

Kasilof Community Church

Issue 3,
July 2001

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Summer Newsletter 2001

Each year, after the winter's snow finally melts, something happens we all can count on - the annual return of those pesky bugs, you know the ones I'm talking about, the ones that drive 63' motor homes and stop to gawk at every moose in sight.

My family affably refers to these visitors as "terrorists," instead of the more colloquial nomenclature "tourists." Another one of our yearly visitors that also has begun to show up in fair numbers are those *Oncorhynchos sp*, which some of you refer to as "hooked snouts." The life cycle of the Pacific Salmon never fails to astound me. This past winter I attended a workshop in Anchorage. The hotel I stayed in required me to use their parking garage. The first day there I took extra time to look at a map of the area with the hope that it would help me navigate during the rush hour. Oops, it took two days before I realized that I was exiting the garage via a different route than I entered it, which

finally shed some light on why I kept ending up on the opposite side of town from where I intended to go. God created salmon with the ability to negotiate their way back to within feet of where they were born (see p.28). How many of you could find your way back to within feet of where you were born? What's the point of all this you might ask? The point is that we have an awesome God, a God who designed fish with a navigation system that surpasses some of our most sophisticated equipment. We give these creatures names like dogs, reds, humpies, kings, and silvers, but God has a different idea. He tells us in Romans 1:19-20 that these creatures provide proof to all who have seen them that He exists. This summer, won't you take time to marvel at something like the "hooked snout" and realize what an Awesome God we have.

~ *Memorable Muffins* ~

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Orange Cranberry Muffins

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons butter, melted
¾ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
1 cup cranberries, cut in half
¾ cup chopped nuts



Sift together flour, salt, baking soda and sugar. Add the beaten egg, melted butter, orange juice and orange peel, mix well. Stir in cranberries and nuts. Bake at 325 degrees in greased standard muffin tins for 25 minutes.

Yield: 1 dozen muffins.

I found this recipe in a cookbook, but altered it a bit to fit our tastes. My favorite time of year is autumn and here in Alaska it's a time for gathering all the berries which grow wild, including cranberries (lingonberries), blueberries, raspberries and crowberries. We fill freezer bags with the cranberries, which are smaller than farm grown berries, and freeze them so our family can enjoy these muffins year round. I am a homemaker and homeschool mom of three wonderful children. My family and friends say these muffins remind them of the taste of Christmas.

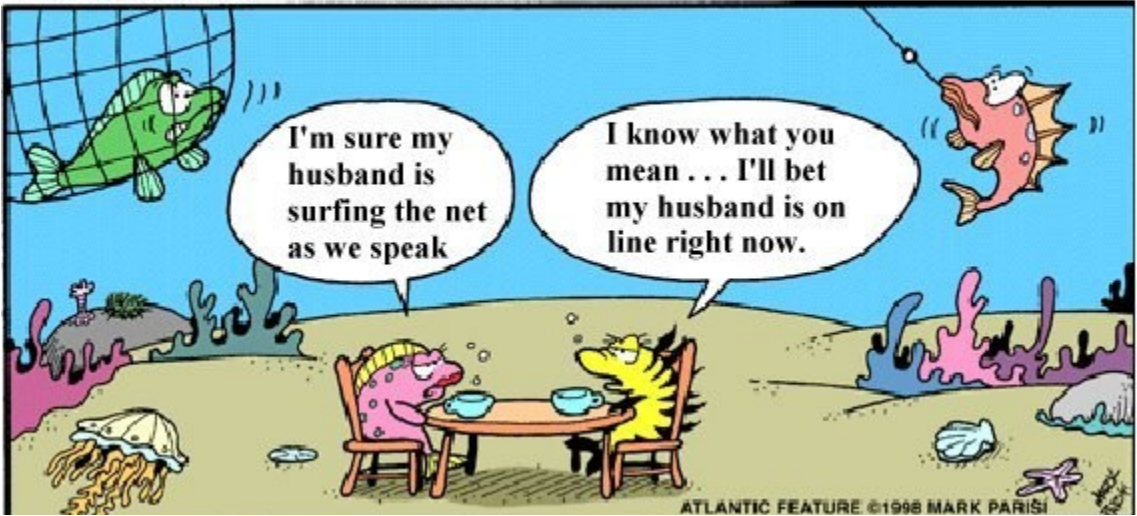
PEPPER JELLY

1 ½ cups cider vinegar
5 cups sugar
1 ½ cups chopped bell peppers, any color
1 ½ tablespoons dried, crushed red pepper
1 6-ounce bottle liquid fruit pectin
a few drops food coloring, to match your peppers

In a saucepan boil vinegar and sugar. Add peppers. Boil again, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in fruit pectin and food coloring. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

I never use the paraffin, but do a hot water bath for 5 minutes. Makes 7 half-pints.





Cartoon by Mark Parisi posted with special permission. For many more "off the mark" cartoons, please visit Mark's site at: www.offthemark.com"



In the Bible (1 Pe 3:15 - see below), we are commanded to always be prepared to explain to others why we have hope; in other words, we should always be ready to witness to others (verbally) when we are asked why we believe what we do.

This preparedness really hit home not long ago. We had stored an old dresser in our woodshed. One day we noticed a squirrel going in and out one of the drawers, and when we opened it, this is what we found. This animal knows what it means to be prepared. Are you? Am I?

1 Pe 3:15 but sanctify Christ as Lord in your hearts, always being ready to make a defense to everyone who asks you to give an account for the hope that is in you, yet with gentleness and reverence;

FISHERMEN OF THE AIR

by Meezie Hermansen

Spiders are a curious lot, hated by the world,
Very few appreciate their beauty when unfurled.
Their lacy webs are a masterpiece, really a work of art
When shining with the drops of dew at the new day's start.



It's delicate grace and function all wrapped up in one,
Sparkling like a string of diamonds in the dawning sun.
These little creatures I enjoy instead of despise.
They're in a good profession, tho' a little in disguise.
Much like us they earn their living by the nets they cast,
Trying to catch their dinner from what's floating past.
Dad taught me when I was young that I should never bear
Ill feelings toward these marvelous fisherman of the air.

BOOK REVIEW
Power From On High
By Charles G. Finney

"Christ does not require us to make brick without straw," says Charles G. Finney. In his book Power From on High Finney outlines the totality of God's power which is available to all who are His. God never gives a work to do that He does not also supply the power with which to do it. Why, then, Finney wonders, are Christians so obviously lacking in the very power which God says He supplies?

One answer Finney gives, is that we have not followed the template given to us by the early Christians. They consecrated themselves totally to God, withholding nothing, and waited upon God with persistent prayer and fasting until the promise was fulfilled to them. Scripture tells us God has given us everything we need to live lives pleasing to God. Should the reality of our life show us that we ARE lacking something, our first step, according to Finney, should be to follow the example of those early Christians.

But Finney also wonders what has happened to the power to win souls! "Everyone has the great responsibil-

ity . . . to win as many souls as possible to Christ," says Finney.

