

The View From the Hill

Real Life
Real People
Real Answers †



Mars Hill Centre

August 2007 Newsletter

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The Mars Hill Centre provides support and recovery groups, as well as counseling for individuals who have been emotionally, physically or sexually abused. Our approach is unique as we believe three components are necessary for emotional healing—community, God and new life skills.

Leadership training is also offered. Freedom Seminars are held quarterly. Volunteer opportunities are available.

Office hours vary. Please call.

Mailing address: Mars Hill Centre, Box 4400 Edmonton, AB T6E 4T5

Office Location: Lower level, 8314-104 St (Strathcona Baptist Church – backdoor). Parking is available.

Articles welcome for *The View From the Hill*. We reserve the right to edit for grammar and length. Please keep articles to 400 words or less.

We now also accept Interac, Visa, & MasterCard for payment & donations. Call our office if you want to arrange monthly donations using this method.

Previous newsletters are on the website.

We will be offering the following groups this fall:

Edmonton based groups:

- Anxiety Support Group
- Basic "Heart" Healing
- Boundaries (weekend seminar)
- Mental Health Support groups
- Wild at Heart (men)
- Wounded Heart (women)

Stony Plain based groups:

- Shattering Your Strongholds

Please watch our flyers or website for registration and group start times.

Please call 435-0202 or email info@marshillcentre.com for further information.

Do You Know Your Destiny?

By Cheryl Shea, Ministry Founder

In case you were wondering, the ministry name, Mars Hill Centre, comes from the bible—the book of Acts, chapter seventeen to be exact. Okay, most versions do not actually use the phrase “Mars Hill” but they do record that Paul’s profound speech to the leaders of Athens was given at the Areopagus, which was on Mars Hill.

I felt God gave us this name for our ministry because He wanted us to connect with people where they are so that they can be where the need to be. That place is in relationship with God, fulfilling their destiny.

For example, in Paul’s speech he reminds us that it is our Creator who has established every nation on earth—the boundaries they would have, the times they would exist and so on. Paul goes on to say that the whole purpose for nations being established is “...that they should seek after God, and perhaps feel their way toward him and find him—though he is not far from any one of us” (Acts 17:27 TLB).

So, if God established nations, even our country of Canada, with a purpose and plan, what do you think that means to us as individuals? It means that we too are created with a purpose and plan for our lives—our destiny.



Do You Know Your Destiny?..... continued from page 1.

I know that many of you reading this are aware of this truth. However in the midst of day to day stuff we often forget that our lives are created with plan and purpose. We did not come into being because of an encounter between an egg and a sperm. We are not merely the sum of our parents' DNA. We are all created intentionally by the Creator of the universe.

You made all the delicate, inner parts of my body, and knit them together in my mother's womb. Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex! It is amazing to think about. Your workmanship is marvelous—and how well I know it. (Here's a question—Do you know it?) You were there when I was being formed in utter seclusion! You saw me before I was born and scheduled each day of my life before I began to breathe. Every day was recorded in your Book! (Psalm 139:13-16)



You may not feel you have a great calling for your life. But if Psalm 139 is true, then it is true that we were all created with plan and purpose. On a day to day basis—paying bills, going to work, sleepless nights or celebrations—we may lose track of this bigger picture and get discouraged. It's human to do that. It's divine, utterly completely divine to remember that you are not a mistake, your loving heavenly Father has created you with a plan, purpose and placed destiny in your heart. He wants each one of us to live with that truth in our hearts!

My Mars Hill Centre Experiences

Susan Morris-Smith, originally shared at our Silent Auction Dessert Night

Note: Mark your calendar — this year's Silent Auction, Saturday, November 3, 2007

Good Evening everyone, thank you all for coming and thank you specifically for your support.

I also want to say thank you to Cheryl Shea for her faithfulness in sustaining this ministry thru each season of life for over 10 years now.

I was invited to hear a friend share her testimony at the first Silent Auction five years ago. It was in the basement of a church and they were going to serve cheesecake and coffee for five bucks. So I came directly from work on a Saturday evening and joined up with a couple of other friends to spend a bit of money and listen.

I have spoken before that what amazed me about that evening was not only the people who shared, but also the people who listened.

The ones who shared their lives with us were open and vulnerable. They were not professional public speakers, and yet no one fidgeted or rolled their eyes. I watched the listeners as I listened and I observed empathy and compassion. I observed people who really cared and were listening to more than just what was being said.

I listened to a woman share on her inability to bond with her children, a young man share on how he was coping in a deep depression and a young lady who tried to share on how sexual abuse had affected her life. Each of them were at different stages of the healing process but the point was they were *in* the process of healing. They had each acknowledged their need and they had found a place where they felt safe enough to open up their hearts and begin their journey.



