



## Upcoming Events:

### Jubilee Parties:

Oct 22

Nov 19

Dec 17

### ALL TEAM DINNER

Thurs Nov 4

6:00 pm

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### *Do you dream of getting published?*

The Jacob's Well newsletter is now taking submissions for the next edition. Please send articles, photos, poems, artwork etc. to [jane@jacobsowell.ca](mailto:jane@jacobsowell.ca).

Thanks

## An Interview with Sean

By Dawn Humphreys

What we know in our heart is more important than the things we hold in our hands...

We have known Sean for over 3 years now – he was one of the people we met and he is commonly referred to by us as “Gor Gor” (which in Cantonese means older brother)...Sean is a refugee here in Canada – He is an ethnic Chinese originally from Laos & has been longing to find a place where he belongs...he has been a refugee here for 18 years now & would love to be a citizen – however he suffers from mental illness so the process of him becoming a citizen is taking longer....2004 was a great year for Sean – his drumming got better (he loves to drum his little two drum portable and will drum at any given opportunity) and he really wanted to get baptized. Recently I talked to him about what had happened for him to decide that getting baptized would be so important to him...

### Sean tell us a bit about yourself

I have been in Vancouver for 18 years – I have done a few different jobs, one where I worked in a kitchen for a few years. I lift weights to keep fit & practice drumming at home for many hours, listening to music on the radio to allow music to enter into my system so that my drumming gets better. I don't like to hang around doing nothing, I like to drum.

### How long have you known Jesus?

I have believed in Jesus for some time now (a few years) because he gives me peace in my heart and makes me happy – it is like having heaven in my heart; I don't always have enough money but it doesn't really matter because I have the knowledge of everything I need, everything including Jesus is enough for happiness

### Why did you get baptized?

I feel like it is a choice between heaven and hell and I want to choose heaven because I get forgiveness and peace and happiness if I choose heaven. In hell it seems that people fight and have enemies, there's no forgiveness. I want to follow Jesus for all my life and being baptized means I can tell everyone at the same time that I choose Jesus and therefore I choose to have heaven in my heart. (continued p. 2)

## Interview with Sean (cont)

by Dawn Humphreys

### What was your baptism like Sean?

I felt like when I got baptized there was this strange power that came that I hadn't experienced before because since then when I feel doubt or try to go against God's will something stops me – somehow there's a presence or a power that reminds me who I belong to. I feel like I have spiritual protection. The water was cold; the food was also good as we had a picnic after I got baptized and we sang songs and I played my drum and Andy played the guitar and we made up songs, it was fun....

### *Words to ponder from Burundi, Africa:*

I read today of a little fellow in the slum who was being teased by another boy: "If God loves you, why doesn't he take care of you? Why doesn't God tell someone to bring you shoes and a warm coat and better food?" The little lad thought for a moment. Then, with tears starting in his eyes, he said: "I guess He does tell somebody, but somebody forgets..."

## Rainy Days

by Sara Bywaters

Sometimes rainy days slow us down. It's gray outside and often the puddles on the ground keep our eyes down and focused on the wet spots. It's not as much fun to look up at the rain like it is the snow! Besides, where else are we supposed to look with hoods blocking our view at each angle?

Last Friday was one of those days. We wondered where our friends were finding shelter to keep warm and dry from the damp conditions. Maybe they were at the Carnegie or another building with others who were avoiding the drizzle, or on the street getting wet or maybe they couldn't be bothered coming out of their rooms and they spent the day by themselves.

One thing was for sure though, we needed the rain. The ground was dry. It's still dry. The earth lights up with fire quicker than usual when it's in need of nourishment. And so, there's a subtle peace about the slow process of one drop of water at a time. Even in the midst of the dreariness, the soul can't help but find rest and surrender on days like these.

In many ways, I was thinking about the likeness of our souls to the earth. I felt very dry that day... you know, like the light feeling of holding a potted plant that is getting closer and closer to dust because the moisture is being wicked away... not the good dense feeling of soil that is soaked through and through. I was in need of that restful rain and so were the friends we went to visit that day. We delivered food and had a chance to catch up.

Our conversations were like the day outside, actually. We were all kind of sleepy, but glad for the company. Like one drop of water at a time to the earth, so were our words to each other. Melanie reached out to touch my hand and Joyce gave Vi a kiss on the cheek. We looked into each others eyes and saw the need for nourishment in each other. At the end of our visits, we prayed for bodies to feel better and to know God's peace. Tenderly, emotion welled in our deepest parts from springs we didn't even know existed. Tears came, one drop at a time.

I'm glad rainy days slow us down on the inside. I'm glad we had a car to drive and see our friends. And I'm so glad for the hope we have in God that allows us to get past the barriers of our hoods and feel the type of rain Jesus provides for weary and dry souls.



Outside our front door

by Jane Halton

Our very own Andy Shaver has recently moved to Sudan. Here are two pieces in tribute to Andy: prose by Helen Channer and a poem by Stephen Hitchcock.

Now, a few words about Andy's leaving. By now many of you have probably heard that he is in Sudan working for Samaritan's Purse (a relief and development agency) amidst the tragedy that has befallen many in Darfur. This type of work has been his dream for a long, long time but, by his own admission, leaving Vancouver was not easy. Much of that is to do with the community of folk that is Jacob's Well, folk who have come to share in his life over the past one and half years he has been working here. Andy's leaving made wonderfully clear the way in which he is a man with a heart for people. This may sound a simple thing; but it is not; having a heart for people is costly. Andy has been a friend to so many folk who pass through the doors at Jacob's Well. And friendship, of the real kind, is all too often a rarity in people's lives. He will be missed because he cared.

