

Kasilof Community Church

Issue 29
March 2009

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KCC Newsletter Spring 2009

Like some of you, I start out most of my days by spending a half hour or so commuting to work on the same path that many of our youth travel on their way to school. I have often lamented – ok, complained about the fact that **our** kids drive like maniacs to get to a place that many don't want to be in the first place. Another one of life's ironies, isn't it. As my daily journey enters the last lap, I too often find myself hurrying to make sure I beat that device that dictates whether I can stop, go, or prepare to stop. What a joke a yellow traffic light is; how many people do you know who "prepare to stop" when the spotlight is yellow? Anyway, more often than not, or so it seems, the "eye" turns yellow much too soon for me to proceed with caution, leaving me staring at a set of moving red lights pulling away, while the stationary red light above confirms yet another victory over my progress. I usually can be heard muttering something about my nemesis, Murphy. As I sit there, my eyes are often drawn

to the reader board that sits in front of the SBS building. Sometimes the short message I read causes me to silently chuckle, such as the one that said, "*Never test the depth of the water with both feet.*" But then there are ones like this, "*We always have time for the things we put first.*" How true that is. The problem with many of us is that we don't take the time to even contemplate what it is that is most important to us. We're in too much of a hurry for that. Some of you might recall a song of yesteryear with the following words, "*Hey Mister, where you going in such a hurry; don't you think it's time you realized; there's a whole lot more to life than work and worry; the sweetest things in life are free; and they're right before your eyes.*" What do you think Jesus saw from the cross? Was it people worrying about who got his clothes; perhaps it was the sight of his disciples worrying about being identified. For us, the very sweetest thing in life is free. Slow down, stop. Do you see it?

2009 Yukon Quest

*I ran my second Yukon Quest in February, finishing a strong third place and shattering the race record in doing so. (It just so happened that two other teams shattered the same record about an hour faster than my dogs did.) It had been my goal to finish first, going into the 1,000 mile marathon through beautiful but unforgiving backcountry in the Yukon Territory and Alaska. So you might think that my first account of the race would include details of my aggressive move in the first 450 miles to break away from the pack, or the sweaty and borderline hyperthermic night I spent bivouaced on the face of Eagle Summit as I tried to find a way up the steepest incline in sled dog racing. Or maybe an account of the exhausting final 150 miles to Fairbanks. But no. I wrote about a nice little meal I ate at a small cabin that serves as an unofficial checkpoint. I did it because there's a sense among some people who follow the race that it was going along at a ridiculously fast pace. Little rest, always go, go go. But to me, the race seemed to unfold with an almost gentle cadence, most of the time anyway. And this is an example.....Jo
n Little*

The official standings showed only two things: My in time and out time from an unofficial checkpoint, a Gold Rush ghost town called Fortymile. The standings showed I only stayed there a lousy two and a half hours, indicating I was grinding out long runs and taking only



the shortest of frantic rests before driving on in some crazy dash to stay in front. Never mind that the official standings were wrong -- I stayed at Fortymile for whopping three and a half hours -- the pace of the race at that point was far from frantic. It seemed downright placid. Those few hours were peaceful and drowsy, so much so that I had to remember there was a race going on.

I had been the first team to leave Dawson, 450 miles into the 2009 Yukon Quest, only to be passed by William Kleedejn about half way through the seven-hour run to Fortymile. My 12 dogs trotted into the checkpoint, a collection of aging log cabins and buildings where the Fortymile River dumps into the mighty Yukon. It was about 5:30 p.m., supertime. Kleedejn had "blown through" a minute or two ahead of me, said the head checker and only occupant, Sebastian Jones. I didn't feel like giving chase, and my dogs needed a meal and a nap. I pulled over in soft snow, just off the trail. Grabbing half a wad of surprisingly heavy straw I'd packed the last 50 miles, I made beds for the dogs.



About 20 yards away, Sebastian had a 55 gallon drum over a smoldering birch fire. I mixed the lukewarm water with some kibble and gave it to my nesting dogs, who slurped it all down. Entering the roughly 12-by-16 cabin, a one-time post office (or was it a liquor store?) about 100 years ago, I was greeted by its spare, dark interior, illuminated only by a couple of candles. I walked over the undulating plywood floor that bounced like a trampoline in places, and sat at the small table by the only window, and was immediately served a dinnerplate with moose ribs, rice with peas and carrots, potato salad and a big dinner roll. In front of me on the rough table top was a saucer bearing about a pound of soft butter, and Sebastian handed me an old insulated mug with water. I'd help myself to home-made cookies and fresh coffee from the percolator atop the woodstove after the meal.

This semi-official hospitality stop was better than any official checkpoint in any race, ever. No crowds, no noise.

While I ate, Sebastian slowly and quietly told me the story of how he'd hunted this particular moose, which like most good moose hunting stories simply involved him carrying his old rifle everywhere he went during hunting season and one afternoon just having a moose walk by. Somehow, it seemed like the best moose hunting story I'd heard.