Notes From the House of the Poor in Spirit. by Trish Andrews.

#4 in the series 'In The Image of God' (Please go the Mars Hill website to view previous newsletters. It would be helpful to better understand this)

4. Oh, so Raven

I must speak a little more of the tall, sleek, native woman—in whom I see such poise, such finely tuned intelligence, such dignity, yet who has been so ill. As I had already written, I was branded C.I.A. by her and with that delusion rendered a “non-person”—being rendered such with as much poise as I was once rendered a non-person by an Old Russian when I had lived in Moscow who thought I was KGB. Anyway, after that, in the hospital, for a day or two this native woman and I co-existed together as if in separate universes. She—completely and flagrantly delusional—and me—trying to avoid being the direct object of her stream of obscenities and verbal attacks. Well, today I had gone home on a day pass, and came back just very upset and distraught. I was sitting in the kitchen alone trying to choke down the dinner the staff had saved me, when one of the staff noticed I was crying and began to try to console me. As this was happening, me crying and picking at my food and the nurse trying to help, in walks this native woman. In a kind of subdued way, the native woman told the nurse to leave me alone and let me eat (You see, in native culture, they don't talk and eat, they just eat, and when the food is gone, they talk). I was moved by the show of care, especially from her. I then managed to pull myself together, eat the rest of the meal, and then head into the smoking lounge. When I came in there, the native woman was there also. As I sat down, she looked me directly in the eye—something she never did, to anyone. And, very much a minimalist with words as per her culture, she said: life's been hard for you. I nodded and kind of mumbled, yeah. For me too, she said, taking a deep drag from her cigarette. After finishing my cigarette, I started to leave. Then, as I walked past her, she grabbed my hand. I then attempted to clumsily follow her hand as she took mine through a series of twists and turns—a kind of secret handshake that gang members or best buds might have. I smiled. Then as I was walking out—another moment of grace for me - she called out: 'watching your back, sister'. Well, that may be part paranoia, part native culture—but whatever its origin in her mind, it was meant as love, compassion, and sisterhood in a life of shared pain that had intersected this day so that these two parallel worlds—hers and mine—had just intersected and thereby each world had mutually become changed through what was, for each of us: our separate cross.

Please support and pray for these businesses who support the Mars Hill Centre.

In Motion Style Group, 780.439.4061. Full professional Hair & Esthetic services in your home/office. Hair & makeup Artists. info@inmotionstylegroup.com, www.inmotionstylegroup.com,

PageMaster Publication Services, 780.425.9303. 10180-105 St, Edmonton, AB T5J 1E1
customer.service@pagemaster.ca www.pagemaster.ca
 (Thanks for printing this newsletter>)

Prince Contracting, Loran Prince, General Manager. Finishing & Millwork.
 Mobile: 780.777.9090, Office: 780.443.4606, Fax: 80.451.9001, Radio: 14927,
loran@princecontracting.ca www.princecontracting.ca

Park Veterinary Centre, Tony Wilson, Business Manager, 780.417.1119.
vetmed11@telus.net, 101 Broadway Blvd. Sherwood Park, AB. T8H 2A8. Practice limited to small animal & exotic pets

J-Sher Consulting-Sales Training. Contact James Burgess, 907-4798





Looking for a place to worship?

Check out one of these great churches who support the Mars Hill Centre:

- Strathcona Baptist Church, 439.3654
- St John the Evangelist Anglican Church, 434.8955
- Old Strathcona Vineyard Christian Fellowship, 474.1178
- Christian City Church Edmonton, 436.8020
- Calvary Lutheran Church, 433.7082

(Your church could be here!)



VOLUNTEER OFFICE ASSISTANT NEEDED FOR FALL

The Mars Hill Centre is currently looking for a volunteer administrative assistant for 1-2 afternoons per week. Main responsibilities: Reception duties, updating/maintaining computerized mailing list, and other related duties. Excellent communication skills, and the ability to work independently are required. For further information please contact Cheryl Shea at 435-0202 or cheryl@marshillcentre.com.

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Thanks to everyone who donated books for the book sale!



We sold almost 1000 books and raised \$2800!

Postage for *The View From the Hill* provided courtesy of FOOT BASICS

My Forgiveness Beginning

By D. G.

