



The Signal

A publication to share information of interest to the people of the
Conception Bay South Corps and Community. Editor-Major Winston Dodge

Corps Officers / Pastors: Majors Lyndon and Lisa Hale

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331 CBS Highway

A GOLDEN NUGGET

What's for dinner?

Sometimes there is a hidden agenda. The Bible records an instance when the menu was not in question but the quantity certainly was. Apparently fish and bread wasn't a problem. The question was: Will there be enough to go around?

These people had very strict rules about how food was to be handled, apparently that wasn't to be a problem.

All this concern was resolved by the Blessing of Jesus, before anything was passed around.

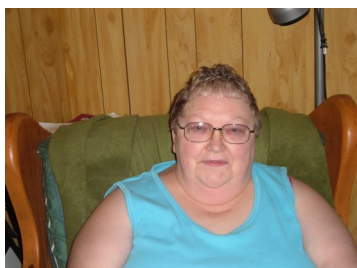
It begs the question regarding anything we place at God's disposal; asking for His Blessing applies to more than just meals.

Lt. Colonel Ralph Stanley

In This Issue

A Golden Nugget	1
My Dream	1
Where are they now?	2
A Testimony	2
Mother's Loving Arms	3
My Dream (Continued)	4
Picture this	4

Dreams do come true



Edith Butler

Edith Butler has many fond memories of her formative years. She recalls the influence of former corps officers and teachers at the Salvation Army Day School.

Brought up in a Christian home, Edith realized that knowing God would always be an important part of her life and valuable lessons she learned then have never been forgotten.

Eventually, Edith married and with her husband, Clayton, raised their three children

A few years ago, Edith began to experience some unusual dreams, as she peacefully slept. She often dreamed that she was singing inspiring gospel songs, which she had never heard before. Disappointed, she discovered that when she woke, she could not remember the words or the tune.

However, she was determined to follow through and began to pray that God would help her remember the words that she unknowingly kept singing in her dreams.

Sure enough, the words started to come to her mind and she began to write. Sometimes, as she and Clayton

shared breakfast, she would write down these inspired verses. The words often reflected upon her life's experiences and the trials and difficulties which she and Clayton were facing.

Her writing made Edith feel closer to God and she considers this talent as a gift from God. So far, Edith has written about 100 poems and most of them can be sung to an individual tune.

Well known singing artists, such as Kevin Collins and Rev. Roy Martin have received a number of her hymns and they hope to include them in future recordings.

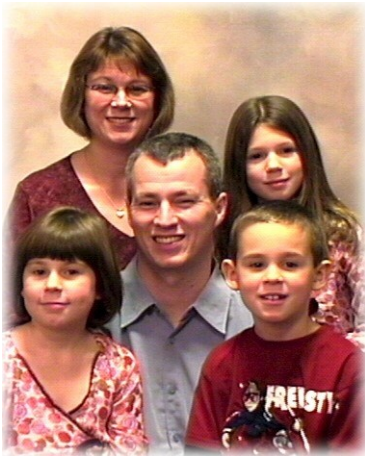
One of her favorite Bible verses is **Isaiah 40:31** which says *"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."*

This verse is also the theme for one of her writings, for it really describes her personal experience and spiritual desire. Edith knows that waiting upon God gives her the daily strength she needs.

The words of one of her poems is included below and continued on page 4

My Dream

*Last night I dreamed I went to Heaven
And met my Saviour at the door,
His face was lit up so bright
And His pure white garment reached the floor.
His presence lit up all Heaven
And He told me my sins had been forgiven.*



Kent, Dena Hepditch & family

Where are they now?

Born in 1966, I grew up in St. John's and the Goulds. Dad and Mom were both raised in the church, Dad in the Anglican and Mom in The Salvation Army.

Like many young couples, though, church wasn't a priority in their married life, and we weren't brought to church as young children.

In 1980, Mom suggested I read my Gideon New Testament that was given to me in school a few years earlier. For some reason, I read it, although I had very little religious exposure. In fact, I read it fairly faithfully, using the daily reading guide.