"This is the great privilege and the great duty

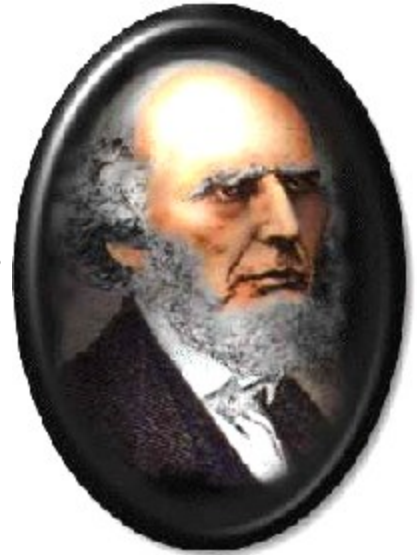
of all the disciples of Christ.

There are a great many departments in this work.

But in every department we may and ought to

possess this power so that whether we preach or pray, or write, or print, or trade, or travel, take care of children, or administer the government of the state, or whatever we do, our whole life and influence should be permeated with this power."

While total consecration to God seems to encompass most of his points, much of the remainder of the book identifies some of the reasons why Christians do not experience the power Scripture tells us we can expect. Finney encourages us to not settle for any less of God than what He tells us He will give. To do this



he says we need to experience God through constant, daily fellowship and prevailing prayer, to accept the whole revealed will of God, to totally abandon ourselves to God, to recognize and renounce any fear of men, to look seriously at the true danger sinners are in and to not call innocent those amusements that do not honor God.

Other chapter titles include *How to Overcome Sin*, *The Decay of Conscience*, *the Psychology of Faith* and *How to Win Souls*. While you may not agree with everything Finney has to say, the book is a definite read. It will cause you to review the level of God's power in your own life and whether that level is where God intends you to be. It will give you definite areas that could be barriers and it will challenge your assumptions!

Order *Power From on High* by Charles G. Finney from your local Christian book store or from the publisher: Christian Literature Crusade PO Box 1449, Fort Washington, PA 19034.



In this issue of the KCC Newsletter, we welcome a new feature, a book review.

Someone in our congrega-

tion has agreed to provide us with his/her viewpoint on a book they have recently read, and feel strong enough (negatively or positively) to share their feelings about.

For now, until you just can't take it anymore, this person will remain anonymous. Perhaps you will feel compelled to read the book that has been reviewed and offer a different opinion. After all, we are seeking your involvement in OUR Newsletter.

So, now you have something to look forward to in each new issue of the KCC Newsletter: ***The Mystery Book Review.***

Cabbage Rustler

When my father died, he left behind a widow and six children, ages 2 through 16. It wasn't until many years later that I was able to fully understand what kind of anxiety my mom must have felt at suddenly having to be mom, dad, and financial leader of this large family. There were some hard decisions to be made, that goes without saying, but the most critical ones involved feeding this small army. My mom ended up working a variety of odd jobs, eventually attended nursing school at night. But, my family never

missed a meal in all that time. It should come as no surprise then to learn that one very important thing our family came to depend upon was a large garden.

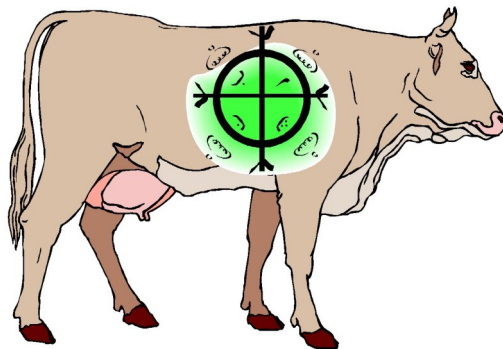


Although northern Idaho is considered by many to have a hostile environment, it still gets warm enough to grow many crops that can only survive in greenhouses in Alaska. I can still remember the look on my mom's face when she handed me a half dozen packages of cucumber seed with the instructions to carefully plant them. I had a better idea. I opened a package, poured the seeds into my hand, and broadcast planted across the freshly tilled soil. It may not have been the "proper" way to plant, but it served two purposes: (1) it saved me a whole lot of time, and (2) man, did we ever make a lot of pickles that year. Somehow, my lack of planting (and weeding) discipline did not detract from the abundance of crops that our garden produced. Cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, green beans, peas, corn, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, loganberries, elderberries, tayberries, cherries, apples, plums, pears, and currents are just some of the produce this land yielded. No thanks to me.

Our home was located on the edge of this small town, bordered on two sides by a large field which was bisected by the infamous Mosquito Creek. For many years this field was home to a large herd of cattle, and the farmer that owned these animals - beasts that purposely tempted young boys to think impure thoughts - wasn't much of a fence mender. The result is that these cattle often ended up sharing some of the produce from our garden. I will admit it didn't sadden me much when they ate cabbage heads by the mouthful, but my mother was not amused by it. One particular summer, after she had watched much of our garden disappear into the stomachs of these orange-colored unguates, it became more than she could take. She got on the phone and called who she thought was the owner of the cows, but he denied they were his. Down went the phone

and the next farmer was called. She got the same answer from him, as she did from as many farmers as she called. I remember her telling one man, “then you don’t care if I start shooting them.” Those were words that brought excitement to my inner being. My BB-gun and I were going to have a field day. Boy was I in for a surprise.

One of the best things about summer vacation to a 12-year old boy is the fact that the only responsibility he had in life was to figure out what kind of worms he needed to dig for that day’s fishing. In other words, getting up with the roosters was not something this boy ever gave much thought to. So, the morning my mother told me to get out of bed at 7:00 am and grab the 30-06, well, it could be said that I wasn’t necessarily the sharpest tack in the box.

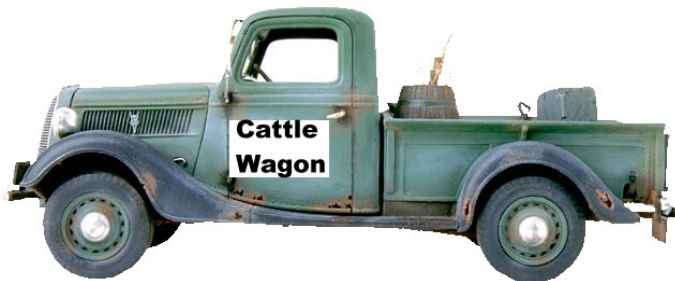


Before I really knew what was happening, I found myself standing on the back porch of our house, with only my fruit of the looms for camouflage, looking through a Weaver 4x scope at a local variety of big game referred to as a hereford. Oh, did I forget to mention the fact that I had my trusty companion with me, you know who I’m talking about, man’s best friend, a boy’s inseparable partner, his dog. How could I forget? Easy, that’s how. This one stood about 8” tall and had a bark that couldn’t be suppressed by a thousand pillows. Poodles, I’m still trying to figure out what God wanted to teach mankind when He made this breed. Let’s get back to the hunt. Here I am, standing on the back porch drawing a bead on a rather large, cabbage-stuffing, pumpkin-shaped cow. Into the chamber went the 180-grain bullet, off went the safety, and squeeze went the trigger. Until that moment, I knew the things that happened to Wiley Coyote were simply too bizarre to be realistic. That is, until the following details creep back into my memory. Because I had become so accustomed to shutting out the yips of our killer poodle named Muffin, I was completely unaware that this little creature had made her way right in between the legs of my target. Just as I squeezed the trigger, Muffin squeezed out an ear shattering yip while darting between the legs of cabbage-face. So, in sequence, here is the order of events as they occurred. First, there is a sonic boom from the muzzle of the rifle, followed very closely by the high-jump of one cabbage-laden big mac, who then slowly turned her head to look back at one mighty embarrassed boy standing there in his briefs suffering under the glare of another set of eyes - his mother’s. I’m sure my mom was wondering what kind of boy she had raised. Ok, Ok, I missed. Don’t ask me how that cow knew a bullet was

headed her way, but she did, and to this day she holds the world record for the standing high jump. After chambering round number two and aiming the rifle at Muffin, my mom got the hint and corralled the mutt. The next shot did what it was supposed to do, but it definitely was one shot more than my cattle-rustling mom and I had planned.

