



Kasilof Community Church

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With the recent night time frosts, it appears that winter is knocking on fall's door, wanting to spoil the party. For many, this means it's high time to start in on that "honey-do" list before winter actually comes for good. When I make my list, either mentally or hand written, I usually prioritize the tasks, so if time gets away from me, I will have hopefully accomplished the most important jobs.

That reminds me of something. When was the last time someone asked you about a chore you intended to do, but didn't get done, and your response was, "I was too busy." Let me help you rephrase that so it more accurately reflects what really happened. You should have said, "It wasn't a high enough priority." Think about it. How often do we **not** do the things that are really important to us to get done? Every day we make choices about what we do and what we don't do.

These choices often reflect the priorities in our lives. I am not saying that we don't lead busy lives and I'm not saying that you will have time to do everything you want, even if it is a pretty high priority. But I am saying that most of us have more time to do the things that really count than we would dare admit. It really is a matter of priorities. Let me illustrate. This newsletter was supposed to be printed last week. Why wasn't it? Priorities. I got involved in another project that I prioritized ahead of printing the newsletter. Some of the most obvious priorities to review in our lives include time spent in prayer and in reading God's word. But you might have expected I would say that in a church newsletter. So, I'll just ask you this, "When was the last time you re-prioritized your priority list?"

Not Exactly A Message In A Bottle, But It Has Meaning

Bob May found this article in The Pacific Flyer newspaper, February 2010 edition. He wrote to the editor, Wayman Dunlap, seeking permission to reprint it in the KCC Newsletter. My. Dunlap wrote back, saying, "Of course you have our permission; In fact, I encourage it." For more information on The Pacific Flyer newspaper, please visit their website at <http://www.pacificflyer.com>

There may be a moral to this story, maybe not.

You decide.

Last summer, a major department store in our area was going out of business and they carried some top of the line mens' and womens' clothing and were selling them off at incredible prices. I picked up a major brand (can't tell you the name for reasons you'll see later) black raincoat designed like a peacoat I wore in the Navy.

Only this one was made of much finer material, was silk lined, had pockets galore and was originally \$228. The store had kept marking it down until it got to \$24.95, a price even I couldn't pass up.

Of course, like everything these days, it was made in China but the quality was superb, with extra buttons and hidden zippered pockets and a place for your cell phone. Because of our pleasant weather in Southern California I never got a chance to wear it until mid January, when the storms came.

It did its job just fine and when I got home that night, I really began to examine it and found, on the inside left side, a hidden zippered pocket under a flap. I unzipped it and reached inside to see how deep it was.

Something was in there. It felt like paper and I figured it was one of those “examined by” things with a number. Nope.

Crammed in a corner was a folded piece of torn notebook paper, more crumpled than neatly folded, as if the writer was in a hurry. I unfolded it and found a note hand printed in English.

Is said: “May you be blessed by the Lord, who made heaven and earth.” Psalm 115:15.

Whoa, I was shocked. Not only to think that there was a devout Christian in a Chinese factory, but one who spent his or her time cramming religious messages in clothing obviously designed for the U.S. Discovery would, most likely, be very unpleasant for the worker yet he or she did it anyway.

So I’m framing that “message in a bottle” and since we have readers in China (which is why I don’t want to mention the brand) I’m hoping that somewhere, someday, that person will know that he or she connected to a Christian in the United States.

(As a side note, I went to TJ Maxx and got a chrome and black frame and we put some red construction paper behind the note. The frame was, of course, made in China.)

-Wayman Dunlap, Editor

William Dan Winter III

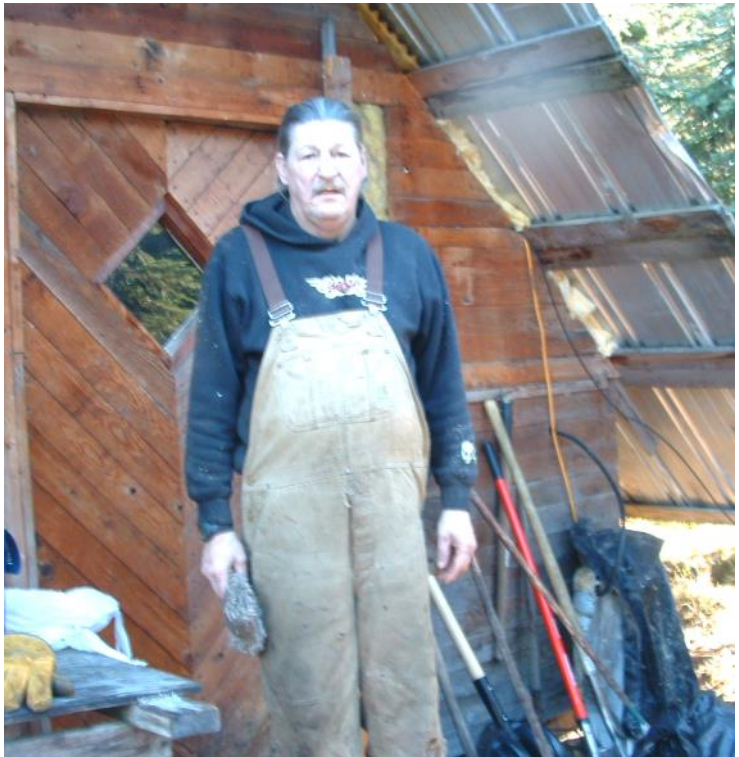
Editor's note: this brief interview is part of a continuing series to introduce all of us to various members of the KCC congregation. Your turn will be coming soon.

William Dan Winter III was born in Holyoke, MA in 1946. Holyoke is a city in Hampden County on the banks of the Connecticut River. The city was named after Elizur Holyoke, who explored the area in 1660. One of the first planned industrial communities, Holyoke bears the nickname "Paper City".

Dan's Dad was in the army, so Dan was brought up as a military brat. However, his parents split up while his Dad was serving in the Korean war. Dan did his first 9 years of schooling in Massachusetts before his mom moved to Connecticut when he was a sophomore in high school. This is where he graduated from high school.

Dan's Dad died about 10 years ago. Dan did not have a good relationship with his mom. He recalls spending a lot of his summers in various camps, such as the Catholic boys camp and the boys club of America. He hasn't stayed in close contact with his mom and stepdad. They currently live in Florida.

After graduating from high school, Dan enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He had always wanted to be a diver and thus he ended up doing his basic training in Little Creek, Virginia with the Underwater Demolition Team



(the UDT's were kind of the predecessor to the SEALs program). He spent 6

years in the Navy, serving from 1965-1971. He did a tour in Viet Nam with the 101st airborne out of DaNang, serving with the Special Forces.