In 1983, Mom and Dad started attending The Salvation Army, and Dad became a Christian in 1984. It was also around this time that things started going downhill in my own life. My shyness developed into a real fear of being in public, and I quit university in my second year, 1985. I spent most of the following year alone in my room, almost completely withdrawn from the public.

In the fall of 1986, Mom and Dad were attending the Army faithfully, and the conviction that I felt from reading my New Testament gave me the desire to go too. After about four months of attending the Long Pond Corps, I asked the Lord to forgive me of my sins and help me to be a better person. A great burden was lifted from my heart!

In 1989, I felt the call to officership, and was commissioned in 1993. I spent two years in Monkstown, nine months assisting at St. John's Citadel with Dena, three months in Fortune (pro-tem), four years in Woodstock (White Bay) and presently we are on our seventh year in Channel/Port aux Basques.

God has blessed us with three wonderful children, Laura, 9, Sara, 8, and Ryan, 7. We are thoroughly enjoying the ministry and we realize that all of our happiness is a direct result of God's goodness to our family.

Being basically a shy person, some aspects of ministry are particularly difficult for me at times but one Bible verse that has been an encouragement to me for years is Joshua 1:9, which says, ***Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.*** I am confident that He has always been with me.

- Captain Kent Hepditch

Woodrow Snow CSM

Over the years, CBS Corps has been blessed by a number of people who have moved to our town. Among them is retired school teacher, Woodrow Snow. Born in the little community of Flat Rock, he moved away just a couple of miles to Carbonear, when he was 4 years old.



He and his wife Eileen grew up there and Woodrow attended The Salvation Army Day School, even though he belonged to another church. However, they both became involved in regular Army activities and as a result both of them were converted at a Youth Councils gathering at Dildo, when Woodrow was 17.

Later, Woodrow taught school at Bay Roberts, Lower Island Cove, Carbonear and Botwood. At the same time he continued his studies and by 1974 had obtained BA in Arts and BA in Education degrees. In 1990 he completed his Masters Degree in Teaching.

Woodrow and Eileen married in 1964 and were blessed with three children. They moved to Conception Bay South in 1971 and Woodrow taught school in the area until his retirement in 1994.

As soon as the family arrived at the corps, they became involved in the activities, and Woodrow learned to play in the brass band. He became the Corps Secretary, upon the retirement of Mr. Cyril Porter. Since 2002, he has served as the Corps Sergeant Major.

Throughout his teaching career, Woodrow has endeared himself to his students and staff, gaining their love and respect.

In 1986 he was named Teacher of the Year for his extra support and interest in helping one of his students, a student who had missed some regular school time due to cancer treatments.

His Christian example was always shown in his daily work. In the midst of trials and difficulties, including the sudden tragic death of their only son, Woodrow has maintained his faith and trust in God, Who has been his source of strength and comfort.

The words of John 3:3 have been important to him for on 2 separate sports telecasts on T.V. the words ***“Ye must be born again..”*** were boldly displayed by cheering fans' T-shirts. Woodrow sees this as God's message to him to bring others into a right relationship with God.



The Arms of a Loving Mother

When the second Salvation Army Barracks was built in the mid twenties, it was a much larger building than the previous one. A day school was now added and an active Sunday School program was commenced. All the children from Salvation Army families attended as well as children from the other local churches. I was among the first ones to attend and continued to do so for many years.

I thoroughly enjoyed working with the children and took a real interest in them. It wasn't long before I was asked to become a Sunday School Teacher. I was so happy to be able to teach them a different way of life by serving God.

Mother's Day was coming soon and this was always a special day. I planned to make a nice red rose for every child to give to their mother during the special program. Making a sample rose, I showed it to the children, telling them they would each get one like it for their mothers. They were very excited and happy. In those days, this was a very big thing. Nobody received roses, not even paper ones.

For the next two Sundays I gave them some instructions. I wanted them to encourage their mother to attend the service after the regular Sunday School was finished. The children were to sit in the front seats on the left side of the hall and the mothers with smaller children would sit on the right. I told them to take their time when that special hymn was sung. They were to pick up their roses and then pin them on their mothers. They were so pleased.