For those of you who have found yourselves led astray by the lure of the hunt, you should understand the feeling that next overtook my mother and I. We walked up to a mighty big beast laying there between the half-eaten cabbage heads and looked at each other and said, “Now, what do we do.” This is akin to shooting a 1500 lb moose about 5 miles from camp and suddenly realizing you have to pack all of that animal all the way back to camp. My mom broke the silence by saying, “Pat, go get your brother in-law Jim!” Anything to get away from the crime scene. So, after I changed my underwear and put some clothes on, my trusty Schwinn and I were on the fly. I made it to my sister and brother in-law’s house in no time and began beating on the door. No answer. So, I beat a little harder. Finally, Jim opened the door, took one look at me, and said, “Pat, what did you do this time.” I kind of stammered, “I shot a cow.” I didn’t think he heard me because he just stood there staring off into space. “I shot a cow Jim, and we need some help!” My brother in-law all of a sudden became a man of few words because he just kind of walked away from the door mumbling to himself. A few hours later, I mean minutes later, he finally walked out the door and jumped in his Willy’s jeep. I waited for the engine to start, but nothing. Oh great! We have a dead cow in our garden and Jim has a dead jeep in his drive-

way. One other little fact was also occurring that neither of us was aware of. Apparently, one of the neighbors decided to investigate why two sonic booms took place on an early morning right near his home. So, my mom was busy trying to hide a cow in her garden



from a snoopy neighbor walking up and down the alley near our home. Jim finally got his jeep jump started and we beat feet to “the garden.” Picture the scene. We have a snoopy neighbor looking down the alley at a jeep that is in the middle of a large garden (nothing unusual there) with three people bending over something tying a rope to it. Then the jeep struggles to pull whatever it is hooked to while two people walk interference beside the object under tow. “Man, that must be some big cabbage” is all I could imagine that was going through this neighbor’s mind. We got the cow drug to the door

of our woodshed and all three of us struggled to roll it inside. Jim unhooked the rope, turned to my mom and I, and said these words as he drove off, “I was never here, do you here me, I was never here!”

My mom and I tried to move the cow into position for cleaning, but we didn’t have much luck. This was a chore that would have to wait for my step-dad to come home from work to do. So, all day long I wandered back and forth from the woodshed to my bedroom witnessing a large cow turn into a very large bloated cow. When my step-dad finally got home from work, it didn’t take him very long at all to figure out something was amiss. “Pat, what did you do?” When he walked into the woodshed, this Norwegian man just sighed and said, “Get a shovel.” We hoisted the overgrown ungulate with a couple of come-a-longs and I began some early training for a career in the army. In other words, I started digging a large hole, one that a cowhide could call home. This long day came to an end when the last shovel full of dirt covered a hide and huge pile of entrails. A bill of sale provided by a relative in Montana accompanied the meat to the butcher the following day.

Approximately 3 decades later, I wish that I could say that the lessons learned from the events of that day were quickly assimilated. They were not. You see, because this cow had no brand on it, and because we had called numerous farmers to ask them to take care of their livestock, there was a certain sense of justification in what we did. From one perspective, you might argue we were behaving very responsibly. After all, we did call all of the local cattle owners and none would even come to our house to see if the destructive cows were theirs. What were we to do? I don’t know, but allow me to ask the following question, “why did it feel so wrong to a young boy?” Oh sure, there was a certain sense of excitement in “getting away” with the caper, but it was not the right thing to do. That said, learning from our mistakes is something we all should strive for. For me, the most powerful lesson learned from this day is the tendency many of us have to justify our actions. Remember Adam’s retort to God, “It was the woman who made me do it.” But let us never forget God’s view of the events in *that* garden. The Bible doesn’t tell us we inherited our sin nature from Eve does it? God is not fooled by our excuses, which makes another important fact all the more powerful. Romans 5:8 says it so well, “*But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.*” Did you get that, Christ died for people who shoot other people’s cows and then attempt to justify to themselves and to others why what they did was not wrong. Christ died for my sins before I ever committed them, knowing that one day I would need Him to suffer for my actions. That friends, is powerful indeed.

CHURCH TO RECEIVE NEW ADDITION

A few years ago Kathleen McCann specified in her will that Kasilof Community Church (KCC) should receive 20% of her and her late husband, Joe's, estate. When Kathleen went to live with the Lord forever in heaven, the process began for the estate to be distributed to the two parties established in the will. As many of you know, there were some legal delays in the administration of the estate, but KCC finally received a monetary distribution as well as some land. Won't you take time right now to thank God for people like Joe and Kathleen McCann who generously give so that others might come to know this Savior named Jesus.

It has long been established that one of the most important parts of any church is the foyer area. In fact, some have concluded that this is where the majority of ministry takes place in a church. Our foyer area can

get kind of crowded, so it was decided that a very good use of the McCann monies would be to expand our foyer area, which would also allow us to upgrade access to our church with a new wheelchair ramp and a handicapped accessible bathroom upstairs. Moreover, the current Pastor's office was originally framed to allow for a window to be installed so the area could be used as a "cry room." Finally, the trustees suggested that if we were going to make an addition like this that it would be a shame not to make a full basement beneath the addition. So our new addition will include a covered access, an upgraded wheelchair ramp, an upstairs handicapped bathroom, a cry room, and a full basement that can be used as a meeting room.

An endeavor of this nature cannot be completed without a lot of effort and people's time. To date, some critical volunteer help has come forth in the building of this structure, but more will be needed before it is finished. If you can assist with the remaining work that needs to be done, won't you please contact Greg Rozak or John Evanson. Now, having just mentioned these two gentlemen, it is appropriate that we thank both these men for all the time they have put forth in this project. Greg has been instrumental in getting the project rolling with building plans and excavating while John has spearheaded the actual



construction, from the slab to framing. To be sure, there have been lots of others who have helped, and if I attempted to name them all, I'm sure I would miss someone. So, if you know anyone who has worked on this project won't you take time to thank them. Please add Greg and John to the top of that list.

And finally, again let us all thank God for people like Joe and Kathleen McCann.



Gary Spruill and John Evanson preparing the slab area.