After getting out of the service, Dan bounced around for a couple of years working in the Florida keys area, sometimes as a diver, sometimes in construction. This is where he learned the trade of carpentry and house painting. Because of his love of diving, Dan wanted to be around water, so he could continue with his passion. Thus, north and south he would travel, spending time during the warmer months up and down the east coast, while over-wintering in southern states. He picked up various jobs, such as diving to set pylons for folks building private docks. His love of the underwater eventually found Dan searching for his fortune, as he and some friends would dive on old Spanish shipwrecks off of Key West, Florida. Some of you will recall that this area is better known as the Bermuda triangle. Dan says he never got rich during these pursuits, but he did find a few old coins and some other small artifacts.

Dan shared that he had begun seeing a girl in 1971 and he stayed in touch with her while he did his diving and odd jobs up and down the eastern seaboard. This young lady lived in Ohio and Dan would go see her whenever he could. He eventually moved to Ohio and in 1973 they were married. They had a child in 1974, a baby girl named Vicky. Unfortunately, their marriage dissolved shortly after that and Dan ended up out west, where he found employment with the Yellowstone National Park company. He worked as a carpenter and painter off and on for a couple of years.

As Dan put it, during this phase of his life he pretty much did the hippy thing, bumming around, picking up odd jobs here and there, none ever longer than 6 months. He had heard about the great fishing opportunities in Oregon, and this led him to Astoria, where he got a job building pole barns. At that point in his life, this was one of the longest periods of employment he had ever had, working for a couple of years or so, until the owner died. After that, Dan even did a stint in Glacier National Park.

Like so many other Alaskan transplants, big Dan's love of fishing brought him north in 1988. He found a job working for an Anchorage roofing company for a couple of seasons. According to Dan, this is when he "found" the Kenai River

and he fell in love. He knew that this was where he wanted to live. Soon after that, Dan landed a job as a sandblaster with VECO on the north slope. Due to improper safety protocols, Dan's job as a sandblaster had him breathing in various toxins, eventually landing Dan in Providence hospital in 1993 with respiratory problems (black lung disease). This led to a legal battle, which Dan won, and he was declared disabled sometime around 1995 or 1996. Dan lived for a short time in Cooper Landing after that, but he eventually bought a place in Kasilof and has been there ever since.

As a result of a DUI/Driving without a license conviction, Dan was incarcerated at Wildwood Correctional Center for a couple of years (around 2007-2009). Dan said that although he was raised in the catholic church, he never knew Jesus as his personal Savior. At Wildwood, he took the **Alpha** course under Stan Wells and also read the entire "*Left Behind*" series by Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins. It was during this time that Dan made a commitment to Jesus Christ and he was baptized by the Wildwood prison chaplain, Dave Arestad.

"I told Stan Wells that I would come to KCC one time just to check it out, but there would be no promises after that," Dan said. He'd never been to a protestant church because he knew as a catholic this was against the rules. Good to his word, Dan checked out KCC and liked what he found there. He had some meetings with Pastor Paul and Stan Wells, but eventually came under the tutelage of Vern Wood. Dan considers Vern his spiritual mentor, seeking spiritual advice often from Vern. Vern gave Dan two different Bibles as well as other reference books on subjects that interested Dan, such as the book on Revelations. Dan said that Pastor Paul and Stan Wells have also given him various books to read. Dan now attends Bible studies on Wednesday nights. He meets with Vern and Pastor Paul for prayer on Friday mornings and he is a regular attendee at Sunday School classes and worship services.

Last year, Dan was diagnosed with throat cancer. Has had 3 operations before receiving 37 radiation sessions. His doctors tell him he is now free of cancer. Dan said he prayed and asked God for healing and gives his heavenly Father 100% of the credit for the wonderful blessing of healing.

The following is taken from an absolutely incredible short interview with Rick Warren, the author of 'Purpose Driven Life ' and pastor of Saddleback Church in California. In the interview by Paul Bradshaw Rick said:

People ask me, What is the purpose of life? And I respond: In a nutshell, life is preparation for eternity. We were made to last forever, and God wants us to be with Him in Heaven.

One day my heart is going to stop, and that will be the end of my body – but not the end of me. I may live 60 to 100 years on earth, but I am going to spend trillions of years in eternity. This is the warm-up act –



the dress rehearsal. God wants us to practice on earth what we will do forever in eternity.

We were made by God and for God, and until you figure that out, life isn't going to make sense.

Life is a series of problems: Either you are in one now, you're just coming out of one, or you're getting ready to go into another one. The reason for this is that God is more interested in your character than your comfort. God is more interested in making your life holy than He is in making your life happy. We can be reasonably happy here on earth, but that's not the goal of life. The goal is to grow in character, in Christ-likeness.

This past year has been the greatest year of my life but also the toughest, with my wife, Kay, getting cancer.

I used to think that life was hills and valleys – you go through a dark time, then you go to the mountaintop, back and forth. I don't believe that any more. Rather

than life being hills and valleys, I believe that it's kind of like two rails on a railroad track, and at all times you have something good and something bad in your life.

No matter how good things are in your life, there is always something bad that needs to be worked on. And no matter how bad things are in your life, there is always something good you can thank God for.

You can focus on your purposes, or you can focus on your problems. If you focus on your problems, you're going into self-centeredness, which is "my problem, my issues, my pain." But one of the easiest ways to get rid of pain is to get your focus off yourself and onto God and others.

We discovered quickly that in spite of the prayers of hundreds of thousands of people, God was not going to heal Kay or make it easy for her. It has been very difficult for her, and yet God has strengthened her character, given her a ministry of helping other people, given her a testimony, drawn her closer to Him and to people.

You have to learn to deal with both the good and the bad of life. Actually, sometimes learning to deal with the good is harder. For instance, this past year, all of a sudden, when the book sold 15 million copies, it made me instantly very wealthy. It also brought a lot of notoriety that I had never had to deal with before. I don't think God gives you money or notoriety for your own ego or for you to live a life of ease. So I began to ask God what He wanted me to do with this money, notoriety and influence. He gave me two different passages that helped me decide what to do, II Corinthians 9 and Psalm 72.

First, in spite of all the money coming in, we would not change our lifestyle one bit. We made no major purchases.

Second, about midway through last year, I stopped taking a salary from the church.

Third, we set up foundations to fund an initiative we call The Peace Plan to plant

churches, equip leaders, assist the poor, care for the sick, and educate the next generation.

Fourth, I added up all that the church had paid me in the 24 years since I started the church, and I gave it all back. It was liberating to be able to serve God for free.

We need to ask ourselves, am I going to live for:

- possessions?
- popularity?

Am I going to be driven by pressures?

- Guilt?
- Bitterness?
- Materialism?

Or am I going to be driven by God's purposes (for my life)?

When I get up in the morning, I sit on the side of my bed and say, God, if I don't get anything else done today, I want to know You more and love You better.

God didn't put me on earth just to fulfill a to-do list. He's more interested in what I am than what I do. That's why we're called human beings, not human doings.

- Happy moments, PRAISE GOD.
- Difficult moments, SEEK GOD.
- Quiet moments, WORSHIP GOD.
- Painful moments, TRUST GOD.
- Every moment, THANK GOD.

