

**Kasilof  
Community  
Church**

**Issue 8  
September 2002**

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# **KCC Newsletter**

## **Fall 2002**

Each September I find myself joining hundreds of other Alaskans, all in search of *Alces alces*, the largest member of the deer family, our beloved moose. One of the things I enjoy most about this endeavor really has nothing to do with hunting. You see, I will often get up early and hike in the dark to a location where I surmise male moose may be found. While sitting on a log or a knoll overlooking a "hot" spot, I have the pleasure of witnessing the "woods" wake up. The first sign of this awakening might be a chickadee singing, chick-a-dee-dee-dee, or perhaps it is a squirrel running from tree to tree screaming obscenities at the human intruder. What started out as almost pure silence, soon becomes a cacophony of sound. However, when you carefully observe what is taking place, you come to find out that all the noise really is not a dissonance, but a joyful

harmony. You see, all the creatures have a built-in time clock and they know it is time to get prepared for winter. Birds that migrate are getting their last good meals prior to checking in at the international airport for a flight south; the squirrels are busy collecting spruce cones and stashing them away like we do fire-wood; even the plants are preparing by producing fruit, dropping leaves, and folding up shop (i.e., dormancy) prior to the long winter. So, what might appear on the surface to be entropy actually is a well orchestrated event. Plant and animal alike are preparing for winter. You know, the Bible tells us to be prepared in many ways too. We are to always be ready to give an answer to those who ask about the hope that is in us, and we are also warned to be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour we do not expect. Are we all ready for Jesus to come??

# From the Pastor's PC

To the Men Among Us:

*O God, we have heard with our ears,  
Our fathers have told us  
The work You did in their days,  
In the days of old.*

-- Psalm 44:1



We have nearly finished a very special summer at Kasilof Community Church and I rejoice in all God accomplished.

One thing I have come to value first hand is the power of intergenerational friendships among our men. Our older men should be encouraged to realize the value they bring in their conversations with younger men. The elders among us may not realize the hunger there is in the hearts of younger men for friends and mentors.

We live in times of great opportunity and opportunities are often fraught with challenges. Only a naïve young man would plunge headlong into a new marriage, job or child rearing and not sense some risk of failure. Often a peer does not have the wisdom of experience to provide just the right word in a time of need. What is needed is a trusted older friend.

Older men have suffered crisis or loss and have seen God's grace on the "other side". They have taken the small daily steps to get through a difficult time until God did bring His perspective. Older men have learned to practice the personal discipline, hard work and faithfulness that breed success. Older men have stood with their wives through a miscarriage or other severe tragedy. And older men have learned that true success is accompanied by humility. True success does not breed arrogance because a wise older man knows his success came by the mercy of God after much hard work.

I applaud the desires I have heard this summer among our men. One younger man told an older man in my presence, "When I grow up, I want to be just like you!" What a tribute! Others have realized that our time together is precious and are working to spend more time together. There is a spirit of camaraderie and care developing among us and I praise God for it.

When our visitors from Alaska Christian College learned of our upcoming work day, they offered to bring some of their young men to help us. We expect to have good participation from our own church. This may be an opportunity to befriend a younger man. Hope to see you here!

## *WON'T YOU PRAY*

As the KCC Newsletter went to press, President Bush was very seriously weighing all the options the United States should pursue in response to Iraq and Saddam Hussain. One of the options may very well involve our military. On Nov. 2 Stewart Blakeslee, who serves on the U.S.S. Constellation CV64, will be bound for the Persian Gulf. On his return trip home, sometime next May, his folks, Dick and Jane Blakeslee, may get to meet him in Hawaii and stay on board the Constellation for the return trip to the mainland. Zachary Morse is in the Navy serving on the U.S.S. Providence, a nuclear submarine. Zach's work has him involved in the nuclear division on board this vessel. He is currently stationed in Groton, CT. Michael Rosser is also in the Navy where he is currently taking basic training as a operations specialist. Shad and Maria Houser are in El Paso, TX. Shad is serving in the Army currently pursuing a medical degree. He is a nurse in the El Paso medical center, and beginning in January, 2003 he will be receiving training as a R.N. and ultimately will become a P.A. and hopefully a full-fledged medical doctor. Tucker (YJ) Mattox, son of Rod & Leila Mattox, serves in the Navy, stationed at Camp Lejeune, NC. Tucker is a dental technician at a dental facility on base.

Won't you please pray for our military—these are the men and women who serve to protect us and our freedoms we so very much enjoy here in the U.S.

**There are many other needs in our church and community too, while not a comprehensive list, won't you include in your prayers the following:**

***Our Missionaries*** - they are listed later in this Newsletter, won't you pray for each one

***Zeta Bird*** - as she continues to recover from a stroke

***Ed Borden*** - Ed is active with the local dog racing folks as well as search and rescue. He recently was diagnosed with cancer which resulted in the bones of his spine becoming very weak, to the point where he suffered a fractured spine. He received both chemotherapy and radiation in Anchorage and is now recovering in CPGH. At this point, the outlook is not real positive, not necessarily life threatening, but it is unknown how much his spine will be able to recover from the effects of the cancer.

***Grandma & Grandpa McGarry:*** for their health

***Pastor Paul & Sheila:*** for the burdens they bear each and every day

***Sonny VanZyle:*** for her health

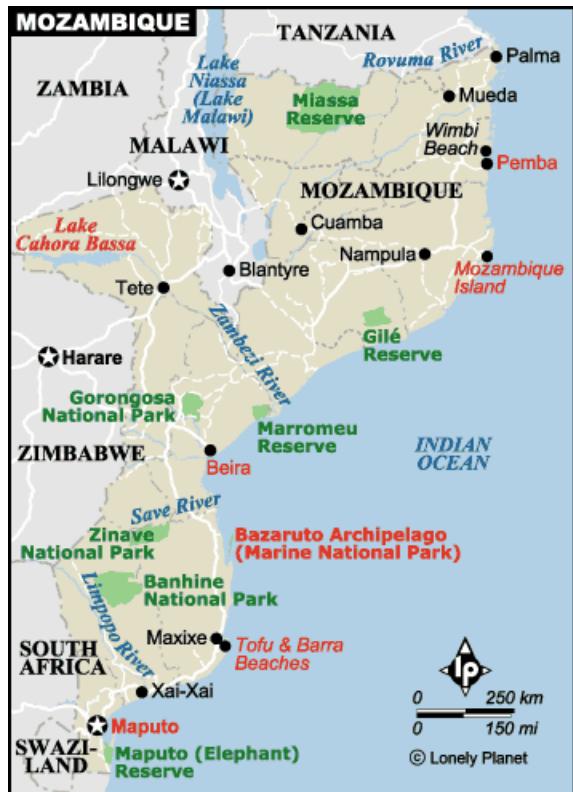
***Alicia Corner:*** for her health

## Dear Pastor Paul and Kasilof Church Family,

My dear mother wrote to ask if the roads in Ntete were paved? That made me realize just how little I've communicated about where I am, if my mother, who I write faithfully, didn't know. I'm currently teaching in the village of Ntete where about 2,000 people live in their mud houses with thatched roofs, and where there are dirt paths between the houses with a dirt track meandering through corn fields to a larger dirt road about 20 minutes away. So, no, there are no paved roads within a 2 hour drive. The people speak Makwua-Meeto and are part of about a million speakers of that language. Two Wycliffe families are now working to get the New Testament and portions of the Old Testament translated into this language. I've worked with John and Susan Iseminger (American/Canadian) and their 4 children since I started itinerating in Mozambique 8 years ago. Later I taught B.G. and Evvie Cider's 3 children in Pemba. They are Swedish folk. The Ciders have now teamed up with the Isemingers, with the Isemingers working with Mozambicans to translate the Bible, and B.G. and Evvie working on the literacy and Scripture use side of things.

And I? I'm making sure their kids grow up with an education. Of course the parents are the real educators as they have the kids more than I do. I have taught children from 7 families in 5 locations, spending 6 to 8 weeks with each, teaching their kids when I'm there, and providing books, helps, and moral support along the way.

I've been burdened to help Christian Mozambicans get better educated and have used the money you and others have sent to me for this purpose. Thus far 2 men, Ali and Pihali, and one of their wives have completed a 3 year Bible school program. Ali will be pastoring a church in Montepuez, while Pihali will be one of the key translators working with John Iseminger here in this area.