Brother John taking a well-deserved break



The new foyer area (without walls) and wheelchair ramp.

All Photos Courtesy of Dave Letzring

KCC Class of 2001 Receive Their Quilts

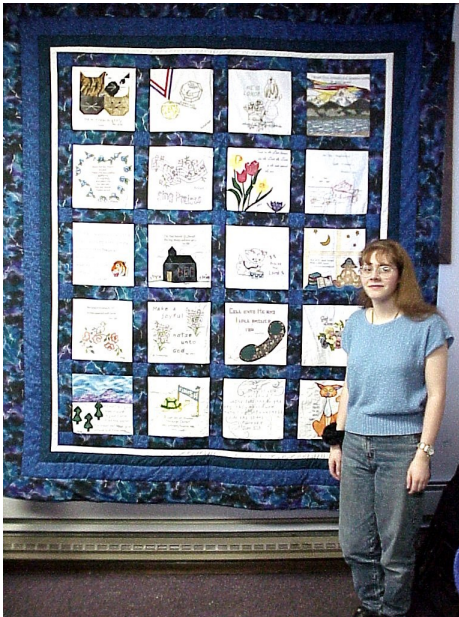


From left to right, Stewart Blakeslee, Car-ey Johnson, Christy Mattox, and Shanna Janik, share a laugh as local laureate, Brent Johnson, shares his tribute to this year's graduating class.

In what has now become a beloved tradition at Kasilof Community Church, the presentation of quilts to our graduating senior class is one of the most special services of the year. These quilts represent an outpouring of love that our kids can “embrace” the rest of their lives. Moreover, these quilts provide an opportunity for others to see (and read) the message of love that Christ offers us all.



Brent Johnson once again provided an inspirational tribute to each of the graduates. Brent's poetic stories have been known to produce a tear or two in the eyes that hear his words, and it never is clear if the tears are from laughter or if they come from the realization that these young people are leaving the nest. Courtesy of Brent, we share this year's tribute with all of you.



Shanna is a fan of musical things,
 to brighten the day she often sings.
 She likes lakes, and oceans of blue,
 working with her dad, and hunting too.

Shanna is a poet with a lithe form,
 she flies the skies on a unicorn.
 Putting words to canvas
 with sweeping stroke,
 then shares her art with us common folk!

Carey was born in the Coho hills,
 So his Dad could skip hospital bills.
 Doesn't seem to have hurt him much,
 he's a sharp lad with a soft touch!

Like Stewart, Carey is quite a shot,
 he can put it in from any spot.
 Go ahead, challenge him if you're able,
 but be wary for Carey, can run the table.



Stage fright is no trauma,
for Christy, digs drama.
She was a sweet one,
in *Anne Get Your Gun!*

Christy has a voice to shine,
and she beams it to the Lord Divine.
Blends this beauty in sweetest praise,
with the chorus here on Sundays!



Stewart is a scout who has made a name,
he's a marksman with incredible aim.
Call him Kawasaki-Rocky, if you like,
he's got the build and a way cool bike.

Stewart has a trumpet which is ace of brass,
and he plays it with Heavenly class.
He took his tenor to the All State Choir,
and won first chair in that lofty spire!

2001, PILGRIMS PROGRESS

***By
Brent Johnson***

Shanna, Stewart, Christy, and Carey,
welcome to this sanctuary!
With these quilts we hereby consecrate,
you as youth, that graduate.

Our graduates can be here defined,
as youth and beauty intertwined.
They emerge strong and valiant,
brought forth with tons of talent.

Shanna is a fan of musical things,
to brighten the day she often sings.
She likes lakes, and oceans of blue,
working with her dad, and hunting too.

Shanna is a poet with a lithe form,
she flies the skies on a unicorn.
Putting words to canvas with sweeping stroke,
then shares her art with us common folk !

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Doesn't seem to have hurt him much,
he's a sharp lad with a soft touch !

Like Stewart, Carey is quite a shot,
he can put it in from any spot.
Go ahead, challenge him if you're able,
but be wary for Carey, can run the table.

Forgive us where we've been errant,
it's hard to be a perfect parent.
We'll forgive the naughty things you did,
It's hard to be a perfect kid!

The year is 2-oh-one,
and you know none,
of us know what's through time's door,
we've never been that way before.

So take God's blessing and take His will then,
take heart in being His children.
Take your skill and venture free,
as pilgrims of the century!

KCC Track Athletes Shine

This past spring, when many of us were wondering if spring would ever come, two KCC athletes were busy heating up the local track scene. A Skyview Panther, freshman Kaleb Shields had a very successful season running and jumping his way to most valuable hurdler/jumper on the Panther track team while earning a birth at the state track meet in Palmer in three events. Kaleb's coaches were quite surprised that Kaleb was able to excel in the more technical events of hurdles, high jump, and triple jump. Kaleb dominated the freshman and sophomore meet about mid-season and ended up placing 5th at state in the 110m high hurdles. His heat time in the 300m hurdles would have also earned him a 5th place in the finals had he qualified. Kaleb will have a lot of people watching next year to see if he can improve on a very successful start to his high school track career.



The other KCC track athlete to improve on her already widely respected reputation as an outstanding track athlete was Molly Bossic. Molly, a junior at Ninilchik, started out right where she left off last year, running the 100m, 200m, and 400m sprints. Keep in mind that Molly competes for a school that doesn't even have a track to practice on. But, she didn't let that deter her. In fact, although it was not her favorite event to participate in, Molly's strength in the longer sprint, the 400m run, began to pay dividends this year. By the time the state meet in Palmer took place, Molly was running strong. So strong, that when she turned the final corner of the 400m state final race, the only obstacle to overcome was breaking the tape as the state of Alaska 400m CHAMPION. Congratulations Molly, you really are a champion. Here is a list of some of Molly's accomplishments as a track athlete while competing for the Ninilchik Wolverines:



Freshman: Region 2 athlete female athlete of the year; Region 2 champion in the 100m and 200m sprints, set new Region 2 record in 200m sprint; 5th place at state in 200m.

Sophomore: Region 2 champion in the 100m & 200m sprints; 3rd place at state in 200m

Junior: Region 2 female athlete of the year; Region 2 champion in the 100m, 200m, & 400m sprints; state champion in the 400m sprint.