2010 Grandma & Grandpa McGarry/Peggy Dancy Baseball Game

On Sunday, August 11, 2010 approximately 22 ex-Major League baseball players got together for the 4th annual McGarry/Dancy baseball game. The game actually featured a couple dozen folks who like to play baseball and are more that happy to “pay to play,” which provides Miss Dancy with a little bit of money to use in Mozambique. Below is an excerpt from an email Peggy sent in response to this year’s event.

Dear Arnie and all the baseball players and fans who watched,

I was so delighted to have you send me the baseball stats and just read the names of all who played. So glad you had a ‘no rain’ game! It did sound like you had a lot of fun. Of course, I could picture it well, having been there last year. I’m so glad for that! I still have my autographed baseball displayed at home, too. Thank you for the \$500 that was raised. I have told Marj Wiley to send it to Intena Bible School in Nam-pula. Their director, Bonifacio Mirashi, is now working for Wycliffe at our SIL center. He is a godly man with vision. The school has been in progress for several years and is under the umbrella of ProForte, an organization established to help Mozambique Bible schools flourish. They are presently preparing to build down the road from our SIL center.

I’m glad for Grandpa McGarry bringing us all together.

Lots of love, Peggy



Mark McGarry prepares to fire off a fastball while 1st baseman, Justin Ruffridge, wonders if anyone can touch Mark’s stuff.



Chloe Nelson uses her “good eye” and doesn’t swing at a ball in the dirt, as catcher, Kaleb Shields, wishes Chloe would have swung.

Game Statistics**Arnie's Sinners**

Player	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI
David Bower	2	0								1	
Trent Buning	4	1	1							3	
Brandon Foster	3	1	1	1		1			1	0	2
Ely Evanson	4	0								1	
Larson Kohler	3	0	1						1	1	
Caleb Nelson	4	0								3	
Travis Mercer	1	0						1	2		
John Evanson	3	0						1	1	3	
Taylor MacRae	2	0								2	
Chloe Nelson	2	1	1						2	1	
Jordan Bower	4	0								2	
Arnie Nelson	4	0								3	1
Totals	36	3	4	1	0	1	0	2	7	20	3

Patrick's Saints

Player	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI
Mark McGarry	5	1	4								
Justin Ruffridge	4								1		
Kaleb Shields	4			1					1	3	
Derek Poppin	4		1						1	1	1
Jeff Aley	2								3	2	
Mark Rozak	4									3	
Pat Shields	3								1	1	
Chris Colelli	3		1						1	1	
Eli Hutchison	3								1	1	
Dan Poppin	3							1		1	
Totals	35	1	6	1	0	0	0	1	9	13	1

PITCHING STATS

Arnie's Team	IP	AB	H	R	ER	HP	BB	SO
Travis Mercer	2	7	2	0	0	0	3	2
Brandon Foster	2	9	1	1	0	0	1	4
Ely Evanson	2	8	2	0	0	0	2	2
Trent Buning	1	4	1	0	0	0	2	1
Larson Kohler	2	7	1	0	0	1	1	4
Totals	9	35	7	1	0	0	9	13

Pat's Team	IP	AB	H	R	ER	HP	BB	SO
Pat Shields	3	12	3	0	0	0	0	5
Mark McGarry	2	11	2	3	2	1	2	3
Kaleb Shields	2	6	0	0	0	1	2	6
Derek Poppin	2	7	1	0	0	0	3	6
Totals	9	36	6	3	2	2	7	20

Solo With a Hot Idea

by Brent Johnson

I leaned to light the match when a flood of doubt caught me by surprise. I paused with the unlit match poised, my stomach in a knot. Maybe this was a bad idea...

It was November 1985. Judy and I had four kids and lived on the homestead lake where I grew up. From our house, no other house was visible. My parent's place was over a quarter mile away and hidden by a bend in the lake. Other neighbors were lost by the woods and no nearer than a mile.

Judy's parents and my mother had been setnetters and we continued in their occupation. For fueling outboards and off-highway vehicles we had a couple mobile, 300-gallon tanks. They were gravity feed systems with hoses and nozzles. Each had lifting eyes for picking them up with equipment. In the fall, the mobile tanks were placed at our house alongside similar 500-gallon tanks, one each for diesel and gas. All were vented.



In October, dad had accidentally put diesel in his pick-up. He realized the mistake midstream. Luckily, his tank had a plug and I drained it into five-gallon pails. A week or two later I had plowed snow, leaving a little berm in front of the tanks. Vagrant weather had reduced standing snow to about three inches. An 18-foot equipment trailer occupied the parking area adjacent to the tanks and the snow berm passed in front of it. Our roof had suffered from a lack of air circulation, resulting in rot similar to the recent incidence disturbing the Bowser residence. We had replaced shingles with a metal roof that same October and a few pieces of scrap tin were on the trailer. Like unused counter space, the trailer accumulated stuff. I put the five-gallon pails of diesel fuel there, each with a lid.

On this particular morning the temperature lazed along in the low 20s under mostly cloudy skies. There wasn't any wind. I was gassing up our Suburban prior to Judy and the kids going somewhere. Filling its 40-gallon tank would bore most people. Not me. I usually jammed a stick in the hand-lever on the nozzle. Then I just let it run while I scurried about doing odd jobs. The job that day was a quick call to my nephew regarding the setnet site he managed for us. This was before wireless and cell phones became standard fare. Being a person given to breath and ideas, the conversation trolled along in jolly form. When we hung up, I suddenly, and with horror, remembered the Suburban.

Racing outside, I took in the situation on the sprint. A puddle protruded from under the Suburban, spreading out a good ten feet on the side away from the tanks. Gas was

pouring merrily on the ground. The air smelled like Hazelwood—blooming on Bligh. I ran to the nozzle and pulled the stick out. A glance at the gauge told me about 100 gallons was sitting in that puddle. I was hysterical. Judy heard me run and came to see. She is always so sympathetic in my moments of disaster. And I'm so self-condemning. If I could only get a good swing at my head with a bat...

No time for that. I had an economic blunder on my hands, now I needed to get busy to prevent an environmental disaster. The frozen ground was holding the mess away from the groundwater. I grabbed a "bail can" (setnet lingo for one-gallon plastic containers with the bottom cut out). They are used in skiffs for returning unwanted seawater. I began filling five-gallon buckets. Not only would this mitigate ground and air pollution, but maybe some of the gas could be salvaged. After each container was filled, I put a lid on and carried it to the trailer.

When the puddled gas was bailed to the last drop, I climbed in the Suburban. Taking a deep breath, I started the engine. When my courage was eased by no explosion, I gingerly slid the gear selector and idled to safety. By this time Judy had the kids booted up, zipped in and under way. They loaded in the rig and drove off. She left still airing sympathy for me.

I returned to my disaster with the Suburban out of the way. Scraping the low spots on the drive down to bare ice I put snow-and-all into the final pail, which had no lid. The driveway looked innocent, but I thought not.