Jose and Cristina Nsuca are in their 3rd year in a Baptist seminary in Zimbabwe. They have one more year to go and then they will be starting a nondenominational Bible school in Pemba. They have already purchased some land for this purpose. God has recently provided the means for them to get a computer and printer as well.

Joao Paulino has begun a 5 year course in administration. He has been a chemistry teacher in a secondary school in Pemba and will now study to prepare for being an administrator in the education department. He is having to move to Beira with his family to study at the Catholic University there. His yearly tuition costs are only \$700. Can you imagine! His wife will teach Portuguese in an elementary school to provide their living expenses, but he will need help in financing a house. I'm hoping that he'll be able to buy one for about \$600. Yes, believe it or not that is possible.

Mino has just begun a medical course at the Catholic University in Beira. He is fresh out of high school and is still single. Both he and Joao and his family were in the same church I attended in Pemba. Tuition for a medical degree is only \$1,000 a year. He will be living with Joao and his family, I think. The last word I received was that they were still looking for a house while staying with friends.

I wanted to inform you of how the Lord has led me to use the money you have provided monthly. Thank you for the privilege of sharing with these worthy Christian people. Never would they have been able to afford to go to these schools, as inexpensive as they seem to us.

I have appreciated your prayer support over the years, more than you will ever know.

My love to you all,  
Peggy Dancy  
teaching with Wycliffe Bible Translators in the north of Mozambique

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### **Kasilof Community Church Missions Program**

Peggy Dancy: Mozambique

Wayne & Elena Leman: Montana

Ted & Val McKenney: Solid Rock

Solid Rock Bible Camp

Tim & Barb Woods: Mexico

Ken & Lesa Stark: Calgary

Jacob & Jenn Barkman: Solid Rock

## **2002 Lady Skyview Volleyball Schedule**

| Date          | Teams    | Match                     | Time     |
|---------------|----------|---------------------------|----------|
| Aug 23-24     | JV, V    | Homer Jamboree            | TBA      |
| Aug 30-31     | V        | Chugiak Invite            | TBA      |
| Sep. 3        | C, JV, V | @ SoHi                    | 3:30     |
| Sep. 6        | JV, V    | Kodiak @ Skyview          | 4:15     |
| Sep. 12       | C, JV, V | Kenai @ Skyview           | 3:00     |
| Sep. 13       | C, JV, V | Homer @ Skyview           | 3:00     |
| Sep. 17       | JV, V    | @ Nikiski                 | 3:30     |
| Sep. 20       | C, JV, V | @ Homer                   | 3:30     |
| Sep. 24       | C, JV, V | Seward @ Skyview          | 3:00     |
| Sep. 27-28    | V        | Homer Peninsula Challenge | TBA      |
| Oct. 3        | C, JV, V | @ Kenai                   | 3:00     |
| Oct. 4-5      | V        | @ West Spiketacular       | TBA      |
| Oct. 4-5      | JV       | @ Homer Spike Fest        | TBA      |
| Oct. 8        | JV       | Nikiski @ Skyview         | 5:30     |
| Oct. 11-12    | V        | @ Grace Invite            | TBA      |
| Oct. 15       | C        | @ Nikiski                 | 5:00     |
| Oct. 18-19    | V, JV    | @ Dimond/Service Tourney  | TBA      |
| Oct. 25       | C, JV, V | @ Colony                  | 3:30     |
| Oct. 26       | C, JV, V | @ Palmer                  | 10:00 AM |
| Nov. 1        | C, JV, V | SoHi @ Skyview            | 3:00     |
| Nov. 2        | C, JV, V | Wasilla @ Skyview         | 10:00 AM |
| Nov. 7-8-9    | V        | Region 4A @ Skyview       | TBA      |
| Nov. 14-15-16 | V        | STATE @ West Anchorage    | TBA      |

## KCC BLOOD DRIVE BIG SUCCESS

On Saturday, September 21 our church was the site of a blood drive for the Blood Bank of Alaska. This was the first time we have done this at our church, but hopefully it won't be the last. Approximately 14 people showed up from the community to give blood.

Here is a message from the blood bank. "You have just completed an important act by donating the "Gift of Life" to restore someone's health. On behalf of a grateful patient, please accept our heartfelt thanks."



*If you are going to live for the service of your fellowmen, you will certainly be pierced through with many sorrows, for you will meet with more base ingratitude from your fellowmen than you would from a dog. You will meet with unkindness and two-facedness, and if your motive is love for your fellowmen, you will be exhausted in the battle of life. But if the mainspring of your service is love for God, no ingratitude, no sin, no devil, no angel, can hinder you from serving your fellowmen, no matter how they treat you. You can love your neighbor as yourself, not from pity, but from the true centering of yourself in God.*

**OSWALD CHAMBERS (1874–1917)**

## *The Hound of Heaven*

*Submitted by Helen Tirrell*

by

**Francis Thompson (1859-1907)**

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
And shot, precipitated,  
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
But with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat--and a Voice beat  
More instant than the Feet--  
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
Trellised with intertwining charities  
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,  
Yet was I sore adread  
Lest having Him, I must have naught beside);  
But if one little casement parted wide,  
The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
Across the margent of the world I fled,  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;  
Fretted to dulcet jars  
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.  
I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;  
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over

From this tremendous Lover!  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!  
I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue;  
Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet--  
Still with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
Came on the following Feet,  
And a Voice above their beat--  
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
In face of man or maid;  
But still within the little children's eyes  
Seems something, something that replies;  
*They* at least are for me, surely for me!  
I turned me to them very wistfully;  
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
With dawning answers there,  
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's--share  
With me," said I, "your delicate fellowship;  
Let me greet you lip to lip,  
Let me twine with you caresses,  
Wantoning  
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses'  
Banqueting  
With her in her wind-walled palace,  
Underneath her azured dais,  
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
From a chalice  
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

So it was done;  
*I* in their delicate fellowship was one--  
Drew the bolt of Nature's secracies.  
I knew all the swift importings  
On the wilful face of skies;  
I knew how the clouds arise  
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;  
All that's born or dies  
Rose and drooped with--made them shapers  
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine--  
With them joyed and was bereaven.  
I was heavy with the even,  
When she lit her glimmering tapers  
Round the day's dead sanctities.  
I laughed in the morning's eyes.  
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,  
Heaven and I wept together,  
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;  
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
I laid my own to beat,  
And share commingling heat;  
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.  
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.  
For ah! we know not what each other says,  
These things and I; in sound *I* speak--  
*Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.  
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;  
Let her, if she would owe me,  
Drop yon blue blossom-veil of sky, and show me  
The breasts of her tenderness;  
Never did any milk of hers once bless  
My thirsting mouth.  
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,  
With unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instance;  
And past those noisèd Feet  
A voice comes yet more fleet--  
"Lo naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."  
  
Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!  
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knee;  
I am defenseless utterly.  
I slept, methinks, and woke,  
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,  
I shook the pillaring hours  
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,  
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years--  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.  
Yea, faileth now even dream  
The dreamer, and the lute the lutaniest;  
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.  
Ah! is Thy love indeed  
A weed, albeit amaranthine weed,  
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?  
Ah! must--  
Designer infinite!--

Ah! must Thou clear the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?  
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;  
And now my heart is a broken fount,  
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever  
From the dank thoughts that shiver  
Upon the sightful branches of my mind.  
Such is; what is to be?  
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?  
I dimly guess what Time in mist confounds;  
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of Eternity;  
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
But not ere him who summoneth  
I first have seen, enwound  
With blooming robes, purpureal, cypress-crowned;  
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields  
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields  
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit  
Comes on at hand the bruit;  
**That Voice** is round me like a bursting sea:  
    "And is thy earth so marred,  
        Shattered in shard on shard?  
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!  
    Strange, piteous, futile thing,  
        Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
Seeing none but I makes much of naught," He said,  
    "And human love needs human meriting,  
        How hast thou merited--  
Of all man's clotted clay rhe dingiest clot?  
    Alack, thou knowest not  
        How little worthy of any love thou art!  
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee  
    Save Me, save only Me?  
All which I took from thee I did but take,  
    Not for thy harms.  
But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.  
    All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for the at home;  
    Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall;  
    Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
    "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
        I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