When he'd finished talking and I was done eating, I looked at my watch. I'd only been stopped about an hour and a half. The only other musher to come by was Hugh Neff, who showed up an hour after I did. And as I chowed my meal I overheard him say, sort of theatrically, "Did my friend William continue on? ... then so shall I."

It was dead quiet inside the cabin. Outside, my dogs were immobile in sleep. Sebastian Jones had taken off on his snowmachine to check out what the other mushers were doing. The first two had gone on to another cabin just four miles down the trail.



Almost unsure what to do with my time, I penciled out a

schedule of how I would run the next 100 miles to the community of Eagle, the next checkpoint. Kleedehn and Neff were probably breaking the 150 miles from Dawson to Eagle into two long runs of 7 and a half to 14 hours, with one rest between. My dogs, battling diarrhea for the last day or two, needed to pull over sooner and eat and drink and rest. Still, I wanted to keep up with them, so I figured I would spend three and a half hours at Eagle, then camp again for four hours at the Taylor Highway Bridge, 50 miles on, for a total of seven and a half hours. If those two rested five to six hours, they had an hour and a half to two hours on me, but that was close enough for me to catch them later, I reasoned.

With nothing left to do, I eased over to an old full-size bed in one corner, very carefully set my alarm, very carefully made sure it was turned on, and passed out on my back. When I awoke an hour later, no other team had come through. Nothing had changed, except that it was now dark outside. I slowly gathered my gear, went out and started bootying my dogs for the long night-time trot down the Fortymile River, which would slowly ease me out of Canada and into Alaska with some 500 miles of "racing" still to go. We took off into the darkness about 9 p.m. on the winding trail into Alaska.

2009 Kasilof Arm Wrestling Championships

This winter, the 2009 Kasilof area arm wrestling championship tournament took place at Bree Little's house. Two people signed up for the tournament, Bree Little and Jessie Brown.



For the first three hours, these two strong-armed ladies were "locked" in a dead heat. There were lots of noises coming from them that kind of sounded like a hunter attempting to call in passing geese or a bull moose.

Finally, and I mean finally, after nearly succumbing to exhaustion, Bree was able to throw Jessie's arm down to the table in an awesome display of sheer strength and determination.

The KCC Newsletter was unable to determine what the winning wrestler won in this inaugural event.



2008 KCC Christmas Variety Show

On December 21, 2008 KCC held its annual Christmas variety show. While there were not quite as many acts as usual, there still were enough people who were willing to step up on the stage and entertain the audience in the spirit of Christmas.

We thank everyone for their efforts and the time they spent preparing for the much enjoyed event.



An angel trio comprised of Ellie Smith, Miriam Bowser, and Dawnie Altman.



Angel Jeremy Kupferschmid joins the choir of angels in a song of joy.



Ben Mattox on guitar while singing “Angels We Have Heard on High”



Grandma Mary and Aliyah Glover



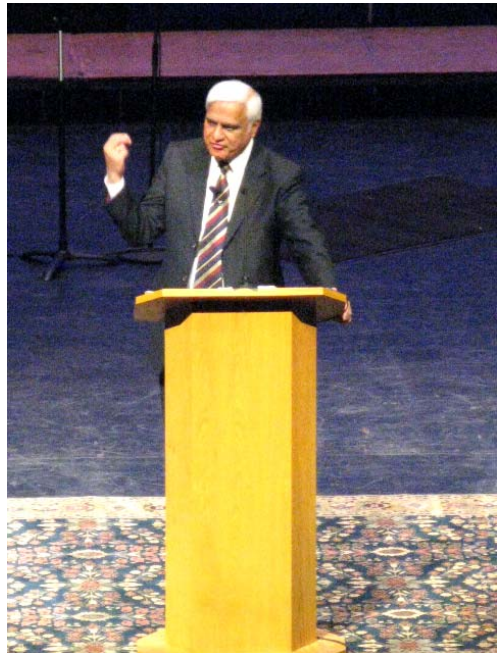
The Kasilof youth group entertained all with a humorous skit. From left to right: unknown & Brad Altman (two boys kneeling), Monica and Hannah Hutchison, Kaillee Skjold, Brittanie Thayer, Jessie Bilderback, Eric-Ross Skjold, Alyssa Mattox, Gabriel, and Ben Mattox.

Ravi Zacharias

KCC was well represented at the Ravi Zacharias benefit lecture held in Anchorage on Thursday night, March 5. By the Newsletter's count, 14 folks from KCC made the journey to Anchorage to take in Ravi's presentation, which was held at the Atwood Concert Hall and hosted by the Alaska Family Council. Ravi was greeted with a standing ovation from the sold-out event and captivated the audience with his unique style of oration.

Ravi asked the large crowd, "*How do we determine what are those foundational pillars on which an individual, a family, a society, and our nations can stand?*" He suggested that the Bible gives us four foundations. If we would seriously think about them, and reflect upon them, Ravi is confident we will ultimately agree with them. The first that is given to us is the foundation of eternity.

