

Kasilof Community Church

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KCC Newsletter Spring 2010

A recent phone call to my mother left me chuckling. During our conversation, I learned that my mother in-law, who just happens to be my mother's neighbor back in Idaho, had planted 75 tomato starts. So as not to be outdone, my mom had to hurry up and get 100 plants growing. The "tomato plant war" got me thinking about gardening and what kind of plants I should get started. Last year I filled our dining room table with numerous plastic trays that housed nearly 150 broccoli and cauliflower plants. By the end of May it was time to get all of that greenery out of our house, so we could sit down at the table and actually have a dinner together. In "Shields-Ville" I have become known as the rototilling maniac. My theory is that if I expand our various gardens by a couple of rows each year we can have some new dirt where the chickweed hasn't already won the war. This strategy has produced lots of new ground to plant, but has done nothing to alleviate the thorn in my side. The word, "hate," represents a tremendously powerful

concept, but I think I can safely say, "I hate chickweed." But, chickweed is not my only gardening nemesis. My other challenge stands on 4-legs and has been known to cause me immense heartache. After days of rototilling, planting, watering, weeding, weeding, and weeding, our local Kenai Peninsula namesake, aka Bullwinkle, has on multiple occasions completely devoured our entire garden. I can't tell you how tempted I have been to shoot these thieves. I have already justified in my mind why it could not be wrong. You know 1 Pe 5:8-9 says, *"Be careful! Watch out for attacks from the Devil, your great enemy. He prowls around like a roaring lion, looking for some victim to devour. Take a firm stand against him, and be strong in your faith."* Some people build fences to protect their gardens. Did you know fences vary in their effectiveness? I know this because the ones I have around my garden are not very moose proof. What kind of fence (faith) have you built to repel attacks from your great enemy?

From the Pastor's PC

For our citizenship is in heaven, from which also we eagerly wait for a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ;²¹ who will transform the body of our humble state into conformity with the body of His glory, by the exertion of the power that He has even to subject all things to Himself.

-- Philippians 3:20-21

I have been drawn to the above Scripture passage in recent months as our nation has been embroiled in the angry debate about health insurance. I find myself grateful that, ultimately, we do not depend on any sort of human system for our health. Our bodies have been bought with a price and they are now God's possession to be used for His will. Some believers will be blessed with remarkable health to be used for His glory. Others will be blessed with health trials that make no sense if we did not rest in the goodness of God. Inevitably though, every person will one day die.

The root of our national conflict is the perspective that "health" is something we can buy. We are told affordable insurance will result in better health and rescue the thousands of individuals who die each year due to lack of resources.

In my mind, this approach treats the symptoms of our health issues and not the cause. Personal health is not simply the domain of doctors and medicine. It is also rooted deeply in the health of our souls, our relationships, our disciplines, our diets, our priorities and often, our choices. It is at these points that our responsibilities intersect with our relationship with God. Here is the source of true health.

It was Jesus who said that if we seek first the kingdom of God that "all these things" would be added to us. When we instead surrender these responsibilities to the State, the result will be woefully inadequate. We replace God with the State which will never be able to provide us with the fullness of life. We burden the State to its own demise and ours.

When we consider, however, that Jesus is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords and that we have been granted citizenship in His kingdom we have confidence in the final transformation of the body of our humble estate. Eternal health is rooted in eternal life. This happens when He exerts the power that He has to subject all things even to Himself – including our health!

Working at Making Your Marriage Succeed

submitted by Sheryl Neel

A good marriage and a happy, successful home result from desiring them so much that we work at it. Really work at your marriage. Give it the same time and diligence you give your job. Give it more than you give your hobby. Work at making your marriage succeed. Dr. Howard Hendricks tells of an assignment he gave to a well known public figure with a failing marriage. The man was to study the Book of Ephesians. The message of Ephesians 5:21-33 really got to him. As a result he put these letters in two prominent places where he would see them repeatedly; H L Y W A C L T C A G H F I - "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." As he made that teaching an attitude, a deed, a way



of life, his marriage was healed. This is one example of what it means to really work at making your marriage succeed.

Calvin M. Marcum

RUNNING OF THE BULL

It was fall, mid-September, I'm guessing – it's Harvest time – the gardens are almost bare except for some of the berries. They taste better anyway when they have been bitten by the frost – more juicy and sweet.

The root cellars have been cleaned and refilled with new potatoes, turnips, carrots and cabbage. The upper entrance was replaced with new straw to protect from the cold winter that is always ahead.

Coal from the beach has been gathered and stacked in big piles above the tide line to be hauled by dog team in the winter. But before that, what coal was still handy at the mouth of the Ninilchik River was loaded into the village to as close to our homes as possible – unloaded by hand and carried to the sheds. This was not the first trip, the coal sheds were not filled yet and tomorrow we will do it again.

All of our homes were heated with coal which was plentiful on the beach, especially after a big storm – free for the gathering. But what was free was also lots of work. Generally, throughout the summer, gathering of the coal was a family project.

Fish, like coal was abundant from April with the first King Salmon to the last Steelhead in the late fall. Red Salmon, Humpy and Silver Salmon were preserved for the winter. First for home use—salting, drying, smoking and jarring in those old fashioned jars, the ones with a rubber gasket, glass top and a wire spring tension, then preparing fish for the dog team. No commercial dog food was available so fish drying for dogs you owned. Racks of drying dog food were visible throughout the village. Each family had a dog team – they were our Ford and Chevy pickups.

No commercial hay feed was available either so hay for the cows had to be cut when the hay was still nutritious –in July sometime I think. The hay was stacked in local hay fields outside the village to be moved later into barns. As I drive today through that business area where the new Ninilchik school now stands, along with the stores, the restaurants, and gas station, I can visualize that all this was hay field years ago. It was fun sliding down the hay stacks – if you didn't get caught.

Mr. Leman had a cow, so did Nada and Milania. In those bygone years, there were a few others that had cows but I don't recall who they were. Anyway, at this particular time, these four cows needed a bull. I'm not sure how this bull was acquitted and how it was transported to Ninilchik. The bull was brought to the village to service the cows and thereafter to be butchered for meat because there was no room nor food enough to winter over a bull.

It was after lunch, the bull laying down, resting comfortably and chewing its cud. This was between Babuska's house and Leman's winter village home. In that low spot where the grass was low and no brush – a convenient empty spot where all had gathered to help.