Coach K Leads Skyview Soccer

This past spring our very own Coach K was back at it again, leading a group of athletes through the daily grind of practice and the exhilarating experience of putting all they had learned to the test on the battlefield of competition. However, Coach K had changed. This time She was a He. That's right, Pastor Paul joined Sheila in the trenches as he took on the reigns of the boy's JV soccer program at Skyview High School. Coaching soccer provided Pastor Paul with a couple of opportunities. The first was an outlet for him to get away from the office and the many duties of Pastoring. In other words, it was a place for him to unwind. Secondly, coaching soccer allowed Pastor Paul one last opportunity to prove that he had retained some of the skills that had allowed him to compete on the soccer field

while attending college. One skill that didn't need a lot of dusting off before it came back to Paul's gladdays was the ability to come up lame. It seems that Pastor "flew through the air with the greatest of ease," but my oh my was it hard on the back and the

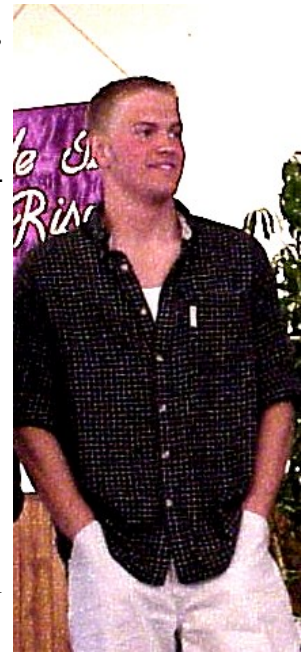


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knees. Nevertheless, his field antics provided some good sermon material as well as an opportunity for him to get to commiserate with some of the young men on the team.

Speaking of these young lads, we had two KCC players on this year's Skyview team. Carey Johnson and Ely Evanson both laced up soccer shoes and adorned colored socks and hit the ground running. Carey spent some time in the goal blocking opponent's shots while Ely could be found sprinting around on the playing surface looking for someone to pass to, only this time it was with his feet using a round ball instead of with his arm and a pigskin.

The Skyview program once again provided an opportunity for a lot of players to see action in a sport they didn't have a lot of previous experience in. However, there were times that the play on the field was really exciting to watch. In fact, there were enough positives with this year's soccer program that many are already looking forward to next year's soccer season.



Welcome Sharon

One of the signs of growth in any business or industry is the need for more organization. As our church continues to grow, it is a necessary fact that to better meet the

needs of a more diverse congregation, we need to allocate our resources in the most efficient manner possible. To that end, the congregation voted to hire a part time secretary who could help Pastor Paul and Jeff Aley with some of the many organizational tasks that have required their time to complete, thus keeping them from other ministry opportunities.

The person who will be helping out now has a name and face, please welcome Sharon Knowlton into the position of church secretary.



For anyone who knows Sharon, there is a certain personality trait that makes you remember an encounter with her. That is, Sharon likes to laugh and it is her warm,

bubbly personality that sets her apart. Sharon and Bob have been attending KCC for many years and they are highly regarded by many in the body. To start with, Sharon will be working just a couple of days a week answering the phone, setting up meetings for Paul and Jeff, organizing the church bulletin, and any of a hundred other duties that secretaries can be found doing.

Sharon, we welcome you to your new position and we trust that just as the body grows in Christ, you as an important member of that body will grow right with us.

HISTORY TWISTER

Submitted by Dale Dolifka

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860.
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

The names Lincoln and Kennedy each contain seven letters.

Both men were particularly concerned with civil rights.

Both of their wives lost children while living in the White House.

Both presidents were shot in the head.
Both presidents were shot on a Friday.

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln.

Both were assassinated by Southerners.
Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.
Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

Jon Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.
Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939.

Both assassins were known by their three names.
Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Lincoln was shot at a theater named "Ford".
Kennedy was shot in a car called "Lincoln".

Booth ran from a theater and was caught in a warehouse.
Oswald ran from a warehouse and was caught in a theater.

Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

A week before Lincoln was shot, he was at Monroe, Maryland.
A week before Kennedy was shot, he was at Marilyn Monroe's birthday party.

Confessions of a would-be Christian:

It would be good to give You the sacrifice of praise,
But unfortunately,
I'm often more off, than offering.

It would be good to convert the world,
But it seems hypocritical,
when I lack considerable conversion myself.

It would be good to pray night and day,
But like the guys in the Garden,
I drift off in dreams.

It would be good to tame my tongue,
But it is especially hard,
When my heart harbors wild thoughts.

It would be good to help the poor,
But as soon as I get ahead,
Comes the poor excuse from behind.

It would be good to master discipline,
But tomorrow, always seems,
Like the day to begin.

It would be good to read Your Word,
But why do I have to force myself,
To do what should come naturally?.

Oh God of Grace I believe in You,
But can You,
believe in me?

By Brent Johnson

CEF Leads VBS Program

Child Evangelism Fellowship (CEF) joined KCC and New Life Fellowship of Kasilof to lead a joint-sponsored VBS program this past month. CEF is a long-standing, highly regarded ministry with a focus of evangelizing children for Christ. This year KCC sent some of our junior and senior-high aged youth to a two-week conference at Solid Rock Bible Camp where they received training in a program called Christian Youth In Action (CYIA).

CYIA provides instruction to the older youth so they in turn can present the Gospel message to preschool through 6th graders using the “wordless” book as one of the main tools. David Blossom, Danny Glaves, Kendra Tobin, Kelsey Shields, and Luke Morse all attended the conference. They all were able to visit area homes where they taught lessons to children who had been invited to “back-yard” clubs.

These same youth then helped when CEF representatives lead the joint-church VBS. Because of the fact that this was a new

program, the first day experienced some minor glitches, but by Tuesday the program was running much smoother, and by the end of the week, it was a well-oiled machine.



Many thanks to the CEF people for their efforts in leading the VBS program, and thank-you to those youth who joyfully received the CYIA training. Finally, thank-you to Jane Misner, who was the expeditor in both the CYIA conference and the

VBS program. Her involvement was instrumental in the success of these programs.



Grant Blossom and Billy Duncan take a break during this year's VBS.

A Seafood Adventure

“So...what’s the food like?” After seven months as a missionary I was without an interesting answer to this usual question. Croatian food is rather dull fare: meat (beef, pork, chicken) grilled or fried, potatoes – usually French fried, and the Eastern European staples: cabbage and bread. Easy on the veggies, heavy on the artery clogging foods that make my dad rub his hands together in glee.

For a vegetable-loving Dubber with a penchant for sweet desserts, Croatian cuisine has not found a devotee. Vegetables are not emphasized and the desserts could, in my humble opinion, use a bit more sugar. I’ve had to create reduced sucrose versions of my favorite recipes to serve to guests who commented that my cookies were too sweet!! As if there could be such a thing as a too-sweet cookie! Croatian ice-cream is the notable exception. Absolutely wonderful stuff. It is a mixture between American hard-packed and soft-serve, and with a flavor that causes taste buds to do the Charleston in delight.

All in all, with 1/3 of my two years on the mission field served, I still had no sock-it-to-ya food story that *all* missionaries have. Disgraceful, I know.

That all changed during my trip to the beautiful, ancient walled city of Dubrovnik, which is situated on the blue-green Adriatic Sea. Dubrovnik is hands-down the favorite city of all Croats. The lazy Dalmatian attitude is combined with superb wine (or so I’ve been told), history, seafood and café culture. In other words, if you haven’t spent at least four hours sitting at an outdoor café drinking one cup of cappuccino, you have not accomplished anything worthwhile that day. The Protestant work ethic has yet to reach the Dalmatian coast of Croatia.

The first evening of my visit to Dubrovnik, I went to dinner with two other Americans and two Bosnians from Sarajevo. We settled down to dinner at 5:00 p.m. – the restaurant was abandoned except for one waiter and the cook. Croats eat their evening meal around 8:00-9:00 p.m. and so we Americans can usually manage a relatively smoke-free dining experience, though the restaurant staff eyes us with a mixture of curiosity and condescension.