1. **Eternity**: "*King Solomon said that everything seems so fluid in our time, and yet you, God, have put eternity in the heart of man.*" Eternity is rooted in our hearts. Think about it, even in our experiences, how much we depend on this concept of eternity. Ravi recalled watching TV one night in 1968 when the American astronauts were the first ones to go around the dark side of the moon. As they began their journey back home, they were given a glimpse of the universe that nobody had ever before seen. They saw their home planet rise over the horizon of the moon, against the black void of space. "*And these human beings, in getting a glimpse of that, found no poet, no lyricist, and no philosopher to come to their aid to describe that awe-inspiring experience. Only*



one sentence said it for them, and we heard it across the world: *“In the beginning, God...”* Only God was big enough to explain the complexity and the intelligibility of this world. God has put eternity in your heart and mine.

2. **Morality**: Ravi stated that one of grandest things God has given to us is the dignity of our ethnicity and the only way we can argue for intrinsic worth is if God has given that to us in His own sacred will. Society can't confer it. Laws do not create it. Mindsets do not affirm it. You and I are of intrinsic worth not because any society has given it to us, but because it was given to us by God Himself. That is intrinsic value. The moral framework in which we live presents a challenge for atheists. How does evolution deal with the morality of man?

3. **Accountability**: Ravi shared the time he first visited Auschwitz. He recalled the horrors of thousands of pounds of women's hair, thousands of suitcases, little toothbrushes, little pairs of shoes. He witnessed teenage visitors walking out with tears running down their faces. And he saw the words of Adolph Hitler against the gas ovens there, *“I want to raise a generation of young people devoid of a conscience, imperious, relentless and cruel.”* Ravi asks, *“What happens when you unleash a generation like that—a generation of young people, imperious, relentless and cruel?”* He concludes that when you eradicate eternity, you redefine existence. When you eradicate morality, you destroy essence. When you eradicate accountability, you destroy conscience. Existence, essence, conscience. The secularist often attacks the church on the issue of accountability. Remember, God is watching you. Do not think for a minute that what you do in secret escapes God. It doesn't.

Charity: The fourth and last dimension Ravi spoke of was charity. He said when you lose the sense of charity you have taken away beneficence. How wonderful it would be if we could learn to state disagreements in love and love our fellow human beings. Ravi warned that Christians should never make someone else feel hated when telling them the truth. A very dangerous temptation is to do the right thing in the wrong way.

By MATTHEW CARROLL / *Peninsula Clarion*

Published: February 6th, 2009

KENAI, Alaska - Talk about perfect timing.

Three years to the day after becoming the first female school championship competing against boys, former Skyview High School grappler Michaela Hutchison was making history once again.

Only four days after capturing the women's 55-kilogram national championship for Oklahoma City University, Hutchison took the mat on Wednesday and added another impressive accomplishment to her increasingly blossoming resume by becoming the first woman to compete in an Oklahoma men's college dual, according to the university.

Filling the 125-pound slot in the Stars lineup against freshman Alex Gorton of Neosho County (Kan.), Hutchison lost a 17-2 technical fall wrestling folkstyle, after competing in free-style throughout the season.

However, she did toss Gorton onto his back in the first period, earning a pair of back points.

"Boy, it was pretty exciting," said OCU women's and men's wrestling coach Archie Randall.

"I wish I had about 30 of her. Then I wouldn't have to do nothing in practice except sit against the wall. She motivates herself."

As a sophomore at Skyview in 2006, Hutchison won the 103-pound state crown in the Class 4A Alaska State Wrestling Championships with a thrilling 1-0 win over Colony's Aaron Boss.

Wrestling against boys definitely has its benefits, Randall said.

"Most of the girls we have in our program now, the most successful are the ones who wrestle in men's programs," he explained. "They have a different attitude, a different



Michaela Hutchison's hand is raised in victory three years ago Wednesday after becoming the first girl in the country to win an individual state high school wrestling championship competing against boys during the Class 4A Alaska state wrestling championships at Chugiak High School. Hutchison on Wednesday became the first woman to compete in an Oklahoma men's college dual, according to Oklahoma City University.

style, they're more aggressive, stuff like that."

Randall said in between her studies, which has earned her a 3.16 GPA, higher than the overall team's of 3.0, Hutchison hits the mat with not only her women's team, but also the men's.

Randall then asked Hutchison if she wanted to join the men's team on Wednesday and fill the 125-pound spot, a weight class the team has forfeited in all 20 duals this season.

Her response?

"Sure."

"She did better than the other person we had there. We don't have anybody there," Randall laughed. "I think she just locked up a little bit because it's her first men's college match. I think she should have wrestled better.

"I think she's better than what she showed this time around."

Hutchison, the top-ranked 121-pound female wrestler in the country out of every division, with 13 colleges boasting scholarship athletes, has tasted success all season during her rookie campaign with the Stars.

