



COALITION OF CONCERNED CANADIANS

Newsletter 46 August 11, 2025

Hello friends and supporters:

New Caledonia Tour

Introduction:

I got the idea to embark on a fundraising tour of Northern BC when I attended the BC Provincial Conservative Party's AGM in early March in Nanaimo (a gong show, by the way!) Several delegates and MLAs from the North told me they have followed my struggles and supported me. The reason I called it the New Caledonia Tour was because back in 1858 the province was formed by uniting the British Colony of Vancouver Island, (Capital was in Victoria), the Colony of British Columbia (capital was New Westminster) and the Hudson Bay Company's Territory of New Caledonia (headquarters was Fort St. James.) The Territory of New Caledonia included most of the land north and east of Chilliwack. Back in 1858, there were only about 100 white Europeans living in the huge territory, mostly Hudson Bay Company agents. Northern British Columbians have always felt alienated from the provincial government in Victoria, and several northerners have told me that if Alberta separates from Canada, they want to go with them. Since my politics align more with Alberta Premier Danielle Smith, I wanted to encourage that spirit of separatism. The legal documents written in 1858 to create the Province of BC are poorly written, and some legal experts think it would not be difficult to undo them.

I had numerous challenges which delayed my fundraising trip. First, I suddenly had a severe toothache and had to wait for a dental appointment. Tim Knight had offered to drive with me on my trip, but he is too short and heavy to fit into my old Westy. When he slid the driver's seat forward so he could reach the clutch, he could not get the seat belt around his tummy! This threatened to scuttle my road trip. I ordered a seat belt extender from Amazon, it came the next day, but it didn't fit into the VW slot. So, I returned it. I found another one that bolted to the floor, but it could not be delivered before the end of June. I looked at it carefully and decided to fabricate one. But I need a drill press capable of drilling 1/2 in holes thru a steel strap and a forge to bend and twist the strap. I met Jason at our June 9 Pride Flag protest. He is a welder who offered to help me. So, I called him and he fabricated it for me. But Tim decided that my 1982 Volkswagen Westfalia was too old and undependable, so he decided to not go with me.



First Leg of my Tour: North Western BC. June 17-30

On June 17, I officially began my trip to the North, which I named “The New Caledonia Tour.” But it started off with my Sikh friend Amrit Biring and his friends who were protesting in front of North Surrey Secondary School. When school was out at 2:30 pm there was ENORMOUS support from the students!

Things got a bit exciting when a PAID counter protester began to hassle us!

Video in this link

https://www.youtube.com/shorts/WxK17x7S_f0



Paid counter protester at North Surrey School



if I get back in about 10 minutes?" He said he would wait for me. When I got there, everything was locked up. I came to the drive thru window, and he handed me my wallet. What a blessing! I had four credit cards, two interact cards and \$500 CASH in that wallet. If I had lost it, it would have ruined my fundraising trip. I can only thank the Lord for protecting me. I ended up squatting at a trucker's cardlock and woke up to a beautiful scene in the morning.

My plan was to begin in 100 Mile House, but I couldn't get hold of my friend there, so I decided to go to Valemount first. I stopped in Kamloops and found a battery pack at Staples that would charge my phone at least six times.

My friend Brian lives near Valemount and has been a close friend for nearly 30 years. We took our kids to a family Bible Camp at Gardom Lake, near Enderby for many years. After a full career working for the CN Railway, Brian began his retirement as a missionary with Youth With a Mission in Western Australia. He was with a team of college age young people. Since India was not far away, they decided to go there for an evangelistic campaign. But Brian had a toothache and needed to go to a dentist. The dentist was not very sanitary, and Brian contracted hepatitis which has seriously impacted his health ever

since. Currently, he is battling liver cancer. Both of our children struggled with substance abuse for years. But his son died of an overdose about a year ago. I camped out in his yard and we had a great time recalling pleasant old memories.

On June 23, I slept outside in my RV and the temperature dropped to freezing. I try SO HARD to believe in global warming, so Saint Greta will bless me. But I just can't work up enough faith! Maybe I should take a tip from TV preacher Joyce Meyer and donate a generous sum to Greta's ministry?



Wonderful gatherings with great people in McBride, BC, just north of Valemount. After a huge feast at pastor Reimer's home, I did a presentation. I told them if they send their children to public school in British Columbia, the teachers will make sure they never see their children in Heaven. But I was "preaching to the choir!" They agreed...that is why most parents homeschool in McBride.

I headed west on Highway 16 (the Highway of tears) the 200 kilometers to Prince George. This is a road I had never been on and I was surrounded by snowcapped mountains and lush forests. I had two friends I wanted to visit in Prince George.

Sharon Turpin used to be a trustee on the Chilliwack School Board. She was an accountant and was a valuable addition to our board. But then she moved to Prince George and was elected to their School Board. We have stayed in touch and she has been a loyal friend. Sharon was raised Jewish and she said that I was ahead of my time. When I came out against Gender Ideology 8 years ago, she didn't know what to think, but now she noted that the whole world is starting to agree with my position. She invited me to join her and her husband Bruno on their lakefront cottage south of Prince George, but unfortunately I had to get back to Chilliwack for a dental appointment and there wasn't enough time.