Maybe the residue could be burned? Yeah! That's a good idea I thought. Let's clean this thing right. So I went in to the house and got matches.

I was no stranger to striking book matches on the fly, having started numerous fires that way. The technique is needed if gasoline has been sloshed on wood. Hands burn quickly because skin is such a poor insulation.

My uneasiness might have been the Holy Spirit, but I doubt it. Had God wanted to say something, He probably would have interrupted the phone call:

"Yo Brent! This is God. Better take a quick break and shut off the gas hose. And by the way, this call is monitored..."

I took a shovel and stacked a little snow between the former puddle and the fuel tank, just to be safe.

Now it was time to finish the clean up with a match. I wasn't certain the icy driveway would even burn. Leaning low, I held the match shank between my forefinger and the crook in my thumb. The hump of my thumb pressed directly on the head of the match,



forcing it against the striker in my left hand. I hesitated when the doubt hit, then my right hand moved and ignition occurred. In one sweeping motion my hand continued forward and threw the match three or four feet.

Whoosh!

A flame sprang across the former puddle at the speed of thought! As if by echo came a second—whoosh! Unbeknownst to me, gas had seeped through the snow berm, under the trailer. I had two intense fires! And a response corps consisting of one individual equipped with fallen clouds of meager depth and a hand-operated dispenser. I grabbed my shovel and tore into that three-inch ground cover like a cyclone, spraying the tanks with snow. I was desperate to keep them cool. One of those tanks could blow at any instant. Then they would domino together like Hiroshima. The house was about 50 feet away and I was very afraid exploding tanks would burn it down.

I glanced occasionally at the trailer fire, trying to monitor the fuel pails there. But I had no time for the trailer, I was giving the tank flank everything I had. And the battle looked to be taking a turn for the worse. Five or ten feet from one tank stood a 30-foot spruce that had recently died. The flames were licking away at low hanging limbs and I could see the whole thing was about to torch. There was nothing I could do. The snow was too shallow and I was circling ever wider to gather it.

Sure enough, the tree caught all at once and flames climbed in a maniac burst of energy! My cyclone shovel went from high gear to turbo-drive. My terror level leapt from code red to rose petal-to-the-metal crimson. The heat was so intense that I was lucky to find any snow. But find I did and flung like the wings of a humming bird.

The blast furnace tree lasted only a few moments. It slowly died down and I began to muzzle the puddle fire. It was time to save the trailer. The four tires were burning, but the metal roofing had protected the pails of fuel. Only the open pail was burning, the flames quietly dancing on the surface. I decided that pail put the whole trailer in peril.

First I grabbed the closed pails and ran them to safety, leaping over flames at the edge of the trailer in the process. I don't remember the flames being particularly hot, so the fire had undoubtedly subsided. Then I stormed the trailer with snow and put out the burning tires and wood. Finally, I was down to the single pail,



still ignited. By now the plastic rim had caught and was dripping occasional little flaming bombs.

I decided to grab the bucket by the sides and carry it in front of me, off to a safe place. Upon picking it up the flame stayed on the surface in the pail. The heat, however, was more than I expected. I couldn't carry it far. So, I concocted plan B. I would throw it away from the trailer like a basketball player makes a chest pass. The height advantage of the trailer, about 18 inches, encouraged me. This was like a Molotov cocktail, jumbo size. Unfortunately, I couldn't cock my elbows. An attempt to do so brought the flame closer to my face, which was already hot. Furthermore, there was the little issue of not wanting to slop gas on myself. By this time the heat and weight were forcing an action. I needed to get away from that flaming pail fast! I stepped into my pass with all the balance, strength and gentle inertia I could muster. The pail might have traveled two or three horizontal feet. It surely descended to the ground.

WHOOSH! followed by a double echo, WHOOSH! WHOOSH! A chain-reaction had reignited the trailer fire and the puddle fire! My memory can't really drag back a view of the bucket's impact. I suspect my eyes were closed and I may have fallen backward onto the trailer. The noise of the triple-whoosh is still fresh in my mind. My face was singed, but I'm not sure if that happened moving the bucket or throwing it. I grabbed my shovel and scurried back to the tanks reinvigorated by glaring fear. The fires proved to be short-lived battles the second time, but even some of the tires had reignited.

When the tin on the trailer had been scooted around enough to extinguish the smoldering wood, I stumbled to the house. My knees were shaking. They were just quivering and I had a nasty hack from smoke inhalation. I was exhausted and felt lonely. Very, very lonely. Want of companionship crushed itself in on me. I was glad the battle was over, the house saved and for that matter, no big loss incurred. But I didn't feel like a victor, I felt like a stooge. A lonely, scatterbrain stooge. I couldn't focus my mind and I didn't have any desire to try.

I spent an hour or two with my mind in a vegetable state. Then Judy and the kids came home. "Did you notice anything different I asked?"

"About what?" Judy replied. Then with a start, "Your hair is all singed!"

"I had a fire," I began weakly. As I showed her the blackened tree my brother drove up, also oblivious to the madhouse that had recently passed. Both gained some appreciation from looking at the trailer and tree. Judy's concern and interest pulled me out of my morass. My brother also has always cared about me. Before I knew it, I was my old self again. I suppose the fire only lasted 15 or 20 minutes. They were among the most exciting minutes of my life.

Wood Prayer Letter - September 2010

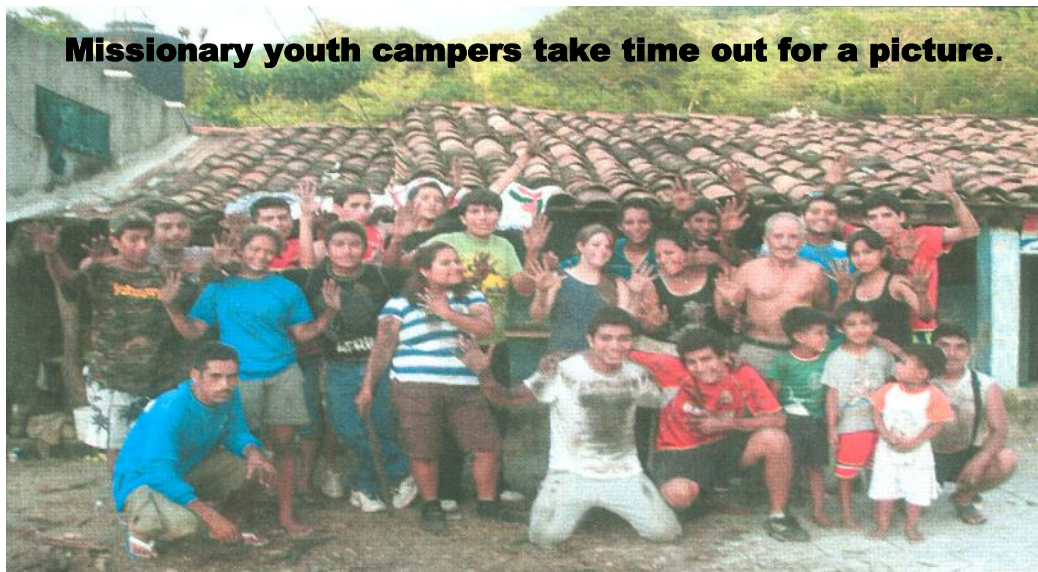
In late July, after it had been raining for 4 weeks straight, I looked at the satellite weather picture to get an idea of how much more rain was coming. I saw we had one hurricane hitting the Gulf of Mexico, another off the Pacific coast near Mazatlan and another potential hurricane working its way towards us up the Pacific from Chiapas. This did not include the tropical storm that we were currently experiencing. Not too encouraging! Then, that night at 2 a.m., BANG --a 6.2 earth quake shook the house. With the rain falling and the house shaking (which soon passed), I fell back to sleep. The next morning I thought, "Hey! That was a pretty good quake. How could I go back to sleep so easily"? As these physical storms show so clearly, there are storms all the time in our lives. They hit with lightning, thunder, and winds, just as they did with Jesus and his disciples on the Sea of Galilee. The storms hit us physically, mentally and spiritually. Yes, Jesus stood up in the boat and told the wind to be calm. And yes, the disciples responded, "Who is that guy that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" Even so, He is still bringing peace to the storms of life that leave broken hearts, broken families, and a broken society. The fear of death and solitude continues, but Christ gives us His peace in the midst. We get peace and joy although the storms and earthquakes come.