Going 32-3 with 14 pins, she helped OCU repeat as National Wrestling Coaches Association/Cliff Keen National Duals women's champions in January, earning outstanding wrestler honors to boot.

All three of her losses this season came up a weight class at 130 pounds, one of them against a woman who was a world bronze medalist and another versus a grappler who won the world team trials - two of the top wrestlers in the nation, according to Randall.

"She's the real deal. She's always been," he said. "She was one of the top girls out of the nation last year. We thought we were real fortunate to get her down here.

"She's had a really good season," Randall added. "We've put her against everybody that we could possibly find for her to compete against."

The top seed in the Women's College Wrestling Association Women's College Wrestling Championships on Saturday at the Burns Athletic Center in Marshall, Mo., Hutchison, a pre-med major, was one of three OCU wrestlers to win individual crowns in leading the Stars to a 117-86 win over Cumberlands (Ky.), ending Cumberlands' streak of three straight national championships, including last year when it beat OCU, then in its first year of fielding a program.

Hutchison beat teammate and second-ranked Ashley Hudson by decision, 2-0, 3-0, in the 55-kilogram title bout after winning two matches by fall and another by technical fall.

And in the process, Hutchison and four others qualified for the U.S. Team in the World

Team Trials in Nebraska in June.

"She's phenomenal. She is really, really technically sound, her work ethic is really good, she's tough, she moves real well," Randall said. "She's a great student and a great kid. She's a pleasure to have on our team."

The OCU men's squad closes their regular season dual schedule with a Feb. 11 match against Bacone College in Muskogee, Okla.

Hutchison will wrestle in that as well.

"I think she'll be a little bit more relaxed," Randall said. "I think she'll have the first-match jitters out of her system, too."

MUSKOGEE, Okla. – February 11, 2009

http://www.ocusports.com/news/2009/2/11/MWREST_0211091604.aspx?path=mwrestling

Michaela Hutchison of Oklahoma City University picked up her first win of the season against male competition in the Stars' 46-0 win over Bacone on Wednesday.

Hutchison, a freshman from Soldotna, Alaska, knocked off Tyler Kinslow 13-4 in a major decision. Kinslow eliminated Hutchison from the Briar Cliff Invitational on Saturday with an 8-7 win.

Hutchison had lost her first three matches against men this season. She has improved over those performances.

"The guys beat me up in the wrestling room this week," Hutchison said. "I had to get more physical and attack more."

The Stars rolled on the strength of three pins and two forfeit wins. OCU (9-13) shut out an opponent for the first time this season.

"She did a really good job," OCU coach Archie Randall said. "She got us a major decision, and that's the spark we've not had. She had him on his back twice. She dominated. The more she wrestles guys, the more she adapts."

Vicky Gee Takes the Plunge

In what is arguably one of the most special events a believer will ever experience, baptism only becomes more special when witnessed by the brethren. On Feb xx, those in attendance at KCC were privileged to see Vicky Gee publicly proclaim her faith and trust in Jesus Christ.

“Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound, We Once were Lost, but Now Are Found.”

Thank-you Vicky for letting us share in this truly Holy experience.



KCC Missions Update

Three second generation missionaries have been added to the KCC support list for 2009. The younger generation is coming along side and beyond their faithful parents. What an inheritance – from God! From their parents! And, to us, as we can pray and give to these worthy mission fields.

Noah and Courtney Proctor are a valued asset of Solid Rock Bible Camp. Their mission is to develop the wilderness program into a more extensive outreach. Check the church entry table for the 2009 camp schedule and encourage the would-be-campers of all ages to BE at Solid Rock this camping season. There are, too, opportunities for volunteers. (Courtney is the daughter of camp directors Ted and Val McKenney).

Amber Stark is the daughter of Kenn and Lesa Stark. She grew up on the mission field in Europe – specifically, one to the Muslim people. She is with Life Impact Ministries. Their purpose is to serve the church by planning and conducting disciple making ministry events that will train and equip students/adults in evangelism, development of giftedness, and ministry multiplication for peer-to-peer ministries. Her calling is to establish an “oasis” in Slovakia, Eastern Europe as a retreat for missionaries in that part of the world where respites are much needed and Christian fellowship is desired.

Rob and Tammy Kocher will be Operations Manager for Ambassadors for Christ International (AFCI) at the International Office in Atlanta, GA. Rob will manage while Tammy will exercise her gifts of hospitality and leadership with AFCI’s women’s ministry, *Focus on the Heart*, and be mom and homekeeper. AFCI was launched sixty (60) years ago with a mission to encourage the Church of one nation, Australia. Today, it has grown a worldwide network of nationals working in thirty (30) countries. AFCI builds teams to work together for a common cause to develop and realize a vision for their nation.



ROB AND TAMMY KOCHER
Ambassadors for Christ International

Pray that these dedicated young missionaries will get the support they need to fulfill the calling God has placed on them. Their lives have been spent preparing for this time.