But a problem began in Prince George. The idle on my engine was too slow, and it would stall every time I stopped at a traffic light. No problem on the open road, however. After a day in Prince George, I continued west on Highway 16, the 371 Kilometers to Smithers, BC

I stayed at old High School friend Lloyd's place in Smithers. We used to tinker with cars when we were teenagers. We opened up the engine compartment and he was looking for the idle adjusting screw. When we looked at the fuel injection system, we found a little valve, called a "cold start valve." But to my horror and dismay, gasoline was leaking on the hot engine! I had filled up at Costco in Prince George, and now the tank was almost empty! I had lost almost a half a tank of gas!



The Good Lord was watching over me, because it could have caught fire and finished me, Stitch and the Westy off for good! Lloyd has a large fully equipped shop, so we managed to remove the little gadget. It is half plastic and half metal, and I noticed it was shaped like a cross! It keeps the gas pressure quite high: about 32-35 psi: as much as the pressure to inflate the tires. We contacted Lloyd's older brother Richard (81 yrs old) in Salmon Arm because he is a mechanic and he also has a 1979 Westy. He said we should try to replace the valve. I called AVR Automotive in Abbotsford, because they had rebuilt my engine. They said the tiny electronic valve was \$320.00 but it was

no longer available. However, he did have a used one that he would sell for \$150.00.

Lloyd made a new gasket to go between the valve and the fuel injection intake housing. We managed to reattach it, despite the fact that it was very hard to get at, and we had to use tiny screwdrivers. But when we were fitting the rubber fuel lines back on the valve, I noticed that one was very rotten and frayed. It was only about 2" long.

So we went to the local NAPA Auto Parts Store where Lloyd has been a customer for many years. We asked for 6" of rubber gas line tubing. They gave it to us for FREE! (Small Town values!) We replaced the rotten, frayed hose with a fresh new hose. It got me thinking: a good mechanic has to be able to pay attention to what seem to be insignificant details.



LLOYD'S RESTORED 1962 CHEVY IMPALA

I started the engine several times, but it kept stalling: obviously a lot of air bubbles in the fuel line from when we disconnected it. But I managed to move the Westy out of Lloyd's huge workshop, so, if it caught fire, it wouldn't burn down his shop. He has a perfectly restored 1962 Chevy Impala coupe in there: priceless! And I didn't want it to be destroyed if mine caught fire.

Way back in 2011, I had decided to run for school board again after a three year break. I was involved in prison ministry and a criminal who was on lifetime parole for murder wanted to help me put up signs. He even had two teardrops tattooed near his eye indicating he had "offed" two people. But he had found Jesus in jail, and I considered him harmless.

We drove from one end of the Chilliwack riding to the other putting up signs. Then we headed out to Cultus Lake. I found the perfect spot on a wide curve where people could see my sign from both directions. We put up the sign, but then my VW Westfalia refused to start. Lots of battery power, and the engine turned over, but it refused to start.



Sure enough, my cell phone battery was dead. A guy stopped and we removed the engine cover, and I tried to start it, but they yelled at me to STOP! Because gas was squirting out of the "carburetor!" The guy called a tow truck for us, but it didn't get there for an hour. I was beginning to worry that a news reporter might find me stranded with a convicted murderer, and I would get some bad press! Finally the tow truck driver showed up. He hitched me up with the big 4' X 8' sign on top and hauled me across town. It was quite a spectacle, which created good publicity, because people stopped and turned their heads to look at the sign which was at an awkward angle. We finally got to the garage, but we had to take the sign off so he could get it inside. My prisoner helper climbed up on the roof in his cowboy boots, and cracked the fiberglass, which has caused a leak I have never been able to fix.

After Lloyd fixed my engine, I got much better mileage. Previously, the underpowered engine was a real gas guzzler: about 11 miles per gallon...like a Cadillac! I suspect that gas line has been leaking for 14 years. My old Westy has kept my Guardian Angel busy looking after me!

So we went to a fire extinguisher shop to recharge the fire extinguisher I had bought over ten years ago. When we got there, we checked the valve again and it was NOT LEAKING GAS, Praise the Lord. Not only did the new hose stop the gas leak, but the engine had more power. The guy said my fire

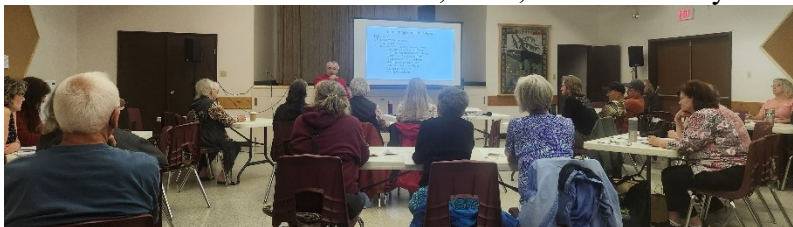
extinguisher was not rechargeable but he sold me a new bigger one for \$40.00. He asked why I was in Smithers? I told him I was giving a lecture about my 8 year struggle against Gender ideology. I gave him one of my brochures. When he found out my name was Barry Neufeld, he began to praise me for my courage and determination. He was a Dutch Reform Christian, and he had heard about my struggles thru the Association of Reformed Churches for Political Action (ARPA.) While it is nice to hear people praise me, it was especially gratifying that he praised me in front of my old friend Lloyd. Lloyd has a close relative who is a staunch Union Activist, and they think I am an out of date, homophobic, transphobic bigot!