Our friend Sean says it better than I ever will. On Andy's last community kitchen night, a book was passed around for people to write their good-byes. Sean said: "I want to say to him his hair looks like Jesus and he is trying to be a good friend of mine. Now I am a good friend. I was so shy before but now he is a good friend of mine. A good friend of mine."

For more info see [www.andyshaver.com](http://www.andyshaver.com)



Andy Shaver flying in Sudan (photo courtesy of, but not taken by, Jono Ryan)

## Red, White, and Blue

-for Andy

Was it the shock of auburn hair  
I never fully appraised, his curls  
too limp in need of a shower?  
Maybe the pale and freckled bridge  
always held promise of betrayal,  
behind blue eyes another ruddy,  
American male.

I'm asking, what  
is it that causes me, you, a world  
to callously forget that we  
are being sung to, even healed?  
The madness—yes, it must be madness...  
not mine or yours, of course, but his:  
a violent heart.

The spring pine-sapling  
which grows in my rain-gutter, so  
ingenuous of southern summer  
air or the baby snake injecting  
its soul in venom—cotton-mouth  
of blood—I had to kill.

Notice  
that lizard over there still sunning  
openly, half a tail; how it  
bobs along lantana, finning  
out on blue skies a bright red sail.



We have a front page!  
[www.jacobswell.ca](http://www.jacobswell.ca)

### News...

We now have FOUR interns from Regent College. All four have been part of our volunteer team over the last year. They are:

Sara Bywaters from Virginia

Frank Schimunek from Germany

Helen Channer from England

Grant VanderHoek from BC

- Stayed tuned for more on the new interns next time

### The 4H Club (aka Jacob's Well staff):

Joyce Heron  
Dawn Humphreys  
Jane Halton  
Stephen Hitchcock

## The Gleaning Trip

by Joyce Heron

The mini van was struggling, almost lurching as it sputtered and coughed up the Crowsnest Highway. We pulled over and with grim faces the five of us peered under the hood. Thank God for a couple of things. Two of us had a lot of faith and prayed for the vehicle, and one of us had some mechanical knowledge that could be of great assistance if it became necessary. Plus we had an absolute mountain of food...enough for four days and then some. We were on our way to Oliver to participate in the Okanagan Gleaner's trip.

Gleaning is a bit of a foreign concept for most of us. In Deuteronomy 24:19 – 22 it says,

“When you are harvesting your crops and forget to bring in a bundle of grain from your field, don't go back to get it. Leave it for the foreigners, orphans, and widows. Then the Lord your God will bless you in all you do. When you beat the olives from your olive trees, don't go over the boughs twice. Leave some of the olives for the foreigners, orphans, and widows. This also applies to the grapes in your vineyard. Do not glean the vines after they are picked, but leave any remaining grapes for the foreigners orphans, and widows. Remember that you were slaves in the land of Egypt. That is why I am giving you this command.”

The essence of this biblical principle is that the people of God should be generous and share out of their abundance with those in need. Fortunately this principle is broader than just being applied to grain, olives, and grapes. Some wise people in the Okanagan decided 10 years ago to do something with the excess waste of commercial produce. They began to “glean” from farmers the products that couldn't make it to market. It was staggering to us to discover that in their first year alone they produced one hundred thousand servings of dried soup mix made solely from gleaned produce. Last year they produced just over five million servings of soup! We had the great joy of chopping carrots and onions that were then dried and will this winter be added to bags of mix. They will then be shipped to developing nations to feed hungry people. The carrots we chopped were gleaned because many of us prefer to eat “baby carrots”. Do you know they don't grow like that? They originate as whole carrots, which are then put through a machine that stamps them out in the pristine shape our sanitized consumption enjoys. The tops, bottoms and sides of the carrot are then thrown away. What horrific waste! We helped ready those leftovers for the dicing machine. While we were serving at the Okanagan Gleaners they received a shipment of 96,000 lbs. of onions. What an amazing site that was! These onions couldn't make it to market because their outer layer was imperfect. Once we peeled that layer off and cored them they were ready for the dicer. After some had been dried we tasted them...they were so sweet! A definitely delicious addition to the soup mix.

This trip wasn't all work either. We helped each morning as part of a team of mostly retired folks. Then we had our afternoons and evenings to go to the beach and swim, read, make yummy food, sleep, talk, think, etc... It was a way of having a giving holiday. We learned a lot about each other too. Stories were traded about our dreams, the painful things we've survived, and what we're learning from God. Our friendships at Jacob's Well were enriched by spending four days together in such a unique way. We already have it on the calendar for next year!

In coming home I've been thinking a lot about “gleaning”. What abundance do we have that we can be generous with? We don't really need to recycle our bottles. We can leave them for the binners to glean. We don't really need to sell our clothing on consignment. We can give them to others who need them. We don't really need to save up all our change each day for another purchase. We could use it to send a kid without resources to camp or buy a single mom a haircut. Think about it. What could you do to practice leaving something in your life to be gleaned by others, or gleaning something to be given to others in need? We don't have to wait for a once-a-year trip. We can live this everyday!