-skills, and pre-employment skills programme. The hands-on experience at the Mission coupled with his social work and pastoral ministry has uniquely prepared Ed to write this book.

Other books written by the author include: "Night Duty Social Worker" (E.H. Duncan) and two missionary biographies, "Three Loves" and "Love Them For Me Laura". As a free lance journalist Ed writes children's stories, devotional material for David C. Cook and a religion column in a farm publication.

Ed is married to Helen Klassen from Winkler, Manitoba and they have two children and three grandchildren.