The above paragraph shows a glimpse of what missions is all about; reaching the world with hope, the true, lasting hope in Jesus Christ, the kind of hope that we have been sharing. Spring was busy with camps and church activities. A highlight was that our youth soccer team won the league championship. Summer also was very busy. During June we started weekly children's Bible clubs

in various neighborhoods in town. We then took all the children to one full week of Daily Vacation Bible School in the church. What a fun time! There were piles of kids and over 180 each day. We used a 15 passenger van that took 30 kids and 3 pickup trucks that brought another 70. The others just walked there. Also a group of people from 501 in Charlotte came down to help--PTL. Most of the children made a decision to accept the Lord and we saw their sad faces turn to smiles. We now are sharing the gospel with their parents in cell groups that we call family clubs, and some are now coming to church.

In August we held our missionary youth camp. This included one week of jungle-type training by a small river and another week of mission service. Praise the Lord! 18 youth came and were prepared to serve the Lord. It was a fun time as they were challenged in scripture memorization and prepared to do 3 different types of evangelism. At the end of the week we went to do evangelism in a small town. Through distributing the gospels we prayed with 15 people to ask the Lord into their hearts. We then went up to another town and shared God's precious message in 100 homes. After the door to door work we invited everybody to the town square and the youth did some games with all the kids that showed up--about 80. They also performed a couple mime skits that shared the gospel message.



The next day I organized them into 3 different groups and they left for one week of mission service. One group went to a town and the other two to cities, Pinotepa and Acapulco. They had a great time sharing the Good News. In just this one week of service, 160 people asked the Lord Jesus to come into their

hearts! A total of 800 homes were visited and 170 children attended the Daily Vacation Bible Schools. They also had evangelist activities in the evening, using sports and mine skits to reach another 120 youth with the Good News. In Luke 10 of the Bible, when the 70 came back, the Lord rejoiced as they shared the victories of preaching the Good News. In the same way, we rejoiced too, as many new names are now written in heaven. Please pray as the follow up continues so these new babes in Christ can grow.

Now the school year has started and we have 78 students in the Carey Brenton School, up 20 students from last year. Praise belongs to the Lord as we are penetrating the educational system with the gospel message. Our striving for excellence has been recognized as we have seen our graduating students go to Mexico City to take the entrance exams, do well on them and then get accepted into high schools there. This was not happening a few years ago for kids from Ometepec. Another blessing of the school is that many have come to know the Lord and have grown in Him. We thank the Lord, too, for Bethany Long, who will be teaching English in the school this semester with Barb.

In our Sports program we thank the Lord for the addition of Ben and Katie Johnson, with MAI (Missionary Associates International). They will be helping to take our sports evangelism program to another level by working in better soccer techniques and additional discipleship.

In family news we are doing fine, except for Andy, who is struggling with some health issues. But, PTL, he seems to be getting better, though we recognize it can be a long process. Josh is working in Missouri getting ready to take some tests and Nathan is serving with a sports ministry in Southern California. Oh yes, our family has multiplied--In September our dog had 13 puppies. Two died, but the other 11 look like they will make it. Would you like a puppy?

Thanks so much for your prayers, support, and encouragement. We thank the Lord for each one of you and pray God will continue to bless you.

Your extension for the kingdom in Southern Mexico.

Love, Tim, Barb, Susie and Andy



Love INC
Love In the Name of Christ

Love INC of the Kenai Peninsula

Love In the Name of Christ

August, 2010

AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM INGRID

It is my pleasure to announce that the Love INC Board of Directors has selected Leslie Rohr to replace me as Executive Director effective July 1, 2010.

Mrs. Rohr joined the Board of Love In the Name of Christ in October 2008 and has been the acting Board President since February 2010. She has been actively involved in the decision-making process with both the Love INC Clearinghouse and the Family Hope Center. Leslie will oversee the ministry and the Love INC Clearinghouse. Her contact e-mail address is: Leslie@peninsulaloveinc.org

It has been my joy to serve the ministry of Love INC of the Kenai Peninsula as the Executive Director for the past 5 1/2 years. Love INC partnerships with churches, organizations, businesses, individuals, and grant funders has increased dramatically. Their help and support has enabled us to accomplish much in serving Neighbors in Need on the Kenai Peninsula. I will continue to be involved with the ministry but on a less demanding level.

Serving our Community with Love, Ingrid Edgerly

MEET OUR NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Leslie and her husband, Richard, moved to Soldotna from Oregon in 2006. They are active members of Peninsula Grace Brethren Church.

Shortly after their son died in 2009, they became foster parents to his two children. This has given Richard and Leslie the opportunity to become familiar with community services available to children with disabilities. This is one way God has prepared her to be an advocate to Neighbors in Need.

Leslie's education includes degrees and certificates in nursing, psychology/sociology, and financial planning and investments. She attended Sacramento City College/DC Davis Medical Center, Lane Community College (Oregon), and Northwest Christian College.



After four years, thousands of volunteer and staff hours, the financial support of local fraternal groups, tribal organizations, private businesses, social service agencies, families, and churches, we are pleased to announce the startup of

LOVE INC FAMILY HOPE CENTER
PROVIDING EMERGENCY HOUSING FOR PENINSULA FAMILIES
SEEKING ESSENTIAL HELP WITH HOUSING

Support Sign up at Love In the Name of Christ:

283 -5252 or 283 -0262

Monday through Friday, 9:30am -1:00pm

Love In the Name of Christ of the Kenai Peninsula is pleased to announce that it has signed a lease agreement with the Merit Inn. We have been renting rooms from the Merit Inn for over a year at an extremely modest rate. Leasing the entire facility will help us to oversee the entire operation and better manage the needs of those who are dependent upon the transitional housing we supply.

