

DRIZZIES DRIZZLE



THERE WERE TWELVE, NOW THERE ARE THREE

The John and Donna Drisner Christmas routine is wonderfully predictable. Donna and I sleep in a bit on Christmas morning and then begin to work on a big Christmas brunch for the family. Around 11 am they arrive and ten of us gather around the table, eat a lot of eggs and bacon and waffles and drink egg nog, and then spend the rest of the day together. On Boxing Day we usually make our way to Calgary where we gather together with my parents, my siblings and spouses, and as many of the nieces and nephews, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren as can make it. It is a fun and wholesome day.

The big Drisner gathering is a continuation of the tradition my grandfather established in Edmonton. Each Christmas my Dad and Mom drove to meet with his parents, siblings and spouses and all of the offspring that sprung from those unions. Those Christmas days of way too much food and belly laughter remain on the highlight reel of my childhood memories. At those gatherings I was surrounded by my parents and Dad's brothers and sisters and their spouses. All of them were God fearing, tongue speaking, church attending, Bible reading believers devoted to prayer. There were twelve of them in total.

On January 8th of this year I called The Neighbourhood Church to a week of prayer and fasting. I challenged them to cry out to God for a move of His Spirit in our hearts and church. Over that week over three hundred and fifty man hours of prayer ascended to God from The Neighbourhood. We, of course, have no way of calculating how much prayer also rose to the Father from individual homes, vehicles and offices. It was a powerful week for which I am grateful.

However on that Monday (January 9th) I received the news that my Aunt Deloris had passed away that morning. Auntie Deloris was a sweet, authentic lady. There were no airs about her. She was real and all of us always felt safe in her presence. She gave us permission to be ourselves by being herself. The news of her passing was not bad news. She had been healthy right up to her last day. Her death was precious in the Lord's sight. The hard part for me was that realizing that one by one God has called home the generation ahead of me. There were twelve at the Christmas gatherings I attended. There are only three left now - two of them are my parents.

This great generation lived lives that would put most of us to shame. They worked hard. They lived hard. They served God hard. In them we saw how family is suppose to live. They supported all of us, prayed for us and walked in forgiveness and faithfulness. We learned that a day of hard work doesn't kill you.

Most of all we saw through their example the value of a deep and humble walk with God. They gave of their finances generously. They had servant hearts. They loved to call the family together to pray whenever we assembled to celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, or Christmas. Over and over again they took us back to what really matters - living for Jesus. I am convinced that, as Donna wrote in a tribute to Auntie Deloris, that "this mantle of faith has covered, and still covers, our family all these years."

The challenge before us is who is going to pick up and carry the mantle now. There were twelve, now there are three. Who amongst us is going to cry and weep at the altar for our children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren. Who amongst us is going to always bring us back to the things that really matters - living for Jesus.

I'm not talking anymore just about the Drisners. Well, yes, I sort of am but I am talking about all of us. Is my generation, and the generation after me, sold out to living for Christ like our parents and grandparents were? Will we sacrifice so God's house prospers or will we put our own home first? Will we fast and pray like they did? Or do we believe that those things have gone out of style like outhouses and horses pulling carriages? Will we miss a favourite television program to disciple a new believer? Are our kids and grandkids going to be able to write about a generation ahead of them that pursued God with all of their heart, that prayed up a storm, and held worn out Bibles in their hands that had been watered by their tears?

May God help us not be the generation that turns away from God. May He come and cause us to pursue Him with fully devoted hearts and trust in the God of our fathers with all of our heart. May God give us wisdom as leaders to stir the church families we lead to pursue God with all of their hearts. May it be said of us that we lived for Christ and realized that to die was gain.

Your superintendent and friend,

Life's Brighter Under the Son,

John Drisner



My parents, Reubin and Shirley Drisner on their wedding day. Two out of the three who are still living.