I think everyone in the village gathered to help with the butchering. The women with their posts and pails to salvage the inner fat, the liver, heart, kidneys, tarbushina (tripe), the edible part of stomach, the small intestine for sausage casing – nothing was wasted. The nose and knuckles were boiled for head cheese,



which was a delicacy. The hide was to be cured, stretched and dried. Then the leather was stripped for snow shoe webbing, for dog sled webbing and bracing, dog harnesses, and shoe strings for shoe packs.

Simon, my uncle, levers in a shell in his 30/30 and walks up behind the bull. For some reason, someone calls for him to stop and four men stood about 15-20 ft. back of the bull discussing something. The meeting lasted briefly, then my uncle Alex ran into grandmas coal shed and came out with a sledge hammer.

Apparently, they decided not to shoot the bull because it might ruin some of the meat. I'm thinking, someone wanted the brain I guessed - people eat brain and scrambled eggs. They decided to use a sledge hammer to stun the bull then Fred would stab it while it was unconscious making a clean kill.

The bull never moved. It just laid there chewing its cud. Simon walked up behind the bull with the sledge hammer on his shoulder ready for the cop-de-gross

with Fred close behind with a sharp pointed knife.

With all his might, Simon takes a swing aiming above the eyes and the top of the head. A well-placed shot – the noise sounded like someone hit an empty oak barrel. Instantly, the bull was about four feet in the air, legs spread out, head tilted to one side, eyes rolling, tongue hanging loose and the tail – the tail rotating like a rotary blade on a helicopter. The noise he made, bellowing, wheezing and snorting woke up all the dogs in the village and the 25-30 Husky dogs joined in. Not only that, the spectators were not cheering, but screaming.

Of the one hundred or so folks that had gathered to watch and help, they were now running, seeking safety. People jumping over fences and barging into any building that was nearby. I'm maybe eleven years old – 4 ft. and a few inches tall, weigh less than 100 lbs, found myself on top of an outhouse. How I got there, I have no idea. Suddenly I am fighting for space – others though this was a safe place too.

The bull was running around in circles, head hanging awkwardly, running into fences and buildings. I'm thinking, "This outhouse is really not a safe place. If the bull hits this outhouse, the half dozen of us on top would be flying like a frightened flock of ptarmigan."

Eventually, I think the bull got some of its bearings, wandered and staggered through the village without creating too much damage. He finally came to rest at the point by the river just past Big Mary's place in a willow patch.

It was then that I heard a report of a 30/30.

Although it is not an annual event for us, the Niniichik *Running of the Bull* is long forgotten, but should be remembered and entered into our memories.

Pamplona Spain has its annual *Running of the Bull* and it is world renowned. But we had ours some seventy years ago.

And that's no bull!

George Jackinsky 3/15/2009

My children keep asking me to put down on paper some of my youthful experiences. What was it like 60-70-80 years ago? Was it all about survival or did you have any fun memories? We want to know. Your Grandchildren want to know. George

The Skjold Family

by Brent Johnson

Skjold is no common name and the Eric and Joy Skjold family of Kasilof is extraordinary in several aspects. Skjold (pronounced “Shohld”) means “shield” in Norwegian. A village in Norway is named Skjold and their army has a base there. The Norwegian navy has “Skjold-class” vessels. Military uses of the word “shield” are standard in many languages. In Denmark, Skjold is a legendary king, the first in a whole myth of fibbery. The Danish King Skjold appears in *Beowulf* (BAY wolf), an epic poem of 5th century events. According to the 1990 US Census records, there were fewer than 115 people in America named Skjold. For comparison, there are 46,039 “Spears,” 56,750 “Shields,” and 1,580,485 people named “Brown” on that census.

Herbert Skjold immigrated to the U.S. from Norway in 1903, the same year his future wife, Ragnhild, made a similar transition. They married in 1909 and lived in Boston. Ragnhild last appears in records there in 1942, Herbert in 1946. In census and Boston city records Herbert is listed as an “engineer,” though his exact profession remains uncertain. Those same records call Ragnhild a “housewife.”

Herbert and Ragnhild had a son, Wilbur, in 1910 and followed with five more children. In 1935 Wilbur appears in Boston city records. He is said to be a 24-year old “operator” married to Shirley, a 20-year old clerk. They had a son, Donald, apparently born about 1936. In 1940 Wilbur was killed in an industrial accident. Shirley took a job with a Christian missionary organization in Chicago. Donald later attended a North Carolina high school designed for young men of missionary families.

After high school Don went to Columbia Bible College, (now Columbia International U.) in South Carolina. An ear infection forced him to return to Chicago and he lost hearing in that ear. At Chicago, Donald entered the University of Illinois and met Marilyn Mickelson, who was attending nursing school affiliated with Lutheran Deaconess Hospital. Marilyn came from a Norwegian family in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. She and Don married at Sturgeon Bay in 1957. They attended Moody Bible Institute in Chicago for a time. Skjolds had three children, Pam (1958 in Chicago), Mark (1961 in Lafayette, ID), and Eric (1963 in Flint, MI).

Meanwhile, Joy’s father, Morris Borgman, began attending Bible school in 1959 at Owosso College in Michigan. By coincidence, a number of people who would later factor in Joy and Eric’s life also were involved at Owosso. Morris and a classmate, Art O’Dell, were friends. Art’s cousin, David O’Dell and David’s future wife, Delores Finch attended during that 1959-60 school year. Wayne Ostrander was a senior there and his

wife, Donna, attended classes at some time. Dale Soper, Emogene “Emmy” Ayres, and Dr. Clifford Thomas are included in this Owosso connection.

After the 1960-61 school year at Owosso, Morris went to theological school in Marion, IN (now Indiana Wesleyan U.). He graduated there and was ordained into the ministry. Joy was born in Jackson, Michigan in 1966. She was the second-youngest in a family of five children. Morris was a United Methodist pastor and in those days that meant submitting to a strict rotation.

“We moved every year,” Joy said. “I never had a chance to build deep friendships.”

Asked about the experience of being a pastor’s daughter, Joy answered, “I was labeled a PK” (preacher’s kid). “That was stigmatised somewhat, I suppose. I had junior high rebellion and my brothers went through a ‘wild thing,’ but they are all serving the Lord now. Even my half-brother.”