The History

God gave the Love INC leadership a vision of helping the homeless in the fall of 2005. The process of bringing this to reality has been complicated, arduous, and a genuine learning experience. Finally, in December, 2008 Love INC determined to "step out of the boat." We began renting five rooms at the Merit Inn to see if the need was as real as perceived, and if the project could be financially supported. The answers were "yes," and "we believe it can be."

Within 30 days, we had placed families in eleven rooms. We were blessed to have local businesses, fraternal organizations, churches and individual families assist with these initial steps. By the time the lease was signed with Merit Inn on April 15,2010, we had provided 1,910 bed nights to 97 adults and 60 children - an average of 16 rooms at any given time. This gives parents and children a safe, warm place to live while helping adults make a plan for a successful, healthy future.

After the first six months we realized that homeless prevention is an even better use of resources and averts family trauma. Since September, 2009, we have helped families stay in their current homes by helping them keep their electric power, helping provide heating assistance (fuel oil, propane, natural gas or wood), as well as delinquent rents. Through an extensive qualification and verification of need process we have been able to help over 750 Peninsula residents (418 adults and 341 children) stay in their current housing.

Leslie became involved with the American Diabetes Association when their adolescent daughter developed Type I diabetes 20 years ago. Leslie started at the local chapter level, working up to the State Board of Directors. She was a delegate to the national

convention three times, worked on fundraising, professional education, research grant review, youth conference and executive director search committees. The family worked on numerous fundraising events throughout the state over those 20 years.

While in Eugene/Springfield, Oregon from 2003-2006, Leslie served as a corporate sponsor and board member for OASIS, a national non-profit educational organization.

"I am honored to have been hired as Executive Director for Love INC of the Kenai Peninsula," Leslie notes. "Under Ingrid's leadership, the Family Hope Center came to life because of the growing need for shelter for homeless families and children. My primary focus for the coming year is to increase church participation and our volunteer base to help us better serve our community. Proverbs 21:13 says, 'If a man shuts his ears to the cry of the poor, he too will cry out and not be answered.'

"Love INC is a bridge between Neighbors in Need and our community churches." Leslie continues. We currently have 30-35 involved churches, and four regular office volunteers. We need more ears to hear the cry of the poor! Won't you please join us?"

THANK YOU INGRID!

It is difficult to quantify things accomplished by a Servant of the Lord. Ingrid Edgerly certainly falls into that category. Love INC of the Kenai Peninsula has grown in both the number and scope of needs addressed in the last 5 ½ years. Under Ingrid's leadership, we have kept pace and expanded in order to meet those needs.

We are blessed that Ingrid is only moving to a different position within our Love INC affiliate. Her insight, compassion, and commitment will continue to bless this organizations and the Neighbors in Need we serve.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE NEED

Keith and Mary (not their real names) are an example of someone we had the privilege to help this summer. They moved to the Peninsula recently, and almost immediately their car died. They had to move into a tent, which they knew was unacceptable living conditions for their infant son. They had to make the heartbreaking decision of asking others to take in their newborn for a while. However, Keith was a persistent papa! He amiably nudges us until we were able to place them in the Merit Inn in late June. They were elated to be reunited with their baby! Both found jobs, and work opposite shifts so their cherished baby is always attended by a parent.

Once Keith and Mary moved into their own home, one of our staff visited to find out how things were going. She was dismayed to see that the only furniture in their home was a baby crib. But when she got back to the office, she saw that a Neighbor in Soldotna had furniture to offer and the means to transport it! Now Keith and Mary have a couch, a coffee table, and end tables as well!

THE URGENCY OF THE NEED

The overall cost of housing has tripled since 1987, which is when Love In the Name of Christ was established on the Kenai Peninsula. That factor alone has caused the number of people living in poverty on the Peninsula to increase dramatically.

Poverty comes to people in a number of ways. Some are impoverished because illness causes impossible financial burdens (which may be intensified when job loss is the next logical result). Poverty comes when a spouse and children are abandoned. A reduction in work hours or a total layoff also contributes to poverty and homelessness.

Some of the Family Hope Center's policies and regulations are listed below:

- ◆ Families are our main focus. If the parent is single, the parent must have primary custody of the child. If only one parent is being housed, that parent must be at least 20 years old. The child cannot be older than 17. We will only accept singles if there are no families on the waiting list, which does not happen very often.
- ◆ The people we accept must not pose a risk to other families that we help. This means they cannot be on a sex offender list, or have been found guilty of stalking, drug trafficking, arson, or domestic violence.
- ◆ If drugs or alcohol are found in the room, or a resident is found under the influence of either, or has abused a partner or child while staying with us, the offender is immediately evicted.
- ◆ We expect residents to make some effort at paying their way. Guests must pay up to 30 percent of their income in order to remain in good standing at the Family Hope Center. Hope Center personnel meet with each family unit head every month to review their progress in transitioning to self sufficiency.

Nationally, Alaska ranks tenth in the percentage of homeless in its state. The Kenai Peninsula is the fourth highest area of homeless within the state of Alaska.

A common presumption is that these are people with an alcohol/drug problem. Not so! Our statistics are gleaned from a 2009 Annual Homeless Report that was given to the U.S. Congress and other agencies, plus a report compiled by the Alaska Housing Finance Corporation (AHFC).

Consider the following:

<u>Percentage of Homeless Who:</u>	<u>In the U.S.</u>	<u>In Alaska</u>
Are in families:	32%	55%
Have substance issues:	37%	14%
Are severely mentally ill:	26%	11%
Are veterans:	15%	7%
Are victims of domestic abuse:	13%	7%

KCC Loses Two Families to that *Small* State in Lower America - Texas



John & Brandi Little are currently in the middle of their journey to Elm Mott, Texas, a small town that is near both Crawford and Waco. They will be staying next door to Brandi's brother, Chris, and his family for the short term while they settle in and figure out what to do next. Jon said, "God has called us on this journey and the plan is to simply keep listening."

Bill & Vicky Gee also announced their intent to head south, as Vicky has accepted a position with a hospital in Tyler, Texas. Her daughter and son-in-law live in the area. This is a chance for the Gee's to be closer to family and warmer weather, which may be an advantage in light of Bill's recent health concerns. Bill & Vicky also see the hand of the Lord in providing this particular job for her. They are very grateful for the provision.



SLAPPY, a Beaver

by Pat Shields

Editor's note: a couple of years ago, one of Kelsey's college classes required her to ask one of her parents to share a story from when she was young. So, I took a few minutes and "doctored up" one of the stories I remember telling her and her brothers when they were more gullible.