Later, I got a text message from the fire extinguisher guy apologizing that he had charged me for the fire extinguisher: he wished he had given it to me. But he had sent a substantial donation to my cause thru the Rights and Freedoms Fundraising society.

On June 26, After a delicious dinner of wild elk stew prepared by Rod Taylor's wife Elaine, I did a presentation to a gathering organized on behalf of the Canadian Christian Heritage Party by the Taylors at the Community Centre. They treated me like royalty!

The next day, as I left Smithers, heading East, I had a tail wind from the west, and I drove most of the way at 65-75 mph to Fort Fraser, (near Vanderhoof) where I was taking part in a Community Building seminar with John Graff. Rod Taylor introduced me to the group, I gave a short presentation and had lots of interesting conversations with folks from all over Northern BC. John Graff was an interesting fellow. He used to be a rancher in Montana, USA, and he actually worked for the notorious George Soros, and he



had a lot of inside information on what Soros and his buddies like Prime Minister Carney were trying to do to the world. Mr. Graff noted that social conservatives do not have a clear vision of how they think the world should be.

But "Woke" people have a very clear vision of a world controlled by Diversity, Inclusion and Equity. And they are determined to make that happen. So, I will now "light a candle instead of cursing the darkness."

A kind lady named Jane in Fort Fraser allowed me to camp in her huge back yard. She brought me a coffee in the morning in this cup. There was a bear in the driver's seat of the VW Vanagon and another one on the roof. I was so delighted with the cup that she gave it to me. But later, the bears had disappeared. It took me a few days until I realized that the bears only appeared when the cup was full of hot coffee. The hot liquid caused the cup to change colors.



Sunday afternoon, June 29, I headed back to Prince George and then south on Highway 97 to my friend Jay's home high in the mountains above 150 Mile House. He had previously lived in Chilliwack but got tired of the "wokeness" in the Lower Mainland and wanted to live "off the grid." All three of his adult children were home for the long weekend, and I was lucky to share their long weekend feast! His wife had battled cancer for several years, and the cancer was finally in remission. But the cure was almost as bad as the disease, and she now suffers from extensive damage from the chemotherapy. She had dislocated her shoulder and had been waiting for over two months for a specialist to contact her. Our health system is very broken, but especially in the northern parts of our province.



Jay had a fully equipped shop and he also gave my engine a health checkup. He tightened some hose connections, added an O ring and replaced my headlight. It reminded me again that a good mechanic needs to pay attention to significantly minor details. My poor Canadian Flag was in tatters, but he had another one that he donated to the cause and installed it on my flagpole.

Monday morning, June 30, I headed south. When I passed thru Cache Creek again, I stopped at Dairy Queen to thank Jorge who had rescued my wallet and give him an extra tip.



I stopped a few times along TransCanada Highway 1 to take in the beauty of the Fraser Canyon. I was surprised at how early darkness was setting in, until I realized that I had been in the North, where the summer days are much longer. I arrived home at Cultus Lake about 10 PM. But I didn't unpack very much, because I was determined to head out again soon.



Second Leg of my Tour: North Eastern BC July 10-16

I arrived in Kelowna late at night on July 10 and met up with my daughter Natasha at a gas station. I got a message from my son that his wife Lydia had been in painful labor for 48 hours, and they were going to deliver the baby by C-Section. Five minutes later, I got another message that **Emily Catherine Claire Neufeld** had been born in Calgary, AB, weighing 8 lbs 9 oz. early on July 11.

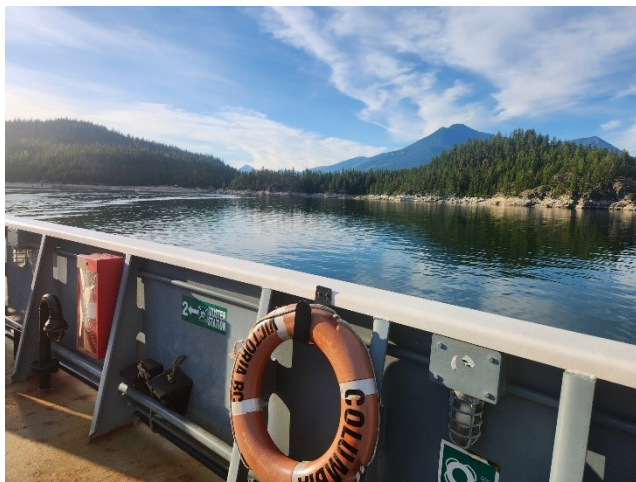
I found my campsite, and barely had any sleep until I got up to meet my friend Lee Ann



Tiede, who is the former Board Chair of the Central Okanagan Board of Education. I told her that after more than 30 years' experience, I had lost faith in the BC public Education system. My next stop was at the Texas Smokehouse in Sicamous, BC, run by my old friend biker Dave and his new wife. Dave used to run an organization called Bikers Against Pedophiles: a quasi-vigilante group of bikers intent on exposing Child Molesters.



My destination was a camp meeting south of Nakusp, BC organized by Jeff Zak. I headed north to Revelstoke, and then 140 kms south towards Nakusp on Highway 23, crossing the Arrow Lake on the Shelter Bay Ferry.