After classes were out in the spring of 1960, most of the Owosso students mentioned earlier went to Central City, Nebraska. There they joined Calvary Life Fellowship, a Bible school and church ministry. Wayne Ostrander had a leadership roll there. Nebraska Central College at this same city had been home to a branch of the Society of Friends (Quakers). That work, begun by George Fox (1624-1691), traveled along various tangents and a strong branch took root in Nebraska. As it turned out, the doctrine of the group coming out of Owosso was fairly compatible with Society of Friends doctrine. The two groups may have been unrelated, but it’s interesting to see similar beliefs in the same region.

Wayne and Donna Ostrander had three girls, Zetta, Donnava, and Waynel, but their marriage struggled in Nebraska. Meanwhile, Don and Marilyn Skjold’s marriage also struggled. Sometime in the mid 1960s Mari-lyn went to a marriage councilor. He was affiliated with Owosso College and was a personal friend of Wayne Ostrander. The councilor recommended that Marilyn move to Nebraska and join the Christians involved in that work. In fact, in about 1966 Wayne and another leader from Calvary Life Fellowship came to Michigan and drove Marilyn and her three children to Central City. There, Marilyn went to work as a nurse at a hospital in Aurora, Nebraska. In the following weeks and years Emmy Ayres provided much of the childcare needed by the young Skjold kids.

Donald Skjold came to Central City to visit his children and try to save his marriage. We are not privy to their discussion, but Eric believes Marilyn offered to let him join her and the work there. Don probably wanted to take Marilyn and his kids back where they had been. Eventually, they divorced.

In 1969 Calvary Life Fellowship collapsed under financial failure. The group with Owosso roots headed to Dallas, Texas. Some significant things had changed. Though Donna Ostrander was still with them, she and Wayne had ended their marriage. Dale Soper and his wife had also parted ways, but Dale stayed with the group. Dennis and Alyce Rideout had joined the group. In leaving Central City, the group left some serious sweat equity. Wayne allegedly left financial obligations that couldn't be met. Marilyn left her nursing job. Coming with them was the name, Calvary Life Fellowship.

They joined a work at Dallas called Berean Fellowship. We might note that the name "Berean" has roots in Acts chapter 17. Jews of this town received the word given by Apostle Paul with eagerness, searching the Scriptures to see if what he said was true. The Berean compound was on Mockingbird Street, the same street Southern Methodist University is on. Berean leaders operated a commune that, according to Internet sources, emphasized submission to Reverend Alistair Haig and his wife Mary, as well as other leaders. Families were separated with the children put into sort of a boarding house. Even spouses were separated with women in one dorm and men in another. On a rotational basis, couples were allowed time together.



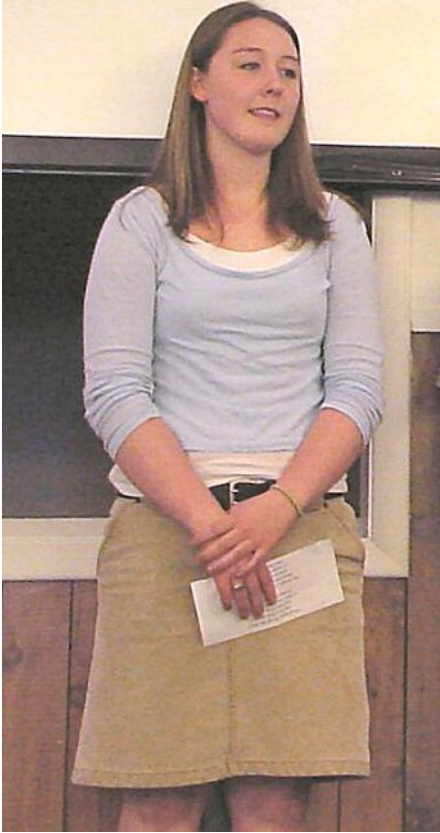
Heidi Skjold

One happy event occurred December 25, 1969, when Dale Soper and Emmy Ayres married. Other than that, the Berean Fellowship experiment was a bit Orwellian. And it was short lived. For some reason, the Nebraska newcomers gathered up in middle of the night and fled. So hurried was the retreat that personal possessions were abandoned.

"I was quite upset that my dolls were left behind," Pam Skjold Boswell remembered. "Mom's furniture was also abandoned, and it was being purchased on installments."

One thing that was picked up from the Berean group was the commune concept. From that time forward the Calvary Life Fellowship would be a commune. The failure of the school in Nebraska followed by the Berean disaster taxed the members in many ways, but also knit them together in a very strong bond. They landed in Colorado where a deal was struck with a ski

Kjersten Skjold



lodge owner on Rampart Range Road, about 25 miles from Garden of the Gods in Colorado Springs. In exchange for restoration work on the lodge, the group was allowed to stay there. Colorado Springs is home to The Navigators, a worldwide parachurch organization. This area was probably awash with Navigator evangelism.

Pam Skjold was in 6th grade and enrolled at Woodland Park School. Preteen rebellion was in bud in Pam. Dale Soper worked as a custodian at Ute Pass Elementary School. Probably, to help Pam adjust to the changes thrown at her young life, she was transferred to Ute Pass School where Dale could offer support. This became the third school Pam attended that year, an occurrence she now considers nonconductive to education.

Dennis and Alyce Rideout met Jan and Jackie Strube, as all four worked in the medical field. Strubes began spending time with the Fellowship. Also in Colorado, Wayne and Marilyn married. This would have joined six stepchildren of similar ages; except the commune had already done that and the three O'Dell children were also part of the mix. Wayne, meanwhile, got a vision that the Fellowship should go to Alaska. In preparation, the Ostrander-

Skjold family made a trip back to Wisconsin and Michigan to give parents a chance to meet the new spouse and to say good-bye.

A school bus was converted to a camper, a big truck was readied, and vehicles were organized for the drive to Alaska. Pam remembers it this way:

“Mom and Wayne left for Alaska and I stayed behind to finish school. A few days later some emergency arose. Strubes hustled my brothers, step-sisters and I to the border. Mom and Wayne had come back and they met us at Sweetwater, [Montana] so we could cross.”

The third, and final group of the Fellowship to leave Colorado for Alaska was O'Dells, Sopers, and Rideouts. Eric remembers riding to Alaska with Donna Ostrander and others in a Ford Bronco towing a small trailer outfitted with gas barrels. That was May or

June 1971. The Fellowship, then consisting of 11 adults and nine children, settled in at a Soldotna campground. While looking for property they bounced between Soldotna and Kasilof campgrounds, staying the two-week limit at each place.