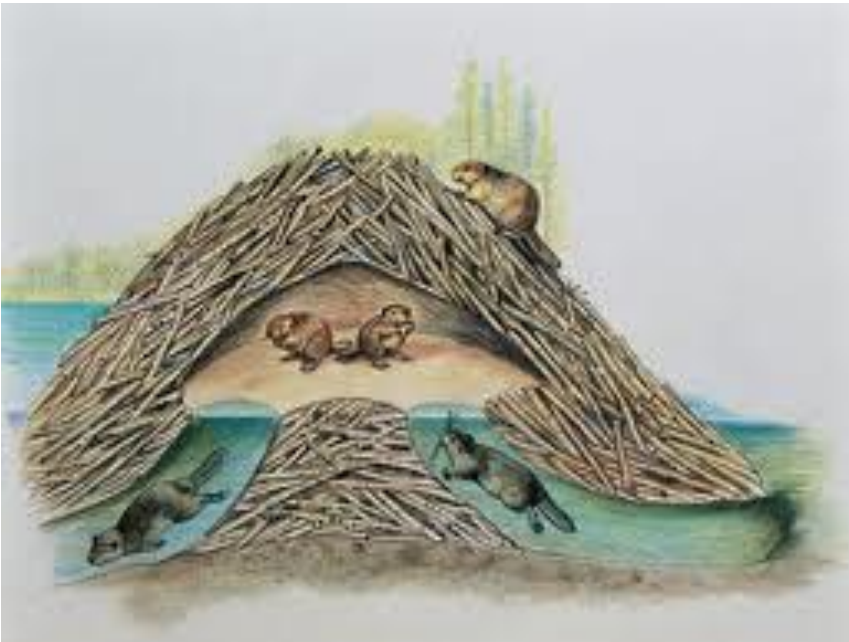
This is the story of a beaver named Slappy, who lived in a stream named after Mosquitoes. Yes, it is true that Mosquito Creek got its name because of the numerous small flying bugs that swarmed its waters, but there were other animals that liked to hang around Mosquito Creek too.

One beautiful May morning brought tremendous news to Slappy. She became the mother to a litter of 5 adorable furry baby beavers. The home where beavers live is called a lodge. The lodge is located under a big pile of mud, grass, and branches. You get to it by diving under the water and swimming up into the middle of the lodge, where there is no water.

Soon after Slappy's babies were born, she gave them a bath by licking their fur until it was good and shiny. Now, it was time to teach them how to swim. Baby beavers need to practice swimming as early as they can after being born because this is what they do for the rest of their lives, swim and chew on trees.

So, Slappy started coaxing each of the babies into water inside the lodge. They

did not want to come, so she had to drag them by their tiny, flat tails. Once she had them in the water, they started moving their tails and paddling with their feet, just like a puppy dog. Soon, they were all swimming around inside the lodge. The lesson didn't last very long, but Slappy



was very happy they did so well.

The next day it was time for Slappy and her babies to swim out of the lodge so they could see what their new surroundings looked like. Slappy was very excited to show her new babies all around Mosquito Creek. After they swam out of their lodge and to the top of the water, Slappy let her babies crawl up on her back and she took them for a trip to big pond, which was located above the dam she had made the fall before. She showed them all the trees on the edge of the pond that they would soon be able to start eating. She also showed them all the places where they could crawl out of big pond and do some exploring for young little willow trees, one of beaver's favorite foods. After about an hour, it was time for Slappy to take her babies back home, so they could take a nap.

The next few weeks were full of activities for Slappy and her new babies. Every day the babies got stronger and could swim for longer periods of time. Their teeth also were getting bigger and stronger, which allowed them to be able to chew on thicker trees.

Some days Slappy would sit on the bank of big pond and watch her babies play a game called tail slap. Beavers have a big flat tail, which they use to help them swim, but it also is used to



slap the water to warn their friends and family if a coyote or fox is around. Well, Slappy's babies would swim out to the middle of big pond and take turns slapping their tails on the water. The slaps weren't very loud yet because their tails were still kind of small. But that didn't stop them from practicing. After a few minutes of watching her babies play tail slap, Slappy would swim out to the middle of big pond and take her big tail and SLAM it down on the water. Her tail would hit the water so hard that it almost hurt her babies ears to hear the sound it made. Still they would ask her to do it again and again and again. It was a good summer for Slappy and her beavers.

When fall came, Slappy knew it was time to teach her babies how to cut down trees so they could take the branches to their lodge. This would be the food

they would eat all winter. So, out to big pond they went. Slappy took each baby to a different tree and showed them where to chew so the tree would fall into the water. Then they would go to the branches of the tree and chew them off and drag them to their lodge and dive down and stick the branch in the mud. The next few weeks would be a very busy time for Slappy and her babies, as they cut down tree after tree after tree.

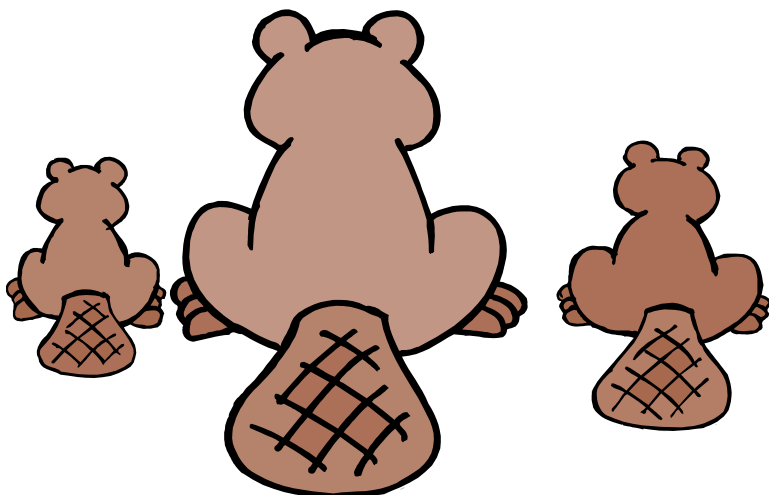
One morning when they all woke up and had a breakfast of some alder and willow branches, Slappy and her babies swam out of the lodge and to the top of the water. But, when they got to the top of the water, Slappy banged her head on something. It was ice. Winter had come big pond. Slappy swam under the ice to the edge of the pond where she could break through the ice.

Slappy's babies had a really fun time that day, as they slid on their bellies on the ice. Slappy let them do this for quite a while before she told them it was time to start getting more trees. Each of her babies swam to the edge of big pond and started chewing. Slappy went to a big tree she had been working on the day before. She crawled out of big pond and started walking up to the tree, when she heard a funny noise and then felt something on her leg that hurt really, really bad. She looked down and saw that there was something pinching down on her leg. It was a trap, but Slappy had never seen a trap before. No matter how hard she pulled, she couldn't get her leg out. So, she decided to see if she could chew whatever it was that had a hold on her leg. But, her big teeth couldn't even come close to chewing on the trap. Slappy's leg really hurt.