*Francis Thompson (1859-1907)*

## THE DEACONESS CORNER

The Deaconesses of Kasilof Community Church would like to welcome you to “The Deaconess Corner,” a place where you all are invited to “take your shoes off and stay awhile.” They would like to use this as a forum to help keep you informed about needs of the body and let you know how you can become even more involved in the various ministries of KCC. Thank-you in advance from the deaconesses:

Cheryl Morse  
Peggy McGarry  
Jane Blakeslee  
Debby Pearson

Sharon Knowlton  
Sue Evanson  
Eleanor Butler

### NEEDS

1. We have a very important need and an even more wonderful opportunity for those of you who have a desire to help brighten other people’s lives. We have numerous home-bound people in our community who would benefit very much from a home visit. If you have a passion (gift) for visiting home-bound people, please call the church office or one of the deaconesses to find out how you can help with this important need.
2. We also need a teacher for 3& 4 year-olds during the junior church hour. Currently, these children are in the nursery and this would free up room there and also allow nursery workers to give more time to the younger-aged children there. If you would like more information about this, please call the church office or contact one of the deaconesses.
3. So far, we have been able to purchase quite a few new padded chairs for the church. Thank-you to everyone who has helped with a donation. We would still like to get a few more chairs, their cost is \$20 each. If you would like to help with this need, any donation you make would be very much appreciated.
4. The second Sunday of every month has been Potluck Sunday at KCC for as long as most of us can remember. The deaconess would like to encourage you to think about bringing a dish to the next potluck - we have lot of new people who have come to potluck and this would be a wonderful opportunity for you to meet a new friend. Our next Potluck is Oct 13<sup>th</sup>, see you then?

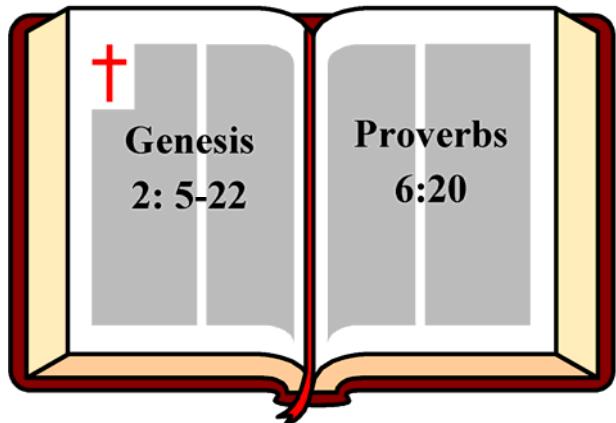
## Art Thou?

The Bible is both simple and complex. Simple, because the most important concepts can be grasped by fishers, farmers, and children. Complex, because the Bible can challenge the hoary heads and craggy minds of the best thinkers that ever thunk their teeth into it.

Most of the time we examine Scripture for content. That is we're content to read the words and look for understanding. And a profitable business that is.

There is however at least one other way to look at Scripture. That is as art. Very much of the Bible was written not for literary content alone, but also for artistic content. Lets look at some examples.

Psalm 119 has lots of profitable things to say. We may read them and gain understanding. But don't stop there. The whole psalm is an acrostic poem. By some organization of words, each stanza starts with progressive letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Not that I know much about the Hebrew alphabet, my only point is that the Bible was not written for content alone, but also for beauty.



Now look at Genesis 2: 5 – 22. See how the words all line up in normal paragraph style? This section is not poetry. Just good content. Poets, you see, work art into their message, and translators cue us in by indentions. Go ahead. Flick through the Bible and note how much poetry there is. Certainly more in the Old Testament than the New.

There are several styles of poetry presented. As already mentioned, there are a number of acrostic poems. There are also parallel statements and opposite statements. Look at

Proverbs 6:20:      *“My son, keep your father’s commands  
and do not forsake your mother’s teaching.”*

That is a parallel statement. Those two lines have similar meaning. So do the next two.

*“Bind them upon your heart forever;  
fasten them around your neck.”*

Another style is to make use of opposites. Proverbs 15:1

*“A gentle answer turns away wrath,  
but a harsh word stirs up anger.”*

Instead of making the second line parallel, the author has emphasized the meaning by making the second line opposite the first. There are also numerous uses of meter in scripture. Considering the translation into English, meter is a little more complicated, but the folks who study that kind of thing say it exists.

A real smart guy named Dante once lived. He said, ‘Poetry is things that are true expressed in words that are beautiful.’ The Bible is the epitome of True Beauty.

by *Brent Johnson*

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**Question 11:** Melchisedek [Ref: Hebrews 7]

**Question 12:** Samson [Ref: Judges 15]

**Question 13:** Ants, conies (badgers), locusts, and spiders [Ref: Proverbs 30]

**Question 14:** Ahaz [Ref: 2Kings 16]

**Question 15:** Although not named in the New Testament, tradition names the two thieves crucified at the same time as Jesus as Dismas and Gestas.

## BIBLE TRIVIA

*Test your knowledge and your brain cells by answering questions 1-10 - answers are on page 24. If you get nine or more right, try questions 11-15 and check on page 15 for the answers. Alright, even if you don't get nine or more right from the first ten, try them all.*

Q1: Paul the Apostle was born in what city?

Q2: What was the name of Timothy's mother?

Q3: To whom was the following spoken? "Go near and join thyself to this chariot."

Q4: What was the name of Aquila's wife?

Q5: What was the name of the centurian from Caesarea who was part of the Italian band?

Q6: God opened the mouth of a donkey and the donkey spoke to \_\_\_\_\_.

Q7: "At midnight \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them."

Q8: Who said, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again"?

Q9: What was the name of the man who carried the cross for Jesus?

Q10: Who cast down his rod before Pharoah and the rod became a serpent?

Q11: What Bible character had neither a father nor mother, is mentioned eleven times in Scripture, was not born and did not die?

Q12: What person in the Bible set fire to 300 foxes' tails?

Q13: The book of Proverbs lists four creatures that are small but exceedingly wise. What are these four creatures?

Q14: What Bible character burned his son alive as a sacrifice?

Q15: What were the names of the two thieves crucified with Jesus?

## WORLD RELIGION TRIVIA

*Are you feeling pretty good about how well you did on Bible Trivia, well, try these questions—the answers can be found on page 25 - good luck.*

**Question 1:** In the practice of 'YOGA' there is one form that believes the pathway to God is found through the intellect. This form of yoga is known as?

- A. Bhakti      B. Raja  
C. Jnana      D. Karma

**Question 2:** The author of 'Summa Theologica' is?

- A. St. Thomas Aquinas    B. St. Thomas Becket  
C. Thomas Kempis      D. St. Augustine

**Question 3:** In 1875 the 'Theosophical Society' was founded by which of the following?

- A. Madame Bolsky      B. Madame Blavatsky  
C. Madame Rustokov    D. Claire Booth Luce

**Question 4:** The ancient city of Samaria was built by which of the following?

- A. Omar Kiam      B. Marco Polo  
C. Onesimus      D. Omari

**Question 5:** When Buddha was asked 'Are you a God,' he replied, 'no.' Asked if he was 'an Angel,' he replied, 'no.' Asked if he was 'a Saint,' he replied, 'no.' When he was asked, 'Then what are you,' he replied?

- A. I am Eternal.      B. I am a Spirit.  
C. I am awake.      D. I am the Buddha.

**Question 6:** According to Buddha, one may overcome the egoistic drive of self-seeking by

following what?

- A. The Still, Small Voice    B. The Analects  
C. The Four Noble Truths  
D. The Eightfold Path

**Question 7:** The founder of Taoism is Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu can be translated as which of the following?

- A. The Old Boy      B. The Kind Servant  
C. The Gentle Spirit    D. The True Way

**Question 8:** The supreme judicial body in the Jewish state from the early 3rd century B.C. to its destruction in 70 A.D by the Romans was known as?

- A. Sanctus      B. Sanhedrin  
C. Jagganath      D. Trisagion

**Question 9:** Which of the following was an early Christian symbol that pointed the way to secret underground meetings for the followers of Christ?