The group was befriended by an oil field worker named Gunderson. He had a vacant cabin on a gravel pad off Gas Well Road. Gunderson allowed the campers to move onto his land and start to construct a building from wooden pallets. This went on for two or three weeks until Mrs. Gunderson returned from a trip. She had other ideas and the group was homeless again.

After taking their pallet-built building apart and returning the lot to pre-Fellowship status, the group went back to campgrounds. About this time a fourth O'Dell baby was born. Readers can sympathize with Delores who couldn't have been comfortable playing musical campgrounds in the final stages of pregnancy. Eventually, the Fellowship bought a lot in Youngstown Subdivision next to Virginia Lake, in Coho. Clint Young, the land developer and founder of the Peninsula Clarion, named the subdivision after himself and the lake after his daughter. The Letzrings had just moved to Kasilof and Ann worked for Young's brand new newspaper. The Fellowship started a long building program that continued for years. They conserved costs by pressing their children into the construction team and salvaged lumber and other building materials. The group became friends with their neighbor, Charlie Rochon, who was janitor at Tustumena School. School lunches used Styrofoam serving trays. When Charlie cleaned up the trash, he separated the trays into bags and set them aside. The Fellowship took the bags, had their children wash the trays, and stuffed the Styrofoam into their walls. Not all the children fully appreciated the genius in this manna-like insulation. "The days peanut butter was served were the worst trays to clean!" Pam exclaimed.

She was the oldest of the Fellowship children and enrolled in eighth grade at Ninilchik School. Before long a baby-sitting opportunity arose with the Marvin Parazoo family, who also had property in Youngstown Subdivision. Marvin and Charlene Parazoo now serve the Lord and work for a missionary service organization. In 1971, however, the Lord did not control their rudder. When they asked for Pam's services a second time, she told her mother. "I don't feel comfortable in their home." So Marilyn said to simply have the Parazoos bring their kids to the Fellowship. As these baby-sitting sessions continued, it became a Parazoo practice to deliver their many children and cousins on a Friday and not pick them up until Monday. Pam remembers one extended visit when a Parazoo infant had croup or pneumonia. Marilyn built a tent with a dresser drawer and sheet. She warmed the tent with a vaporizer to keep the infant's secretions moist. The Parazoo babysitting began a service the Fellowship provided to the community. Children came to them from ever-greater distances and stayed for ever-longer periods.

Some simply lived there and a number of children accumulated at Calvary Life Fellowship. These kids were from troubled homes and received a safe haven, often at no charge. No government assistance was ever sought or received for caring for these kids. In fact, quite a few kids came from the Division of Youth and Family Services. In the early 1980s the DYFS asked the Fellowship to file paperwork necessary to gain government status. They refused and many children had to find other lodging.

Almost immediately upon arrival in Alaska the Fellowship members began to get jobs. Central Peninsula General Hospital opened in Soldotna in 1971. Jan Strube was a registered nurse in Colorado and became one of the first male labor and delivery nurses at the hospital. Jackie Strube set up the lab in the hospital and worked there. Alyce was eventually also a nurse there, but Dennis Rideout left her and the group. David O'Dell went to work at Columbia Ward Fisheries (CWF) and worked there about five summers. Quite a few of the Fellowship members followed him to a job at CWF. Pam worked in the salmon egg room and Mark in another area at the cannery. The Skjold and O'Dell boys later got jobs on local setnet sites, as did other boys connected to the Fellowship.

In the early years at Youngstown, the Fellowship sometimes attended Kasilof Community Church. Most often, worship and Christian instruction occurred in-house and was part of their weekly routine. Daily, group devotions were also part of their schedule. These featured the writings of Oswald Chambers, Watchman Nee, T. Austin Sparks and many other pillars of Christian thought.

Alyce Rideout's brother, Charles Pribbenow, had been with the group in Colorado. He came to Alaska on a motorcycle and spent time with the Fellowship. In October 1974 he married Rhonda Hostetter, daughter of a long-time Christian family from Ninilchik. They had two daughters before Rhonda contracted breast cancer. Charles and Rhonda attended Kalifonsky Christian Center, an outreach of Abbott Loop Ministries in Anchorage.

It was a "charismatic" church, embracing miracles. A doctrine was passing through (though not taught by either Kalifonsky Church or the Fellowship) that encouraged people to claim God's promises for healing. This doctrine taught that disease symptoms were lies from Satan. Pribbenows quietly embraced this doctrine, refused the mastectomy that doctors recommended, and waited for God's power to manifest itself in healing. They stood by with all the faith they could muster while the cancer metastasized to Rhonda's lungs. She died in 1982. Rhonda's sister, Rhoda Dolifka and her family attended Kasilof Community Church for several years in the 1990s and early 2000s.

Children from the Fellowship had a big impact on Ninilchik School. They starred in band, choir and on sports teams. Most of them were on the National Honor Society,

many were in Student Council. Pam Skjold was Student Council secretary in 1975. The following year she was president as well as graduating class salutatorian. Zetta Ostrander was Student Council president and valedictorian in 1980. In fact, all three Ostrander daughters took a turn at valedictorian while all three Skjold children became salutatorians. Eric Skjold was Student Council vice president in 1980 and president in 1981. David O'Dell was Student Council president in 1984. His sister, Dawn was salutatorian in 1985. Chris Strube was salutatorian in 1990. Kjersten Skjold, Eric and Joy's eldest daughter, was valedictorian in 2007. Her sister, Heidi, earned that honor in 2008.

After high school, Pam attended Prairie Bible Institute in Alberta, Canada from 1976-79. Taking a hiatus from Bible School, she attended Kenai Peninsula College from 1980-1982. Pam and Zetta graduated with an Associate of Science degree in Nursing. A number of college-bound kids from the Fellowship applied to attend John Wesley College (JWC) in High Point, North Carolina. Dr. Clifford Thomas, who had been in Owosso College, was president of JWC. The Fellowship kids were accepted there and became a unique group of musicians who toured with Thomas.

Pam explained this ministry, "We sang as a group, a men's quartet and a women's double trio. We also had an instrumental ensemble. Mr. Curry [Ninilchik music teacher and staunch Christian] was instrumental in helping to arrange our vocal and instrumental arrangements. Our unique feature was the fact that we could play 500 hymns! During the early 1980s, orchestras were making their way into church music. We would frequent the Methodist, Friends and Quaker churches as well as some Nazarene and Wesleyan churches. Most of these churches were small with elderly members. Oh how they loved singing the old hymns of the faith with college students accompanying them. I think they thought their churches had really come up with the times, but now as I think about it, I believe they were impressed that these college students could even sing and know the value of these great hymns of the faith. Oh what a dearth of this knowledge is in our churches today!"