Slappy sat there for awhile and then called out to her babies. They all swam over to where she was and asked her what was wrong. She showed them her leg and said she couldn't get it out of whatever it was that was pinching it. Slappy knew that in order for her babies to be safe they needed to swim back to the lodge and stay there. She told them to do exactly that. But, they did not want to leave their mom. Finally, Slappy took her tail and slammed it on the ground and said, "Go, now!" They did, but they were very sad leaving her there.

After her babies were gone, Slappy laid down on the ground and wondered what she was going to do. Then she heard a noise. "What is that," she wondered. The noise was getting closer. Slappy got up and started looking all around. Then she saw something moving. It was a young boy, who was whistling while he was walked right toward her. When he got a few feet away, Slappy slammed her tail down on the ground. It startled the boy and he jumped

backward. Then he looked at Slappy and saw that she was in his trap and he said, “Ah-ha, I got you.” Slappy stood up on her hind legs and slapped the ground again with her tail. “You don’t scare me, beaver,” said the boy. Slappy just stared at him and slammed her tail on the ground again. “Ok beaver,



ver, it’s time for me to take you home.” The young boy took a pistol out of his backpack and aimed it at Slappy. Slappy just stood there, staring at the lad. It was then that the young boy heard one of the loudest noises he had ever encountered. “What was that,” he wondered. He heard it again, so he turned his head in the direction from where the noise was coming. What he saw really surprised him. There out on big pond were Slappy’s babies and they were all slamming their tails on the water at the same time. The young boy could hardly believe what he was seeing. All five of Slappy’s babies would lift their tails high in the air and slam them down on the water at the same time. The noise it made was even louder than when Slappy slammed her tail on the water. The babies kept slapping the water again and again. The young boy then looked down at Slappy and saw that she was laying down on the ground. Her leg hurt too bad for her to stand any more. The babies kept slapping the water with their tails. It was then that the young boy knew he couldn’t kill Slappy. He reached down and opened the trap and said, “Get outta here beaver.” Slappy’s leg hurt so bad she barely could crawl back to big pond, but she made it. Her babies came swimming over to her and helped their mom back to the lodge. Slappy turned and looked back at the young boy, who was standing at the edge of the pond with the trap in his hands. Her babies had saved her life. Before they dove down under the water, Slappy and all of her babies took their tails, and made one big loud “slap” on the water. The young boy just stood there with a big grin on his face. This beaver family was something else.

SLOW DANCE

by David Weatherford

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round,
or listened to rain slapping the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight,
or gazed at the sun fading into the night?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

Do you run through each day on the fly,
when you ask "How are you?", do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed,
with the next hundred chores running through your head?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

Ever told your child, we'll do it tomorrow,
and in your haste, not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch, let a friendship die,
'cause you never had time to call and say hi?

You better slow down, don't dance so fast,
time is short, the music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,
you miss half the fun of getting there.

When you worry and hurry through your day,
it's like an unopened gift thrown away.

Life isn't a race, so take it slower,
hear the music before your song is over.

For more poems and other writings by David Weatherford, please visit his website
<http://www.davidlweatherford.com/index1.html>

The Man of Prayer

Author: Michael Hicks, April 20, 2010

Father thank You.

I love soaking in Your presence.

I love the rest my soul finds in Your peace.

I love the wisdom found at Your feet.

I love the joy found in praising You, the anguish of heart felt in Worshipping You;

Like a beautiful love song that exposes my heart and allows me to weep.

I love You Father,

I love Your embrace, Your affection, Your correction and Your attention. I love You.

I have always felt inadequate in prayer though.

To spend long hours in an empty cold place.

To endure on bended knee while laboring over burdens sought for and contended dutifully.

To purposely remove myself from the place of Peace and Rest which I have found in You so beautiful... so I may be the dutiful son, 'A man of Prayer'.

A guard who stands in the gap of intercession.

So now I timidly ask.

I draw near to request that which my heart does not truly want.

To ask for that which seems to me so foreign to what I have found as Joyful in You...

To be ... 'A man of Prayer'. There, I have said it.

Lord, Father make me that man, though my heart shrinks from the image.

I know that Jesus was such a man, and Daniel and Paul.

And it is my duty to ask and to discipline myself and...to strive?..

For this is what I should be... 'A man of Prayer' like Jesus.

Father, perhaps I have a wrong image of what it means to be this man.

Maybe You could show me a truth, and it will make me soar, set me free,

Release me in joy, the man of Prayer, you have made me to be?

Is this possible Father, or do I fool myself?

For I must ask Lord. 'A man of prayer' is what You want and what I need.

And I know that I must a commitment make, before the words are even formed.

For to ask anything of You in faith is to first commit to walk in it whatsoever the answer or its conditions or requirements.

So I ask, Father... please make of me, 'A man of Prayer'.

And Father, if it is possible show me truth that will set me free of striving and work, and the toil of being that man of prayer that I need to be.

KCC Quilt Sunday

For the past 30 years, graduating high school seniors have received a gift from the congregation of KCC that will hopefully stay with them the rest of their lives. The gift is a quilt, made by hand, stitched together with love. Typically, the quilt presentation take place some time in May; although this year's ceremony was somewhat delayed, it did not deter from the specialness of the service.

Only one senior received a quilt this year, which meant that Monica Hutchison received all the focus. Jerry McGarry dedicated the Apostle Paul's prayer for spiritual empowering (Eph 3:14-21) to Monica. Peggy McGarry then shared two



reasons why we gift these quilts to our graduates: 1. it shows the love that KCC has for our precious children, and 2. we want them covered by the word of God. Nate and Melissa Smith sang a special song for Monica (see words on the following page), which just happened to be a song that she had performed during her time with the youth group. Finally, Pastor Paul prayed that God would remind Monica often of how much He loves her and he prayed that Monica would hear the voice of wisdom of God, and as a result, experience His many blessings. May God richly bless your life Monica.

“By Your Side,”

by 10th Avenue North

Why are you striving these days
Why are you trying to earn grace
 Why are you crying
 Let me lift up your face
 Just don't turn away

Why are you looking for love
Why are you still searching as if I'm not enough
 To where will you go child
 Tell me where will you run
 To where will you run

And I'll be by your side
 Wherever you fall
 In the dead of night
 Whenever you call
 And please don't fight
These hands that are holding you
 My hands are holding you

Look at these hands and my side
They swallowed the grave on that night
 When I drank the world's sin
 So I could carry you in
 And give you life
 I want to give you life

(Chorus)

Cause I, I love you
I want you to know
 That I, I love you
I'll never let you go

AFTER EDEN

by Dan Lietha



AFTER EDEN

by Dan Lietha



When creationists watch National Geographic TV specials

AFTER EDEN

by Dan Lietha



Adam and Eve's kids talk about the age of the earth.

AFTER EDEN

by Dan Lietha



It really bothered Billy that Amanda was right ... AGAIN!