- A. The Fish      B. The Cross  
C. The Lamb      D. The Dove

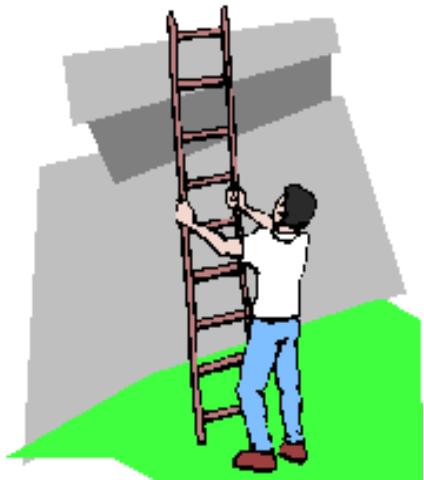
**Question 10:** Which of the following do Muslims believe about Jesus?

- A. He was God in the Flesh  
B. He was born of the Virgin Mary  
C. He was a prophet greater than Muhammed  
D. He was born in Mecca

**Dear Ann Landers:**

Because I received a severe blow to my head this past weekend, it is altogether possible that my thinking process may have been altered, so I am writing for your advice. The events of the following story are true, the names of those mentioned have not changed, and the details have not been altered, or at least not as far as I can remember.

Living in a small community provides one with a lot of opportunities to develop close friendships with your country neighbors. Therefore, when I was asked if I might help put up some siding on St. Arnie's house, I was only too glad to oblige. For the most part, it was a very productive day and I enjoyed the camaraderie of being around good friends. I should have realized that Murphy was lurking, waiting for his chance to strike.



We were getting pretty close to calling it a day, with only a couple of pieces of siding left to apply. This required three of us to do, me laying on the roof holding the siding on the gable end of the house, and St. Arnie and Pastor Paul on ladders nailing the siding in place. After getting the siding all lined up and a couple of nails in place, it was time to climb off the roof. Because this was a two-story house, the easiest way to access the main roof was from a porch roof that abutted the front side of the house. So, there was a ladder from the ground to the porch roof and a ladder from the porch roof to the main roof. As I was climbing off the main roof to get to the porch roof, a minor change in plans occurred. I guess I decided to bypass the porch roof and just head for ground level.

The details of what happened next are not entirely clear, but the results are unquestionably understood. As I stepped off the main roof, the base of the aluminum ladder, which was on the pitched porch roof, must have slipped, tossing me out into space. I have spent a lot of time trying to imagine what must have happened, because I remember none of this. There were children at play and they heard the noise of the ladder, but they are unsure if I hit the porch roof on the way down or not. But, I did hit the ground, and hit it hard enough to knock me unconscious. The distance from the top of the ladder to

the ground was approximately 20 ft.

St. Arnie and Pastor Paul heard the commotion and called my name - when I didn't answer, they hurriedly climbed down from the ladders they were on and came around to the front side of the house, where they found me laying in a contorted position on top of some cardboard boxes of siding. A check of my condition revealed I was unconscious and not breathing. Fearing paralysis, they did not want to move me, but they had no choice. They rolled me off the boxes and onto my back, this movement resulted in me beginning to breathe again. It is possible that my tongue may have been obstructing my airway or perhaps I was just unconsciously holding my breath trying to fake them out; nevertheless I rejoined the world of the living. It was also evident at this time that I had a head wound as blood was oozing from my scalp. Lynn Nelson called 911 to report the need for an ambulance and then she called Lea to let her know what happened. I came to learn later on that these were not easy calls to make.

Arnie was now kneeling at my head holding it in place, still fearing paralysis. It was not too long before I "woke-up" and began asking questions about what happened. I still do not remember this, or at least not all of it. I am told that St. Arnie explained what happened, but that I repeatedly kept asking him, "what happened?" My memory of all these events is very sketchy. I remember little pieces here and there, but there are some pretty significant gaps where I don't recall a thing. For example, I remember looking up into Arnies eyes and feeling him holding my head. I kind of remember Lea being there, but I don't remember looking into her face; perhaps the look of fear or the look of "Pat, why again" affected my memory. The next thing I kind of remember is being loaded into the ambulance, but I don't remember the sirens of the ambulance or being put onto the backboard or any of the conversations that took place during this process. I remember a little bit more about the ambulance ride to town, but not all of it. Mostly, I remember asking the ambulance attendant if he thought I was paralyzed or not.

The ambulance transported me to Central Peninsula General Hospital. The first person I can remember seeing real clearly was the X-Ray technician. **SHE** tells me they need to take a really close look at my brain to see if there is any damage, all the while smirking. She also tells me that this won't take too long. Ha, I'm still on a backboard held down like a piece of fish in a vacuum sealed bag. Have you ever heard of a CT scan not taking long? After that little set of polaroids, it was back to the x-ray room where I was assigned a new care-taker. On about the 38th picture (no exaggeration), **SHE** was told by me that the room was spinning and I was going down. It did, I did, and a few min-

utes later I came back to life (second time now) while lying on the floor of the x-ray room. This time, two **women** were attending me saying things like, "boy, we got a real winner this time." Next, I got wheeled down to the E.R. where another "**EVE**" took over my care. "Mr. Shields," she says, "We have to clean your head wound before stitching it up." "OK," I say, "but why do you have to use the same utensil I use to clean my BBQ grill?" I know I heard sinister laughter through all the scraping noise.



Ah, but then it was off to my room for the night. They dump me in my bed and two nurses came in and introduced themselves. The first one says, "Hi, my name is Sue." The one beside her says, "Hi, my name is Sue." Oh great, a Johnny Cash nightmare is coming, I just know it. So, all night long, on the hour, Sue #1 shines a 2000-watt flashlight in my eyes to see if my pupils would respond. I still wonder what a pupil is supposed to do when it is exposed to the rays of the sun. After that, Sue #2 steps up with some device they call a blood pressure machine. I call it the "cuff of death." They velcro a strap to your arm and then walk out of the room and wait until your arm floats above the bed (about their eye level). I believe they determine what your b.p. is by counting how many little vessels burst and how far they spray. For example 120/80 means that 120 vessels popped and the furthest spray was 80 feet. Sue and Sue then leave, only to return in 59 minutes to do it all over again. By morning, I had some pretty low blood pressure - BECAUSE I HAD NO MORE VESSELS TO POP AND NO MORE BLOOD TO SPRAY.

Not to worry though, the doctor would see me in the morning and I could go home. At about noon, Doctor Katie Sheridan comes to my rescue. **SHE** is not amused when I crawl under my bed and start screaming, "no mas, no mas, no mas." Miss Landers, in case you don't ever watch boxing, this was a famous surrender screamed out by Roberto Duran in a fight where he was tired of being pummeled by Sugar Ray Leonard.

Doctor Sheridan asked all the regular questions, like how stupid can you be to fall off a ladder, and how far were you dropped at delivery, and weren't you just in our hospital about a year ago for some other real STUPID accident Mr. Shields?

The good doctor released me to go home, but before they could get Granny from the Beverly Hillbilly's to wheel me out of there, I had already sprinted past the entire staff

and was locked up in the car. "I'm free, I'm free," I shouted. However, when I looked over at the driver, my glee turned to instant fear. My dear wife was gripping the steering wheel telling me to hang on. I don't remember much about my fall and this particular ride home was about the same. I think I recall hearing Lea mumble something about being stupid, my husband, stupid, how could I marry someone, stupid, if you had brains, no more knives, antlers, hammers, ladders, stupid, stupid, stupid . . .

I don't know what my bride gave me (they were green, red, yellow, orange, brown, white, and purple), but I slept like a rock. I awoke this morning and checked our email. There was a brief message from one our secretaries at work (I used to think of her as a nice lady). . . . It starts out, YOU STUPID @#\$.%

My analysis of all this is that at the age of 10 I should have never cut the heads off all my little sister's Barbie dolls. What do you think Miss Landers?

Signed: Why do women scare me so badly?

---

### **What do rats and bats have in common?**

Besides enjoying nighttime feedings, they seem to delight in surprising unsuspecting persons in their homes! But how do unsuspecting persons deal with them? Rats call for extermination while bats are given their freedom, after all this type eats insects including the dreaded malaria carrying mosquito.

