



# The Signal

A publication to share information of interest to the people of the  
Conception Bay South Corps and Community.

Volume 3. Issue 1

Pilot of Souls saves pilot of plane

March 2007



331 CBS Highway

## A GOLDEN NUGGET

The other day my wife and I were in a coffee shop. She observed two young teens sharing a bagel. I guess the 'mothering instincts' prevailed and before leaving she graciously went to their table and asked if they were dieting, (with a smile) or were they short of cash? I learned later that they said, "Neither Mrs., we always do this, we love to share".

I noticed that they waved as Mona made her way to our car. "We love to share". What a happy thought! What a delightful way to describe a friendship.

"Sit down folks, there are five barley loaves and two small fish, and we love to share".

## In This Issue

A Golden Nugget

The Cassell Family

Thanks A Bunck

Derek Brace

Where are thy now.

Community Care News

Wilfred Porter



Trevor Cassell grew up in Bide Arm, near Roddickton on the Northern Peninsula. When he was 9 years old, his father became the Pastor of the local Apostolic Church there. As a result, Trevor attended all church services and activities.

However, it wasn't until Trevor was 15, that he experienced a transformation in his life. During a united gospel service, as his father was preaching on God's great mercy, Trevor's heart was in turmoil. He left the service and then returned and as he did, a lady spoke to him, "You need Jesus". Believing these words, Trevor went to the altar and 13 other young people joined him, including his future wife, Tracy.

Following high school graduation, he enrolled in the Deer Lake Flying School, fulfilling a childhood dream. Because of the closure of the school, he finished his training in Moncton, N.B. As part of this training he was expected to fly solo 'across country'. It was a beautiful day flying into Armstrong, ON. However, on his return flight, he ran into trouble. At 2000 feet, he suddenly found himself in a bank of fog. He had not yet received sufficient training in instrument flying, and so relied on visual contact. Disoriented, and feeling the plane beginning to spiral, he could see the trees below. He knew he was in danger. He closed his eyes and quickly prayed, "God, help me". He pulled up forcefully on the yoke, knowing full well that this could cause severe damage to the wings. Trevor risked flying higher to 5000 feet, and eventually flew out of the fog, landing at Terrace Bay, much to the

relief of the Airport Manager. As he shared his experience with her, she was overwhelmed by his faith and trust in God. He was confident that God had saved his life.



In June, 1991, Trevor secured his first job as a part time pilot, along with other duties, in Pickle Lake, an isolated community in Northern Ontario. At this time, prayer and daily devotions became very important to him. Following marriage in October, he and Tracy continued their stay there, until 1994, when Trevor moved to Goose Bay, and found employment with Air Labrador.

After a year, his former employer offered him a job as Chief Pilot in Goose Bay. Trevor accepted and enjoyed this new opportunity.

In 1997, he transferred to St. John's and became the Base Organizer. By this time, the company had been taken over by Prince Edward Air.

As they settled in the CBS area, they began to attend The Salvation Army, and the family were warmly welcomed by the local congregation.

Their two boys, Tyrone (above) and Taylor attended Sunday School and participated in other youth activities. Taylor is often featured as a soloist, and brings blessing to many.



Trevor's favorite Scripture verse is Matthew 24:13 "He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved".

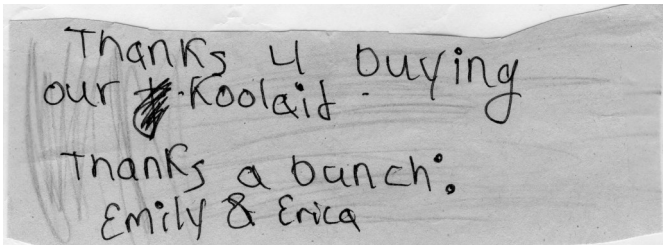
His vibrant personal testimony gives evidence of his determination to remain faithful to God, who has been his Pilot through life.

## Among my Keepsakes

### Thanks A Bunch!

A couple of years ago while out buying some plants to put in the flower beds we stopped by a road side stand. Inside there were flowers ready for the planting of every size, shape and color. Near the front of the shelter was a small table at which sat two little girls. A large jug of Koolaid and disposable cups were on the table. The sign said "Please buy our Kool-Aid". After some little conversation the eldest poured out our Kool-Aid and (WHILE NOT OUR FAVOURITE DRINK) Mona and I indulged ourselves.