For a while Pam dated Erik Ellis, Karl Ellis's son from his first marriage. They even discussed marriage, but nothing came of it. Later, Mick Boswell, Sr. was dating Pam's roommate. When they broke up Mick asked Pam out. "On the morning of May 6, 1984 I graduated from JWC with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Religious Education," Pam said. "In the evening of the same day, I became Mrs. Michael S. Boswell, Sr. We left the following day for Alaska with the rest of the college kids from there." Mark Skjold graduated from JWC at the same time as Pam. Mark married Sheryl Shanrock, a girl about his age who had found refuge at the Fellowship.

Eric attended JWC for three years, graduating in 1985. Joy Borgman graduated from

Wesleyan Education Center, a private Christian high school not far from the college. Eric and Joy began dating during Eric's third year at JWC. And Joy decided to come to Alaska and experience life in the Fellowship.

Eric was pragmatic. "I wanted her to come into this with her eyes open," he said. "So she came to visit before we made marriage commitments."

Joy's parents were directly opposed to the idea.

"My biggest rebellion was coming to Alaska to join the Fellowship, Joy said. "My parents, especially mom, were against it. They objected to the 'commune thing.' To them, only cults practiced community living.

Joy continued, "I was introduced to the Fellowship as a mission home. My heart was into missions. It sounded exciting to me. I was worried that I would end up on an African mission field. This was better than Africa! The Fellowship kids I worked with were great examples, so were the older adults. I needed them. I know God put them there for me. The people [waifs] there were the mission field. The experience taught me a lot for my own future marriage." Joy's dad has come to visit several times. He thoroughly loves Eric and is proud of Joy's family. He has even been a guest speaker at Kasilof Community Church. Before that happened, however, her mom passed away. "I can't wait to get to Heaven to share with her," Joy said. "I've received support and understanding from dad. I want that with my mother. I never was able to have that."

Eric and Joy attended KPC and then went to school in Anchorage, Joy at Anchorage Community College and Eric at UAA. They were married in 1987 at the Calvary Life Fellowship Chapel by Virginia Lake. Joy graduated with a medical assisting degree in 1988. About a year ago Joy attained her registered nurse qualification and works in the emergency room at Soldotna Hospital. Eric got a teaching certificate and went to work teaching math at Ninilchik. Frank Miller had just retired from a long, successful career there. Eric now teaches math at Soldotna High School. Skjolds have four children.

About 1990, the Fellowship bought a dairy farm in a remote part of Upper Michigan. Though the farm buildings were weathered and the equipment was old, Mark and Sheryl went there with a team of five young couples from the Fellowship. None of these were trained in farming and perhaps some lacked a personal vision for that profession. Later, another farm was bought in North Carolina. It also had to be manned and Wayne asked Pam and Mick to head it up.

Mick Boswell had a good job in the petroleum industry, but Boswell's were willing to give the NC farm a try. That was 1993 and Pam and Mick had already moved out of the commune and had their own house east of Soldotna. Mick gave up his job and Bos-

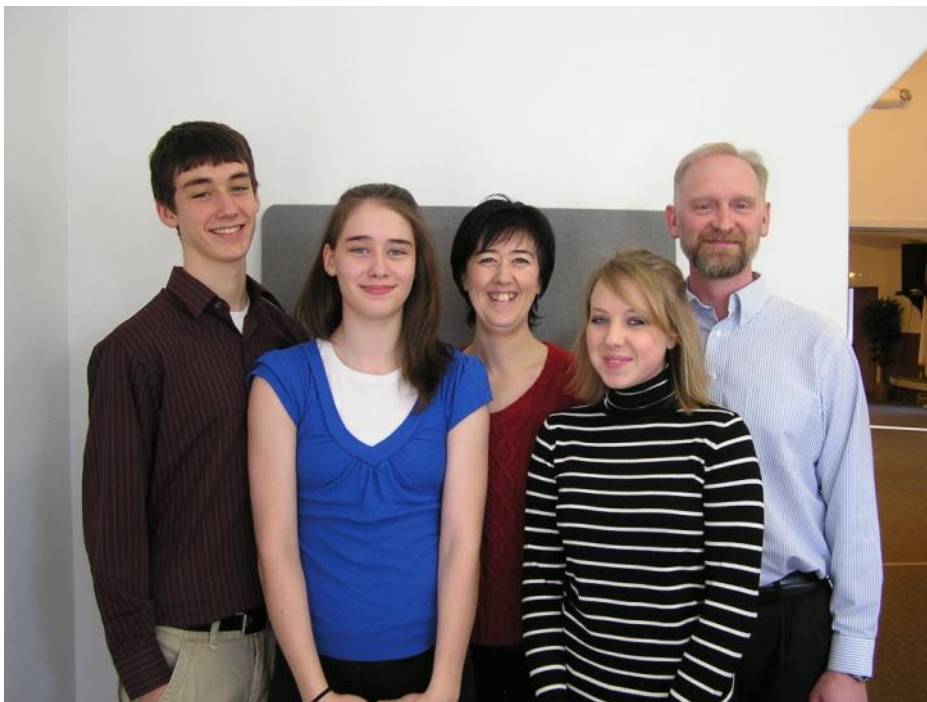
wells moved to the NC farm. They soon decided it wasn't right for them and settled in Thomasville, NC. This is near the John Wesley College where so many Fellowship youths had attended and in the area Mick had formerly lived. Pam and Mick have two college age daughters. Pam is Supervisor of the Children's Preschool Program for Bible Study Fellowship, International (BFSI), in the High Point Women's Day Class. BFSI is a world-wide para-church organization. Pam is an Oncology nurse at High Point Regional Hospital. Mick is an electrician affiliated with the same hospital.

Donnava Ostrander married Mark Smith. Donnava is a nurse working at the same hospital as Pam. As readers may have noticed, Joy, Sheryl, Donnava, Zetta and Pam all have nursing degrees and work in health fields. Marilyn would be proud that these children chose her occupation.

With the original ten Fellowship children scattered, the adults at Youngstown longed for warmer winters. Support sent to the out-of-state farms was also taxing the group. The leaders decided to sell the Youngstown property. By this time the building was massive with a detached garage and additional acreage. The property sold about 1999 and the Fellowship relocated to Missouri for a short time. During that time a tragedy happened.