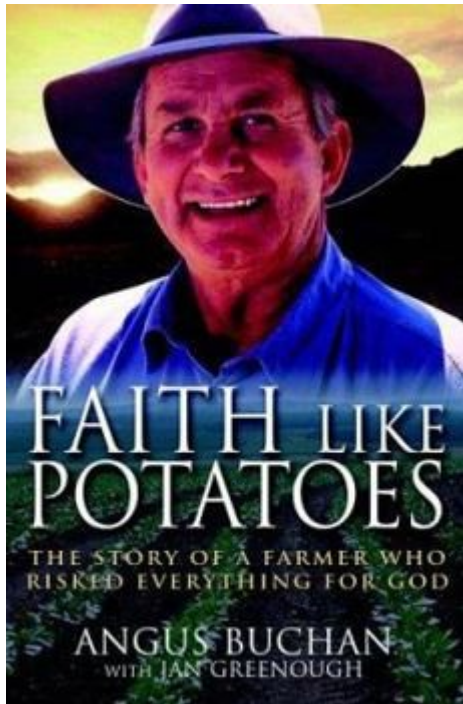
SHELTER BAY FERRY OVER ARROW LAKE

I met Jeff Zak when we were both correctional officers at Vancouver Pretrial Services Centre over 40 years ago. He had been raised a Roman Catholic, but he was seeking for a deeper spiritual experience. So I invited him to a Charismatic Catholic prayer meeting. By coincidence, it was in



IONE FALLS 20 KM NORTH OF NAKUSP

the basement of the church where he had once served as an altar boy. Jeff admitted it changed their lives. Those Charismatic Catholics were on fire for the Lord, and all the Gifts of the Spirit were in use that evening. After the meeting, Jeff's wife Marilyn made a commitment to put Christ at the Center of her life. But I became a probation officer and was transferred to Creston, BC, and I lost touch with Jeff and Marilyn for 20 years.



However, in 2005, I was a delegate to the Mennonite Brethren Provincial Conference in Kelowna, BC, and was surprised when they commissioned Jeff to plant a church in Nelson, BC. Quite the change from Catholic to Mennonite! It was good to reconnect with him.

About ten years ago, Jeff was getting burnt out and lost his enthusiasm for pastoring. So he flew down to South Africa to meet Angus Buchan, the “Billy Graham of Africa.” You can find the story of Angus in this movie, available on YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RcC295fagCo>

Angus Buchan was hosting some very successful men only conferences around Africa, and Jeff was so impressed that he invited Angus to come to Canada and hold a “Mighty Men of Canada” camp meeting in Castlegar in 2019. Angus is known for his promotion of what radical feminists call “toxic

masculinity” and his firm stance against the unbiblical lifestyle of the 2SLGBTQ+ people. I attended that Castlegar conference. Sure enough, the Rainbow Mafia showed up and tried to disrupt the meeting. But the RCMP showed up and skillfully shooed the protesters away. But the radicals weren’t done yet.

After the conference, they went after Jeff, who was working part time in a school. They got him into trouble and caused quite an uproar, and subsequently, all the cowardly public venues and even Churches in the Kootenays refused to rent their facilities to Jeff for a “Mighty Men of Canada” gathering. He found an old church camp in the middle of nowhere, south of Nakusp, BC, and that is where he holds his annual Camp Meeting. Men from all over BC and Alberta come for the weekend.



Angus was not physically present at this gathering, but he appeared by streaming video from South Africa. I made new friends and gained new supporters from all over at that Camp Meeting. It was so old fashioned that the Tabernacle even had sawdust on the floor.

The camp broke up after a gourmet lunch on Sunday and I headed back to soak in the Hot Springs high on the mountain above the Village of Nakusp. Then I headed south towards New Denver.



Imagine my surprise when I stopped at a service station in the tiny village of New Denver to hear someone calling my name from across the street! There was a little church there, and the caller was my friend Jeff. By coincidence, we arrived at the same time.

I continued south along the mysterious Slocan Lake. Mysterious, because there were no pleasure boats like most other BC Lakes. There are hardly any beaches on Slocan Lake. The sides of the lake are sheer cliff walls or huge rocks. A little wind on the lake creates whitecaps that will smash a boat against the rock walls.

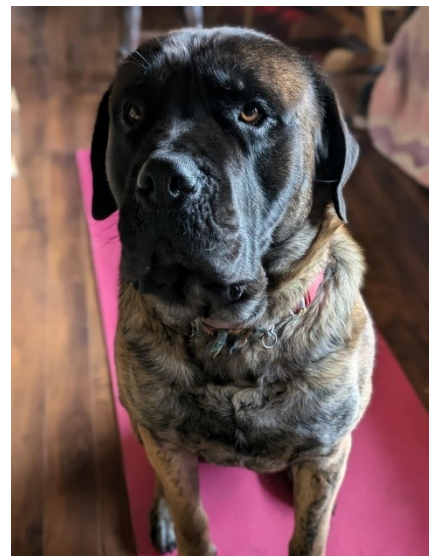
I continued south to my friend Emily Duggan's home in Krestova, BC. She wasn't home when I arrived, as she and her daughter were at a 4H club meeting in nearby Castlegar, BC. But her husband Mason welcomed me

After a tumultuous youth, Emily married her high school sweetheart, Mason and they moved to their remote little hobby farm to be closer to nature. They live close to the land and do not have TV for their two girls, who are stimulated by artistic pursuits, caring for farm animals and playing in the dirt. She is proud of her daughter, who has won awards with her 4H club.