Set an Alaskan fisherman’s daughter at a restaurant on the coast and that girl is *not* going to order chicken! Oh no! I scanned the menu for something that sounded inexpensive *and* like fish. My eyes lit upon Dalmatinski Tripice. Now *that* sounded like fish...hadn’t I heard of some fish called tripice or something close to it? I checked with the Sarajevans (who speak a dialect very similar to Croatian) to make sure I was ordering fish. “Oh yes,” they said. “That’s fish.”

So while all the other unadventurous people ordered chicken and pork (secretly I scoffed at their bland choices – no fish! And here we



were in seafood country!) I confidently ordered Dalmatinski Tripice. The waiter raised his eyebrows and wrote down my order.

Twenty minutes later our food finally arrived, after all the jokes that the restaurant had to go catch my fish. The plates of fried chicken, pork and French fries were plunked down in front of the play-it-safe diners. I smiled to myself at their lack-luster food and anticipated my fish dinner. The waiter returned to the kitchen and brought back my dinner. Kerplunk. He set a bowl in front of me. “Dobar Tek” (Croatian for bon appetit) he said with an amused look on his face and went back to the kitchen to smoke a cigarette.

After the prayer, including a “God please keep us from getting sick” clause thrown in for good measure, we dug in. From the look of things I had three pieces of boiled potato and a reddish goulash sauce over what I hoped was fish. The first bite indicated that this was not like any fish I’d ever eaten before. What I bit into had the consistency of the hard fat I usually cut off pork chops, and was about as appealing to my taste buds. There was a slight fishy taste to the sauce and the mystery meat I finally concluded must be octopus or squid. It was in strips and slightly chewy, though each bite I took continued to remind me of fat off of a cooked steak.

The other four diners, happily eating their chicken, eyed me and asked, openly smiling in amusement, how my dinner was. I smiled back bravely and ventured that perhaps there’d been a mistake because what I was eating was *not* fish.

I ate an admirable amount of my meal, subsidizing with 3-4 pieces of bread and consuming *all* of the boiled potatoes. The smug waiter came along under the guise of asking if we needed anything else and to ask how our meals were. I believe he was really there to spy out how much I’d eaten because he got in a jab by asking why I wasn’t eating. “I did eat!” I protested in my most dignified Croatian. I’d eaten a lot, too much (in my opinion), of the ghastly concoction he’d tried to pass off to me as food. I could see the amusement behind his practiced waiter’s smile and resisted the urge to grab another piece of bread from the basket as he reached to take it away.

When I got home I looked up “tripice” in my Croatian-English dictionary. It gave no description, only the English equivalent: tripe (noun). Two weeks after the trip to Dubrovnik I got an email from my friend, Holly, who had looked up tripe in her trusty Websters. Her email said:

“Leah – I just remembered to look up tripe, and wanted to pass along this scrumptious definition. Tripe – stomach tissue of a ruminant, and especially of the ox, for use as a food. Yummmmmmy!”

Note to self: never trust Sarajevans when trying to order seafood. And next time, just order chicken.



The Stable Years 1972-1979

by Dale Dolifka

This section is termed the “stable years” because system and order again prevailed. The unrest and uncertainty of the prior two years slowly faded. Good management and significant efforts in the area of organization were evident.

A principal’s salary formula was adopted. The Advisory Committee Manual was revised. A plan to hold two meetings in Homer and Seward annually was initiated.

Building needs throughout the district continued to be a priority and plans for a two-classroom and multi-purpose room at Moose Pass received attention. Up the road at Cooper Landing, plans for a 2,905 square foot unit was approved at the cost of \$49.70 per square foot.

As early as January, 1972, the Board instructed the administration to formulate plans for a high school in Soldotna. Also, in the 1972 there was interest in a junior high school in North Kenai. However, Superintendent Hayward indicated he “could not recommend such action”.

In Seldovia, plans for the “new” program were well underway and the Board contracted with Westinghouse Learning Laboratory to conduct a workshop with the staff on individualized instruction. Building needs were ever present. In April, 1972, the Ninilchik Advisory Council recommended additional space for gymnastics, band, and a swimming pool. In May, the Board discussed a 996,000 square foot addition to Kenai Central High School. Later in the year, the notion of holding the high school facilities to a capacity of 800 was to receive discussion. The first formal agreement for cooperative program planning between the School District and the Kenai Peninsula Community College was created in June of 1972. A shared use of common facilities and student access to various program became a reality.



In early 1973, another step toward systemizing management occurred with the adoption of a teacher staffing formula. Although progress was being made toward a stability during these years, all was not well. In April 1973, during the budget process, the

Assembly passed a resolution expressing displeasure with the school district. In the fall of 1973, another bargaining unit was recognized. The Kenai Peninsula Administrator Association was created to represent its membership in conferring with the Board of Education regarding wages, hours, and working conditions. The negotiation process was a hot item during this period. A landmark case for Alaska was litigated at this time. The case was filed by the Kenai Peninsula Education Association and challenged “what was negotiable.”



In February of 1975, the Board adopted a labor relations policy in an attempt to clarify the entire negotiations process. The mantle of leadership shifted on July 1, 1975, from Jack Hayward to Paul Gallaher. Gallaher, a veteran administrator from Ohio, continued the stability that had begun in the area of management. In October of 1975, voters approved a new Seward High School. Cooper Landing received statewide recognition during this year when Gary Woodburn was named Teacher of the Year for Alaska.

Building needs within the district remained a priority. In September, 1975, the Board awarded a contract for the new school in Nikolaevsk. In February, 1976, a bid was let for a major additions to the Bob Bartlett School in Tyonek. Also, at this time three mobile homes were moved to Tyonek to accommodate teacher housing needs.

In the spring of 1976, the decision was made to house grades K-3 at Sears Elementary in Kenai and 4-6 at Kenai Elementary. A bond election was held January 25, 1977, which included additions at Homer High School, Anchor Point, Sterling, Tustumena, and a new Soldotna High School. The election failed.

Labor relations continued to occupy a great deal of attention within the school district. In November, 1976, a certification election was held to determine who would represent the teachers within the district. The Kenai Peninsula Education Association garnered 63 percent of the vote and the Kenai Peninsula Federation of Teachers polled 36 percent. Four months later the Board recognized the Kenai Peninsula Borough School District Classified Association as the representative of the classified employees and agreed to meet and confer on wages, hours, and working conditions.

The Board proposed this same package plus a second elementary school in Soldotna again in October, 1977, and this time the issue passed.

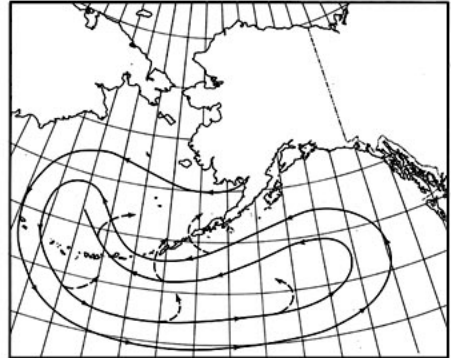
CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY HOME?