Recipe for exterminating a rat: Call in 2 Mozambican neighbors (males take to this with more a plumb than females) and one child (son of missionary family, as sons seem more openminded than daughters for such pursuits). Scare the rat into the open while one quick-handed neighbor grabs it by the tail and hits it on to the concrete floor. End of rat.

Recipe for removing a bat trapped in unsuspecting person's room for 2 nights. Enter one missionary Dad, who happened to be away during the rat episode, carrying a ladder, lidded container, and a machete. Be sure it is midday and the bat is sleeping. Climb the ladder to uncompleted ceiling, being careful to step near the middle of the planks that are not nailed down and are therefore quite wobbly, and look in likely places. Have the unsuspecting person, in this case the teacher lady, praying down below that her 'finder angel' will help said Dad to find the bat. He does! Carefully cover bat with can and use the machete to scrap the little dear away from where it's attached. Put lid on container and descend to floor below to receive many thanks for successful retrieval. Wait until nightfall and let bat fly off to freedom, enabling said teacher lady to sleep soundly.

**Taken from "True Life Stories" by Peggy Dancy**

## **Hallelujah! Salvation and Power and Glory Belong to Our God!**

(Rev. 19:1)

“All nations whom You have made shall come and worship before You, O Lord; and they shall glorify Your name.” Psalm 86:9

“We...worship in the Spirit of God and glory in Christ Jesus...” Phil 3:3

God has been teaching me some amazing things about Himself lately. I feel like I’m on this huge learning curve and it is so incredible to be allowed to look into these things! I went away two years ago and saw the nations. What a profound experience that was. I don’t know what my life will be, but I’m learning that it isn’t about what my life will be or where I go. It is about HIS glory. God is interested in making His name famous.

Much of what God is teaching me has come through a course I’m taking called “Perspectives on the World Christian Movement.” I’ll be quoting from articles found in the book *Perspectives on the World Christian Movement: A Reader*. It’s been kind of fun at my house (I’m living with David & Robbie). As I’ve been sitting at the dining room table reading these articles I periodically read something that shakes up my thinking in a profound way. At that point I take the monster *Reader* and go track down whoever happens to be home (usually Robbie) and read the striking quote to her. Then she goes back to sewing and I go back to studying, pondering this new insight into the character of God and our relationship to Him and His purpose in the world.

Steve Hawthorne, in his article “The Story of His Glory,” states,

The Hebrew word for glory is a word meaning weight, substance, and at the same time, brilliance or radiant beauty. To glorify someone is to recognize their intrinsic worth and beauty, and to speak of that feature in a public way. To glorify God is to praise or to speak of Him openly and truthfully.

Wow! We know that God wants to be glorified and to do this we must recognize His intrinsic worth and beauty and talk about it!!

Further down in the article Hawthorne highlights the Hebrews’ Exodus from Egypt as a situation in which God had determined to make His name known among the nations and the Hebrews got confused about what God was really doing.

Perhaps many of the Hebrews made the same mistake [as Pharoah]. How many of them may have thought that the plans to worship God in the wilderness were but a ruse to dupe the authorities? Is it any wonder then that many of them remained fixated on matters of comfort, diet, safety and entertainment? They were slow to comprehend that in

their escape, God had a purpose for Himself in the sight of the nations. *They had turned salvation inside out: They seriously thought that their rescue was the predominate concern of God. Instead, God was orchestrating a powerful plan to draw the attention of the nations to Himself.*

This thought has captured me! God's command to Pharoah wasn't just "Let my people go!" It was "Let my people go, that they may worship Me!" The point of their salvation was worship for God! I have made the same mistake as the Hebrews. I have thought of my salvation as being the purpose, the central focus of what Jesus did on the cross...indeed, of what God has been doing since the beginning of history. God didn't save me for salvation's sake, He saved me so that *I might worship Him!* (Incidentally, the Hebrews' preoccupation with "comfort, diet, safety and entertainment" seems a lot like mine when I don't focus on the purpose for which I have been saved.)

This is the great "So what." God desires His church to be holy not for holiness' sake, but for His name's sake. He does not desire mission for mission's sake. It is about His reputation in the world, it is about His fame, it is about His glory and it is about Him receiving the worship that is due Him.

John Piper, in his book *Let the Nations Be Glad*, addresses the issue of God's worship and missions in a particularly clear way.

You can't commend what you don't cherish. Missionaries will never call out, "Let the nations be glad!" who cannot say from the heart, "I rejoice in the Lord...I will be glad and exult in thee, I will sing praise to thy name, O Most High" (Ps 104:34; 9:2). Missions begins and ends in worship...Where passion for God is weak, zeal for missions will be weak.

I am reminded that we are all missionaries. We are on a mission, God's mission. Whether or not I live in Croatia, Europe, Africa or Alaska, where my passion for God is weak, my zeal for making His name known among the nations (that's Kasilof, too) will be weak.

I think Ezekiel 36:22-23 sums up God's focus on His own glory. "It is not for your sake, O house of Israel that I am about to act, but for My holy name, which you have profaned among the nations where you went. And I will vindicate the holiness of My great name which has been profaned among the nations, which you have profaned in their midst. Then the nations will know that I am the Lord," declares the Lord God, "when I prove Myself holy among you in their sight."

*by Leah Dubber*

## BIBLE TRIVIA ANSWERS (questions found on page 16)

Question 1: Tarsus (Acts 9)  
Ref: Acts 9

Question 2: Eunice  
Ref: 2 Timothy 1

Question 3: Philip  
Ref: Acts 8

Question 4: Priscilla  
Ref: Acts 18

Question 5: Cornelius  
Ref: Acts 10

Question 6: Balaam  
Ref: Numbers 22

Question 7: Paul and Silas  
Ref: Acts 16

Question 8: Peter  
Ref: 2 Peter 2

Question 9: Simon the Cyrene  
Ref: Matthew 27

Question 10: Aaron  
Ref: Exodus 7

### AFTER EDEN

by Dan Letha

And after millions of years of mutations,  
mass extinctions, devastating diseases and violent  
death,



On this night, little Shelly didn't sleep

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O Man, That's Ol' lady Crawford . . .  
Legend has it that she used to rule  
praise and worship music time.

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## **World Religion Trivia Answers (questions found on page 17)**

**Question 1:** The correct answer is Jnana.

Those who practice this form of yoga believe that oneness with God is attained through knowledge. 22% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 2:** The correct answer is St. Thomas Aquinas.

Written between 1267-1273 the 'Summa Theologica' contains principals of Christian truths. 66% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 3:** The correct answer is Madame Blavatsky.

A system based on the notion of divine wisdom, the society was founded by the Russian, Madame Blavatsky. 48% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 4:** The correct answer is Omari.

Omari, King of Israel, built Samaria during the 9th century B.C. (I Kings 16:24). 31% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 5:** The correct answer is I am awake..

Since he had achieved 'Enlightenment,' he replied, 'I am awake.' 58% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 6:** The correct answer is The Eightfold Path.

The eightfold path intends to remake the person and thus create a new being who is cured of the ego and self-serving drive that debilitates. 57% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 7:** The correct answer is The Old Boy.

Also translated as 'the old fellow,' and 'the grand old master.' 16% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 8:** The correct answer is the Sanhedrin.

Actually there were two {Sanhedrins;} one dealt with the administration of justice and the other with religious matters. 66% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 9:** The correct answer is the fish.

The fish head would point in the direction of the meeting place. 81% of players have answered correctly.

**Question 10:** The correct answer is that he was born of the Virgin Mary.

Muslims believe many things about Jesus. Of the above choices however, it's that he was born of the Virgin Mary. 59% of players have answered correctly.

The average score for this quiz: 5/10

For more trivia see: <http://www.funtrivia.com/dir/121.html>

## LEGENDS OF THE DRAW

By Sally Dubber

Pictionary is a game of great fame  
Some say it's lame, but it's to their shame  
If it's all the same... I say they're insane.