From Elena and Wayne Leman.....”I have now had a second consultation with the Lyme Disease specialist in Seattle. He says I’m feeling worse because of bug-die-off, which is a good thing.....Wayne has finished Romans 13 in Crow. Mentoring translation consultants through two on site checking sessions is how we train more translation consultants to meet the crying need for more consultants. Wayne’s been asked to check the translation of a 3rd language in SE Asia – so many translations that need to be checked these days, including many in Africa. When he needs a break from translation checking, he enjoys phoning some of his elder relatives, the last speakers of Ninilchik Russian to record enough of that dialect to make a small dictionary for it.

Remember the highlighted (this issue) missionaries and all in prayer and praise for allowing us to be a part of their work for Christ.

Missionary

Peggy Dancy
Jonathan & Indira Maraj
Ted & Val McKenney
Jeff Seimers
Tim & Barbara Wood
Sati Pradtan/India
David Arestad
Love, Incorporated
Food Bank

Ben & Brenda Murray
Ted & Sharon Wingo
Wirachai & Chuampit Kawae
Rob & Tammy Kocher

Mission field

Africa (Mozambique)
India/Malaysia/Alaska
Solid Rock Bible Camp
Alaska Christian College
Mexico
Elder Shelter
Wildwood Correctional Chaplain
Kenai Peninsula
Kenai Peninsula

Southern Thailand
Northern Mexico
China, Africa, Thailand
Ambassadors for Christ International

In Christ,
Eleanor (Missions)

A Brief History of Herman & Dorothy Hermansen

by Brent Johnson

Herman and Dorothy Hermansen both have roots that reach back to Russia and Europe and unite with a hearty people that lived in Alaska long ago. Hermansens share Kenai as the village of their birth. Dorothy was 8 when her dad, Irvin Petterson, got appendicitis. That was about 1935 and penicillin didn't become available for another decade or so. Louise Wilson had six children with Irvin. From oldest they are: Dorothy, Urban, Beatrice, Alida, Carl, and Vernon. Only Dorothy and Alida remain. Three years after becoming a widow, Louise married again, this time to Mike Julissen. And they had seven children: Melvin, Michael, Eugene, Norman, Sigrid, Nels, and Bill, though Bill died as a baby.

Martin Hermansen was Norweigan and his wife was Fedora Pederson of Kenai. Their children were, from oldest: Ella, Mary, then a girl who died as a baby, Herman, Martin, Alfred, and Gordon. Now Mary is 90, Herman 88 and Gordon 80. Herman's maternal grandfather was from Denmark and his great grandmother was Mary Demidoff, a person rich in



Russian and native Alaskan genes. Dorothy's maiden name "Wilson" is typically English, and she also has a heritage of Russian-native roots.

Herman worked in the commercial fishery industry from his youth. He and Herman Lindgren were partners in a setnet operation in 1934, when they were 14. Later these two boys and some other lads setnet for king salmon in Trading Bay on the west side of Cook Inlet. Their little skiff was taken there on a salmon tender. Needing to come to Ke-

nai for a dance one weekend, they were without the tender. And without an outboard. So they rowed across the Inlet.

While Herman and Dorothy were growing up in Kenai, Eleanor Schuman grew up in California. Eleanor graduated from Biola University in 1934. A couple years later she heard an Alaskan missionary, Pauline Smith, speaking at a church service. Eleanor decided to become a missionary herself and went to Kenai in 1937. Previously, Russian Orthodox Church services were conducted in the Russian language, but very few people could understand the words. Schuman and Smith were slowly joined by other missionaries and they preached in Kasilof, Ninilchik and beyond. Dorothy heard the Gospel and accepted Jesus. As the community gained more appreciation for Eleanor, orphaned children were left with her. Thus she started the Kenai Children's Home and eventually had about 15 children. Marvin Johnson "John" Hurt came to Kenai as a missionary in 1943. He took on several responsibilities for the church and took charge of the boys in the children's home. Eleanor married him and they moved in 1944 to join a children's home in Valdez. They stayed there several years and after that place burned down, the children were moved to Palmer to begin the Lazy Mountain Children's Home. John and Eleanor Hurt then traveled into other areas to minister, which included spending a couple years at Pile Bay at the head of Lake Iliamna.

High school wasn't available in Kenai until 1941. Herman attended school through 8th grade but Dorothy went to Anchorage for high school and boarded with a family. She did chores to help pay for her keep. Herman's parents also lived in Anchorage in the early 1940s. That is, his mom lived there while his dad was the watchman at Libby's cannery. Taking advantage of the city, Herman played hockey for two teams, the Anchorage Aces and the Beavers. During high school Dorothy began dating Herman. They got married in 1945, when Dorothy was 18. That summer Herman was struck with appendicitis. But Libby's cannery brought a plane right onto the Kenai River and it flew him to Providence hospital, which was then on "L" Street. Five operations and a healthy dose of penicillin probably saved his life. In the winter of 1947-48 Herman worked for Henning Johnson who was in Kenai as an engineer installing runway lights. Henning's wife, Ruth, had baby Judy in February 1948. With three young children she hired Beatrice Julissen (Dorothy's sister) to help with housework. Ruth still speaks warmly of



Beatrice and reports the young lady told her, “I have perfect attendance at Sunday School.” This Sunday school was a continuation of the work begun by Eleanor Schuman and Pauline Smith.