I had met Emily online shortly after she ran in the election for School Board Trustee in 2022 for School District 8 Kootenay Lake. She was concerned about the repressive mask and vaccine mandates that were being considered by public schools. But during the campaign, she found out about the toxic SOGI 1•2•3 learning resources that were becoming so popular in K-12 classrooms. She decided to do something about it and formed "Moms Against the Norm" in 2022 and began to broadcast interviews with guests (like me) who had the courage to speak out against this "fad." She ran again in a by-election in Kootenay-Columbia's School District 20 school board in 2024. Emily and her family suffered a lot of hate and harassment due to her



principled stand. People would cuss at and spit on her when she was in public, and they came to her home threatening her and throwing rocks and dog excrement over the fence. Concerned about their safety, she and her husband got a huge guard dog, named Beans, a Cane Corso/Mastiff cross. When I arrived at the gate to their property, I had to wait for Mason, her husband to lock poor Beans up in a pen, or he would have torn me and my little dog Stitch to pieces! They had another dog, a German Shepherd that Stitch had fun playing with, but this made Bean jealous and furious! It was hilarious to see little Stitch face off



BEANS

with Beans, barking and snarling at the huge dog ferociously! Thankfully the fence containing Beans was sturdy.



Emily has faced some legal challenges, and she has retained the same lawyer as me: James Kitchen. Emily had a moment of international fame when she bumped into Prime Minister Justin Trudeau at Red Mountain Ski Hill last winter. She swore at him and told him to “Get the F**k out of BC.” Even the Newspapers of China reported this event!

Emily has become weary of the animosity she has stirred up and has stepped back from her activism, and is focusing her time on her family, her farm with chickens, goats and a pony and her garden. But I hoped that I would encourage her to never stop speaking out for the truth.

After nearly two weeks of connecting with nature on my New Caledonia Tour, I felt physically and spiritually refreshed from passing thru the scenic beauty of most of BC. Emily said something that stuck with me. Most of the gender-confused young people rarely go outdoors: they hide in their darkened rooms, their eyes glued to screens communicating with “virtual” friends. They are isolated from God’s Creation. Many of them have never touched garden soil with their bare hands.

The next day. I pressed on to my old friend Laranna Scott's home. She was my practicum student at the probation office 20 years ago. And she got to know my family, dated my son and was a roommate to my eldest daughter, Martina. Laranna has achieved provincial recognition for her advocacy for services for special needs children. Amazing how much her daughter Trinity has grown, as she is now 14 and I first met her the day after she was born. Laranna introduced me to her new husband, Peter and her new baby Tayton.



I left Grand Forks and headed to Heartland Campsite near Kelowna where I was meeting my daughter Natasha and my late cousin's wife Rose Neufeld for a picnic dinner. A powerful windstorm was blowing me all over the road. I was well ahead of schedule, when suddenly the traffic stopped high in the mountains where there was no cellphone service. The wind had knocked over a power pole and the wires were across the road. I waited 2 hours and read a book.



But I managed to get to the campsite by 6:15 pm. We had a feast of smoked salmon, cream cheese, olives, cervelat salami, smoked pork, smoked beef brisket, smoked ribs and croissants. This was the only day on my 2 week tour that it rained. But we all managed to get inside my Westy to enjoy Rose Neufeld ‘s homemade sour cherry pie and ice cream.

Tuesday I began to head for home. I debated going over the long and steep Coca Cola Highway, but I thot that would be too hard on my old Westy. So I chose a longer, slower but less grueling route thru Penticton, Keremeos and the Hope/Princeton Highway. I stopped to take this pic of Lake Okanagan, on which I have a long history of happy memories.



Somehow, I sensed that I wouldn't get home that night. I stopped at the Farmgate fruit stand in Kaleden where they were selling 12 bottles of wine for \$88.00. Needless to say, I stocked up!



And I stopped in Keremeos for some fruits, veggies, bread and Mennonite sausage at the Bears Fruit stand. I was going to fill up with gas in Keremeos, but the Esso station had been changed to a Canco, and their gas is not as good. I thot I had enough fuel to drive the 67 kms to Princeton.

But then disaster struck! In the middle of the boonies, my engine suddenly spluttered and died. I found out later that I was stranded 18 kms east of Princeton. I thot the engine was blown because I had driven over 4400 kms over the past month. I was stalled right beside a dilapidated old shack. There was no cellphone phone service, so I knocked on the door. No one was home except for chickens and geese. Garbage was everywhere. I looked in the glove compartment of one old pickup. But it was full of chicken feathers. In the other truck I found a wallet with a driver's license: His name was Bob. At least I knew the

address of where I was stranded. I heard the sound of machinery that sounded like a sawmill down the road. I left Stitch in the Westy and I walked a kilometer to the mill to phone BCAA towing service. The clerk said the driver would call me back and let me know when he would arrive. It was about 3:30 pm in the afternoon. I walked back to the van, put Stitch on his leash and walked back to the Princeton Wood Preservers mill in the hot sun. The office clerk had a message that the driver would be there in an hour or an hour and a half. It was now 4:00 pm. That was too late for any mechanic to have time to look at it. What was I going to do? Spend a night in a motel?