Dale Soper had a car accident that took Emmy's life.

In Missouri, the Fellowship members lacked connections and begin to miss friends and jobs in Alaska. They sold both the Missouri and the North Carolina properties, and then returned to Alaska where they settled on Cardwell Road



Ross, Kaillee, Joy, and Eric Skjold; and Dawnjalee Smith

in northeast Kasilof. Their ministry to needy people, especially children, continues. The Michigan dairy farm did not succeed. Mark and Sheryl Skjold live in Michigan where Sheryl is a nurse and Mark an electrical engineer for a clay and concrete firm. The farm there continues as housing for some of the Fellowship members, but its future is in limbo.

Eric and Joy have lived in their own house in Kasilof since 1998. The influence of the Fellowship continues to ripple through the social fabric in Cohoe-Kasilof as well as at Kasilof Community Church. Mark and Donna Smith's daughter, Dawnjalee, attends Kasilof Church. Dawn O'Dell's children, Stephanie, Heather, and Seth also attend Kasilof Church and are involved in youth group. Eric leads worship, making good use of his strong voice and excellent knowledge of hymns. Joy and youth from the Fellowship sometimes help lead the singing.



Jeff Aley photographing a “mad” Norwegian cheering for his two daughters at the state basketball championships in Anchorage in 2006. Eric Ross (more subdued) is sitting the foreground.

Praying for Gospel Penetration

Colossians 4:3-4(ESV) *"At the same time, pray also for us that God may open to us a door for the word, to declare the mystery of Christ, on account of which I am in prison--that I may make it clear, which is how I ought to speak."*

We get to participate in the greatest project the earth has ever known. God himself has given us the assignment of taking the gospel to every place. It has the power to transform people and cultures. It is not only addressed to those who want to go to heaven when they die. It promises the restoration of all things which were negatively affected by the intrusion of sin. The gospel is the hope of international peace. It is the hope of economic stability. It is the hope of reconciliation between God and man--as well as between man and man. Nothing being done in government or science or social restructuring even comes close to the importance of proclaiming the gospel.

There is a problem. Much of the church does not believe this. If we should eavesdrop on the prayers of American church members, how much would we hear of praying for the success of the gospel? Are not most of our prayers centered on our desires for personal welfare? We even pray for our government officials to make the right decisions so we can live peaceably (and we should), but little mention is made of praying for an open door for the gospel to have an opportunity to affect situations. Some of us were trained to pray for missionaries, but we usually conclude that duty with a cursory: "And Lord bless the missionaries around the world."

Paul was in prison because he proclaimed a gospel that confronted his culture. It was radical. When embraced, it changed the culture. It upset things. He was more interested in the gospel having an open door for effectiveness than having an open door to the prison he occupied. In prison or out he would be doing the same thing. He had been captured by the message that the resurrected Christ could and would transform everything. Nothing else mattered. If the gospel is the only hope, then why not put everything possible into getting it out into the society.

He was convinced that prayer and proclamation went hand in hand. Sure God could have immediately enforced the judgment settled at the cross on the whole world. But he chose to give us the privilege of partnering with him to enforce the victory over sin, death, and hell. Paul believed that praying was necessary and effective in getting the job done. He was not as interested in marketing his ministry as in praying for the open door of opportunity of the gospel.

This is what new covenant people do. They participate in changing the world by praying as specifically as possible for the word to be preached, for the mystery of Christ to be explained.

The Evansons

by Pat Shields

Sue Hudson was born in Richland, WA in 1953. She attended school in Kennewick, WA until 9th grade, when she moved to Portland with her mom. As Sue remembers it, these weren't the best of years, as her parents went through difficult times, eventually divorcing. Her Dad was a nuclear engineer at the Hanford site. While in Portland, Sue attended 3 or 4 different high schools. She was the middle child of 5 kids, having 3 brothers and 1 sister.



She keeps in touch with her siblings, who all live in the Pacific Northwest.

Sue got married in 1969 and had her first child, Carl, in 1970. Carl's dad died when Carl was only 5. Carl now lives and works in Kenai.

John Evanson was brought screaming into this world in 1948 in Spokane, WA. He attended grade school there, but his family moved to Portland in 1957, where he went to junior and senior high school. John said that he actually attended 11 different schools in 12 years, eventually graduating from Centennial High School in Gresham, OR in 1966. John's Dad was a manager at an aluminum storm window plant and later became a contractor. John has 5 sisters and 1 brother.

After getting out of high school, John was drafted into the U.S. army in 1967. He served in Viet Nam for 14 months with the infantry as a supply sergeant (E5). After his tour of duty in Nam, he was discharged in 1969.

John's next duty involved enrolling in an apprenticeship program for 4 years with United Homes in Portland, where he learned the trade of home building. After finishing this apprenticeship, he worked as a carpenter at a number of places before becoming a self-employed contractor.

It was about this time that John and Sue met at a house party at one of Sue's cousin's homes. John's Dad had a close friend who had lived in Alaska since the early 1960's.

This guy had told John all kinds of stories about Alaska, capturing John's attention. In fact, the stories so intrigued John that in May of 1980 he and Sue came up to visit this story teller and to build a house for him. Chalk this up as another one of those stories where folks come to Alaska just to visit and never leave. John said it was the freedom and the beauty that he and Sue fell in love with. John shared a statistic about Alaska and Viet Nam vets; apparently, Alaska has the highest per capita population of Viet Nam vets of any state in our country. John equates that to the freedoms we enjoy here in Alaska.

The Evansons first settled in Nikiski, but after a couple of years they moved to Kenai. However, while in Nikiski they were neighbors to Pete and Jeannie Weatherford. Pete Weatherford is Lea Shields' dad. Pete and Jeannie moved to Kasilof in 1982 and bought a piece of property at about mile 0.5 on K.Beach Rd. They longed to live in a log home and asked John to take the lead role in building this place. Sue recalls coming out to visit with the Weatherfords and said that Jeannie was instrumental in her spiritual journey. Sue had been baptized as a youth in the Lutheran church, but was not raised in the church. She credits the move away from Oregon, and a change in the lifestyle she and John had been living there as being a very important step in their turning

to the Lord. Both John and Sue would attend Kasilof Community Church when they visited with the Weatherfords.