Some minutes later while looking at the plants we would purchase, I felt something being pushed into my hand. Looking around I saw one of the little sales persons with a ragged piece of paper from a scribbler. She looked at me, smiled and hurried away. I opened the crumpled note



and you can now read for yourself what it said. I keep it on my desk; it is one of the nicest "thank you" letters that I ever received, and for what? Two glasses of Kool-Aid and a little conversation about "How "the business" was doing that day. Thank you girls!

*Lt. Colonel Ralph Stanley*

### Corps Officer's Corner

My first thoughts of Easter go to a well known verse of scripture I learned as a child *"For God so loved the world, that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world but to save the world through Him."* John 3:16 – 17

In the midst of the various pressures that face our present age it is comforting to know such a great love. God gave His best for you and me so that we can have the assurance of His love and we can choose to receive the gift of eternal life with Him.

*Major Lyndon Hale*

## A Day in God's "Cathedral"

By Derek Brace



There's a story about an old timer who really enjoyed hunting. Someone asked him if getting out in the woods was the secret to his long life. He replied, "Oh yes, that helped, but every morning I would sprinkle a little bit of gunpowder on my rolled

oats". When he passed away, at the ripe old age of 96, he left 8 children, 24 grand children, 52 great grandchildren and a 15-foot hole in the crematorium!

I haven't tried gunpowder on my cereal, but like the old skipper, I too enjoy time in the country. I have been blessed with the opportunity to enjoy much of God's splendor in the great outdoors and it is there I have sensed His presence.

Someone has said the most eloquent prayer is a simple expression of gratitude. While casting flies on a remote river or walking quietly in pursuit of a moose, I am often overwhelmed by His goodness to me. I lift my head heavenward to say, "Thank you God". He understands the deepest yearnings of my heart.

If you are not careful, it is easy to go astray in the country. I've sometimes had to rely upon my compass in order to get back on the correct trail. In my life, God has been that constant guide, allowing me sometimes to choose the wrong path, while standing by, waiting to lead me home.

He sure is a good God. All of the time.

### Easter Week Worship Services

You are welcome to join us in our Easter worship:

April 3/07 Tuesday 7:30 pm CBS Long Pond Corps  
Speaker: Captain Julia Butler

April 4/07 Wednesday 7:30 pm St. John's West Corps  
Speaker: Major Lyndon Hale

April 5/07 Thursday 7:30 pm Mt. Pearl Citadel  
Speaker: Captain Danny Pinksen

April 6/07 Good Friday 8:30 am Easter Prayer Breakfast  
CBS

(Please call to confirm your attendance 834-2373 or 0908)

April 6/07 Good Friday 10:30 am St. John's Temple  
Speaker: Major Rene Loveless

April 8/07 Easter Sunday Services 11:00 am & 6:30 pm at  
CBS Corps.

## Where are they now?

### Major Lillian Norman



I grew up in Long Pond Corps and I was so proud to be the youngest daughter of James and Selina Porter, stalwart pioneers of the Corps.

I entered The Salvation Army Training College at 91 LeMarchant Road in 1951, as a cadet of the Intercessors Session. Commissioned in 1952, I received my first appointment to Creston Corps on the Burin Peninsula.

I met my best friend, the love of my life and my partner in ministry in 1953. Lieut. William Norman who was the Corps Officer at Long Pond at this time, came to my parent's home to deliver *The War Cry*. I was there waiting to attend the

Congress gatherings. We were married in 1955 and our 'honeymoon' Corps was Robert's Arm. He always said that he got his wife through *The War Cry*.

After our 45 years serving the Lord together, Bill was Promoted to Glory just before Christmas in 2000.

My spiritual journey began when I was about 6 years of age. It was during a Sunday night meeting at Long Pond, under the ministry of Captain and Mrs. George Earle. I was sitting by my father who was playing the snare drum. When God spoke to me, I quietly slipped from his side and made my way down to the Mercy Seat, only to find there was no room. Every space was filled with adults seeking the Lord.

I remember pulling on Mrs. Earle's skirt and saying "Didn't you know I wanted to be saved?" She made room at the corner of the Mercy Seat for me to

put my little hand and then she prayed with me.

From that moment there was a burning desire in my heart to serve the Lord. I am a firm believer in childhood conversion. During my ministry I made sure there was time and opportunity for children to be saved.