I went back to wait. Bob, the owner of the shack worked at that mill. When the mill closed at 4:30 pm he walked right past me, ignored me, went inside and shut his door. I sat there in the hot sun, worrying how I would get someone to tow me home to Chilliwack. Silly me! I sat there feeling sorry for myself, wondering if I should rebuild the old engine for the THIRD time, praying for God to "HEAL" my sick van, wondering if I should replace the old VW engine with a Subaru drive train? The cost was prohibitive: over \$10,000 and the engine was water cooled, so I would have to also install a radiator. I asked God to teach me something useful about this disaster.

I waited an hour, upset at Bob's lack of hospitality. Finally, at 5:30 pm, I knocked on his door. He came out, a young well-dressed young man, and I asked if I could use his phone to call the tow truck driver. He pulled out his cell phone. I asked how he managed to get a cellphone signal. He said he used Wifi. He dialed the number for me and held the phone to my ear while I talked to the tow truck driver. BCAA had given him the WRONG address.

Finally, the tow truck driver showed up about 6 PM and winched my poor Westy up onto his flatbed truck. He wanted \$600 to tow me 200 Kms home to Chilliwack. But he had an idea: he towed me to his friend Daryl's place who is a VW specialist. Daryl used his hi tech computer to diagnose the problem and he fixed it!

Diagnosis: I was out of gas!

All the afternoon, there was a 25-liter jerry can of gas in my van which I never even thought of using. I trusted my quirky gas gauge more than the Lord. God taught me to never stop trusting Him. But I am on the side of TRUTH and He was looking after me. God had already performed two miracles on this trip: the first one in Cache Creek, where I lost my wallet and got it back, and the second in Smithers, where my friend repaired my fuel injection leak for free. So, I filled up the gas tank with my Jerry can and it started.

All the neighbours came out to see the spectacle of an old man revving the engine of his ancient Volkswagen while it was lashed to the deck of the flatbed tow truck! I had to explain my embarrassing predicament, but I also explained that it was a divine miracle. One neighbor was "Three sheets to the wind," but he started to yell "Hallelujah!" Then I handed out my "New Caledonia Tour Brochures!"



Then Daryl and his wife Robin and their son invited me for a gourmet dinner of barbecued tandoori chicken, salsa salad and corn on the cob. I told them my story about my struggles to protect kids.

They invited me to camp out in their driveway overnite and even gave me 110 V electricity for my fridge, charging my phone and lighting. Their generous hospitality to me, a total stranger more than made up for the cold shoulder I got from Bob in the Boonies.

Wednesday morning, I made it over the Hope Princeton Highway with no problems. When I got home, I had travelled 1050 miles (1690 kms) on the second leg of my fundraising tour.

The final leg of my tour: Aug 1-3

I went camping with Kellie-Lynn Annette Pirie at Camp Hope on the Lougheed Hwy #7 between

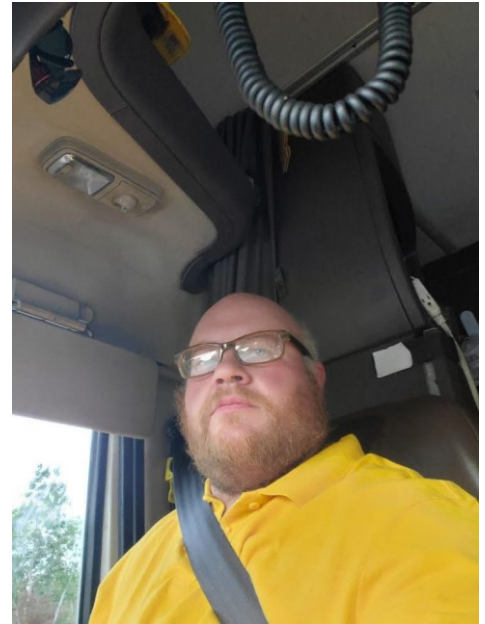


Agassiz and Hope, BC. I met Kellie-Lynn in 2020 at a town hall meeting in Chilliwack organized by our mutual friend Tracee Mathison Midgley. Kellie-Lynn offered to be a witness in my defense in the BC Human Rights Trial, where I was accused of hate speech for publicly speaking out against transitioning children. But the Chilliwack Teachers association refused to hear from a detransitioner like Kellie-Lynn or another younger detransitioner Faith Groulx.

Kellie-Lynn grew up in a religious, but dysfunctional home: a chaotic mix

of drugs, alcohol, abuse and trauma. Her twenties and thirties were a repetitive cycle of drugs-alcohol-sobriety-relapse: rinse & repeat. As a young woman, she struggled with mental health issues and decided that she would be happier living as a man, so she transitioned all the way with hormone therapy, a mastectomy and a hysterectomy. The testosterone caused her to go bald yet grow a full beard. It also triggered Type 2 diabetes and other serious health complications. She changed her name to Ken Anderson and worked as a long-haul truck driver. But after a few years of this life of trying to “Pass” as a man, she still found no peace.

She was living “off the grid” in a small town in the interior of B.C. Darien and Heather Schultz took her under their wings and invited her into their home Bible Study where she met people who were genuinely hungry for the Word of God. They accepted her the way she was.



She decided to DE transition and return to living the way she was born: as a woman. Her former “trans” friends turned on her viciously, accusing her of being a traitor: insane and full of hate. There were no professional therapists who would risk supporting her, because transitioning one’s gender had become the fashionable way to deal with most mental health problems. She was almost alone in her journey to wholeness. But her bible study and church friends continued to love and accept her. As a result she returned to walking with Christ and began to search the Bible for answers. She was baptized Feb 18, 2024.

