

The year, was 1989, Scouts Canada were holding their 7<sup>th</sup> Canadian Jamboree in [Port-la-Joye—Fort Amherst](#), Prince Edward Island. Cameron was a scout and his troop had been talking about this adventure all year.

Since, our family had never been to PEI and we had old friends in Charlottetown; Robin and I decided to take the rest of the family to experience Anne’s Green Gables.

As Robin and I started planning our visit, we spoke to Katrin and Phil – they told us it usually took them three (3) days to travel back to Hamilton with their four (4) kids. Since Cameron had to be at the Jamboree late Tuesday that meant we would have to leave at the latest, early Sunday morning so that the journey could be broken into reasonable driving distances.

We phoned the CAA and asked for a triptik and decided to camp one night outside Montreal and the next night in Woodstock NB.

Ten days before we were to leave, I had parked our VW Westphalia on the street and early the next morning we were awoken to the crunching sound of metal. I got up, looked out the bedroom window, and didn’t see anything other than our van. I went down to investigate – our Westphalia’s rear had definitely been crumpled, no other car, it was a hit and run accident.

After breakfast, I phoned the insurance company and they had it towed to my body shop. I phoned Ed, letting him know that it was coming in and asked him how long repairs would take – five (5) days; that was great news. Unfortunately, it didn’t go that smoothly. The engine had been damaged; it wouldn’t start. The van was taken to our mechanic and Reno got the damaged engine running after waiting days for parts – very little time to spare.

Saturday morning we picked up the van and began getting it ready for the 1700 km drive to PEI. Clothes were packed, groceries obtained, Duffy taken to my mom’s, the one wheel trailer hitched to the van’s bumper, camping gear checked, double checked and loaded – we were ready to leave early Sunday morning.

Morning arrived and we rolled out of bed early; loaded up and dropped the last big garbage bag on top of the trailer – it was to be deposited in the Big V pharmacy’s green garbage bin. I drove slowly the two blocks, I didn’t want to loose the garbage bag; but along the way we heard an unnatural banshee type noise that we did not recognize. When we got to the parking lot, I discovered what caused the noise; half the bumper, with the attached trailer, had some how become detached and it was dragging on the ground.

After all that had happened with our van, my frustration level began to rise.

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## PAGE 2

This morning Mary read from Acts chapter 16 and I think the narrative is fairly straightforward. Paul and Silas met a fortune telling slave girl on the way to prayer. She followed them for days and as she followed them she yelled, “*These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved!*” vs. 17

How would you feel if someone, like this slave girl, followed you around for days, shouting epitaphs at you – day in day out. Now to be fair, I think they liked it at first. In fact, I’m willing to bet they liked having this “herald” following them about, announcing and introducing them to the locals. She seemed to have a bit of a reputation for reliability, it may be that they enjoyed a bit of a following because of her.

This symbiotic relationship did not last. It didn't last because, Paul became so troubled (during Bible study this week, we described Paul as being frustrated and/or annoyed) that he turned and said to the spirit, "*In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her!*" vs. 18 And it did.

And now we learn what the slave girl's owners were really like. We also learn what the whole town was like, or at least what the authorities were like. At the very least, it seems that the slave girl's owners were in league with the magistrates of that town. They all clearly believed that profits were paramount, and pity the fool who gets in the way of slave owners making a buck.

However, when Paul and Silas exorcise the spirit that possessed the girl, that's when things hit the fan. Her owners did not rejoice in her healing. They could only see it as a loss in profit. In the freeing of their slave girl, the owners now had to find a new way of earning an income. And in the end it nearly ended in the deaths of Paul and Silas.

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### PAGE 3

We couldn't drive to PEI with our van in the condition that it was in and it wasn't going to be fixed that day; because our garage was closed, as was Hamilton Autobody, it was Sunday. The only thing we could think of doing - was go to church.

Following the service and as we left, the minister asked us why we were at church today - Les knew we had planned to leave for PEI that morning. We explained our predicament. His comment was phone Jim at home; because he wasn't at church that morning. Home we went and phoned Jim. He had access to a friend's garage, gave me the address and about 3 o'clock that afternoon we were on our way, not to Montreal mind you, but we did make it to Kingston that first night and we did get Cameron to the Jamboree by Tuesday, after a very long drive on Munday.

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### PAGE 4

Paul and Silas were in shackles in a prison cell - what did they do? They prayed and sang hymns to God.

And as a result of their prayers and their hymns being sung, they were released from their chains, the jailer did not kill himself, the prisoners were all still there, the jailer heard the good news, Paul and Silas' wounds were tended, the jailer took them home, and the jailer's family was baptized.

Some may think this story happened many years ago and it wouldn't happen today. Maybe not in 2019, but it has happened recently.

In the 1980s, Karen Ridd was concerned about human rights violations in some countries. With people from other churches, she was working in El Salvador so that the people of El Salvador could receive justice. Karen was arrested because of what she was doing, and she was imprisoned. The Canadian government exerted pressure on the Salvadoran government to release Karen. Because of this pressure, Karen was going to be released. But when she heard her Salvadoran colleagues were not being released, she changed her mind. She went back into her prison cell. She refused to leave until her colleagues were also set free. As a result of her actions, they were. Today Karen Ridd teaches at Menno Simons College in Winnipeg.