In the fall of 1948 Herman bought a Humpy Point setnet site from Swede Foss for \$400. Herman’s brother, Martin, had fished with Foss a couple years and mentioned it when Foss wanted to sell. One of the

things that came with the new site was a 4-wheel-drive “weapons carrier” army surplus truck. Wanting to take it to Kenai, Herman drove the beach to Kasilof River where he got Pappy Walker to ferry it across on a “pot scow” (vessel used to tender fish from traps). Driving the weapons carrier back to his fish site in the spring of 1949, Herman took the Sterling Highway and crossed the new Kasilof Bridge. Crooked Creek proved to be a different deal. There the highway was not yet up to “grade” and Herman got so stuck it took three days to wrestle free.

At first Dorothy was Herman’s main helper in the setnetting business. Then Linda, Karen, Dorothy Lou, Susan, Terry, and Randi were born. So Herman made fishers out of all of them. Hermansens painted their boats red and white and called them The Peppermint Fleet. One skiff was the Dot and another was the Dorothy. For a 4th of July celebration in 1950 they loaded Herman’s parents and their whole family in the weapons carrier and drove the beach to Ninilchik. There, Herman crept across the Ninilchik River bridge, which was in the village. His truck barely fit for width and the weight was only proved safe by making it across. Eventually Herman adapted to the modern world and

got an aluminum boat called The Silver Bullet.

Like any parent, Herman was protective of his girls. According to Steve Webb, who grew up on adjacent sites, a fellow was driving the beach when the Hermansen girls were young. This fellow went fast, perhaps feeling his oats. But Herman didn't appreciate the man's speed so he asked him to slow down. Another day brought the young man flying by again. He landed, however, when Fate caused a temporary vehicle malfunction. Turns out, Herman is very good with "hands-on" driving lessons. After this, Steve reports, the man always drove by very slowly. Once, Karen got a bad earache. Wanting to get her to a doctor, Herman tied up a windsock, which was their prearranged signal to the local pilot. Seeing the sock he knew it was an emergency, so he landed on the beach and picked up passengers. In those days there were no running lines for pilots to worry about. Beach nets were staked, like sandbar nets today.

A Kenai-Soldotna newspaper began being published in October 1959 and it shows some of the activities of characters I've mentioned. Herman's name appears in a December 1959 Cheechako News article. He, Melvin Julissen and Wayne Webb had bought material and set up a skating rink for Tustumena School. A January 1960 article in this paper tells us that the Kenai Peninsula Fellowship (which started Solid Rock Bible Camp) held a meeting where Reverend John Hurt showed slides. At that time John and Eleanor were back at Lazy Mountain. Three months later a bulletin from this paper says: A Coho Community Club has organized and Herman was elected vice-president. On October 3, 1960 Herman was elected to serve on the Tustumena Advisory School Board. Finally a June 1962 story mentions Solid Rock Bible Camp and says Miss Pauline Smith of Kokhonok Bay will be speaking.

John and Eleanor moved back to Lazy Mountain in 1952 because John was on a missionary board of directors that met in Anchorage. The children's home was near enough to attend the necessary meetings. Hurts finally left Alaska in 1966 to help care for one of their aging parents. John passed away in about 2002 and Eleanor is 98, but has recently slipped into dementia. She is being cared for by her daughter and son-in-law, Grace and Morice Wagner. Hermansens remain active in attending commercial fishing meetings and historical gatherings, even operating their fish site through the help of a daughter and son-in-law. Dorothy, of course, brightens Kasilof Church with regular attendance.

AN EASTER POEM

By J. Lyn Lofquist

When I think on that day of long ago
I can scarce but take it in,
My Jesus was broken and battered for me
Scorned and taunted at Calvary.

The perfect one, the Messiah and King
Suffered and bled on that cruel cold tree
He knew of His fate, yet willingly went
To where He suffered and bled for me.

They tore His clothes for the highest bid
A crown of thorns upon His brow,
They spat His name and brought Him
shame,
Yet suffering, He whispered, "Forgive."

They couldn't fathom His wonderful face
Their eyes blinded with hatred and fear,
They did not know this Son of God
As they pierced His side with the spear.

But oh how the heavens surely rejoiced
On that glorious, miraculous day,
When the earth shook, dark and trembled,
And the stone at His tomb rolled away.

The risen Son stood tall and whole,
His perfect form restored
Prepared to go to His father in heaven,
Hands and feet scarred, yet so pure.