John recalls being a young Christian in 1983, but strongly believes that unless you are mentored, you can fall through the cracks. He had been "preached" to by an old drinking buddy, but didn't really think much of it. This changed, however, when Sue bought him a flying lesson with Kenai Aviation for a Christmas present. Here John met a man by the name of Tom Potton, who took John flying. "Wouldn't you know it," John said, "this guy preached to me too." John remembers thinking, "Oh boy, here we go, I don't want to hear about this born again stuff." After flying around with him on a few different trips, one day Tom confronted John and asked, "Do you want to accept Jesus Christ, Right Now!" When John said



yes, Tom immediately took him to a Christian bookstore and bought him a Bible. Not long after that, John began listening to some of the Christian programs that KSRM aired. He was hungry for the truth and the more evidence he uncovered the more he wanted to know. It was this insatiable hunger that John says attracted him to studying Eschatology and Apologetics.

John believes Tom Potton's straight forward approach can be an effective method to make people think about their need for Christ. For those of you who know John, when you walk away from an encounter with him, you don't have to guess as to what he is thinking or what he believes.

This author was at a meeting held by the Billy Graham evangelistic team when the call came to walk forward. John Evanson made the walk that night, and as he puts it, "While this walk forward was not necessary for me to become a Christian, it was important, it put a stake in my faith."

John and Sue moved from Kenai to Kasilof in 1986, purchasing land and a trailer from Pat and Lea Shields, who had purchased the same package from Bill and Traci Davis a few years earlier. They currently live at mile 7 on K. Beach. Rd. John and Sue began attending Kasilof Community Church, where they have both been very active serving in the body. In fact, there probably hasn't been a renovation project at KCC that John hasn't been asked to head up. Sue has served numerous terms as a Deaconess (13 years in all), while John has served the same period of time or longer as a Deacon and Trustee. Sue currently works at Kenai Peninsula College as the KPC Council Secretary.

Sue was re-baptized at KCC on Mother's Day in 1992 by Pastor Joe Knox. John was also baptized at KCC with Pete Weatherford on March 5, 1989, also by Pastor Joe. John and Sue had two children together, both born in Soldotna. Ely was born on September 16, 1983 and now lives and works in Anchorage. Anna was born on February 28, 1986; she lives and works in Phoenix, AZ. Both of these kids were raised in Kasilof, attended Tus-

Anna Evanson



tumena Elementary, then Soldotna Middle School, and finally Skyview High School.

John has been one of KCC's most active supporters and participants in missions. Here are some of the mission programs John has been involved in.

- At Solid Rock Bible Camp John was in charge of coordinating a group of volunteers from all over the U.S. when the worship center was being built. "Being a fairly new Christian working with a whole bunch of Christians from all over the US was a very different and very satisfying experience," John said. He still sees some of these people when they come back to visit Alaska.
- John went to Belize (Central America) in 1991 with some of the same folks that served at Solid Rock. Here they built temporary quarters for teachers at a Christian college. When asked about this trip, he said it was similar to the Solid Rock experience. "Being around mature Christians all serving the Lord, is a humbling experience," John said. He equated the trip to Belize as kind of like a very good vacation, but a lot more satisfying.
- Big John traveled to Provideniya, Russia, two different times, in 1992 and 1993. On these trips, John served as a chaperone with a group of Christian high school students who went to minister to other high school kids. In Provideniya, John said he looked for outreach opportunities. The most memorable thing about these trips was that it felt like walking into a time machine – going back in time to see a people group who did not know God. They were just coming out of Communism. "You could see complete despair evidenced in their eyes. It was a sad thing to see, but bringing the message of hope was satisfying. It makes you appreciate the freedoms we have here," John said. He is afraid our country is heading in that direction, while the Provideniyans are headed in our direction (spiritually).
- In 2008, John went to Mexico with a team from KCC. They went to help build a school. John said It was good to see the culture there and how they live with very little, but because of their faith, they are still happy. He concluded, "They have to work twice as hard as we do in America, but for very little pay, and they don't complain." In contrast, John found it hard not to complain, especially about the heat.

The Mayonnaise Jar

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day is not enough; remember the mayonnaise jar and 2 cups of coffee.

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him.

When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and start to fill it with golf balls.

He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured it into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else he asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with an unanimous 'yes.'

The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed..

'Now,' said the professor, as the laughter subsided, 'I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life.

The golf balls are the important things - God, family, children, health, friends, and favorite passions things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full.

The pebbles are the things that matter like your job, house, and car.

The sand is everything else -- The small stuff.

'If you put the sand into the jar first,' he continued, 'there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life.



If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, You will never have room for the things that are important to you.

So...

Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.

Play with your children.

Take time to get medical checkups.

Take your partner out to dinner.

There will always be time to clean the house and fix the dripping tap.

'Take care of the golf balls first -- the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand.'

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented.

The professor smiled. 'I'm glad you asked'.

It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend.'

The Blue Flame's Day of Shame

by Pat Shields

The long days of summer in lower America can produce some temperatures that are absolutely sweltering. For many, the preferred method of survival in the 100^o heat involves turning the knob on the air conditioner in their car or home to the high position. Many years ago my friends and I chose another technique to help endure the heat; it required an 8 mile drive down Highway 200 to the local swimming hole. We just happened to live next to the 2nd largest natural freshwater lake west of the Mississippi. This lake went by the name of Pend Oreille (pronounced pond-o-ray), and a mighty fine pond it was.

The year was 1973. To facilitate the large number of trucks that used highway 200, a bypass project had recently been completed, alleviating the need to drive a fairly narrow section of road through the small towns of Hope and East Hope, which are located in northern Idaho. Part of the highway improvement project included a large bridge over a small section of beautiful Lake Pend Oreille. This bridge provided a perfect venue for young boys to make daring jumps to the water below. At its peak height, which was probably 75' from the water, the adrenaline rush from flying through the air could keep you going for hours and hours.

After one particularly long day of jumping off the bridge, which of course included a competition of who could hold their breath the longest while carrying a large enough rock that would allow you to walk on the lake bottom while those on the bridge above measured your distance traveled, it was time to head home for supper. On this day, I had chosen to drive the blue flame, which was the name our family had given to a 4-door, 1966 Datsun sedan. A friend named Terry was riding with me, while two other friends, Don and Ron, were driving their motorcycles. We got the tunes going in the car and headed out, anxious to see what our mom's had waiting for us on the supper table.