I noticed one little boy, I'll call him Johnny. His mother had recently passed away. He was to receive a white rose and I tried to explain that perhaps he would like to place his rose on the open Bible, seeing that his mom was no longer with him. I reminded him that his mom was in Heaven and couldn't be here today but she was watching over him. He was too young to understand. He simply wanted his mother.

The day finally came. After we finished our Sunday School time, I gave out the roses. They were so excited. Some gave me a hug or a kiss. The Army hall was full, for this was always a special time. Almost every mother was in attendance. At the appointed time, we sang our special song:

*When mothers of Salem, their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart.
But Jesus saw them e're they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said
"Suffer little children to come unto me".*



The little boys and girls proudly marched to pin the roses on their mothers. Johnny watched them all as the tears rolled down his cheeks. He tried to wipe them away with his sleeve with the one hand, as his other hand held the white rose. I wondered what he was thinking. He just wanted a mother to be there like all the other children.

The hymn was almost finished and I too went down to honor my mother with the red rose. Tears were in her eyes too, for her mother was also gone. As I bent and kissed her cheek, I whispered in her ear that I had a surprise for her. She just looked me in the eye. Going over to Johnny, I put my arms around him and wiped the tears from his eyes. He was still sobbing. I said "Don't cry, your mommy is in Heaven. She loves you but can't be here today"

Looking into his tear filled eyes, I said, "I will give you my mommy for today". Then taking him by the hand, I led him over to my mother saying, "Mom, Johnny's mother is in Heaven and can't be with him today." Hearing these words she too began to cry. Somehow, we managed to place the white rose among the red ones she already wore. She put her arms around him and Johnny snuggled close, with a contented look on his face.

When the service was over Mom returned the white rose to Johnny, along with a hug and a kiss. I then noticed a young man coming towards us. He held Johnny closely and then took him by the hand, as they walked away. I found out later it was his father. I often wished I had known earlier that he would be there for he probably would have been a substitute mother.

Not many fathers attended Mother's Day services, especially on a Sunday afternoon. It was a day I still remember and I was so blessed to be able to make one lonely little boy feel the loving arms of a mother.

Editor's note: Written by Lydia Hiscock, who was 90 years old this past year. She attends church regularly

I believe the place of prayer is not only a place where I lose my burdens, but also a place where I get a burden. He shares my burden and I share His burden. ... To know that burden, we must hear the voice of the Spirit. To hear that voice, we must be still and know that He is God.

(Leonard Ravenhill)

(Continued from page 1)

*He invited me to sit beside Him
And said, ' from this moment you will never be alone"
The angels gathered around Him
As they sang in a beautiful tone.
Then He took me by the hand
And showed me around the Promised Land.*

*He showed me my mansion that He made for me,
And I had a good view of the crystal sea
And the river of peace flowing from God's throne
And God's beautiful garden for His saints to roam.
He showed me the beautiful gates made out of pearl
That sparkled and shone all over the world.
"There is more", He said," but you cannot see
Until you come to live with me."*

*We all sat down for the marriage supper
It was then I saw my father and mother
Family and friends we all sat in one place
As we all joined hands and sang our grace.
My Lord said a prayer as He bowed His head
Then He sat down with us and broke the bread
The Lord gave me a drink from His communion cup
And it was at that moment I woke up.*

*Now there's a day coming and it won't be a dream,
When Jesus will come in His glory
And take me to Heaven,
A place that man's never seen.
My heart shall be glad
And my soul shall rejoice
To be ever with Jesus, my Saviour
For me He paid the price.*



Major Lyndon Hale chatting with Lydia Hiscock at the 98th Corps Anniversary about the early days of the Army in Long Pond.



Left: Lt Colonels Cecil & Grace Cooper, Guests for our Anniversary, Mrs Gladys Porter representing the oldest soldiers, Majors Lyndon & Lisa Hale , Corps Officers.



The New Creations, a group in the CBS Corps who make crafts for outreach missions. Seen here is a group of ladies who were making caps for babies at the Janeway Children Hospital. They have also made blankets as well.



Open Air meeting in progress

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