Give Him praise and give Him glory,
Hallelujah to our King.
Give Him laud and give Him honor

He is life, He's everything
The blessed Jesus, resurrected He reigns,
Sovereign perfection, the precious lamb,
Savior, King, the prince of prince
Glorious and triumphant is His name.

STROKE IDENTIFICATION: (Remember those first three letters of the word, **STR**oke)

During a BBQ, a friend stumbled and took a little fall - she assured everyone that she was fine (they offered to call paramedics)?? she said she just tripped over a brick because of her new shoes. They got her cleaned up and got her a new plate of food - while she appeared a bit shaken up, Ingrid went about enjoying herself the rest of the evening. Ingrid's husband called later telling everyone that his wife had been taken to the hospital - (at 6:00pm, Ingrid passed away.) She had suffered a stroke at the BBQ. Had they known how to identify the signs of a stroke, perhaps Ingrid would be with us today. Some don't die. They end up in a helpless, hopeless condition instead.

It only takes a minute to read this-

----- A neurologist says that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can totally reverse the effects of a stroke...totally. He said the trick was getting a stroke recognized, diagnosed, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which is tough.

RECOGNIZING A STROKE

Thank God for the sense to remember the "3" steps, STR. Read and Learn!

Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke.

Now doctors say a bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

S *Ask the individual to SMILE.

T *Ask the person to TALK. to SPEAK A SIMPLE SENTENCE (Coherently i.e. . . It is sunny out today).

R *Ask him or her to RAISE BOTH ARMS.

If he or she has trouble with ANY ONE of these tasks, call 9-1-1 immediately and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

BE A FRIEND AND SHARE THIS ARTICLE WITH AS MANY FRIENDS AS POSSIBLE.
You could save someone's life.

MAY 2009

Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Fri	07:47A	15.9	09:19P	15.0	01:45A	4.9	02:31P	0.4
2	Sat	09:09A	14.8	10:29P	15.5	03:06A	5.0	03:45P	1.2
3	Sun	10:36A	14.5	11:31P	16.4	04:32A	4.1	04:57P	1.6
4	Mon	11:54A	15.1			05:44A	2.4	05:57P	1.6
5	Tue	12:22A	17.4	12:57P	15.9	06:42A	0.7	06:48P	1.6
6	Wed	01:05A	18.4	01:48P	16.8	07:29A	-0.9	07:33P	1.7
7	Thu	01:43A	19.1	02:33P	17.4	08:10A	-2.0	08:13P	1.9
8	Fri	02:19A	19.4	03:14P	17.7	08:48A	-2.6	08:51P	2.2
9	Sat	02:53A	19.5	03:53P	17.7	09:25A	-2.8	09:29P	2.6
10	Sun	03:26A	19.3	04:30P	17.4	10:00A	-2.5	10:05P	3.1
11	Mon	04:00A	18.7	05:08P	16.7	10:35A	-1.9	10:43P	3.8
12	Tue	04:35A	17.9	05:48P	15.9	11:12A	-1.0	11:21P	4.6
13	Wed	05:12A	16.9	06:31P	15.0	11:50A	0.0	-	-
14	Thu	05:52A	15.7	07:18P	14.1	12:03A	5.5	12:30P	1.2
15	Fri	06:37A	14.5	08:10P	13.5	12:50A	6.2	01:16P	2.3
16	Sat	07:33A	13.4	09:06P	13.4	01:47A	6.7	02:09P	3.3
17	Sun	08:43A	12.5	10:03P	13.7	02:57A	6.7	03:10P	4.0
18	Mon	10:01A	12.3	10:53P	14.4	04:12A	6.0	04:14P	4.4
19	Tue	11:15A	12.8	11:38P	15.5	05:17A	4.6	05:14P	4.4
20	Wed	-	-	12:19P	13.9	06:10A	2.8	06:06P	4.1
21	Thu	12:20A	16.7	01:13P	15.2	06:55A	0.7	06:54P	3.6
22	Fri	01:02A	18.0	02:03P	16.4	07:38A	-1.2	07:40P	3.1
23	Sat	01:43A	19.2	02:49P	17.5	08:21A	-2.9	08:26P	2.6
24	Sun	02:26A	20.2	03:36P	18.2	09:04A	-4.2	09:11P	2.2
25	Mon	03:11A	20.8	04:22P	18.4	09:49A	-5.0	09:58P	2.1
26	Tue	03:57A	20.8	05:10P	18.3	10:36A	-5.1	10:46P	2.2
27	Wed	04:46A	20.3	06:00P	18.0	11:24A	-4.5	11:38P	2.5
28	Thu	05:39A	19.2	06:53P	17.5	-	-	12:15P	-3.4
29	Fri	06:36A	17.8	07:48P	17.0	12:35A	2.9	01:08P	-1.9
30	Sat	07:40A	16.2	08:46P	16.7	01:39A	3.2	02:06P	-0.3
31	Sun	08:53A	14.8	09:45P	16.6	02:50A	3.2	03:08P	1.2