1966 Datsun 411

Traffic was pretty heavy this day, as it typically was in the summer months. Lake Pend Oreille is easily one of the most beautiful lakes you will ever see and highway 200 me-

anders along its shoreline, making for a very scenic drive. After following the gawking terrorists most of the way back home, we finally caught just enough of a break in traffic to attempt a pass of the vehicle directly in front of us. Don and Ron were on their bikes, travelling side by side and they pulled around the slow moving vehicle, with me not far behind them. A check of the oncoming traffic revealed our "break" was no longer clear sailing, we had a vehicle coming our way, quickly closing the gap between us. Ron made the turn back into our lane of traffic and was now about 15' in front of Don as he also pulled back into the right lane. I could now see that I was going to have to crowd the vehicle we had just passed if I wanted to safely get back in our lane too, which I was signaling to do. That's when I noticed that Don turned his head to look back at me to find out if I was still behind them. When he did this, he began to wander a little to his right. At the same time, Ron had backed off the throttle, which allowed the wandering Don to catch up to him. That is when they collided, causing both bikes and riders to hit the pavement. I had not yet completed my pass and was now faced with a very, very difficult decision. These two friends of mine were sliding down the highway in front of me, losing speed. Half of my car was in the lane with oncoming traffic closely approaching and half was in the lane where humanity and hardware were out of control. This is one of those times in life where you don't have the luxury to think through all of your options. I knew a head on collision was not a good thing, especially at that speed, but I didn't look forward to the results of my other choice either. I chose to pull most of the way back into our lane, cutting off the vehicle we had just passed. But, as I did this, I could see I was nearly on top of the tumbling bikes and riders. It was too late. I heard and felt a loud thump, followed by a jerking of the steering wheel. My friend Terry yelled out, "You ran over Don!" I immediately felt like throwing up.

We made it down the highway about a ¼ mile before I could pull over and let the long string of traffic behind us go by. I did not want to go back to the accident scene because I was very afraid of what I was going to see. We got turned around and slowly drove back. On one side of the road a car was in the ditch. This was the car that was first in line coming our way during the ill-fated pass. I could see a man standing beside the car and he did not look happy. On the other side of the road was a motorcycle and someone laying on the pavement. It was Don. I could not see Ron or his bike yet. That's when Terry said, "Don's dead." My heart began racing, "Oh my Lord, what had I done." This was one of those times where I got my answer fairly quickly. As we rolled to a stop, I saw Don moving. Although he looked bewildered, he was alive. I put the flashers on and ran over to him and began the 20-question medical query. Before he could get an answer out of his mouth that made sense, we were accosted by the man who had driven into the ditch to avoid the oncoming motorcycle-blue flame tandem. This man was shouting at us that we were in a lot of trouble. About that

time, Ron came running over to us, also quite agitated. It appeared that he had been able to stay on top of his bike as it skidded down the highway, with both he and the bike ending up in the ditch. As the man who avoided the accident continued to berate us, Ron added his two cents worth about not being very happy that his bike has sustained a fair amount of damage during the ordeal. In a case of bitter irony, Don's bike barely had a scratch on it, as it skidded down the highway all by itself, with Don doing the same thing, but mostly on his back. The noise we had heard and felt as we passed by him was not immediately determined until we could get both Ron and the screaming tourist to calm down. It was then we learned from Don that I had ran over his helmet. Sure enough, an inspection of that very important safety device revealed rubber from my front right tire. A closer inspection of Don revealed a strawberry on his back all the way from his waist to his neck. Other than that, which was bad enough, Don appeared to be OK.

After an exchange of insurance information, the motorist from the ditch again told us that he was going to make sure we all got in plenty of trouble because of our poor driving skills. I asked him if his car was alright. He said that nothing had happened to it. I then gave him my phone number and said that if he chose to call the police, I would accept the consequences. He told me that for sure this was going to happen. Terry and I got back in the blue flame and Don and Ron were able to get their bikes started and we all drove the mile that was left back to our homes.

I have never forgotten the look I saw on Terry's face when he told me that I had ran over Don and then a couple minutes later when he told me Don was dead. You know, that was nearly 40 years ago and I wish I could tell you that I have not made one poor decision while driving since then. I can't. But, I can tell you that incident caused me to be a more cautious driver. We all went home and informed our parents of what took place and none of them were very happy. I waited by the phone for a couple of days and never received a call from the Bonner County Sheriff's department. Perhaps the 25 mile drive to Sandpoint gave the tourist driver time to cool down, or maybe he stopped by the "pond" on his way there and enjoyed the nice cool waters of Lake Pend Oreille.

Hymed In
by Brent Johnson

I went to church 'bout twice a year
sang old hymns and shed a tear.
My life was normal, I would think
kept credit cards right near the brink.

I watched football and drank some beer
didn't check my "inner mirror."
The guys played cards last Friday night
I cussed, I guess, and laughed a mite.

I stumbled home and had a snack
then skipped my teeth, just hit the sack.
Roast beef is bad for bedtime snacks
I dreamed I was in clouds of flax.

And weaving up on Heaven's stair
I saw the Devil's red underwear.
I flailed, I fell, headlong through space
that beef came back with noxious taste.

I passed through clouds awash in dew
They were black and I was blue.
So cold I couldn't lift my limbs
an angel came and caught my glimpse.

When I had plunged away a week
I thought to pray and made squeak.
At once I sensed a gentle pull
and saw a stork with beak out full.

I rode beneath him in a sling
of woven flax tied in a ring.
He eased me to a spacious lawn
the sling was slung and then withdrawn.

The buildings smelled like gingerbread
the people all looked newlywed.
The trees stretched up in fullest bloom
abundant birds wore splendid plume.

The air was like a pasture fount
It burbled with a laughter sound.
There were candles in the trees
there were angels on their knees.

There were stars of every kind
there was sugar all refined.
There was Jesus in his shorts
walking high in Heaven's courts.

Up He comes with a beaming grin,
"Can I help you settle in?
You know, dear one, you nearly missed
our abode of endless bliss.

The Devil had a monster claim
but couldn't stand the way you sang."

KCC White Elephant/Soup & Dessert Night

On Saturday, March 27, the first annual (biannual -?) KCC White Elephant-Soup-Dessert social was held. Eighteen white elephant gifts were offered up for grabs, as were numerous crock pots of soup. A friendly competition was held regarding which man could make the most tasty dessert, with “Paula Deen Kupferschmid” crowned the winneroh, alright, Pastor Paul was the winner. His dessert was a peppermint concoction (you will just have to ask him for the recipe).



On the left is Jane & Darrel Misner

On the right is Chuck & Cheryl Morse