This article was provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks

One of the mysteries of nature is how salmon manage to navigate in the oceans and return to spawn in the very same streams from which they came. It is known that the odor or taste of the particular stream plays a role. Salmon can home-in on the smell of "their" stream if they are sufficiently close to its mouth so that the water has not been diluted to the point where it is unidentifiable.

But how can odor play a part when the fish migrate over thousands of miles in the open ocean and cross ocean currents which destroy any possible "trail" that may lead them back? At any rate, it is known that salmon do not follow meandering paths back "home" to answer the spawning instinct, but travel directly to their spawning grounds by the most direct route when sexual maturity occurs.

For example, sockeye salmon leave their freshwater origins in the streams entering Bristol Bay and make their way to the Alaska Gyre in the North Pacific and western Bering Sea. They then complete one or several circumnavigations of the Gyre before starting their spawning migrations back through the Aleutians. The important point is that regardless of surface currents or other oceanographic features, the migration pattern is abruptly interrupted at any point in the circuit where the fish may find themselves when they attain the sexual maturity which induces spawning. In other words, there are no road signs pointing out the way back to their stream from the open ocean, so the fish must have some internal "map sense" by which to navigate.



What is it that points them in the right direction? Probably there is more than one homing mechanism that fish use to find their way. An olfactory "imprint" is made on smolts as they leave their home stream. This enables them to identify it by smell as they approach it later from the ocean. But to approach the stream mouth from the open sea, at least one other imprint must first be made in order for them to arrive in the general area. It has been shown that some fish are remarkably perceptive of the sun's azimuth and altitude, and that they are sensitive to the time of day. Under ideal conditions, this would permit a method of determining geographic north. But in a region where overcast conditions predominate (as they do in the North Pacific and Bering Sea), and because the fish move at night and in deeper water during the day, celestial clues are not consistently available. Therefore another means of correcting navigation is probably used. It is strongly suspected that the ability to sense the earth's magnetic field may provide this additional method.

It has already been demonstrated that such diverse creatures as homing pigeons, salamanders and bees can detect a magnetic field. So can salmon fry; that will change their orientation when subjected to an artificially applied magnetic field.

Extrapolating these findings to the migration process, the conjecture is that, after the salmon fry have grown to smolts and entered salt water, chemical and hormonal changes occur which imprint upon the fishes' nervous system a "memory" of its magnetic latitude and longitude at the time that it enters the ocean.

There appear to be two possible ways by which the magnetic field can influence a fish's nervous system. The first is that the ferromagnetic mineral magnetite in the creature's brain may function as a biological compass which is "set" at the time of entry into the ocean (magnetite occurs across the biologic spectrum from bacteria to dolphins). The information retained is the vertical and horizontal components of the earth's magnetic field at that point, and the declination of the horizontal component, which is the difference between magnetic and true north, presumably determined by the sun. These factors taken together provide a combination that is unique for any geographic location.

Another means by which it may be possible for a fish to sense the magnetic field is by merely moving through the water. When a long conductor, say a wire, is moved across a magnetic field, an electrical current which is dependent on the field is set up in the wire. If the fish's nervous system functions approximately as a wire under these circumstances, possibly the amount of current generated could tell the fish in which direction it was heading.

At present, this is all hypothetical, but experiments may soon begin in Alaska to test the hypothesis. Mike Cheek, a Ph.D. candidate and Professor Tsuneo Nishiyama of the University of Alaska's Institute of Marine Science hope to begin such a study in collaboration with Professor David Stone of the Geophysical Institute.

The initial efforts will be made under controlled conditions during which salmon fry will be reared and brought to the smolt stage artificially by injection. They will then be subjected to a variety of controlled lighting and magnetic field conditions; and experiments will be made along the way to determine the degree to which the fish have acquired imprinting.

Rev 4:11
**“You are worthy, O Lord,
To receive glory and honor and power;
For You created all things,
And by Your will they exist and were created.”**

A final field test of the program might be one in which fish stocks from, say, Ketchikan would be imprinted with the geomagnetic characteristics of Cold Bay at the end of the Alaska Peninsula. If the fish were to be released at Ketchikan and then captured at Cold Bay during their final migration, the hypothesis of geomagnetic imprinting as a means of open sea navigation would prove to be true.

HELPFUL HINTS BY HELOISE DOLIFKA

How To Give A Cat A Pill

Hint #1: Pick cat up and cradle it in the crook of your left arm as if holding a baby. Position right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth, pop pill into mouth. Allow cat to close mouth and swallow.

Hint #2: Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.

Hint #3: Retrieve cat from bedroom, and throw soggy pill away.

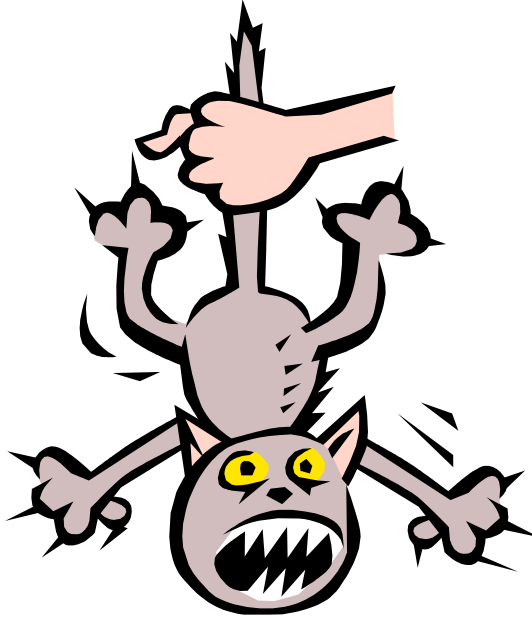
Hint #4: Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm while holding rear paws tightly with

left hand. Force jaws open and push pill to back of Kitty's mouth with right forefinger. Hold cat's mouth shut for a count of 10.

Hint #5: Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garden.

Hint #6: Kneel on floor with cat wedged

firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low jungle threatening growls emitted by cat. To calm spouse's nerves, quietly quote the 23rd Psalm. Get spouse to hold cat's head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into Kitty's mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.



Hint #7: Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered figurines from hearth and set to one side for gluing later – especially the Hummel from your favorite Aunt .

Hint #8: Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat

with its head just visible from below spouse's armpit. To take spouse's mind off present situation, quote "end time" passages from Revelations. Put pill in end of drinking straw, force cat's mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw.

Hint #9: Check label to make sure pill is not harmful to humans and drink glass of

water to take obnoxious taste away. Apply Band-Aid to spouse's forearm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap. Remind spouse that Kitty is from a good Methodist home and you are sure Kitty did not appreciate spouse's verbal "naughties".

Hint #10: Retrieve cat from neighbor's shed. Get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door onto cat's neck leaving Kitty's head showing. To keep spouse task-oriented, shout memorized "stoning-passages" from Leviticus. Force Kitty's mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down Kitty's throat with a rubber band..