JUNE 2009

Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		A.M.		P.M.		A.M.		P.M.	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Mon	10:12A	14.0	10:43P	16.8	04:05A	2.7	04:13P	2.5
2	Tue	11:30A	13.9	11:36P	17.0	05:16A	1.7	05:15P	3.4
3	Wed	-	-	12:39P	14.4	06:17A	0.6	06:12P	3.8
4	Thu	12:25A	17.4	01:36P	15.1	07:08A	-0.4	07:03P	4.1
5	Fri	01:09A	17.7	02:23P	15.7	07:52A	-1.2	07:49P	4.1
6	Sat	01:49A	18.0	03:05P	16.2	08:32A	-1.7	08:30P	4.0
7	Sun	02:27A	18.1	03:43P	16.5	09:09A	-1.9	09:10P	3.9
8	Mon	03:05A	18.2	04:20P	16.6	09:44A	-2.0	09:49P	3.9
9	Tue	03:42A	18.1	04:56P	16.5	10:20A	-1.8	10:27P	4.1
10	Wed	04:19A	17.7	05:33P	16.3	10:55A	-1.3	11:06P	4.3
11	Thu	04:57A	17.1	06:10P	15.9	11:30A	-0.7	11:46P	4.7
12	Fri	05:37A	16.3	06:48P	15.5	-	-	12:06P	0.2
13	Sat	06:19A	15.2	07:27P	15.1	12:29A	5.0	12:44P	1.2
14	Sun	07:07A	14.1	08:08P	14.9	01:16A	5.3	01:24P	2.3
15	Mon	08:03A	13.1	08:51P	14.9	02:10A	5.3	02:10P	3.4
16	Tue	09:10A	12.5	09:40P	15.2	03:12A	4.8	03:05P	4.5
17	Wed	10:26A	12.4	10:32P	15.8	04:18A	3.9	04:08P	5.2
18	Thu	11:41A	13.0	11:26P	16.6	05:22A	2.5	05:14P	5.4
19	Fri	-	-	12:48P	14.1	06:20A	0.7	06:16P	5.1
20	Sat	12:21A	17.7	01:46P	15.4	07:13A	-1.2	07:13P	4.3
21	Sun	01:14A	18.9	02:37P	16.8	08:03A	-3.0	08:06P	3.4
22	Mon	02:07A	20.0	03:25P	17.9	08:51A	-4.4	08:57P	2.5
23	Tue	02:58A	20.9	04:12P	18.7	09:38A	-5.3	09:47P	1.7
24	Wed	03:49A	21.2	04:58P	19.2	10:24A	-5.6	10:37P	1.2
25	Thu	04:40A	20.9	05:44P	19.3	11:11A	-5.1	11:29P	1.0
26	Fri	05:32A	19.9	06:30P	19.1	11:57A	-3.9	-	-
27	Sat	06:26A	18.4	07:17P	18.7	12:22A	1.1	12:44P	-2.2
28	Sun	07:23A	16.7	08:05P	18.0	01:19A	1.5	01:34P	-0.2
29	Mon	08:27A	14.9	08:56P	17.3	02:20A	1.9	02:27P	2.0
30	Tue	09:40A	13.6	09:51P	16.6	03:29A	2.1	03:26P	3.9

A STRANGER PASSED BY

Author unknown

I ran into a stranger as he passed by,
'Oh excuse me please' was my reply.

He said, 'Please excuse me too;
I wasn't watching for you.'

We were very polite, this stranger and I.
We went on our way and we said good-
bye.

But at home a different story is told,
How we treat our loved ones, young and
old.

Later that day, cooking the evening meal,
My son stood beside me very still.

When I turned, I nearly knocked him down.
'Move out of the way,' I said with a frown.

He walked away, his little heart broken.
I didn't realize how harshly I'd spoken.

While I lay awake in bed,
God's still small voice came to me and
said,

'While dealing with a stranger, common
courtesy you use,
But the family you love, you seem to
abuse.

Go and look on the kitchen floor,
You'll find some flowers there by the door.

Those are the flowers he brought for you.
He picked them himself: pink, yellow and
blue.

He stood very quietly not to spoil the sur-
prise,
you never saw the tears that filled his little
eyes.'

By this time, I felt very small,
And now my tears began to fall.

I quietly went and knelt by his bed;
'Wake up, little one, wake up,' I said.

'Are these the flowers you picked for me?'
He smiled, 'I found 'em, out by the tree.

I picked 'em because they're pretty like
you.

I knew you'd like 'em, especially the blue.'

I said, 'Son, I'm very sorry for the way I
acted today;
I shouldn't have yelled at you that way.'

He said, 'Oh, Mom, that's okay.
I love you anyway.'

I said, 'Son, I love you too,
And I do like the flowers, especially the
blue.'

**FAMILY= (F)ATHER (A)ND (M)OTHER,
(I) (L)OVE (Y)OU!**