I can't do this
Then I see him
My young self
He says, Yes, we must
To bring me back
To find a place of rest

So he says, Let's do it together
Who first?
Go back to the beginning
Start with the first
SO we do

I stand on the threshold of change
I see my heart
The wounds, the pain, the suffering
I ask, What now?
The small voice beside says, Forgive
How and why?
Say it from your heart
Say it out loud
Say it so you can move beyond
Beyond this place



We start with my first father
The evil that he brought to my life
Let it go
I forgive him
Now take it to the edge
Throw it into the abyss
I and myself, do

Next comes my first mother
I forgive her for all
All she could not control
All she did to destroy me
I forgive beyond everything

Next comes Aunt Beatrice
A nick name to protect her
I can't forgive all she did
She tore me from my rock, my Grandmother
Made me hate my life

And then my young self smiles and says,
She knew only what might work
She was acting in your interest
So I fight some more
But relent with a grateful heart
I can and have forgiven her

Now my young self stands there and says,
Our flesh, our broken family
What about the two who afflicted pain on you
and you on them?
I forgive my brother
I forgive my sister
All they did and all I did to them

Next comes the church
I stand puzzled
MY young self smiles
You must forgive
The pastors who do not believe
Believe all we went through
Hell is what most won't understand
It is ours
Some will understand and some won't
So with that we forgive

Wait, I say, what is that?
That on our heart?
Oh! IT is stitches
Stitches to heal the creator
Each spiritual knife slice is being healed.

God is doing the final healing
But know that we must work to find all
And then my young self says,
You missed a big one
The one we must all do
What? I say
IT is me
You lock me
You hide me
You must forgive yourself
To merge me back you must forgive
So I think and finally I say, "Yes, I forgive"
Forgive myself
Move to the next

We stand and ask God, What's left?
I will show you in time those you need to forgive
But for now, rest
And allow your first steps to full freedom be re-
alized
You have much to do

And then I look out and see the stump
Forgiveness has come
Forgiveness for self and the first pains
The pains that started this
But wait, there will be more
This is only your beginning

I lie on the grass and know it no longer hurts
The itchiness is starting
And now I know it is working
And more shall come
But now, I rest in this peace.





My Mars Hill Experiences....continued from page 2

I felt the presence of the Lord there and I felt the seed of hope planted in my heart that night. I wasn't really sure what that meant to me but at some level I felt I had a choice to start asking for help.

A few months later I was in the Bible Book store and I picked up a book, flipped it open and read:

"If you always do what you've always done
You'll always get what you've always got"

The book was a course on boundaries and inside, the authors recommended working within an authorized or recognized group setting to get the most out of the series. So, I bought the book and phoned Mars Hill to see if they knew where I could take the course. Well apparently THEY taught the course right there!!

So I signed up my mom and myself and we went down to introduce ourselves. After a couple of weeks that group was down to just my mom and myself so needless to say that wasn't quite the group dynamic best suited for that course. It did however validate my need for help and it 'got me in the door' with Cheryl.



I'm going to give a bit of history here. Just before my 23rd birthday a series of events led up to me seeking answers regarding what would happen to me when I died.

I had been sexually assaulted by my mother's father when I was about five, molested by a favourite uncle at 12, date-raped at 15, gave birth to my son at 16 and as a result of my decision to keep my baby, our parents decided on a Saturday we would marry and because I was underage, they signed the papers on the following Monday in August 1975.

By November of the same year my parents had picked up my son. I was held hostage, beaten, raped and tortured by my son's father for 3 more months until the RCMP put him in jail and returned me to my parents. I miscarried our second child shortly after I left him, and my mom signed the divorce papers in February.

I wasn't welcome at my parent's home – with six kids there really wasn't room, so I needed to get my own place – I also bought life insurance in case something happened to me. There was a clause in there that said the policy would be null and void if I committed suicide within 2 years so I had to live at least two more years.

I don't really remember the next two years of my life but at the end of that time I began to feel ok enough to live a bit longer and moved to the north side of Edmonton with my son. I existed for a few more years but believed my son was better off with my mom and shuffled him back and forth.

In 1979 I met a nice man who was great with my son so we planned to get married, we were 21 and the night before the wedding I couldn't go thru with it – he had a lot of relatives in from out of town so we agreed he would pay for the wedding and I would pay for the divorce. I was a failure in every way – as a daughter, a sister, a mother, a friend, a wife and I did not want to live here anymore.

I could not decide how I was going to die but that also led to the question of what would happen to me when I died. I decided to wait for an answer because if I had to come back and do this again – well forget that idea!!

So I existed. The following year I took my son to visit my dad's parents in New Brunswick. They loved us. I could not stop crying and I did not understand why. My grandpa encouraged me to get my son home, find a good church and start living. I confessed that there was no hope for me – I had broken every commandment. He told me that he was an old man and that if Jesus could forgive him, He could certainly forgive me.



**Freedom Seminar:
The Healing Process**

Please watch for our flyer or contact
Cheryl at 435-0202 for further information.