Hint #11: Fetch screwdriver from garage and put door back on hinges. Apply cold compress to spouse's neck and check records for date of spouse's last tetanus shot. Inform spouse that spouse's "Charles Manson glare" scared poor Kitty. Throw spouse's bloodied T-shirt away and fetch new one from bedroom.

Hint #12: Ring fire brigade to retrieve cat from tree across the road. Apologize to elderly neighbor who crashed into fence while swerving to avoid cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.

Hint #13: Tie cat's front paws to rear paws with garden twine and bind tightly to leg of dining table. Find heavy duty pruning gloves from shed. Force Kitty's mouth open with small spanner. Push pill into Kit-

ty's mouth followed by large piece of fillet mignon steak. Hold cat's head vertically and pour pint of water down Kitty's throat to wash pill down.

Hint #14: Get spouse to drive you to emergency room; ask spouse to please drop "the look": sit quietly while doctor stitches finger and forearm and removes pill remnants from right eye; resist temptation to "clean spouse's clock" as spouse tells a snickering nurse and doctor about the Pill Incident. Stop by furniture shop on way home to order new table.

Hint #15: Arrange for vet to make a house call to give Kitty its pill.



The tax cut: Here today, gone tomorrow

The tax cut that Congress just approved is more complicated than you might think. Most provisions are phased in slowly - and some are eliminated abruptly - to limit the total cost to \$1.35 trillion over 10 years. All the tax cuts expire in 2011 unless Congress votes to extend them.

2000



First \$6,000 of an individual's taxable income, or a couple's first \$12,000, taxed at a new 10% rate, down from current 15%.



Starting July 1, 28% tax bracket drops to 27%; 31% to 30%; 36% to 35%; 39.6% to 38.6%.



Child credit raised from \$500 to \$600, and partly extended to working poor.

2001



Dependent care tax credit raised from \$2,400 to \$3,000.



Contribution limit to Education Savings Accounts raised from \$500 to \$2,000, and withdrawals allowed for private school.



Income ceiling for student loan interest deductions raised from \$50,000 to \$65,000 for singles, from \$100,000 to \$130,000 for couples.



Taxpayers with incomes up to \$65,000 for singles and \$130,000 for couples allowed to deduct up to \$3,000 for college tuition.



Top estate tax rate cut from 55% to 50%. First \$1 million exempt from taxation.

2002



\$10,000 adoption tax credit is extended through 2010.



Top estate tax rate lowered to 49%.

2003



The 27% rate drops to 26%; 30% to 29%; 35% to 34%; 38.6% to 37.6%.



Tuition tax deduction raised to \$4,000. Higher-income taxpayers get up to \$2,000 deduction.



Top estate tax rate lowered to 48%. Estate exemption raised to \$1.5 million.

2004



Child credit raised to \$700.



Standard deduction for couples raised to 174% of that for singles. Ceiling of 15% bracket for couples raised to 180% of that for singles.



Top estate tax rate cut to 47%.

2006



26% rate drops to 25%; 29% to 28%; 34% to 33%; 37.6% to 35%.



Standard deduction for couples raised to 184% of that for singles. Income ceiling of 15% bracket for couples raised to 187% of that for singles.



Tuition tax deduction eliminated.



Top estate tax rate lowered to 46%. Exemption raised to \$2 million.

2007



Standard deduction for couples raised to 187% of that for singles. Ceiling of 15% bracket for couples raised to 193% of that for singles.



Top estate tax rate cut to 45%.

2008



10% rate extended to first \$7,000 of an individual's income, \$14,000 for a couple.



Standard deduction for couples raised to 190% of that for singles. Ceiling of 15% bracket for couples raised to 200% of that for singles.

2009



Child credit raised to \$900.



Standard deduction for couples raised to 200% of that for singles.



Estate exemption raised to \$3.5 million.

2010



Child credit raised to \$1,000.



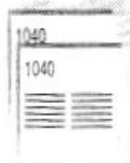
Estate tax repealed.

2011

All tax cuts revoked.



Key



Income tax rates



Children



Education



Marriage



Estate tax

Country Bean Soup

½ cup each great northern beans, kidney beans, navy beans, lima beans, butter beans, split green or yellow peas, pinto beans and lentils

Water

1 ham bone

2 chicken bouillon cubes

1 can (28 oz) diced tomatoes, undrained

1 can (6 oz) tomato paste

1 large onion, chopped

3 celery ribs, chopped

4 medium carrots, sliced

2 garlic cloves, minced

¼ cup dried chives

3 bay leaves

2 T dried parsley

1 tsp dried thyme

1 tsp ground mustard

½ tsp cayenne pepper



Place the beans in a soup kettle or Dutch oven; add enough water to cover by 2 inches. Bring to a boil; boil for 2 minutes. Remove from the heat; cover and let stand 1 hour. Meanwhile, simmer ham bone and 3 qts. Water in an 8-qt. Soup kettle for 1 hour. Drain and rinse beans, discarding liquid; add to the ham stock. Add all of the remaining ingredients. Simmer for 2-3 hours or until beans are tender. Remove and discard bone and bay leaves; add additional water if desired.

Yield: about 5-1/2 quarts

PEA SALAD

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup apple cider vinegar
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
1 cup green pepper, diced
1 cup celery, chopped
1 bunch green onion, chopped
1 sm. Jar pimento
1 (16 oz.) can early peas, drained
1 (16 oz.) can shoepeg corn, drained
1 (16 oz.) can French style green beans, drained

Heat vinegar, sugar, oil, salt and pepper over low heat until sugar dissolves. Cool. In a large bowl combine remaining ingredients. Pour cooled vinegar mixture over vegetables; stir. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Drain before serving.

(If tripling the recipe, just double the liquids.)



GLASS FLOATS

Meczie Hermansen

I have several Japanese glass floats, blown balls of glass that were used as floats on Japanese fishing nets years ago. They can still be found on scattered beaches of Alaska where the tide washes them up. Most are empty bluish green floats about the size of a baseball, with a glass plug the size of a quarter present at the point they were blown from.

One float in my collection is about a third full of seawater. It is said that when these floats are drawn under water by the tidal pull on the nets, the pressure forces water in around the seal. When the pressure ebbs and they pop back to the surface, the water remains trapped inside leaving them forever altered. These water- filled floats are somewhat rare and very special.

I see my life in these simple glass floats. Often when I am going through a difficult time I feel like I am being drawn under the water by the pressure. I turn to God more fervently during these times (though I am ashamed to admit this fact). Once the pressure abates, I pop back to the surface and life returns to "normal".

When going through difficult times I need to strive to be like the rare floats. I have learned that you can be totally immersed in something and remain unchanged by it. What you choose to do with your experiences determines whether they are merely events or lessons of life. I need to make sure the living water is entering me, not just bathing me, so that when the pressure recedes I too will remain forever altered.

Lord, I desire to be filled with your living water. I want to be altered on the inside, not just washed on the outside. Help me to learn and be strengthened by difficult times instead of just trying to survive them. I thank you that, even when the waters are rough, they are your waters.



But whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up to eternal life.

John 4:14