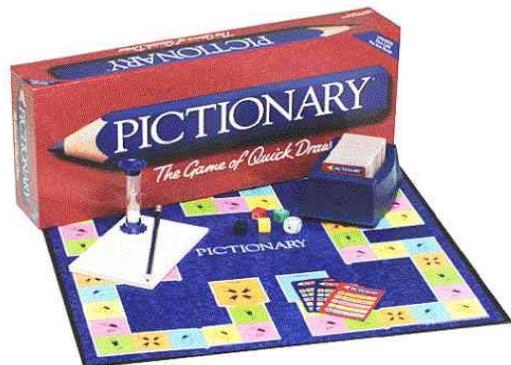
Many Pictionary names have been circulated  
But none were so celebrated  
As two unbeatable sisters  
Who drew so fast sometimes they got blisters.

Observers were amazed by what they saw  
The sisters could communicate and whoa,  
could they draw  
Environment, Hollywood, Reflection, and Law  
They bar none guessed the best and left all in  
awe.

Some alleged an abnormal link  
Before you could think one would guess zinc!  
Smack talk "Rat fink"!  
Stars appeared when they landed on pink  
All on board knew they were jinxed.

All Play their forte undeniably so  
They knew how mo slow the competition  
would go.  
The sisters had a surefire fast, fluid flow  
Rivals prepared for an inevitable blow.

Some believed they could be beat  
But left every game heads hanging in defeat  
As they hit the street, face covered in sleet  
Their arrogant feet slapped the concrete.  
Their mission sadly left incomplete.



No jest, they were the best in the North, North-west  
They proved prowess at every Pictionary fest  
The two had such zest no one dared to mess  
In most games, simply no contest.

Long has their legend been living and growing  
Some disbelieve, others confidently knowing  
Some claim farce, tall tale, others truth  
To solve this mystery may take a bona fide  
sleuth.

You may think you're the one to set the  
crooked tale straight  
But consider this story before your next  
Pictionary date  
Be sure to recall this astonishing account  
Intently look around the table before a rally  
you mount.

The sisters may be there to prove history true  
And if they are there they'll draw the socks off  
you  
But don't be discouraged, don't be dismayed  
You'll lose the game, but it's with legends  
you've played.

## THE ROOM

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features save for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endlessly in either direction, had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I Have Liked". I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one.

And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match.

A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching. A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I Have Betrayed".

The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read", "Lies I Have Told", "Comfort I Have Given", "Jokes I Have Laughed At". Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've Yelled at My Brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have muttered Under My Breath at My Parents". I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped.

I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my 16 years to write each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "Songs I Have Listened To", I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of music, but more by the vast amount of time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts", I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded.

An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: "No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In an insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it.

Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With". The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that the hurt started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key.

But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him. No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one?

Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me.

Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.

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**Special Note:** if you will navigate to the website below you can read about this story in more detail. It seems that a very honest, yet serious email-rumor was initiated regarding "The Room." A young man by the name of Brian Moore was tragically killed after surviving an automobile accident, but then he stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted. Apparently he had told his parents that he had written this article and even presented it to a Fellowship of Christian Athletes meeting. After his death, his parents were very moved by the article and shared it with others as Brian's. It soon hit the email "trail" and you know how fast these things can spread.

Now the rest of the story. The truth is "The Room" was actually written by speaker and author Joshua Harris and is in his book "I Kissed Dating Goodbye." He says it was something that he put on paper as the result of a dream he had while in Puerto Rico for the 1995 Billy Graham Crusade and was published in his magazine the same year. Joshua Harris told TruthOrFiction.com that he appreciates people getting the facts straight about the origins of "The Room" but is more concerned that people hear the message of the story than knowing who actually wrote it.

<http://www.joshharris.com/theroom/newspaperart.htm>

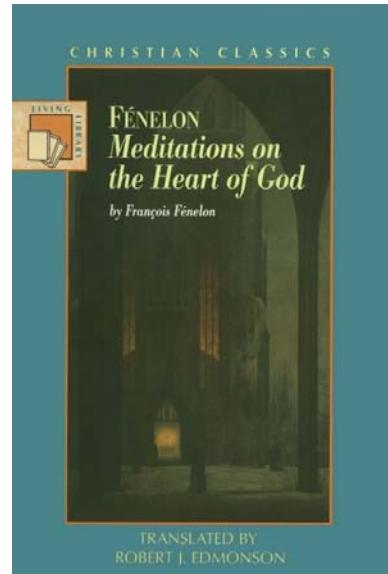
## KCC Mystery Book Reviewer

In 1651 Francois Fenelon was born into a family of minor nobility in France. When he chose to pursue a career in the church, his family's solid reputation opened doors into schools of higher education and choice positions. In time he became tutor to the heir to the throne and was made the Archbishop of Cambrai. But in 1688 Fenelon met a woman whose teachings had a profound effect on his experience of God.

Madame Guyon's doctrine of quietism had begun to make itself known in France. This doctrine taught utter abandonment of oneself to God. At first it was well received - but severe criticism soon followed. Taken to extreme 'utter abandonment' became 'passivity' and some spoke passionately against it.

Fenelon accepted the core of the teaching, saw its flaws and attempted to correct them. When Madam Guyon was imprisoned he chose to stand publicly for the teaching and the woman who had acted as his spiritual mentor.

In the end it cost him his position at court, his reputation and all he had worked for. During his public disgrace, Fenelon followed his own teachings and meekly submitted to his exile from the court. He threw himself into his new life, improving both the physical and spiritual lives of the peasants in the diocese to which he was sent.



Meditations on the Heart of God is a collection of 85 short meditative thoughts from the pen of Fenelon. These were originally published under a variety of names in the early 1700's. The topics are varied but all show a heart that seeks to hear, to see, to know God. You may find these helpful for your own meditation as you go beyond 'having

devotions' and seek to hear, to see and to know God.

'Lord, I do not know what I ought to be asking of you. You are the only One who knows what I need. You love me better than I know how to love myself. O Father! – give your child what I do not know how to ask for myself. I do not dare ask for crosses or for consolation. All I can do is present myself to you.'

'The psalmist does not simply ask God to teach him what His will is – he asks God to teach him to do it!' (Psa 143:10)

*'Martha, Martha! You are anxious and troubled about many things; one thing is needful* (Luke 10:41-42). We think there are a thousand things we should be concerned with, but there is actually only one. If we take care of that one thing, all the others will find themselves done.'

'We have to sow seed in order to gather a harvest. This life is intended for sowing.'

'Think about the crosses He has entrusted to you so that you may become a living sacrifice, because they are the clear signs of His love.'

'Time is precious, but we do not know yet how precious it really is. We will only know when we are no longer able to take advantage of it.'

'To love God means to have no will other than His.'

Meditations on the Heart of God by Francois Fenelon may be purchased at your local Christian Bookstore or from the publisher at [www.paraclete-press.com](http://www.paraclete-press.com).

## DAY-STAR YOUTH MINISTRY UPDATE

Jeff and Molly Aley continue to work with our youth by challenging them to discover truths recorded in the living words of Scripture. Currently, they have embarked upon a study of marriage and are seeking to have our youth discover what God originally intended (and always does expect) regarding the covenant of marriage.



Below you will find four different views on marriage - where do you stand with regards to these positions? What does the Bible say? This is how Daystar Youth Ministry attempts to challenge our youth - by asking them what they believe and then having them defend these positions with Scripture. The conversations can be spirited, for sure, but they are meant to strengthen and build up our youth with our Father's love.

By the way, Daystar Youth Ministry now has its own web page. Why not drop in and take a look at: <http://www.daystaryouth.com>

### **Four Evangelical Views on Divorce and Remarriage**

There are four major views on divorce and remarriage. Before each one is presented, it must be pointed out that all four views agree that marriage is good, that the ideal is life-long marriage, and that divorce is always less-than-ideal. It is important to highlight this at the beginning in order that no view is immediately rejected as having a low view of marriage or a soft view on sin.

Following are the four major views on divorce and remarriage:

**1. No Divorce Under Any Circumstances.** Divorce and remarriage are never permissible. To participate in either one is to commit the sin of adultery. In short, divorce and remarriage are never righteous options, but always sinful, adulterous actions. Death is the only thing which genuinely severs the marital bond. Carl Laney, who advocates this view, describes his position: "I believe Scripture teaches that marriage was designed by God to be permanent unto death, and that divorce and remarriage constitute the sin of adultery."