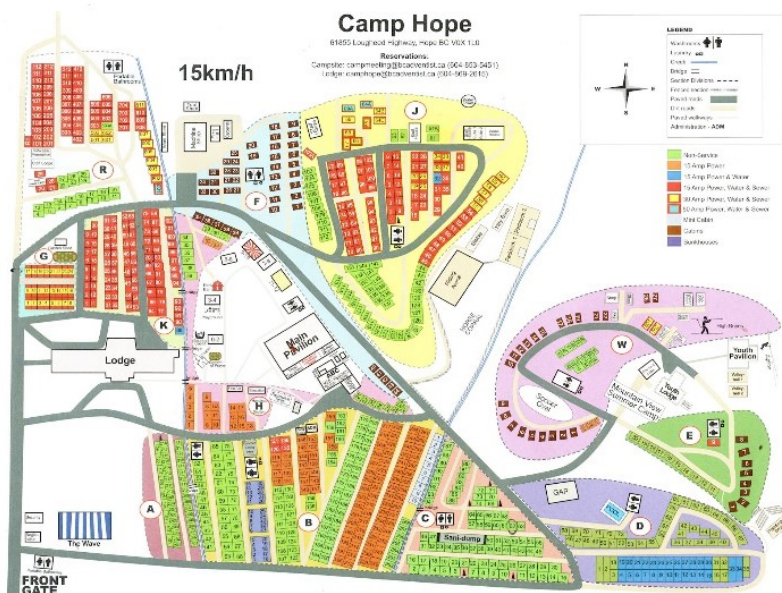
She began to discover a growing community of other people who had not found fulfillment in the transgender lifestyle, so she founded an organization: “The DeTrans Alliance Canada” to be a resource for people who are detrans, desisters or regretters.

<https://detransalliancecanada.com>

Kellie-Lynn was invited by Premier Danielle Smith's Alberta government to assist in the formation of three bills intended to ensure safety and informed consent of children before they were rushed into irreversible affirmation therapy and transition. When she had decided to transition, no one warned her of the complex unintended side effects of transition. She firmly believes that children are not capable of making such a serious life changing decision.

I was surprised when Kellie Lynn told me that she had registered for the Master of Divinity course at TS, a multi denominational seminary at Trinity Western University. I had graduated from ACTS in 2000, so we had a lot in common. She explained that many of the people she met who were transitioning had simultaneously had an experience of spiritual renewal. She realized that her DeTrans experience was going to be more than a support group: it would also be a Christian Ministry. She wanted to develop pastoral skills.

I have invited Kellie-Lynn to a couple of my church events. She has learned firsthand the depressant effects of liturgical incense. And my priest, Father Michael blessed her tiny home with Holy Water and incense smoke when she was experiencing spiritual oppression.



But Kellie-Lynn surprised me when she invited me to the annual Seventh Day Adventist Camp Meeting at Camp Hope. It turns out that Darien and Heather, who helped her get reconciled with the Lord are devout Seventh Day Adventists. Our two RVs fit into one of the hundreds of campsites. Here is a map to the massive campus. I often got lost trying to find our campsite #62. Heather invited us to their Swartz family gathering. They were some of the most gracious, hospitable hosts I have ever met. They surely have the spiritual gift of HOSPITALITY! They were very interested in my fight to protect children from the dangers of Gender

ideology, Diversity Inclusion and Equity and Critical Race Theory. Although the SDA count only 20 Million members worldwide, they are one of the wealthiest Churches in North America: they have established several world class hospitals and they have a large network of independent schools which do not depend on government funding. Most of the women I met were either employed by an SDA school or volunteered at one.

The SDA Church is considered by some to be a heretical sect. They are similar to many evangelical churches, but they have some unique beliefs, like an emphasis on the Second Coming of Jesus Christ (and a subsequent disdain for involvement in politics) They are vegetarians, worship on Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) and they believe in soul sleep. (A believer doesn't go directly to Heaven when they die: their soul sleeps somewhere until the Great Judgement day at the end of the world.) And they



are devoted to their eccentric founder Ellen G. White who they consider a prophetess and a Saint. But they sang familiar old fashioned Gospel hymns with choir, piano, and organ. (No “Happy Clappy” Praise and worship songs with a rock ‘n’ roll worship team.) Very similar to the Holiness Camp Meetings I attended as a child on the prairies 70 years ago. But the floor is now cement and they have added big video screens. Back in my day the floors were covered with sawdust, so a penitent could “hit the sawdust trail” during the altar call. (But I always wondered why they called it an Altar call when there was no altar?)

Christianity is not just a white man’s religion: especially not the SDA church. The leaders were multiracial: There were people of every race from all corners of the globe at this camp meeting. On Sabbath day, the main tabernacle was packed with 2,500 souls, and many of the overflow benches outside were in use. The choir, piano, organ and orchestra backed an amazing tenor soloist who sang the Classical Anthem “Seek Ye the Lord” composed by John Varley Roberts.



Amazingly, this man who had a trained operatic voice is an indigenous person from the Gitwangak First Nation near Kitwanga, BC. I wish I had recorded it!

The lyrics are based on Isaiah 55: 6,7.

“Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”

It got me to thinking about the importance of doctrinal purity. These people put their faith into action. And they “lift up the fallen” like my friend Kellie-Lynn when she was at her lowest. One of my most loyal supporters and fundraisers is Derek Sloan, a former member of parliament who is a Seventh Day Adventist. I was raised with strict Arminian Theology and was taught to dismiss TULIP Calvinists who taught “Once in Grace, Always in Grace.” But reformed Calvinists have been my most loyal and generous financial supporters.



DEREK SLOAN

The Camp broke up Sunday morning, which gave me the opportunity to attend the Divine Liturgy at the All Saints of North America Russian Orthodox Monastery in Dewdney, BC. The Russians have been worshipping like this for over a thousand years. They got the idea from the Early Church Fathers in Greece, who began to worship that way in the third century. This is truly “The Old Time Religion:” more old fashioned than a North American camp meeting. Over the Agape meal, I had a good discussion with Fr. Mircea about my struggle to protect children and what the Orthodox Church can learn from Protestants.

My antique 1982 Volkswagon Westfalia transported me and my little dog Stitch over 5,000 kilometers in my quest to protect children. During this trip, I connected with a variety of people from all walks of life: Sikh, Evangelical, Jewish, Dutch Reform, Mennonite, Pentecostal, Aboriginal, Baptist, Seventh Day Adventist, Russian Orthodox and several Atheists. Somewhere in the middle I got a haircut from Mohammed, my Muslim Barber, who considers me a hero!



Conclusion:

So what did I accomplish with this long tour?

First of all, it was the trip I dreamed of when I first bought this Volkswagen Westfalia 17 years ago. It was on my “bucket list.” With the increasing health challenges of old age, I doubt if I will be capable of doing this ever again in my lifetime.

Secondly, I wanted to meet new supporters and invite them to join me in my battle to protect vulnerable children from irreversible harm. I still owe my lawyer about \$20,000 and if I am found guilty by the Tribunal, I will need more funds to appeal to a REAL Court. But I am not simply protesting against the false ideas enshrined in the nefarious SOGI 1•2•3 resource. As I told everyone, I oppose the whole curriculum which is a well-planned and coordinated attempt to turn children against their parents and join a revolution that believes they will bring in a utopian society where heterosexism is no longer the norm, where climate alarmism affects every decision, where blind obedience to government edicts is considered virtue, and everyone is ashamed of their heritage...especially white people. Some call it “Wokeness” others call it “Social Marxism.” I consider it a postmodern gnostic quasi-religious cult you become your own god and creator. It has not delivered what was promised. In the eight years since SOGI 1•2•3 has been implemented; the academic achievement and mental health of our students has significantly declined.

Thirdly, I wanted to understand people in the North, most of whom had fled the rat race and stress of the big cities. They live closer to our idea of what kind of country we wanted Canada to be. People in the North are more likely to recall that our ancestors left tyrannical governments in the “Old countries” to live

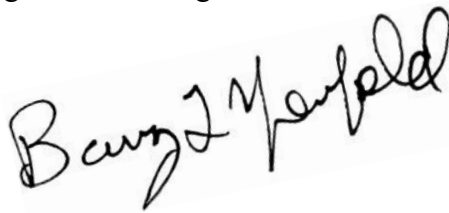
in a free land. But the lands they fled to in Canada, Australia, South Africa and parts of the USA have all now become far more tyrannical than 19th century Europe. If there is nowhere to flee, they must change what exists.

Fourthly, my message on this New Caledonia Tour was that I doubt if we can ever remove the discredited Gender ideology cult, Drag Queen story hours, or explicit books from our BC schools. We need a complete reset of public education: K-12 AND Post Secondary The last attempt was in 1988 with the Sullivan Royal Commission in Education. The concept of school choice, charter schools and funding schools with voucher systems were being considered. Unfortunately Judge Barry Sullivan died shortly after he submitted his report, and was not able to follow through. Furthermore, the BC Teacher's Federation who had just been granted bargaining rights, circled their wagons and made sure that they got total control of schools AND our children's lives. The BCTF is controlled by a small group of radicals who ensure that a socialist government is elected, and then they control the Ministry of Education, who then tell the Superintendents what to do, who in turn control the puppets on their school boards: elected trustees who are supposed to represent the values of their communities. But Trustees have been stripped of all power and authority, and they completely disregard the opinions of parents, grandparents and informed community members by silencing and shaming dissenters. Boards of Education exist only to rubber stamp government edicts and handle public relations, not to represent their voters. Perhaps another Royal Commission on Education could be considered. But after 30 years' experience with school boards, I have already stated publicly that School Boards should be abolished.

I doubt if the BC Education system can be "reformed." Power and control have become too centralized. It must be completely rebuilt, and the best way to do that is for Northern BC to separate from Canada, along with Saskatchewan and Alberta and start all over again.

Will you join me in trying to make a brighter future for our schoolchildren?

Sincerely,



BREAKING NEWS!

I am scheduled to be featured in a Focus on the Family Documentary to be filmed Thursday, Aug 14. 2025

Ph/text: (604) 798-9425

Websites: <https://BarryNeufeld.com/> and <https://RightsAndFreedoms.org/>
(credit cards accepted)

If mailing donations, send to:

The Rights and Freedoms Fundraising Society P.O. Box 21004 Chilliwack, BC V2P 8A9

Etransfers: donatebarryneufeld@rightsandfreedoms.org

If you wait until voting day to perform your democratic civic duty, you have waited too long, and it is too late for you to make any difference.