When we were stationed at Grand Falls, after returning from summer holidays, I received an urgent message to go to the hospital because someone wanted to see me. I was taken to a room where a lovely young woman lay dying. She said to me "I tried to wait for you. I wanted to say thank you. You don't remember a children's meeting after school, when only three little girls attended. Two were Junior Soldiers and the other little girl got saved. I am that little girl and I have been saved ever since. Thank you so much. Now, I'm leaving a little boy almost five years old. I'm praying that someone will take the time to tell him about Jesus too." Within hours, Betty went home to be with the Lord.

One of my favorite Scripture verses is Isaiah 40:11 "*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arms and carry them in His bosom.*"

As a teenager, I considered other plans for my life, but the words of a song seemed to haunt me:

*Just as I am young strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be,  
For truth and righteousness and Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.*

During a Youth Councils Meeting, this song became my commitment. During these years, I spent some time with my Aunt Margaret, Mrs. Brigadier Stanley. She became my mentor. Her Christlikeness and gentle spirit had a great influence on my life.

Over the years, God has blessed me with two lovely daughters and a chosen son, Paul, who lives in St. John's. Beverly serves the Lord at the Kingston Corps in Ontario. Valerie, with her husband, Major Brian Wheeler is at Divisional Headquarters in Gander, with our darling grandson, Zachery.

I thank God for saving me, for calling me and for using me in ministry. I'm thankful for The Salvation Army for the opportunities to serve, but most of all, I'm thankful to God for the sufficiency of His grace.

**"Didn't you know I  
wanted to be  
saved?"**

Character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it: the tree is the real thing.

Abraham Lincoln





Lt. Colonel Ralph Stanley is presenting Zita Butler with an arrangement of flowers in appreciation for her work as the co-ordinator for The Salvation Army Community Care Services in CBS.

Members of the Community Care Ministries have been very busy, over the past few months. With help from local organizations,

138 volunteers helped with the Christmas Cheer Kettle ministry, providing funds for distribution of 500 Sunshine Bags to seniors, as well as toys for needy children. The Food Bank also received a substantial donation.

Between 150 – 180 school breakfasts are being provided regularly at St. George's School and the Emergency Response Team has given practical assistance with their well equipped van in a number of crisis situations.

At a recent gathering, appreciation was expressed to St. John Ambulance, Lion's Club, Kiwanis, Kinettes, CBS Scotia Bank, CBS Mayor, Councillors and Staff, LOL #181, Students from QEHS, and members of The Salvation Army Corps, for their support and participation. CCM Co-ordinator Zita Butler agrees that it is only with the help of these many fine volunteers that we are able to continue these important ministries.



Seen in the above picture, Major Lyndon Hale presenting a cheque to Mr. Rick Gagnon, principal of St. Edwards School, Kelligrews to help in their school breakfast program. Thanks to the people of CBS who help with the Christmas Program. In the picture from left to right are Major L. Hale, Beverly Rowe, Ken George, Rick Gagnon, Michaela Wheaton and Tamara Wheaton.

## MR. WILFRED PORTER C.M.A.

Mr. Wilfred Porter was a special person to many people associated with the Salvation Army Grace General Hospital in St. John's NL -- both patients and those who worked there -- during the over three decades he was on staff.

Mr. Porter was known as "George" at first, until his brother George joined the Grace staff. He had a kind, understanding and unassuming manner that many nurses say is one of the fondest memories of their nurses' training. In his work, which early in his career was as an orderly, and later as a Certified Male Attendant, he always possessed a keen understanding of the feelings of others, and did everything he could to allay any anxieties that arose for them.

I had the privilege of working with Mr. Porter for over twenty years, beginning when I entered training in the School of Nursing, and afterwards as a Registered Nurse. I was one of the hundreds of Grace nurses who called on him for assistance and advice. He never failed to advise us well, instruct us efficiently, and to be our mentor when we had the need. Often, when we least expected it -- but nevertheless needed it -- he would tell us a funny story or a joke, so that we would not take ourselves too seriously.

Faithful, efficient, available, hardworking, kindly, are all terms that can be used to describe Mr. Porter, who was an icon of the Grace. Beloved by all, the sight of this father-like figure going about his daily work was a visible example of the Grace Motto:

*Enter To Learn; Go Forth To Serve.*

*Violet Squires Ruelokke*

Editor's Note:

Wilf, as he was affectionately called, was a faithful member of the Long Pond Corps. He was an avid farmer, supplying family and friends with fresh vegetables. He never owned a car, and never took a sick day in all his 35 years of employment. It was said he never uttered a negative word against anyone. A great tribute indeed!

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