**2. Divorce, But No Remarriage.** Divorce is permissible in a limited number of extreme cases. Remarriage is never permissible. Although divorce may occasionally be a genuine option, remarriage never is. Like the previous view, remarriage is always considered

a sinful, adulterous action. William Heth, a proponent of this position, writes, "To allow divorce in certain situations is one thing; but to permit remarriage is to sanction an attempt to break the union completely, to reverse what God has done, to put asunder the union that God himself established."

**3. Divorce and Remarriage for Adultery and/or Desertion.** Divorce and remarriage are permissible for two specific reasons--adultery and desertion. An advocate of this position, Craig Keener, succinctly summarizes the essence of this position, "Divorce is to be avoided, but there are certain circumstances under which divorce and remarriage are acceptable." This is the position which the Westminster Confession of Faith maintains.

Adultery or fornication committed after a contract, being detected before marriage, giveth just occasion to the innocent party to dissolve that contract. In the case of adultery after marriage, it is lawful for the innocent party to sue out a divorce: and, after the divorce, to marry another, as if the offending party were dead (Chapter 24, Section V).

Although the corruption of man be such as is apt to study arguments unduly to put asunder those whom God hath joined together in marriage: yet, nothing but adultery, or such willful desertion as can no way be remedied by the church, or civil magistrate, is cause sufficient of dissolving the bond of marriage: wherein, a public and orderly course of proceeding is to be observed; and the persons concerned in it not left to their own wills, and discretion, in their own case. (Chapter 24, Section VI)

**4. Divorce for a Variety of Reasons.** Divorce and remarriage are permissible in any of a number of cases. Exceptions that allow for divorce are expanded beyond the two that the previous position allows--adultery and desertion. Advocates of this view would also allow divorce and remarriage in the case of physical abuse, alcoholism, cruelty, and serious neurotic conditions, among other things.

A brief survey of each view immediately evidences that all the positions can not be true. Many elements of each position are mutually exclusive. Either one, or none, of the above positions is the biblical position. Therefore, there is need for great wisdom and cautious exegesis in developing one's position.

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## **The Testimony of Shari Jones**

*\*This testimony was shared with the Daystar Youth this September, as they studied Marriage from a Scriptural Perspective. After 'Shari' spoke, our youth had a question and answer time with her, and were able to delve deeper into Shari's perspective on marriage. While not denying that Shari was in a difficult situation, all of our youth felt that Shari had departed from the foundation of God's Word as she tried to deal with her marital problems. We offer the following testimony to you to read and discuss within your own family. If you were to counsel Shari, what would YOU say, and what Scriptural reasons would you give for your opinion?*

My name is Shari Jones. Ben and I married fourteen years ago. On my wedding day, I thought I was the happiest woman alive. I suppose most brides feel like that, but even after our first year of marriage, with all the adjusting it brings, we were still "in love." Ben was so romantic back then. In fact, I still have some of the flowers that he gave me, pressed so that I could always remember. If I knew what I know now...

Well, two years into our marriage we had a sweet little girl enter our lives--Melissa Anne. A bit of a surprise, Anthony Paul joined us only fifteen months later. We were overjoyed with the babies, of course, but our two-bedroom house was starting to get crowded. We began looking for a new house the year that Anthony was born.

I think that was when it all started to go downhill. Not to blame it on the house, because that wasn't the actual problem. It was just that during that time, things began to be different between Ben and I. We did find a larger home, but that brought higher house payments, which meant that Ben had to bring in more money. He started working longer hours and I took on a part-time job, my mother watching the kids for us.

It was just like we lost each other. Day by day, he slipped away. I mean, I saw him and all, but it was different. He was exhausted, I was exhausted, but there were still things that needed our attention--our children, housework, lawn-care, bills, and more. Those years are like a blur in my memory. It didn't take long before we felt like we didn't know each other anymore. And he'd come home from work and want to relax, but all I could think about was how much needed to be done--and why was *he* taking a break while I was still working?

Marriage is a 50/50 proposition. You both have to give, or it just won't work. Ben would give when he wanted to, and quit when he wanted to. Meanwhile, I had everything riding on my back. I took care of the family finances, so I'd stress out about whether or not we'd be able to pay the bills that month, while Ben was at the car dealership, thinking about trading in one of our cars for a newer model!

In all fairness, he'd complain about me just as much as I complained about him. He said I was

always nagging him. I suppose he was right. But I wouldn't have, if he just would have done what I asked instead of continually ignoring my requests.

One day he came home early and found me sitting at our kitchen table in tears. He looked surprised, and I suppose I did too. I certainly hadn't expected him to walk through the door, and hadn't to compose myself. When he asked, rather coldly, why I was crying, I almost lied to him. I wanted to just make up some excuse for my tears, because I was afraid--afraid of his response, afraid of opening up and letting him see inside of me. I decided to risk it, and shared with him that I'd been remembering what our relationship was like when we were dating, the warmth and the aliveness of it all. My fears were then realized when he immediately assumed a sarcastic face and retorted, "Well, Shari, the young couple in your afternoon walk down Memory Lane are now two *totally* different people." Then he turned on his heel and walked right back out the door.

My dreams of reconciliation died inside of me as the sound of his angry car engine faded slowly away. He had just taken our precious past--the only good thing we had to go on--and stomped on it, claiming it was impossible to retrieve, claiming it wasn't even worth the effort. That was the day I decided to quit trying.

Ben and I were Christians. I mean, not really "gung-ho" about it or anything, but we usually made it to church on Sunday mornings. Melissa and Anthony always enjoyed their Sunday School classes, which was probably the biggest reason we made it a point to attend services, though we also liked the group of friends we made there. I asked Ben to go to marriage counseling with me and so one of our pastor's met with us weekly. Well, for a couple weeks, anyhow. Ben quit going after three sessions and refused to go back, even though I begged, cried, and screamed for him to reconsider. He said he was too busy to waste his time on something that wasn't going to do us any good. I yelled that maybe it wasn't doing any good because he wasn't even listening to me in the sessions, wasn't even trying to do what I wanted him to do. He looked at me funny, pointed his finger at me, and retorted that *this* was exactly what our problem was. I didn't know what he meant. I just clenched my teeth and went into the kitchen to clean up after dinner, while he spent the evening in front of the football game, as usual.

I'm sure that Melissa and Anthony grow tired of us fighting, although it must seem like a normal part of family life for them. We have always fought, Ben and I, ever since they can remember. Ben just wouldn't ever do anything right. Then when I'd try to talk to him, he would just clam up. Communication is important in a relationship, but the only communication that took place between Ben and I was arguing matches. I started sleeping in our spare bedroom. I just got sick of sharing my bed with a total stranger. He never said a word about it, never complained, never once let on that he even noticed.

A couple of my girlfriends from church really tried to help me, but I didn't exactly appreciate

their advice. They just didn't understand my situation. I mean, their husband's were perfect, you know? They would try to tell me to, "submit to Ben's leadership." WHAT leadership? I told them that I would, if only he'd get up off the couch and take a look at what's going on with his family. If he would *act* like a leader, I'd be glad to let him lead, for goodness sake! But even so, I'm a person too, and I have gifts and talents to add to this family--and I'm certainly not going to sit back and let Ben ruin our lives while I hope he gets his act together and starts doing things the way they ought to be done. Besides, isn't wifely submission something they do in Saudi Arabia? We live in America. Women have rights here, thank you very much.

So those friendships grew sort of cold. It's not that I didn't appreciate their attempts to help, but they just didn't realize what I was going through. Thankfully, God has provided some wonderful friendships that have given me such warm support in my time of need. My boss, an incredible man, was someone I could really confide in, and he has been so encouraging and supportive toward me. Honestly, I often find myself wishing I had married him instead of my husband, though that's just a silly dream. Still, what a wonderful guy James is. He is always happy to take time out of his day to listen to me, and has been such a strong arm for me to lean on. Sometimes I don't know what I'd do without him, and I tell him that, too. I was glad when I switched from part time to full time, just because I like being in the same building as James. I'd forgotten there were tender compassionate men out there, you know?

There are a couple girlfriends too--one from church and another from work. Sandra and Amy are always there to lend me an ear, and that's what friendship is all about, isn't it? Unconditional support, no matter what. We've had more than one good laugh (and cry) over my crummy marriage during a lunch break. In fact, Amy has had an experience very similar to mine, and has been divorced for two years now. She is seeing a man named Chad now, and hearing her talk about their dates makes goose bumps rise on my arms. It all sounds so romantic and exciting. She's always telling me that I don't have to stick around waiting on my joke of a husband to wake up...that if Ben isn't going to act like a man, I ought to dump him and find someone who will. It's not fair to me, she says, to ruin the good years I have ahead just so that I can work my rear off to keep a lousy marriage intact.

In fact, my pastor's advice is a lot like Amy's, though it's a little more professional sounding. Pastor John says that if one party isn't trying anymore, than maybe it's time to move on. He says that God's desire is for His children to be happy, and even that I *deserve* to be happy. I always thought that Christians weren't supposed to get divorces, but Pastor John says that only legalists hold to a black and white view of the Scriptures, and that the overriding message of the Bible is that of a God of Love who delights in blessing His children.

And what do I think about all of that? Well, God *is* love. I remember memorizing that verse as a little child, so I know it's in the Bible. Why would a God of love want me to suffer? Why would a God of love want me to be in a marriage that makes me so miserable? I mean, let's face it. Ben

and I used to be in love and now we're not. If there is no love, are you even married at all? I am just one of those unfortunate people who is a testimony to the fact that you can think you are doing all the right things and work hard to make a mature and careful decision, and yet it can still blow up in your face. For some people, marriage just works out. They're the lucky ones. For the rest of us humans, it's not always that easy. Most of the time, there's nothing that can be done about it--it was a "matching" mistake, and why try to solve a mismatch? Why not just quit and start over again while there's still time?

I think that a divorce will make Melissa and Anthony a lot happier. Sure, that's not what they say now, but I think they'll come around. Either their father and I are fighting, or we're not speaking, and how can that be good on a kid? I know that divorce will make *me* a lot happier. I'm miserable right now, and I'm sick of feeling like this. Ben doesn't want a divorce, but I know it won't take much for him to agree. He just wants to bury his head in the sand in the hopes that all our problems will just magically go away.

I saw him looking at our wedding picture the other day. I was folding some laundry, walking out into the hallway to put it away, and there he was, standing in our living room by the mantel, the picture in his hand. He was stroking the frame gently with his finger, as if he was holding a forgotten treasure, and the look on his face was that of a sad little boy. He looked broken. It caught me off guard, and for a split second, my heart went out to him. But then the flood of wrongs and hurts came back to remind me of why I hated him, and so I slowly backed down the hallway, unseen. It's a fine thing for him to be getting sentimental now, now that our marriage is destroyed and it's too late. I could have used some of that about five years ago, you know?

So that is why I wanted to share my testimony with you all tonight. Just to let you know how life really is. You know, since I've decided to get a divorce, I feel so much lighter. It's like a big burden just rolled off my back. When I was growing up, my father always said, "You made your bed, you lie in it." Well, times have changed. Now you can make your bed and then, if you don't like it or if things don't turn out the way you planned, you can leave and go try out a new one. I know this is God's desire for me. He loves me, and his will is not for me to suffer. His will is for me to be happy, and to do my part to try and attain that happiness, and that is exactly what I've decided to do.

*Shari Jones is a fictional character, the figment of Molly Aley's wild imagination, with any resemblance to "real people" being entirely coincidental and unintentional. This testimony was compiled in order to challenge and motivate our youth to study the Scriptures and to see what God has to say about marriage, as opposed to the thoughts of our present-day culture. It certainly had that effect, and it's too bad the discussion that followed wasn't recorded for your listening pleasure. We hope that this 'testimony' has the same effect on you, inspiring you to search and study the Word to see what God's heart is and how we can best express it.*

## **Prayer Of Relinquishment**

by

*Ruth Lawler*

My son Toby James was two years old when he came down with pneumonia in 1974. I heard him breathing irregularly at about 11 p.m. After I determined that he would actually stop breathing and then cough seconds later to resume breathing, I called Anchorage Community Hospital. A young intern advised me to wait till morning and take him to his pediatrician, Dr. Little.

I spent the next few hours in prayer and watching, not knowing what to do. My husband, Jim, worked two weeks at a time in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay oilfield, which was 900 miles away. A middle of the night trip to the hospital would require waking my four year old son, Monty. The thought of wrestling two pre-schoolers to the hospital in the dark of night was not enticing; I decided to wait till morning.

I took Toby to my bed and marveled at how he could sleep so soundly with breathing interruptions and coughing every few minutes. I knew I couldn't sleep. What if he didn't cough? What if he just stopped breathing altogether? Should I have taken him to the hospital?

In the middle of my troubled thoughts and pleas to God, I found an answer. I remembered a story I had read in "Guideposts" magazine. A mother on one coast of the USA learned that one of her sons had contracted a deadly disease. The boy was visiting relatives on the opposite coast and it would be hours before she could fly out to him. She agonized over her son's condition just as I agonized over mine. But she had a visit from an angel.

The angel told her that her son was in God's hands and that he, the angel, was taking care of him. The boy, the angel promised, would be all right; but she needed to stop

fretting and give the child over to God. She did this, acknowledging that God was sovereign over His creation, and relinquishing her son to Him. Her fear abated and she took her flight to be with her son with concern, but not with paralyzing fear.

She was devastated when she got to the hospital and found that her son had died. Her first thought was that she had been betrayed, but then she considered the angel. The angel had her son. The angel was a messenger of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Of course her son would be all right. He could not be in better hands.



The story made me cry; I knew how true it was. Everything I had was a gift from God. In His mercy and love he had placed me in a marvelously free country and blessed me with many material

things. My husband and children were His gifts also, mine to cherish and care for, but His ultimately.

I relinquished my son that night, acknowledging that he belonged to God and not to me. I trusted God to care for Toby and I slept alongside him that night. I had the peace that passes understanding; I had learned that peace comes from trusting God completely in all things.

Toby recovered in the hospital and has never had pneumonia again. Of all our children (we had a daughter two years later), Toby serves the Lord the most faithfully. I sometimes wonder if that has anything to do with my dialogue with God that long night in 1974.

Ruth Lawler P.O.Box 386 Kasilof, Alaska 99610

## **When Tables Reach for the Sky**

I often find my faith feeling a little tender. Like the migraine sufferer who happens to be riding with Gordy Leadfoote, barreling down Crooked Creek Road in a car with no shocks. Things just happen, and my faith takes it in the shorts.

This summer a friend ran into a bit of an inconvenience when his propeller snarled up some web. Over a mile from shore, his skiff turned turtle and dispersed the occupants in the Inlet. In a feat that can only be described as a miracle, my friend swam to shore. Likewise miraculous, his wife and a helper survived for several hours and were rescued. Joy of the above miracles was erased in the sad death of his youngest helper –a 15 year old boy who reportedly went down singing praises to Jesus.

The only thing isolated about the incident was the temperature of the water and the loneliness of those four people who fought for their lives for such a long time. Other deaths and disappointments cram my mind bringing home sad incidents in a very peopled fashion. Each intensely fogging up the vision, bashing faith in the kisser, and replaying a record that has hit a scratch, forcing it to keep asking, “why, ...why, ...why ?”

Meanwhile the evolutionists demand attention which is like adding a screaming baby to the aforementioned car up the Creek. Bring on the sneerers pointing a finger at church unity and we’ve got a rotten salmon in the trunk. Thank God CCR is not a long road !

I have found turning the tables is effective. You remember Jesus did a jolly work of overturning tables on one occasion. For me it works like this: Take Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53. Note that they were written many years before Christ. (Scholars kick around dates from about 1,000 B.C. to about 180 B.C.) The date that matters most is that they are BEFORE Christ.

Now ask, “Why did the writer describe a ‘suffering Messiah’ in those chapters ?” Hard question to answer. Hard for you, harder for critics. The theme of a suffering Messiah had not been born and wouldn’t be born till Jesus died –at least 200 years later.

So now you got the tables turned. Instead of being in the imposition of having to answer all the hard questions, you’ve put the headache makers in that position. The obvious answer is prophecy. The writers of those chapters foresaw what was going to happen to Jesus, for the specific purpose of inspiring faith in the believer.

Now that you got the tables turned, the Temple is ready. Go on in and worship. You’ll find singing praises mighty soothing.

*By Brent Johnson*